

## AIMING WITH BOTH EYES OPEN.

We have had discussions on the relative merits of this or that breed of dogs, of choke and smooth-bore guns, on explosions and missiles. There are other subjects that will bear ventilation, and one of them is the taking aim with a gun. Is there any sound reason for shutting one eye in using a gun? In that valuable work, "Shooting Simplified" by Mr. James Dalsiel Dougall, we find some remarks upon using both eyes in shooting at game, which appear to us to be founded on substantial facts, and which we are the more inclined to accept, as the very best shot we ever saw shot invariably with both eyes open. Mr. Dougall's reasoning upon binocular vision occurs in that portion of his work devoted to the gun-stock, the whole of which we would be glad to transfer to our columns, did the space at our disposal permit. "The stock should be exactly fitted to the shape of the shooter. With a stock of improper length or bend, certainty of aim may be acquired by long use and practice, but still that readiness, under all circumstances, which accompanied the use of a properly-suited gun can never be attained. On putting a gun to the shoulder, the object aimed at, the sight at the muzzle, the centre of the breech, and the eye, should all be in a direct line, without further adjustment. To ascertain whether or not the shape of the stock is that best adapted to the shooter, he should, in this manner, frequently raise the gun to his shoulder, and take aim at a distant point with both eyes open; then, closing the left eye, he will perceive whether or not he has mechanically taken a correct aim. If, with the left eye closed, he does not see the object, the stock is too crooked; if he sees all the rib, it is too straight, and if his line of aim is not along the centre of the breech, but from the left corner it, the stock is not properly cast off. Should the line of aim be along the right side of the breech, the stock is too much thrown off. With a gun properly fitting, the aim is instantaneous, and the sportsman, if not naturally a good shot, is greatly assisted in the field. It will thus be perceived that the objections to a stock are various. It may be too straight or too crooked, too short or too long, and may be too much or too little cast off, or it may be cast off altogether to the wrong side. If too straight, the gun will shoot high; if too much bent, too low; if too long or short, the rapidity of aim is retarded; and if wrong cast off, the gun will shoot to one side or the other, according to the figure of the shooter. This latter requisite is too little understood, and less attended to by sportsmen, and being of great consequence in taking aim, is worthy of particular notice. It is that lateral bending of the stock, generally outwards, which helps to bring the centre of the breech directly before the eye. In simply raising a gun and taking a slow aim at any object, the neck is instinctively bent over to the right side, and the centre of the breech attained; but in the field it is far otherwise, and the aim is too readily taken from the left side of the breech, throwing the shot to the left side of the object—one reason, it is more difficult to hit a bird flying to the right than to the left. A gun of the proper shape may be chosen from among others very easily by the above simple means of ascertaining that it carries a correct aim to a given object, with both eyes open, and with such a gun the shooter will acquire a practical dexterity in the field otherwise quite unattainable. To be able to shoot without closing the left eye is, in the writer's opinion, the perfection of that dexterity, giving a complete command over the motions of the object aimed at, and also over the use of the second barrel. It will be therefore perfectly plain that if he is correct in this opinion, the gun must exactly fit the shooter in length and bend.

As an illustration—How does a man drive a nail? Certainly not by closing one eye and looking along the hammer; but, with both eyes open, he mechanically balances the hammer, and strikes instinctively, never, if assisted to use the tool, missing his aim. It is the same in shooting. The gun must be rapidly thrown up to the shoulder, the eye fixed on the object only. The gun must be left entirely, as it were, to take care of itself, and at the moment the gun is thrown to be in position, the trigger is drawn, and the game falls simply because the gun, like the hammer, strikes the user, and, accompanying the eye, follows the flight of the game. By this mode of shooting, a man

relief, were guiding your first efforts. A similar uncertainty will be experienced in endeavoring to approach and snuff a candle with one eye shut. It is the "judgment and experience" part which misleads the "one eye" advocates. Through great practice they do shoot well, and therefore insist upon others throwing away the "real sense of distance" and "optical sense, which, in taking aim, are so invaluable. Men whose eyes are wide apart always excel in shooting, through plain optical causes. The nearer the eyes are, the less is the binocular power, and yet how strange it is to find sportsmen who will still further narrow this fine provision of nature into the diameter of one retina only?"—*Rod and Gun.*

