



WINNIPEG IN 1871.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## Moose Hunting and Its Perils.

BY AN OLD LUMBERMAN.

In 1855, when lumbering on the St. Maurice River, my choppers one evening, on their return from their work to the camp, reported having seen two very large moose deer browsing off the tops of the trees they had cut down, describing them as very large bulls, from the immense size of their antlers. I had been most anxious for some time to get a moose and to procure a set of horns, so made all my preparations that night for an early start next morning to bag them if possible. My having used both rifle and gun from a boy, and being a most ardent sportsman, I was determined at all hazards to go in search of them.

Putting some provisions in my wallet for the day, I left immediately after breakfast, thinking to find them at no great distance. After travelling some two miles I came upon their trail and followed it for fully two miles more, when suddenly I heard the branches breaking and to my great delight I caught sight of them.

I now moved very cautiously knowing the slightest noise or a chance of their seeing me might startle them, but the thicket they were in gave me no chance to get a shot, and not being near enough to make any chances of a sure shot, I would not risk missing one, thinking that if they saw me they would bolt and run.

I had been stalking them for some time with indifferent success and had strolled some four miles after them, being very cautious not to be seen by them as they were leisurely walking and browsing quietly. They were two immense kings of the for-

est, especially one of them, being a gigantic animal I saw them now and again but could not get close enough for a dead shot. Suddenly they emerged out of the dense black and thick spruce and balsam trees into a fine, open, hard wood ridge which gave me a grand sight of two such noble animals.

I was moving very cautiously and steadily getting nearer to them when suddenly they turned to go up a hill, and catching sight of me the same moment, they halted and after staring at me a few seconds they came rushing at me, striking the ground with their front feet as they approached me.

My weapon was a single barrel shot gun, No. 12 bore, with only one bullet in it a trusty weapon I had often tried, and which had stood many a time in my journeys through the forest. I merely had time to run and get behind the largest tree I could see, which happened to be about the size of a flour barrel, I knew my chance of safety was to kill the foremost, and then fight the other by keeping behind the tree, and in less time than it takes to state it, they were on me, still striking with their front feet and now and again giving a roar which echoed through the forest. The force of their blows on the ground I can hardly describe.

The largest made a halt at the tree with his full side towards me and only a couple of feet from the tree, a magnificent shot. I gave him the bullet behind the fore arm and dropped him. He rose on his knees and instantly rolled over as dead as a stone the bullet having penetrated his heart, the blood spouting all over me.

Strange to say his companion stood looking at me giving a roar and stamping the ground. I was cautiously loading and

keeping my eye on his movements, fearing a blow from his front feet as he aimed at the tree, when suddenly he turned to run, looking for his companion. I had just rammed down the bullet and before he got too long a distance I had no other way to stop him than to disable him which I did by a well directed shot at his hind quarters which broke his hip bone and which stopped his paces to a jump on three legs.

I then followed him as he still had a good pace and I wished to keep him in sight seeing he was making for a thick cover of spruce and balsam timber. In my hurry I found I had dropped my powder flask, when I had to retrace my steps to look for it and not finding it, I returned in search of my moose and found him about a mile from where I had wounded him. His bleeding gave me a good opportunity of tracing him.

He had attempted to leap over some fallen trees and in doing so had got wedged in between them and could not leap high enough to get over them and not having found my powder flask I had to kill him with my hunting knife, and in doing so I came very near getting under his feet. By his making a desperate effort to rise he struck me with his head but I succeeded in cutting his throat.

To give an idea of the size of the largest moose, I measured his front legs, which were six feet three inches in length, his height was ten feet four inches from his hoofs to his head. His neck shoulder and mane were silver gray.

Our great naturalist Audubon mentions that we have a moose called the gigantic moose but states they are almost extinct. This great monarch of the forest must have been one of them.

It was now three o'clock, and I sat down