

HOW I KILLED MY FIRST MOOSE.

BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy the game;
The Pointer ranges, and the Sportsman beats
In russet jacket; lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers! 'Tis no sport for pheasants.
Byron's "Don Juan."

I HAD long cherished an ardent desire to kill a moose, and thus to realize for myself an experience that falls to the lot of but comparatively few hunters of the present day, when at last my ambition was gratified, and I tasted some of those delicious sensations that follow a victory achieved after overcoming trials and hardships, which, however, could avail naught against a fixed and irrevocable determination to succeed.

But before relating how this triumph, which has been a matter of so much gratification to me, was secured, and the trials and difficulties that preceded and attended it, a few words regarding the moose, its habits and haunts, and the different methods of hunting it, may not be out of place.

There are three different styles of hunting the moose, termed "still" hunting, "fire" hunting, and "calling." There is another mode, which legislation has, in a great measure, suppressed, viz.: the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of protracted winter have imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only too easy a prey to the unprincipled butchers, who slay them for their skins.

The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of these denizens of the forest. With a trumpet of birch bark, the Indian will mimic with marvellous accuracy the plaintive low of the cow moose, and the respon-

sive bellow of the bull. Having selected a favorable position for his purpose—generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can readily conceal himself—the Indian puts his birch trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow moose in a manner so startlingly truthful, that only the educated ear of one of his own race can detect the imitation. If the call is successful, the blood curdling bellow of the bull moose is heard through the forest, whilst, rubbing his horns against the trees as a challenge to all rivals, he comes to the death that awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will not respond at all, or will approach in a stealthy manner to discover the artifice that has been practised. Moose-calling is seldom adopted by white men, the art of calling with success being rare even amongst Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torch-light, is practised by exhibiting a bright light, formed of burning branches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, who will readily approach within range of the rifle. For my part, I do not approve of this style of hunting, and would never attempt it.

The sense of smell and hearing of the moose is very acute. His long ears wave to and fro, intent upon catching the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales through which he treads his