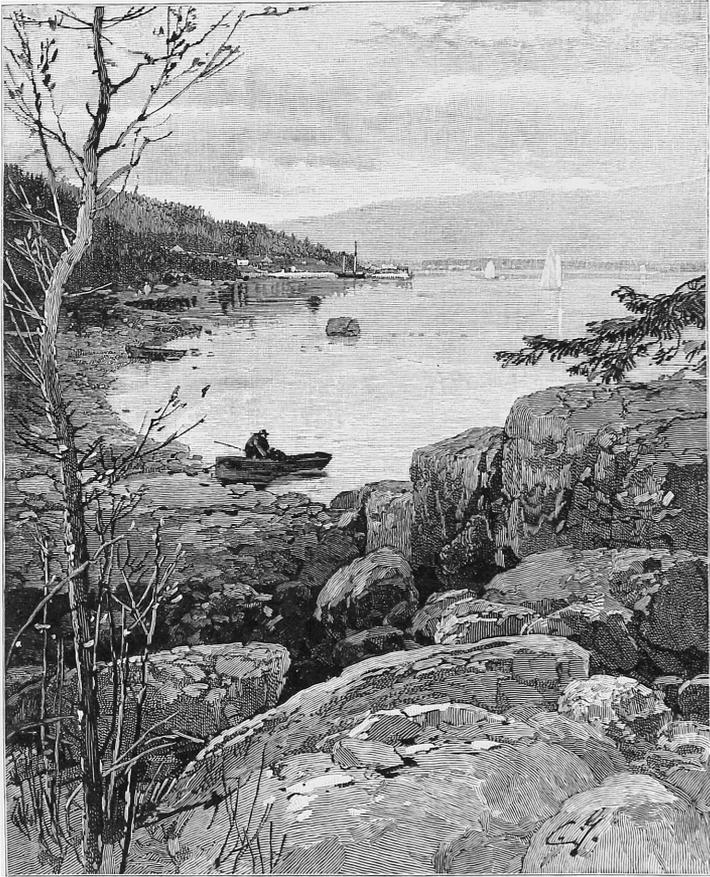


THE
OUANANICHE
AND ITS
CANADIAN
ENVIRONMENT



A CORNER OF LAKE ST. JOHN

The
O UANANICHE
and its
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by
E·T·D·CHAMBERS

Illustrated



NEW YORK
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1896

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Because he is an accomplished angler and an authority of repute upon all that pertains to fish and fishing ;

Because of the instruction I have derived from his writings and of the pleasure afforded me by his private correspondence and his entertaining companionship in the Canadian environment of the Ouananiche ;

Because of the counsel, aid, and encouragement which he has so generously extended to me in the preparation of the present work ;

ABOVE ALL

Because he is my friend and the friend of the Ouananiche

I Dedicate this Book to

A. NELSON CHENEY, Esq.

State Fish Culturist of the State of New York, President of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls, Secretary of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, Member of the World's Fishery Congress, Member of the American Fisheries Society, Associate Member of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Honorary Member of the Fly Fishers' Club, London, of the Triton Fish and Game Club of Quebec, and of the Rock Run Game and Fish Club, Honorary Member of the Vermont Fish and Game League, Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, and Northern New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Associate Member of the Adirondack Guides Association, etc., etc.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS

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A PRELIMINARY CAST
BEING THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A PRELIMINARY CAST

THIS book of the Ouananiche is the result of repeated requests to the author for a treatise upon the fish and its environment on the part of many anglers and others who have been among the readers of his contributions to the pages of periodical literature. What has been hitherto published respecting the ouananiche has been more or less fragmentary. The book is the outcome of years of observation and study in the Canadian home of the ouananiche. It contains brief records of the experiences and opinions of many of those best qualified to speak of the fish, and especially of its game qualities and geographical distribution. It also embodies references to all that is of special interest in the literature of the subject, and the author is unconscious of having overlooked any previous writer or article of note in connection therewith.

An extended investigation, not only of the fish and its habits, but also of the Indian lore respecting them, has enabled the author both to discard much mere myth and to abandon some few theories advanced in his earlier writings, at a time when present opportunities for travel and observation in the land of the ouananiche did not exist. Popular fallacies respecting the fish, that have existed for many generations, are still perpetuated in

the work of prominent correspondents of the current sporting publications. None of these are further from the facts than the story that the ouananiche is a land-locked salmon, prevented from returning to salt water by some upheaval of nature that has raised an impassable barrier at Chicoutimi—a fall of some sixty or seventy feet in height! To support this absurd theory it became necessary to insist upon one of the hugest blunders committed in the whole realm of natural history; namely, that the ouananiche—one of the most universally distributed of the finny inhabitants of Labrador waters—was peculiar to Lake St. John and its feeders and outlet; for it could scarcely be pretended that the fish of the rivers that flow into Ungava Bay, Hamilton Inlet, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence were prevented by a fall at Chicoutimi, on the Saguenay, from running down to the sea. Yet ouananiche are found in all the waters above mentioned, as shown by the notes kindly furnished the author by Mr. A. P. Low, B. Ap. Sc., the chief of the Dominion government exploratory survey that traversed the interior of Labrador in 1893-94 in two different directions.

Not only the surprising details of the extent of the geographical distribution of the ouananiche, but other results and discoveries of the Low-Eaton expedition, will first reach the public through the medium of the following pages. So will much of the information contained in the chapter upon the Montagnais Indians and their folklore. The superstitions, legends, and language of this interesting people have engaged the attention of the author for many years past, and he is fortunate in possessing the friendship and having had the assistance of some of their old missionaries and of officials of the Hudson Bay Company who have grown gray among them, as

well as access to valuable old manuscripts relating to their tribal characteristics. That these original sources of information should have been so long overlooked is no doubt due to the fact that Schoolcraft, Morse, and other students of the aboriginal races of America have confined their researches almost entirely to the Indian tribes of the United States and to those of southern and western Canada.

The chapter on the philology of the ouananiche is a synopsis of a paper read for the author in May, 1894, by George Stewart, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C., F.R.G.S., before the Royal Society of Canada, wherein a plea for the recognition of priority of nomenclature was made—the spelling “ouananiche,” for which the present writer has vigorously and somewhat successfully contended for more than a decade past, having been the earliest written form of the Indian name. It has been employed in French-Canadian literature from its very beginning, despite the assertion that it is “a new word” by a publicist who claims to have only heard it for the first time in 1889.

From his original intention of writing a simple angling book, the author has permitted himself to drift, as anglers are accustomed to do upon these wide Northern waters in their light birch-bark canoes, absorbed in their favorite pastime and enraptured with the marvellous beauty and attractiveness of the ever-changing surroundings, until it has seemed to him desirable to deal with the whole Canadian environment of the ouananiche as well as with the fish itself, well aware that portions of such environment are as little known, even to Canadians, as is the interior of Africa.

James Russell Lowell, in his charmingly idyllic Introduction to *The Complete Angler*, tells us that the contem-

plation of such a life as Walton's "both soothes and charms, . . . and we sigh to think that the like of it is possible no longer. . . . Where now," he asks, "would the fugitive from the espials of our modern life find a sanctuary which telegraph or telephone had not deflowered?" The reply will be found in those of the following pages that tell of the Canadian environment of the ouananiche—the vast and all but unknown reaches of the great Labrador peninsula that form the large lake-lands of the North, whose only gateways are the estuaries of mighty rivers, and that know no other means of communication with the outer world than the birch-bark canoe of the aboriginal Montagnais and the often unblazed trail of the roving savage.