## GAMBLING AS A TRADE.

Chamberlain, the great gambler, has failed and failed badly. His debts are astounding: Ten thousand for meat; \$10,000 for liquors; \$6,000 for clothes. The fact is, Chamberlain's business, as the colored people sing, is "sometimes up, and sometimes down." One night, his bank is loaded down with gold. The next night, he could not buy a box of cigars. Yet the glitter, glare and glow of the institution, the fine furniture, the clink of the gold, and the sumptuous tables, free as a hydra, do their work on the unwary, as really as if gambling was a paying business. There are men in New York, however, who follow gambling as a trade—have done so for years, and have made money by it. Not one in ten thousand could imitate them. These men live in fine style in fashionable New York. Their houses are elegantly furnished, and their tables sumptuously supplied. Their business is unknown, and they pass as brokers. Their families move in high society, and occupy a high-priced pew in a fashionable church. These men act on a rigid rule, from which they never depart. They do not drink, they smoke sparingly, keep their heads clear, and have command over their nerves. They play every night. They play while they win, if it is until daylight. They admit their losses. They can lose fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, three hundred dollars, and not feel it. Blow high blow low, they never go beyond this. They believe in luck, and when luck is against them they retire. Out of the thousands of gamblers not ten have made money over the "green cloth."

## DOGS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Dr. Gordon Stables, one of our best writers on the dog, advocates the use of the dog as a beast of burden. He boldly throws aside the notion that the dog's foot unfit him for travel. On the contrary, he claims that the pads are better protected and capable of doing more work than the hoofs of a horse or ox. He contends that the animal being more generally useful would be better cared for, and that thereby the facilities of locomotion would be increased. This is going back. Comparative recent legislation has inhibited the use of the dog as a beast of burden or travel, although he is very generally to be used on the continent of Europe, and in the Arctic regions he is indispensable, and is found to do the work well; and in respect of his omnivorousness—better than the reindeer. There used to be a prejudice about severe work inducing rabies, but this, if at all true, was rather due to little care and feeding on garbage. Hard work alone does not harm a dog, as witness sporting dogs.

## THE HORSE.

If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit him on the heels, back and hips, he will pay no attention to the giving out of harness or a waggon running against him at an unexpected moment. We once saw an aged lady, say an exchange, drive a high-spirited horse attached to a carriage down a steep hill, with no holdback straps upon her harness, and she came up as there was no danger, for her son accustomed his horse to all kinds of usage and sights that commonly drove the animal into a frenzy of fear and excitement. A gun can be fired on the back of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo robe thrown over his neck, a railway engine

## GIANTS OF THE WOODS.

## ADVENTURES IN MOOSE HUNTING—TEMPTING THE ANIMALS TO THEIR DEATH.

From the 20th of September to the 20th of October is the season for moose calling, and the full of the moon is the best time, as the bulls seldom come up to call before sunset. I have had most success in that short half hour between sundown and dark. Later than that, even with moonlight, no one can make sure of his shot; and the moose, though not a very difficult animal to kill, is, I have always thought, more tenacious of life at this time of year than at any other, and requires to be hit in the right spot. The old bulls leave off call the soonest; the young ones I have called as late as the first week in November. They are very pugnacious in this season, and fight desperately.

On one occasion, had it not been for my impatience, I should have witnessed one of these encounters. I was calling in a little barren or open space in the woods, and during a quarter of an hour of breathless suspense I could hear two bulls advancing toward me from different directions, and both so near that it was a toss-up which would come first. At last one fellow came out into the open and stood defiantly awaiting the approach of his rival, whom he could plainly hear rampaging through the neighboring thickets. Had I been able to control my impatience for a minute or two, I should no doubt have seen a set-to between these gigantic beasts; but it is a hard matter for the sportsman to keep his finger off the trigger of his rifle when a beast some 17 or 18 hands high, and with a pair of antlers five feet in the stretch back on his withers, stands broadside on within fifty yards. The temptation was too much for me, and as I fired I heard the horns of his would-be antagonist crashing through the alder bushes not fifty yards off. After getting his death wound he never moved while one might count thirty, and then lurching heavily once or twice like a boat in a sea, he came down with a crash, stone dead. On another occasion a wounded bull charged me repeatedly, in a most determined but rather blundering way. Fortunately I was in the woods, and had no difficulty in avoiding his attacks by dodging round the trees. Had it been in the open I might not have fared so well.

