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PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AND ROMANCE.

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Further and further, year by year, the woodcock and partridge grounds recede from the city of Quebec. Some years ago many a brace were bagged in the Gomin bush, and even yet a stray bird may be brought down; but its glory has departed,—nay, one of its glories only, for the glories of the Gomin bush are inexhaustible. In that bush, situate but a mile from the city, are botanical treasures captivating the naturalist and enchanting the florist. A stroll through its shaded paths is preferable to a promenade in the most highly cultivated garden. In its leafy recesses one may shut himself out from all the world, and not a sound or a sign of humanity ventures to intrude. Close to the haunts of men, it revels in the wildest beauty of the untrodden forest; lofty trees reach up to heaven, and their wide-spreading branches entwine themselves with lesser trees in endless mad confusion; ivies and creepers climb up vast trunks, and hang in graceful festoons over pathways almost hidden by shrubs and plants, beautified by wild flowerets and blossoms of every hue and color; the most delicious and intoxicating odors are wafted through the untutored grove, while the songs of the birds cease not from the first streak of

dawn till darkness falls upon it, and even then the Canadian nightingale answers the glances of stars peeping down through the tree-tops. But the sportsman no longer seeks that dear old bush. Away to the swampy woods of Ancienne Lorette, of Stoneham, of many far-off places, he must go if he wishes to find sport. About three or four years ago, I put up at a farmhouse on the shores of Lake St. Augustin, sometimes called Lake Calvere, about twelve miles from the city. Lake Calvere is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hills, and on the south side the meadows stretch from the water's edge far up the higher ground. Around this lake are many farmhouses, where a good number of the inhabitants of the city pass the summer months, and while away the time in paddling over the quiet bosom of the lake. There being no trout in it, fishermen do not resort there; it is rather a place for pic-nics and pleasure parties. But in autumn, when the mornings and evenings have a slight feeling of winter, and when the pools during the night cover themselves with a coating of ice, and when the green leaves array themselves in the colors of the rainbow, then the sportsman, with his gun and dog, strides