In reeling up his preliminary cast, it only remains to the author to place on record his indebtedness to the many good friends who have in so many ways encouraged and aided him in the preparation of "THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, *May*, 1896.

INTRODUCTION

BY

LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD, D. S. O.

INTRODUCTION

It is more than two years from the present time of writing that I last experienced the thrilling sensation imparted by feeling a lively five-pound ouananiche skipping and darting about at the end of my line. It was an afternoon in the end of August, and the scene was a pool of the Metabetchouan River, which flows into the Lake of St. John on the southern side. Unfortunately, my friend Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, the author of this work, who had previously been my partner in many a peril on the far rapids of the Peribonca River, had been obliged to leave me for Quebec, and therefore he was not able to join us in the fun. For I was accompanied by our mutual friend Mr. Albert Patterson, so well known as a good all-round sportsman; and although he had that day given up fishing himself in disgust, as the ouananiche positively refused to take the fly, a very jolly time we had of it together, so constantly were his services required with the landing-net, and from the rocky nature of the banks it required a really active fellow like himself to land the fish. Armed with an old but somewhat stiff trout-rod, which already in 1892 had seen twenty years' good and faithful service, I had scrambled out along a log, which proved the connecting-link between the shore and a small, solitary rock just large enough to

afford a somewhat hazardous foothold. It was situated in the deep and smooth but swift-running water at the head of a furious and broken rapid, for it was this smooth and swift unbroken water that previous experience had taught me was the principal home of the ouananiche, or, at all events, the place whence he was most likely to be lured by the angler's skill. Having found the fly to be useless, my rod was armed with a good-sized phantom minnow; for size, I found, was required, on account of the extra weight in the metal at the head, which caused it to sink. The color did not so much matter on that particular day, as both a brown and a blue minnow literally had the hooks torn off on several occasions by the savage way in which the fish, when hooked, would shake their heads, much as a bulldog will shake a rat. This naturally required occasional stoppages for repairs, which were executed roughly but swiftly with thread and cobbler's wax, and when the latter was lost in the river, with thread alone. My minnow was mounted on a single gut trace, and my *modus operandi* was as follows: I invariably threw my line straight across the stream; then, after allowing a second or two to let it sink, turning the point of my rod down-stream with a steady but continuous motion, I kept the bait moving and spinning until the force of the current had carried it away so that it hung straight down-stream at right angles to the point of my rod. Then, while I continued moving the point of the rod, but now in the direction of the shore, I commenced pulling in the line in the Devonshire fashion by a shuttle-like motion with the left hand, thus making the bait travel in little jerks up the stream again. And it was almost invariably at the moment after the end of the swing, just when the minnow had commenced its journey shorewards and up-



A POOL OF THE METABETCHOUAN RIVER

wards, that the ouananiche seized the bait. The fish had in all probability in most instances been following it for some way, for, as from long practice I was able to cast a very long line, I often nearly reached a cliff on the farther shore. But the point where it was seized was always the same—just after the turn, when hanging at the tail of the silent, heavy water just above the broken rapid, and as the minnow was beginning to come up the stream again. What a glorious afternoon we had of it that day! I killed thirteen ouananiche, weighing fifty-eight pounds, and lost at least thirteen more; and grand sport they gave. In weight they varied from one three-pounder to one six-pounder. All the rest were from three and a half to five and a half pounds in weight. I still preserve in my rod-case a stick upon which that day Albert Patterson amused himself by carving the weights, the name of the river, my own name, and the number of fish captured, which stick is often admired by the Highland gillies.

From the observations I took of the behavior of the fish on that particular afternoon, my previous opinion that the ouananiche was a salmon-trout and not a salmon was confirmed. Except in one case, that of a three and a half pounder, a fish which gave a splendid run in the smooth water, and in another, where a fish, getting into the heavy broken water, had no choice but to run down the rapid, all of the fish hooked confined themselves chiefly to jumping, as is the way with all the varieties of sea-trout, be they known as whitling, sewen, salmon-peel, truff, or merely salmon-trout, which we catch in the British Islands from the northernmost island of the Shetland group down to the southernmost extremity of Cornwall. Now, as all salmon fishers know, the *Salmo salar* may jump occasionally, and, in fact, unless an unusually heavy fish, will throw himself out of the water

once or twice—three times even ; but his principal tactics lie in making spirited dashes up or down the stream, making the reel screech again, and bringing the angler's heart farther up into his mouth with every extra yard of line taken out.

As regards the comparison of sport, however, which ouananiche fishing bears in relation to all other kinds of fishing, it is, in my opinion, hard to beat. Whether the fish be hooked upon a fly or on a minnow with a fine gut collar, from the moment he first has the bait in his mouth until he is not only in the landing-net but actually "grassed," he always has a chance of escape, and even when landed he cannot be always reckoned as killed. Such is his elasticity, the india-rubber, gutta-percha, racket-ball nature of his backbone, that he resembles Rudyard Kipling's description of our dear, well-remembered foeman, the "Fuzzy Wuzzy" of the Soudan. Like that Hadendowah Arab, the ouananiche is distinctly an "india-rubber idiot on the spree." Even when you have got him in the landing-net he will at times bound out of it again ! Bring him to shore on a somewhat steep, sloping bank, and, if you be not careful, he will, describing an arc like a rainbow, project himself over your stooping form, far back into the waters whence he came, while if you have so far succeeded as to land him in your birch-bark canoe, your only chance of keeping him there quiet is to sit upon his head. Ah ! Chambers, friend of my bygone days, dost thou not remember how I sat upon the head of that shapely six-pounder in our frail canoe on the pellucid waters of Lake Tschotagama, while he, with his brawny tail, administered unto me such a castigation as had fortunately never been my lot to receive since my early boyhood days at school ? Ah ! what a time we had of it together on that voyage up the Peri-

bonca River! What if the fish were somewhat scarce, was it not worth all the trouble, especially when, peradventure fishing with two or three flies, we sometimes had a brace of ouananiche on our cast at the same time? Then it was excitement indeed! One up, one down, or perchance it might be both of them out of the water together, their shimmering sides glistening in the sun amidst the spray of the splashing waters, as burnished silver salvers shining through the rainbows of a waterfall. And then the excitement of struggling up those deadly rapids above or below the fearful cascades of that furious river! the delight of landing, with the greatest skill, from our canoe, on some dangerous rock beneath the waterfall, and thence casting the fly in the *brou*—the white, creamy foam of the first eddy—to see its white and foaming surface broken for a second only, and then to feel something like a young shark tearing at the end of the line! But have we not been through all this together? Have we not shot rapids, camped out in bear-infested islands, performed almost impossible portages, travelled for days through the solitude of the mighty and eternal forests? Ah! this it is which brings the advantages of ouananiche fishing far ahead of all other fishing in the mind of the really enthusiastic sportsman. It is the strange and mighty communings with Nature, induced by the dangers and difficulties through which he passes, which to the angler elevate what in other lands may be looked upon but as a trivial sport into a noble pursuit—one of which a fortnight's enjoyment is, with all its perils and excitements, worth a month on the best salmon river that Scotland or Ireland can boast. I have fished with many companions in Scotland, in Norway, in Ireland, in Spain, in England, in India, in Asia Minor, in Turkey, in Egypt, in Canada, in British Columbia,

and various other now forgotten parts of the world ; but for all fishing countries, all companions, and all kinds of fishing, give me some real good days in the district of Lake St. John above Quebec—give me Chambers for my companion, and let the fish be the ouananiche.

