

becomes, from its consolidated numbers, the first and greatest object of sport after the flocks alight in James's Bay. The havock spread throughout their ranks increases as the season advances, and their crowds thicken, and even the Indian becomes fatigued with the trade of killing. In the fall of the year, when the flocks of young "wewais" or wavies as they are called are numerous and on the wing between the low tide mark and the marshes, or are following the line of coast southerly, it is no uncommon occurrence for a good shot, between sunrise and sunset, to send to his lodge above a hundred head of game. In such cases the hunter is stationed in what is called a stand—a space from four to five feet square, enclosed by willow twigs and long grass stalks—from which he fires, with forms of geese or "decoys" set up a short distance in his front. The geese fly towards these, when he gives out their peculiar call, and frequently he has his wife or son, or grown-up daughter, to load the discharged gun for him, while he fires with the loaded.

These wavies or white geese form the staple article of food, as rations to the men in James's Bay, and are the latest in leaving the coast for southern climes—an event which takes place towards the end of the month of September, although some weak broods and wounded birds linger behind until the first or second week in October. They are deliberate and judicious in their preparation for their great flight southwards, and make their arrangements in a very business-like manner. Leaving off feeding in the swamps for a day or more, they keep out with the retreating ebb tide, retiring, unwillingly as it were, by steps at its flow, continually occupied in adjusting their feathers, smoothing and dressing themselves with their fatty oil, as athletes might for the ring or race. After this necessary preparation the flocks are ready to take advantage of the first north or north-west wind that blows, and when that sets-in, in less than 24 hours the coast that had been covered patch-like by their whitened squadrons, and wildly resonant with their petulant and incessant calls, is silent as the grave—a deserted, barren, and frozen shore.

The friendly intercourse that exists between these geese and the blue wavies, (*Anser* or *Chen cœrulescens*) has induced some to suppose that they were merely varieties, which is a mistake. The young white wavies arrive from the north with their parents without mixture of other geese, and they have nearly the same white garb as the old birds, but with their heads of a dirty red-