I know of nothing more exciting than to hear a moose slowly approaching through the woods; one is sometimes kept on the tip-toe of expectation for half an hour or even longer. The stillness after sunset is so profound that his slightest movement is distinctly audible. The sportsman hardly dares to breathe; and when at last the animal comes out on the lake or opening within range it is a grand moment, if happily he has not delayed his coming till too late to be seen. Moose walk at the rate of about four miles an hour, even in woods so thick that it is hard to understand how they get their horns through. They carry their heads high, noses well up, and horns thrown back on their withers. When disturbed they move in a long shambling trot, clearing every obstruction in their stride; they never jump or gallop.

The Nova Scotian Indians are the best moose callers in the world, and among them the old men are better than the young ones. I have never seen a white man who could call moose really well.

Sometimes moose answer to the call much more readily than at others. I once brought up a young bull by tearing a piece of birch bark off a tree to make a horn; he heard the noise and came up, so I had no further trouble. I have at different times brought up moose from a distance, who came to my call unsuspectingly, without needing any further stimulus in the shape of a low half-suppressed call which the more wary old bulls sometimes need to bring them within shot. These low calls, made when the moose is pausing, uncertain whether to come or go, close to the caller yet not within shot, require the greatest skill—a false note, and all is lost. I have at times seen an old Indian trembling with excitement, the small end of his horn to his lips, the other end on the ground to deaden the sound—his face puffed up with the volume of wind he is pouring into his horn, which produces a low and far-off sounding series of grunts.

As the haunts of the moose are in thick forest, where it is impossible to see any object at a greater distance off than sixty or seventy yards, and as their senses of hearing

## SPEARING AT THE FOOT OF LA-CHINE RAPIDS.

In warm weather in summer a few of us who know the ropes migrate from the city early Saturday afternoon, and luxuriate until the Monday in the breeze which never fails at the Rapids. In the dead season we live sumptuously on planked shad, which, for the benefit of such of our readers as may not know how to cook this delicacy, I shall describe. A fresh caught shad is split and cleaned, rubbed with a little salt, then hung for two hours over a fire, with wet sawdust—usually a barrel is put over the fire and the fish hung inside—it is then broiled in the usual way. The man's appetite that cannot relish a planked shad well cooked is pretty far gone indeed. One Saturday afternoon last June a merry party of us met at the La-Prairie boat, en route for the Cote St. Catherine, as the shore opposite the big pitch is called. There was DeLigny A., a few years ago the best sprint runner in the Dominion, and winner of forty-seven cups, belts and medals for amateur hurdle races and hundred yard dashes; Jimmy G., the rider of the winners of three races (gentlemen up), at the Montreal Hunt Club races last autumn; George A.—n, one of the most promising young shots we have—and since made one of the Committee of the Game Protection Club; the writer making up the quartet. When we reached LaPrairie we found DeLigny had his dog-cart waiting for him, and he and George started at once, leaving Jimmy and myself to follow with a carter. A short and rapid drive brought us to Barrette's house, where I was to put up, the rest of the party sleeping at the house of Desautels, a little further up the road. As the afternoon was warm, and my wagon carried the beer, it is not to be wondered at that on our arrival we found De L. and George awaiting us. (I forgot to say their horse was fast). As I wanted to have a little quiet practice at pigeons before dark, I, after giving them a drink, sent them on to Desautels, and with Old Vital poked over to Isle a Boquet, where we fired at a few birds, as luck would have it doing very well. Coming back I asked the old man if we could have a little spearing in the evening. He was quite agreeable, and after supper we started up the road to see if the others would accompany us. We found them happy, and up to anything, as the lemonade they had brewed seemed to be particularly exhilarating. What it consisted of I can't say, but am sure that lumps of ice and lemon-juice were floating about in a huge milk dish. The color of the mixture was scarcely so clear as St. Lawrence water and its effects decidedly more elevating. One of their canoe men seemed to be pretty comfortable at all events. They all had to walk back as far as my quarters, as the canoes were at the foot of the Rapids, near our den. Each canoe had a large basket or burner on top of a pole, same basket to be filled with the split roots of a very resinous pine, which have been exposed to the sun for some time after splitting, and almost as inflammable as rags soaked in turpentine. The spearmen stand one at each end of the canoe, the firing held in the middle of the canoe, which is allowed to float broadside down the current over the shoals. Our cigars were not finished when we reached the canoes, when we divided, George A.—n coming with me in Barrette's canoe, while De Ligny and Jimmy went with Desautels and Blannais, having a boy to hold the flambeau. Our canoe had the Barrettes, father and son, at each end, with spears, and Nadine as torch-bearer in the middle, while about all George's time and mine was taken up brushing off the sparks. It was not a favorable night for spearing, as there had been a three days' pretty heavy blow, which made the water pretty muddy, but as we were merely going out to show Jimmy and George what the fun was, and were not greedy about fish, we did not care. Our prey was a very coarse fish called by the habitants *les grasses carpes*, or *meagaleus* (scabby nose), a species of sucker, averaging from six to eight pounds in weight. As soon as we were comfortably stowed away in our respective plops, the flambeaux were lit, and their ruddy glare in the rough water of the tumbling rapids was picturesque in the extreme. The only one who did not enjoy himself was poor Jimmy, who, though fearless in the saddle, was anything but at home in a canoe, and totally ignorant of the comforting fact that the water