ANDREW HAGGARD.

THE OUANANICHE
& ITS CANADIAN
ENVIRONMENT.



BY
E. J. D. CHAMBERS.

Part II

THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN
ENVIRONMENT

DESCRIPTION, CLASSIFICATION, AND HABITS
OF THE OUANANICHE

THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT

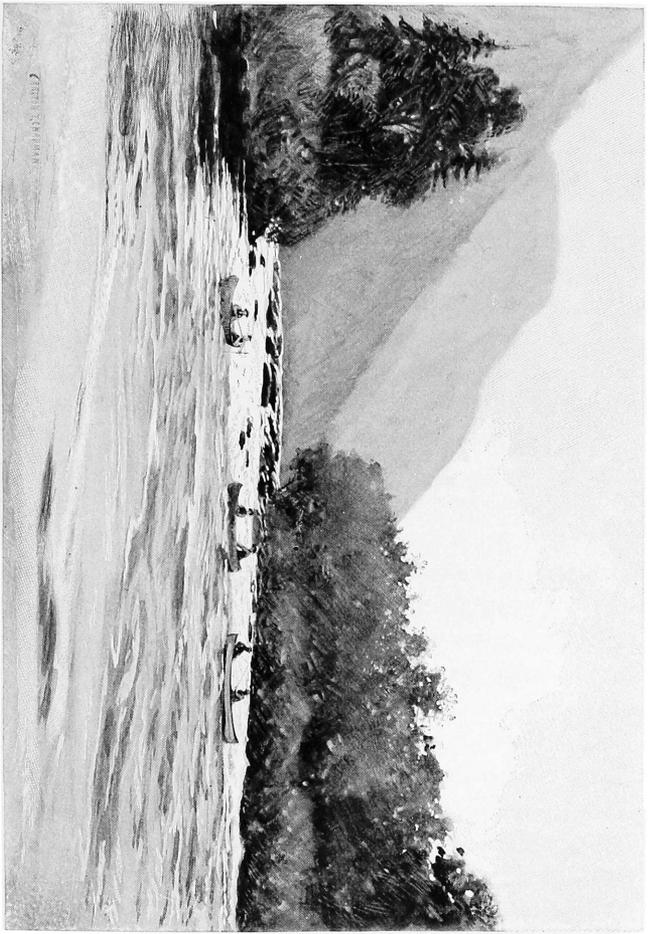
“OUANANICHE” is not to be found in any of the dictionaries. But it has a place in the vocabulary of thousands of anglers. It is a household word with all who have made the acquaintance of Canada’s distinctively fresh-water salmon. It is the now generally accepted designation of the gamest fish for its size that swims. Ages before the arrival of the first white man in America, the Montagnais Indians, who roved and hunted the trackless wilderness between Hudson Bay and the St. Lawrence, gave this name to the particular salmon that they found all the year round in the waters of the streams and lakes that served as high-ways for the passage of their birch-bark canoes.

“The Canadian environment” of the ouananiche is fully as fascinating to the sportsman, the tourist, the lover of Nature, and the student of ethnography as is the fish itself to those who angle for it. A great deal of ignorance concerning this country has disappeared in recent years with the steadily increasing rush into it of angler tourists, though it is not yet six years ago that a letter was received from a New England sportsman, who had noticed my name at the foot of an article on ouananiche fishing, and who

anxiously inquired, prior to making up his party for a trip to Lake St. John, whether the Indians and half-breeds up that way were peaceable, and if it was safe for ladies to accompany the party!

Lake St. John, the present centre of ouananiche fishing in Canada—190 miles by railway to the north of Quebec, and nearly a hundred miles in circumference—was discovered 250 years ago by Father de Quen, the Jesuit missionary to the Indians. The hardships which he endured in ascending the rapids and crossing the portages that lay between the navigable portions of the Saguenay and Lake St. John are described with remarkable felicity of expression in a letter addressed by him to the Father Superior of his order in France, and which is still preserved in the *Relations des Jesuites*. Yet but little more was really known of the great inland sea and the details of its fish fauna until very recent years, or of the weird land—"in mist and glamour wrapped"—by which it is surrounded. This vast reach of country that extends from Quebec to Hudson Bay, from the St. Lawrence to Ungava, and from the waters of the St. Maurice to the Atlantic coast of Labrador, has been aptly termed Nature's great fish preserve. Its waters abound in brook and lake trout as well as in ouananiche, and in various localities are to be found also, prominent among a number of other varieties, pike and pickerel, chub and carp, perch and bass, fresh-water smelt and whitefish; the lower reaches of many of its mighty rivers affording opportunities for some of the grandest salmon and sea-trout fishing that the world has ever known.

A SCENE IN "NATURE'S GREAT FISH PRESERVE"



DESCRIPTION, CLASSIFICATION, AND HABITS OF THE OUANANICHE

THE ouananiche is the salmon of a number of the inland waters of northern and eastern Canada, nearly all of which have direct communication with the sea. Careful observation tends to the belief that it very seldom descends to salt water. But its fresh-water habitat the whole year round being from choice rather than necessity, the common practice of speaking of it as a landlocked salmon is simply a common error. Landlocked it assuredly is not, at all events, in any portion of the Lake St. John country, where all the waters that it inhabits communicate with those of the lower St. Lawrence by way of the Saguenay. The familiar story of the Lake St. John ouananiche, shut out from the sea by some extraordinary upheaval of nature in the bed of the Saguenay, is, of course, entirely apocryphal, for water never yet flowed that smolt could not descend, and it has still to be established that the Saguenay was ever dry. Professor G. Brown Goode* refers to a somewhat similar claim on the part of some investigators, that landlocked salmon did not exist in certain regions of Maine and New Brunswick, in which they are now found, until

* Goode's *American Fishes*, p. 445.

some fifty years ago, when their access to salt water was cut off by dams. But as the professor well says: "This hypothesis is not necessary, for in the Saguenay the winninish [ouananiche] has easy, unobstructed access to the sea. The salmon of Lake Ontario and its tributaries are not thought to enter salt water, and there are similar instances of landlocking in the lakes of northern Sweden." The same authority also makes mention of the well-known case of the Stormontfield Ponds in England, where salmon have thriven for years in the lakes in which they have been confined. And I have the best authority for the statement that there were so-called landlocked salmon in Maine before the construction of dams in the streams which led from their fresh-water habitat to the sea; and, further, that even at the present time there is no obstruction to their passage to salt water. In proof of this statement it is only necessary that I should quote the following extract from a letter, dated May 25, 1894, addressed to Mr. A. Nelson Cheney by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, who has charge of the salmon hatcheries of Maine:

" . . . In your letter of the 6th you ask about the obstructions to the passage of the landlocked salmon of Maine to and from the sea in recent and former times. Before man's interference, the way was open to all the landlocked salmon of Maine to go to sea and to return to their native streams and the lakes they frequented. In recent times, and indeed at present, the way is still open for them to go to sea, but their return has been hindered by dams on every river where they are naturally found. In each case I think it well

established that there have been periods of years when it was impossible for them to return, the dams being insurmountable. Fishways have been constructed on all the rivers in question, and thereby all of them have been for part if not all of the time for the past twenty years reopened, so that in some instances the sea-salmon have ascended as far as the haunts of the landlocks; but I have no evidence that the landlocked salmon have used these fishways. They may have done so to a limited extent, but I have not heard of it. They do not *descend* in sufficient numbers to warrant us in looking for their return. I am not aware that the descent of any of them to the sea has been observed, but it is reported that they do, at the spawning season, descend from Sebago Lake into the Presumpscot River, and if so we might expect them to return *viâ* the fishway at the outlet of the lake. It is a matter of tradition that many years ago—say, forty or fifty—it was not uncommon for landlocked salmon to be taken farther down the Saint Croix and the Presumpscot than in recent times, but I never gathered any considerable body of testimony on this point.”

The late Rev. Dr. Adamson, as long ago as 1856, in referring* to the then debated question as to whether the salmon of Lake Ontario went up the St. Lawrence in the early spring, under the pavement of ice resting upon its surface, or whether they spent the winter in Lake Ontario, held that there was some foundation for believing that salmon would not only live but breed also in fresh water without visiting the sea. Mr. L. Lloyd,

* In a paper read before the Canadian Institute, Dec. 6, 1856.

in his interesting* work on the field sports of the north of Europe, says: "Near Katrineberg there is a valuable fishery for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and in consequence of cataracts cannot have access to (?) the sea. They are small in size and inferior in flavor." Are they ouananiche, or what?

Mr. Scrope relates † that Mr. George Dormer, of Stone Mills, in the parish of Bridport, put a female salmon which measured twenty inches in length, and was caught by him at his mill-dam, into a small well, where it remained twelve years, became quite tame and familiar, so as to feed from the hand, and was visited by many persons of respectability from Exeter and its neighborhood.

The early Romans extended their cultivation of the art of pisciculture to that of acclimation, or the breeding and raising of salt-water fish—probably those of anadromous habits—in lakes and fresh-water rivers.

A recent writer, ‡ improving upon the fanciful theory advanced by Mr. McCarthy, § that the progenitors of Lake St. John's ouananiche were imprisoned above an impassable barrier at Chicoutimi, by some upheaval of nature which prevented their return to salt water and

* *Field Sports of the North of Europe: Comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway in the Years 1827-28.* 2 vols. London, 1830.

† *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed*, by William Scrope, Esq. London, 1843.

‡ Rev. Joseph Gamble, in a paper read before the Plattsburg Institute, February 4, 1895.

§ See *The Leaping Ouananiche*, by Mr. Eugene McCarthy (1894), p. 11.

transformed them into ouananiche, suggests that the original ouananiche were enterprising emigrants from a former salt-water environment and voluntary settlers amid new surroundings. They have certainly been neither imprisoned nor landlocked against their will, but it has not apparently occurred to the Rev. Mr. Gamble that the ouananiche, instead of being an immigrant or a settler, inhabits the home of its earliest ancestors, while the emigrant is the salmon of the sea, who when in salt water is a stranger and a sojourner, as all his fathers were while there. "It would seem to be a fact," he nevertheless says, "beyond reasonable doubt, that at some past period of their piscatorial destiny a colony of salmon from the sea, well satisfied with the depth of the waters and the abundance of food in the Saguenay, concluded to secede from their oceanic domain, and, remaining in their congenial environment, founded a kingdom of their own." There is more ingenuity in this theory than in that of imprisonment or landlocking, for it does not, like the other, presuppose conditions, the non-existence of which is patent enough to anybody who will take the trouble to visit the locality, and to descend the Saguenay from Lake St. John to tidal water at Chicoutimi for the purpose of investigating for himself. But it has little else than this ingenuity and its novelty to recommend it, and must be immediately abandoned when investigating the case of ouananiche in the inland waters of Labrador, sometimes found above falls of a hundred or more feet in height.

Despite the limited amount of competent observation that has been bestowed upon the Canadian ouan-

aniche, it may be safely concluded that, as in the case of the so-called landlocks of Maine, they do not descend to salt water in any considerable numbers, though, like them, they have usually uninterrupted communication with the sea—always towards it, and in some cases, as in that of Lake St. John and most of its tributary waters, in both directions. As Mr. Atkins says of the Maine fish, I am not aware that the descent of any of the ouananiche to the sea has been observed. But there are well-authenticated instances of solitary specimens having been found close to the salt water of the St. Lawrence in the lower stretches of the Saguenay. There is even a story of stragglers having been occasionally caught in Tadoussac Bay. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Angers, of Quebec, took a small ouananiche some years ago, while fishing for sea-trout at the mouth of the Marguerite, some fifteen miles from Tadoussac; and Mr. Walter Brackett, the famous fish artist of Boston, who could not possibly be mistaken in his specimen, reports the capture of others below his salmon waters upon the same stream. The lowest point in the Saguenay River in which there is well-established record of the fish having been seen in any considerable number is in the vicinity of Chicoutimi, where many of them are annually taken at the foot of the lowest rapids of the river, and but a short distance from the head of steamboat navigation. That few if any of them descend to the sea is evident from the difference in color between their flesh and that of the sea-going salmon. The ouananiche prey upon the outouche and other small white fish found in the streams and lakes that

they inhabit. The deeper pink color of the flesh of the common *Salmo salar* that comes of a salt-water diet, of which small red crustaceans and their eggs form the larger part, is at all times wanting in the ouananiche. It is certain, too, that the ouananiche of Lake St. John is found in fresh water the whole year round. It is angled for from the middle of May to the middle of September, and throughout the whole of the winter season is taken from under the ice in nets, notably at Isle Ronde, in Lake St. John—a pretty island from two to three miles distant from the mouth of the Grande Décharge. In Lake Tschotagama, too, more than fifty miles north of Lake St. John by way of the Peribonca River, ouananiche are killed by the Indians at all seasons of the year. I have been unable to ascertain that these fish have ever been taken in winter in rapid water, the bulk of the evidence that I have collected tending to prove that after spawning they retire to the deeper waters of the great inland lakes. It often happens, for instance, that specimens of the burbot or fresh-water cusk (*Lota Americana*) are taken out of Lake St. John through the ice, measuring three to four feet in length, and having within them the undigested carcasses of recently swallowed ouananiche.

Only until very recent times has much been known of the spawning habits and migrations of the ouananiche. Charles Hallock, in 1892, described the wananche (ouananiche) as spawning in the tributaries of Lake St. John.* Mr. J. G. A. Creighton points out that they evidently spawn also in the Grande Décharge.†

* *American Game Fishes*, p. 25.

† *Idem*, p. 87.

Both are undoubtedly correct. In the Grande Décharge I have had exactly the same experience as Mr. Creighton. But in addition to taking adults there in September with milt and ova well developed and all other characteristics of the spawning salmon present, I have seen thousands of the fry in some of the gravelly pools in the early summer. Though there is a well-established case recorded by Mr. Creighton of ouananiche spawning in a small pool half-way up the wild falls in the Peribonea River known as the *chute au diable*, I believe that they usually avoid the larger streams in selecting their spawning-grounds and deposit their ova in the shallow water of the smaller rivers, where the newly hatched fry incur less danger of being snapped up by the hungry pike (*Esox lucius*), the water-wolf of Lake St. John and its larger tributaries. In the peculiar case mentioned by Mr. Creighton, parental instinct could scarcely have devised a safer spawning-bed for the immunity from this danger of the future fry. Not many years ago, one of the best-known resorts of the ouananiche for the spawning season was the Salmon River, a small tributary of the Ashuapmouchouan. The erection of a mill-dam upon the stream not far from its mouth, and the absence there of any fishway, have driven the fish elsewhere, and now perhaps the favorite tributary of the Ashuapmouchouan as a spawning-ground for the ouananiche is the Rivière du Cran. Similarly conditioned feeders of the other large tributaries of Lake St. John are also resorted to for the same purpose. But there are spawning-beds for the fish in the lake itself, and, it is probable, in most

of the other large lakes connected with its tributary waters. Around Isle Ronde, already referred to, and in other parts of Lake St. John, notably at some distance off Pointe Bleue, ouananiche are found in large numbers in the act of spawning, in the month of October, after the fish of the rivers have ceased running up them. In their selection of these spawning-beds it is probable that they count upon the shallowness of the water to protect their spawn from pike, burbot, and other such deadly foes as roam the greater depths of the lake, seeking what they may devour. Another favorite resort of the ouananiche for spawning purposes is found a few miles up the Metabetchouan from its mouth, at the foot of the large falls of that important stream, but at a sufficient elevation above the surface of Lake St. John to be secure from the presence of either pike or ling. The ouananiche ascend the river from the lake and surmount its lower falls in the early part of August. Towards the end of October, if not earlier, they commence to spawn, careful observation showing that the parent fish make deep furrows in the sand or gravel by means of their noses and tails for the reception of their ova, exactly as in the case of the salmon from the sea.

The little that was until lately known respecting the winter habitat of the ouananiche and the locality of its various spawning-beds is, after all, not more surprising than the absence of definite knowledge concerning other fish life, under conditions much more favorable for observation and study. Thus we have it on the statement of no less an authority than Professor Ramsay Wright, of the University of Toronto, that

it is still (1892) uncertain whether the gaspereau or alewife (*Clupea pseudoharengus* or *vernalis*), which appears abundantly every spring towards the end of April in Lake Ontario, and disappears just as suddenly in September or October, goes down to the ocean in the fall and returns thence in the spring, or whether it merely retires to the deep waters of the lake; though it was introduced there as long ago as 1873, according to Dr. Bean, and then, it is said, accidentally, when the intention was to plant shad. The general impression, however, among the fishermen is that the alewives are permanent inhabitants of the lake; though this, if correct, is from choice rather than necessity, there being no more obstruction to their descent to the sea than there is to that of the ouananiche from Lake St. John.

A similar scientific uncertainty existed as to the migrations of the salmon of Lake Ontario, now practically a fish of the past, but of exceeding abundance from thirty to forty years ago. The late Professor Baird, speaking at a conference of fish commissioners held in New York City in 1872, stated that it had not been determined whether the Ontario salmon went to the ocean and returned to the lake again each year; and subsequent to the date of the statement the decrease of the species in that water followed so rapidly that there have been few opportunities for observation. But just as in the case of the alewife, the bulk of the evidence favors the belief that the Lake Ontario salmon, instead of returning to the sea subsequent to spawning, after the manner of the fish in the coastal streams, simply retired to the deeper

portions of the lake. As a matter of choice, therefore, it had become what is popularly known as a landlocked salmon, differing only in its habits, like the ouananiche, from the ordinary sea-salmon. Professor Goode claims that these differences in their life histories seem to justify the claim of the landlocked salmon to be regarded as a *variety* of *Salmo salar*. Dr. David T. Jordan makes a similar claim on behalf of the ouananiche, unaware probably that, identical as it is with the sea-salmon, it has not even peculiarities of its own to distinguish it from the landlocked salmon of Maine; for Dr. Jordan has never fished for the ouananiche, has never had the opportunity of studying it in life, and claims to have no idea who the original discoverer of the variety was. The honor belongs to the Jesuit father De Quen, who as long ago as 1647 declared it to be a salmon. The authority for the use of its Indian name, in various phonetic spellings of the Montagnais word, has also come down to us from bygone centuries. The Jesuits in North America are believed to be responsible for the French orthography—"ouananiche." The English form—"winanis"—*—is found in old documents of the earliest decade of the present century. The matter of nomenclature in the present case belonging rather to the literature of the subject than to the science of ichthyology, it will readily be conceded that the action of one of the leading ichthyologists of the day in tracing back the authority for the present use of the Indian

*For various other forms see the chapter entitled "The Philology of the Ouananiche."

name to a publication issued but a year before, and to an author who first heard the word but five years earlier, is the result of an imperfect acquaintance with the Indian folk-lore and the French-Canadian literature of the subject. The present author is complimented, nevertheless, by the spelling followed by Dr. Jordan, having vigorously contended for its adoption for over a decade past, and not without a fair measure of success, since it is now employed by the majority of writers in *Shooting and Fishing, Forest and Stream*, the *London Field*, *American Field*, and *The Fishing Gazette*, of London. Other forms of the same word were employed to designate the fish by English-speaking writers almost a century ago, and by Hallock and Creighton nearly twenty years ago. Nothing can be more preposterous than the claims recently set up that the name is a new one and represents a new member of the salmon family. Neither of them was new to French-Canadians and Canadian Indians two hundred years ago. To the leading spirits in American angling and ichthyological science both have been for some time familiar. Agassiz, in 1875, examined the ouananiche with Boardman and Putnam, and declared it to be identical with the so-called landlocked salmon of Maine. In 1879, or before, Dr. Hamlin declared the ouananiche the same as the sea-salmon.

How the Atlantic salmon, the Canadian ouananiche, and the landlocked salmon of Maine appear to the eye of the artist, when compared, is related in the following extract from a letter addressed me by my good friend Mr. Walter M. Brackett, of Boston: "In

regard to the ouananiche, or, as we call them, landlocked salmon, my first acquaintance with them dates back to 1860 or 1861 (I am not sure which), when I visited Grand Lake stream, in the eastern part of the State of Maine, where they then existed in vast numbers; and I have always retained a very vivid recollection of the wonderful sport which I enjoyed. The game character of the fish was a revelation, as up to that time I had not killed a *Salmo salar*. I made several careful studies of them and brought home with me a few specimens, two of which I presented to Professor Louis Agassiz. They were the first ones he had ever seen. After a careful examination he pronounced them to be landlocked salmon. One of the specimens is preserved in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge. Several years after, on the occasion of my first visit to the St. Marguerite, I captured two fish which I at once recognized as identical with my earlier acquaintance at the Grand Lake stream. As to the difference between grilse and ouananiche, I can only speak as to their external appearance, never having dissected a specimen of either. This is very marked, as the eye of the ouananiche is much the larger, the profile rounder, the dark spots larger and much more numerous. The body at its juncture with the caudal is broader and flatter, and the head larger in proportion to the body. In fact, the grilse is much more of an aristocrat than his fresh-water cousin, being finer in his proportions and much purer in color—due, no doubt, to his different habitat and food.”