about an hour, during which we often passed close to the other canoe, while the water was quite half of ours, as De Ligny and Desautels were no match for the two Barrettes. Jimmy had a very pretty spear with a light bamboo shaft, with which he expected to do wonders, but found that the lightness was a disadvantage on the whole, as the weight of the canoe shafts of the men's spears helped to m through the water quicker than the bamboo. About an hour's work satisfied us, when we returned to shore with about thirty fish between the two canoes. Although the time of the year was June, we felt quite able to imbibe something warm when we got into the house, and poor Jimmy had to stand a good deal of chaff about his error while on the water. He took it very good-naturedly, however, and now we separated for the night. Early in the morning a swim was in order, then breakfast, novel reading on the grass, admiring the scenery, and a good deal of sleeping in the sun while away the day. In the evening we lit a fire of drift-wood in the bottom of the bay on the island and got the Barrettes to draw their some one more for our amusement by its light. The boys had a dead water between the rapids in a favorite spot for suckers to rest; their haul was about forty. Then some of us went out with respective canoes to see the shan-nets, were were across every eddy at foot of the off ent chutes as far out as the middle channel. I tell you for a stranger it is no fun going the rapids at midnight, but one soon becomes accustomed to the dim of the water. To give you an idea of the current where we were spearing early on the first evening, we were being carried on to a rock, when the old Barrette attempted to stop our drift with the butt end of his spear; although it was of oak and over two inches in diameter, it snapped like a pipe stem, and it was only by Alphonse and Nadine seizing the heavy pole as we were saved from being upset. Taking out what shad were in the nets we returned, and were soon sleeping as only those who have been all day in the open air can do. The shad are taken in three ways, the most common being with a large coop-net about three feet in diameter at the end of a long pole, the fisherman standing on a stage over the pass and throwing his net up stream, letting the current carry it past him, and then bringing it in by a quick turn, sometimes getting as many as three or four at a haul; on one occasion the writer saw six taken at one sweep. The second mode is by stretching gill nets across the eddies in the main channel of the river, the third and remaining manner is a riddle pound or basket net, which is set on the shore in a fish pass. On the whole, four fifths of the shad caught are caught by the first two modes. The fishing which we saw is very laborious, and takes a very strong man to do many hours' work at it. I saw Guerin, who is Desautels's shooting partner (i. e., picks up his ducks for him, and a very powerful man, catch sixty shad one day in a summer. The past season (1876) was the best season for shad for many years, and the height of the season a brace of fine fish shad could be bought in the Montreal markets for twenty-five cents; as they grow scarcer, later, twenty-five cents a piece became the price. I forgot to mention, while talking of the spearing, that an evening fishing often produces from eighty to two hundred suckers. The quickness with which a good spearmen will pick three or four out of a shoal swimming him, I can only liken to the lightning-like rapidity of the first end of a first-class pugilist, such as Jim Mac Joe Coburn, or old Bul Bul, who used to live at Brunswick, Me. When one of these men meant hitting you could not see their hands move. In his manner you can scarcely follow the spear of an expert, never tried spearing myself, much preferring to watch the performance of experts bungling on my own account. *Rod and Gun.*

## DEATH OF A REMARKABLE

Matthew Dorn, the monster headed of Filton county, N. Y., is dead and buried. He was fifteen years of age, and was remarkable by a curiosity, if not a monstrosity, in his cranial form was concerned. It is said that his head was nearly four feet in circumference, and weighed quite eighty pounds. He was of Irish parentage. When six weeks old his head began growing much more rapidly than his body, and continued to grow on to within a few months of his death.