The above and other variations that have been from time to time reported in either the Canadian or Amer-

ican ouananiche are not sufficient to mark it as a distinct subspecies of *Salmo salar*. They doubtless all arise from the fact that the ouananiche differs in its life history from the salmon that runs down to the sea, and are not nearly as marked as are the differences between the brook-trout (*Salmo salvelinus*) taken from different streams. A subspecific name in science for the individuals that remain in fresh water may prove convenient, but, with all due respect to Dr. Jordan and Dr. Goode, different habits alone cannot constitute a different variety.

Professor Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., thus admirably illustrates, in the course of a recent letter, where such erroneous distinctions would lead us: "Our friends find some difficulty in accepting the conclusion that there never was a variety *sebago*. None the less it is the fact. As the variety was characterized, it included all the young of *S. salar*, and excluded only such adults as had visited the sea. Similar distinctions would make a different variety of the men in a crew out on a voyage, returning with modified complexions; or a new species of those going out smooth-faced and returning with whiskers."

Anatomically there is no difference whatever between the ouananiche and the *Salmo salar*. The few distinctive points in external appearance noted by Mr. Brackett as serving to identify the ouananiche from grilse of similar size—local adaptations, as they evidently are—apply, no doubt, with much greater force to the Maine fish, residents of placid water, and to the few junky "Canucks" that desert the rapids of *la grande décharge* to fatten

in the lower and tidal Saguenay and to occasionally come to grief upon Mr. Brackett's salmon tackle, than to the typical Canadian ouananiche of Northern rapids. Taken from one of the larger lakes in which it is found—whose waters would seem to afford it a home and abundance of food the whole year round—a ouananiche* will just about fit Mr. Brackett's description, and balance the scales with a salmon from the sea of equal length. The Indians have not failed to observe the close resemblance of these great lake fish to the *Salmo salar*, and call them both "uchachoumac" (ushashomek, or salmon). But take a ouananiche from the seething waters of *la grande décharge*, from the Caniapsow, the Koksoak, the Hamilton, the Natashquan, the Musquarro, or other of the great rapid rivers of Labrador, or even from the swift, broad tributaries of Lake St. John, and, both in point of gameness and of beauty, he is as far ahead of his congener—painted for us with so much skill and vigor by Mr. Brackett—as a trout from the rapids of a mountain stream excels another of the same variety from a fish-fattening pond. The same general lines that form the contour of shapely beauty for the naiad of the angler—the most symmetrical and most beautiful fish that swims, producing a form most admirably adapted to rapid motion, even against powerful currents, by the regular tapering from the front of the dorsal fin both to the snout and

* Those acquainted with the pronunciation of "ouananiche" (whon-na-nishe or wannaniche), and who know that "ou" at the commencement of a French word is given the sound of "w," will understand why I invariably use the article "a" before it instead of "an."

to the tail, and by the nearly equal convexity of back and belly—are common to both salmon and ouananiche. But the ouananiche of the Grande Décharge and equally rapid waters elsewhere is an even more graceful, more active, and more athletic fish than the visitor to other streams from the sea, and is consequently somewhat longer and slimmer in shape. Thus, while a well-conditioned salmon twenty-five inches in length will exceed six pounds in weight, a ouananiche of the same length, taken from rapid water, will weigh little more than five pounds. Its fins are larger and stronger than those of the *Salmo salar*, to enable it to do more effective battle with its foes in the heavy rapids in which it is found. Its tail is unusually broad and affords it a wonderful leverage, the caudal fin of a six-pound specimen having shown a spread of eight and a half inches. The eye of the ouananiche is much larger than that of the ordinary salmon, the St. Andrew's cross marks upon the sides are closer together, and there are larger and more distinct black spots upon the gill-covers, in shape both round and irregular.

Mr. J. G. Aylwin Creighton, of Ottawa, in his monograph of the fish in Shields's *American Game Fishes*, has furnished one of the most complete anatomical descriptions of the ouananiche yet published. I have verified it in almost every particular, and take pleasure in quoting the following extracts:

“The preoperculum, or small bone at the back of the gill-cover, has the rounded corner characteristic of the salmon. The system of dentition in the wananishe is precisely that of *Salmo salar*, but the teeth are larger and more numerous on the vomer and palatines. This is probably a case of specific adaptation, as the wananishe

lives much on small fish, and, unlike the sea-salmon when the latter is in fresh water, is continually feeding. In some specimens I have found a few teeth on the hyoid bone, though Jordan and Gilbert (*Synopsis of the Fishes of North America*, 1882, p. 311), following Gunther, give the absence of hyoid teeth as a characteristic of the genus *Salar*. The number of spinal vertebræ is 59-60; of *cæcal* appendages I have counted from 50 to 60 in different specimens.

“There are 120 rows of scales along the lateral line, 11-12 in a line from the edge of the adipose fin to the lateral line, which, if continued, would pass just above the pupil of the eye, and is well marked.

“The fins are proportionately much larger than in the sea-salmon, especially the tail, which is deeply forked in the young fish, but only slightly lunate in large adults. In a five-pound specimen it will have a spread of seven or eight inches; in a three-pound fish, six inches. The dorsal is high and broad, the pectorals long. The adipose fin is unusually large.

“The eye is remarkably large, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the adult, with a pupil a quarter of an inch in diameter. These measurements are much greater than in the sea-salmon of fifteen to twenty pounds' weight. In the young fish the back is of a bluish-olive when just out of water, turning into a silverish steely blue, which changes to silver below the medial line. The belly is pure white. The back is thickly maculated with black oval spots, not vermiculated, as in trout. On specimens under a half-pound there are no X marks on the sides, but seven small, round, bright-scarlet spots, evenly spaced along the medial line, with an additional one just above the pectoral fin. The dark-blue parr-bandings are eight in number, and about three-eighths of an inch wide; the head is deep bluish green, inclining to black; the gill-covers silver, with olive and green shading. Upon the operculum are two or three irregular, dusky olive, purple, and green patches, and two or three deep black, perfectly circular spots of small size. The throat and branchiostegals are white, shaded with dusky gray, inclining to lead-color. There are some blackish spots along the base of the dorsal, but none on the tail. The adipose fin is blackish-blue.

“In the fresh-run adult the color runs from deep black on the back, through bluish green on the sides, to silver green at the medial line, and silvery white below that. When the fish is just out of the

water the body-color is very iridescent, showing green and purple bronze with a tint of rose. The oval spots on the back are so black and run so closely together as to be hardly distinguishable when the fish has been a short time out of water, but in the living fish, observed under water in a good light, they show plainly upon the olive ground-color. The head is deep black on top. The ground-color of the gill-covers is a deep-green bronze, with patches of dark purple and greenish and blackish bronze on the operculum, which has also three or four circular black spots of varying sizes, and generally one large irregular-shaped black spot on it. The lower jaw and throat, to the gill, are of a leaden gray in fine dots, thickly spread on a white ground. Adults are all marked on the body with black spots, either irregular quadrilaterals or double X's, not the single X of the Atlantic salmon. These spots do not come much below the medial line, and vary a great deal in number and size in individuals. They do not show on the gill-covers, tail, or dorsal fin, but the latter is usually thickly covered with circular black spots.

“The coloring varies somewhat with locality, age, and season, but there is no marked difference of it in the sexes, except at breeding-time, when the male, as in other *Salmonidae*, is much brighter hued. In neither sex, however, is the change so great as in *Salmo salar*. The body-color becomes yellow or reddish, the white dirty, and the spots turn to rusty purplish brown. The hooked lower jaw, loss of condition, poor quality of flesh, indisposition to feed, and sluggishness of temperament, that characterize the spawning salmon, are well marked in the wananishe.”

The graceful proportions and splendid condition of the adult ouananiche, found in rapid water in the spring of the year, are not more remarkable than the beauty of its coloring. Clothed, indeed, in purple and finest silver, it undoubtedly fares sumptuously every day. In its various hues it reflects every shade of its natural surroundings, from the indigo-colored storm-clouds to the rose tints of the setting sun, from the purple haze over the distant hills to the pale-green

foliage of the bursting buds, from the darkest views of the deepest holes that it frequents—the olive and bronze of the floating water weeds and the gray of the surrounding rocks, to the silver sheen of the moon-beams, the white-topped rapids, and foam-flecked, eddying pools.

Mr. Charles Hallock's description of a five-pound ouananiche—a July fish, which appeared in the *American Angler* of July, 1889—is as follows: "His belly was silvery white, sides gray, and back black as ink. He had round black spots on his gills, XX marks on his sides and shoulders, and a combination of both on his body. Head, 1 to 6 in proportion to length of body; dorsal fin, 13; ventral, 9; anal, 9; pectoral, 15; caudal, 21."

The unreliability of considering alone the number of fin-rays in the determination of species is well illustrated in the case of the ouananiche. In his *Fishing Tourist*, published in 1873, Mr. Hallock, at page 179, gives the number of rays in the first dorsal fin of both ouananiche and landlocked salmon as 17. This is probably, however, a mistake, the usual number being 13, as given by him in 1889, though Mr. Creighton gives 12 to the Lake St. John fish and 11 to its congener of Labrador. The author has counted 12 rays in the dorsal of a skin brought to him by Mr. A. P. Low from the Hamilton River, in the interior of Labrador, and 13-14 in the Lake St. John fish examined by him; the other fins usually giving him: pectoral, 13-14; ventral, 9; anal, 10; caudal, 24. Mr. Creighton found: pectoral, 14; ventral, 9; anal, 9-10; caudal not given.

Professor Garman has been good enough to supply me with the result of his examination of seventeen specimens of the ouananiche, of which three were Canadian and the remaining fourteen American. Here it is:

	<i>Dorsal.</i>	<i>Anal.</i>
Lake St. John	13	11
“ “	14	11
“ “	14	11
Lake Sebago, Me.....	13	11
Grand Lake Stream, Me.....	14	11
Grand Lake, Me.....	13	11
“ “ “	13	11
Milltown, Me.....	13	10
“ “	14	11
“ “	15	11
Schoodic Lakes.....	13	11
“ “	13	11
“ “	13	11
“ “	14	11
“ “	13	11
“ “	13	..
“ “	15	11

It should be explained that the short rays at the front of each fin are included. The split ray, the hindmost of the fin, counts as a single one. The professor remarks, and what he says is authoritative: “Unless you have a number of specimens that give an average lower than that of ordinary *Salmo salar*, variation of a single ray in a specimen means but little. Variations of a ray or two, more or less, may be expected on individuals from any locality.” Jordan and Gilbert give the *Salmo salar*: dorsal, 11; anal, 9.

Those who have had opportunities for observation, and the necessary knowledge for even the most elementary comparative study of the ouananiche, need no other authority for the statement that it is a perfect salmon of the well-known *Salmo salar* variety. But so much absurd imagination has been indulged in respecting the fish by many who have never seen it, and so much arrant nonsense written by others, who having seen it have contented themselves with wild speculation rather than careful observation, that it was deemed advisable to have an unassailable pronouncement from undoubted authority upon the correct classification of the fish. And so it came about that in the autumn of 1893 I forwarded fresh specimens of the Lake St. John ouananiche for identification to Professor Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, at Cambridge, Mass., who gives the result of his examination of them in the following interesting letter:

“MY DEAR SIR, — After a considerable but unavoidable delay, which it is hoped you will kindly pardon, your fishes are taken in hand. They arrived in good condition, some of the ice remaining. As you suggested, a couple of tests were prepared in the kitchen. Whether it was boiled and eaten with sauce or broiled, all present at the table concurred in the opinion that the Lake St. John ouananiche was delicious. The flesh was not so fat or so red as that of the *Salmo salar* we are used to having from the sea. Less of the oiliness was, to my own taste, rather in its favor. The deeper pink of the meat and the difference in flavor and in fatness of the marine specimens is due to the difference in the food supplies.

“Now in regard to specific identity: I see nothing by which to distinguish the fish of Lake St. John from *Salmo salar* as represented by specimens from New Brunswick and Maine, or other New England States. It may prevent misunderstanding if it is explained

that I take the fresh-water individuals, including, of course, those truly landlocked as commonly designated, to be the better representatives of the species *S. salar*. As you are well aware, no distinctions are made between young born of parents that have returned from the sea and those of others which have never been there. Propagation takes place, so far as now known, only in the fresh waters, and the fact that some individuals leave them for a time, becoming somewhat modified by so doing, neither gives rise to a different species nor even a different variety. The change is simply variation of an individual, which variation is not at all a necessity for the continued existence of the species.

* * * * *

“Believe me, gratefully yours,

“SAMUEL GARMAN.”

Those writers who, having little regard for the anatomy of the fish, have claimed for the ouananiche the honor of a distinct variety from the ordinary *Salmo salar*, base the claim upon its apparent want of anadromy and its smaller size. So “Piscator,” in *The Complete Angler*, the same who amuses us by the statement that pike are bred of pickerel-weed, is made to say of a supposed large trout: “Whether this were a salmon when he came into the fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another color or kind I am not able to say.” And many modern Waltons find no difficulty in deciding that different habits alone constitute a different variety. Garman is exceedingly clear upon the point that no new variety is given rise to by the fact that some individuals leave for a time the fresh water in which they are propagated, “becoming somewhat modified by so doing.” The “modified” individuals herein referred to being the familiar Atlantic salmon, and the further statement flowing from Professor

Garman that he "takes the fresh-water individuals, including of course those truly landlocked, as commonly designated, to be the better representatives of the species *Salmo salar*," the famous American zoölogist may fairly be classed as a member of the large and influential school of ichthyologists that regards the Atlantic salmon as originally but a fresh-water fish, which has acquired the habit of wandering from the crystal Eden in which it was created, into the salt wilderness of the sea, by its acquisition of a taste for the fleshpots of the briny deep. In the sea its increased voracity finds extended opportunities of indulgence, and the unlimited food supply tends to its rapid development in size. The authorities who hold to the theory that salmon were, from the beginning, residents of the sea, that simply ascend to fresh water to spawn, claim that the smaller individuals constantly found in inland or landlocked waters are a deteriorated variety, consequent upon a change of habitat and diminished food supply. The difference in size between adult specimens of the salmon fresh from the sea and those of the ouananiche may of course be made to fit either of the above theories.

No argument against the identity of the ouananiche with the *Salmo salar* can be reasonably based upon disparity in size, for no more natural result than arrested development or a dwarfing of the variety could follow its subjection to unfavorable conditions. We have an instance of this in the alewives of Lake Ontario, introduced there, as already stated, in 1873. On the Atlantic coast, the average length of this species is eleven to twelve inches, but in Lake Ontario

no individuals of such large size are seen, and the average length is very much less. Dr. Hugh M. Smith says that of several thousand specimens examined by him from this lake in 1891 none were found to be over seven inches long, and the average was less than six inches. He adds: "This stunting of growth, which is said to be gradually becoming more marked, has no doubt been produced by the unnatural conditions to which the fish are subjected. The extent to which this dwarfing has gone may be readily judged when it is stated that fish only four or five inches long have been caught with ripe spawn."* That the fresh-water salmon of the Lake St. John country rarely attains to more than one-fourth or one-fifth of the size of the salmon that go down from neighboring waters to the sea need excite no surprise, in view of the well-established fact that under conditions unfavorable to continued development the alewife of Lake Ontario has in less than twenty years become dwarfed to one-half its former size.

Anglers have gone to Lake St. John for ouananiche who had fished for its American congener in Maine, where it is popularly termed landlocked salmon. Because of the difference in the sport of catching the two fish they could scarcely be persuaded that there was no varietal distinction between them. While the fresh-water salmon of Maine is largely a bottom feeder, save in the spring of the year, when the water that it inhabits is still cold, its Lake St. John kinsman

* "Report on an Investigation of the Fisheries of Lake Ontario," by Hugh M. Smith, M.D., in the *Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission*, vol. x., p. 188.

rises to the fly, more or less, all the summer through. It is also true that the Maine fish grows to a much larger size than the ouananiche of Canada; but it is a ouananiche all the same. "The 'landlocked salmon' of the Game Law," says the 1896 Report of the New York Fish and Game Commission, "is no other than the sea-salmon with a fresh-water habitat."

And Mr. A. N. Cheney, the present State Fish Culturist of New York, wrote some time ago in *Forest and Stream* :

"Whether they are called landlocked salmon in the United States, or ouananiche in Canada, they are not a variety, but the species itself. They are not landlocked salmon, for wherever found they can go to sea if they have the desire, as the way is open, and in all probability they were called ouananiche before they were called landlocked salmon. We really need but one common name for a single species of fish, as a rule; but to distinguish the salmon that go to sea from those that remain in fresh water it is necessary to have two, and which is the best for the fresh-water fish, ouananiche or landlocked salmon? And which holds the age? I voted for ouananiche, no matter where the fish is found, and so used the word. "Trout" sufficiently describes *fontinalis* whether the fish is two ounces in weight in Pike County, Pennsylvania, eight pounds in weight in the Batiscan, in Canada, or twelve pounds in weight in Mooselucmaguntic Lake, in Maine. The big-mouth black bass is not to be envied because it is an Oswego bass in New York, a chub in Virginia, and a trout in Florida.

"If there is danger of international complications arising over this name we could say the ouananiche of Canada and the ouananiche of the United States, to separate one from the other. When the country is in a depressed state and economy is in order, it is a good time to reduce the number of common names of some of our fishes that lead only to confusion and bad language on the part of some of our fishermen, as for instance when they find that a pike-perch may be, according to the waters in which it resides, a dory or a

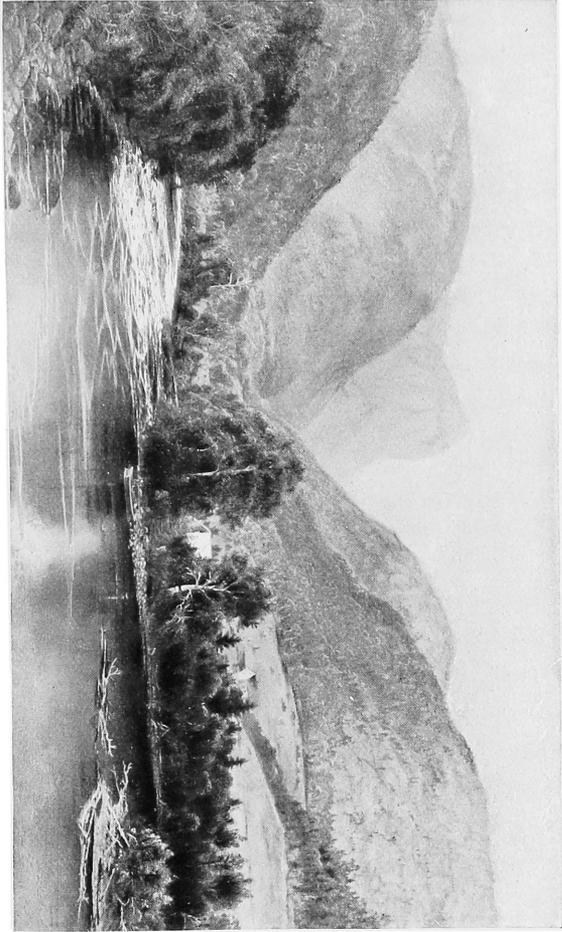
doré ; a yellow pike or a green pike ; a wall-eyed pike or a glass-eye ; a hornfish or okaw ; a jack-salmon or a plain salmon.

“Unless served with an injunction, I wish hereafter to write of the fresh-water salmon, whenever I have occasion to do so, as the ouananiche, no matter in what waters it may be found.”

The publication in recent years of a mass of erroneous information, not only in regard to the identity, the origin, and the habits of the ouananiche, but also as respects its name, the alleged difficulty of its capture, and its geographical distribution is no doubt largely due to the enthusiasm of anglers, to whom its game qualities were a revelation and itself a new variety. In their ardor they never stopped to inquire whether, and to what extent, it had been known to others, thus recalling the observation placed in the mouth of Halieus, in Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* : “When we are ardent, we are bad judges of the effort we make; and an angler, who could be cool with a new species of *Salmo*, I should not envy.”

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in his paper on “Trout-fishing in the Traun,” reprinted in *Little Rivers*, describes the *lachsforelle*, or trout of Lake Gründlsee, as a fish not unlike the landlocked salmon of the Saguenay. He speaks of it as having silver sides mottled with dark spots, a square, powerful tail, and large fins.

Not very long ago a suggestion that the fish found in a lake near the cascades of the Columbia, on the Pacific coast, were nearly akin to the ouananiche, appeared in one of the sportsmen's papers. As the *Salmo salar* is unknown to the waters of that coast, the fish referred to cannot possibly be the ouananiche,



THE LITTLE SAGUENAY NEAR ST. RAYMOND

unless, as is most improbable, it has been transplanted there.

The existence of fresh-water specimens of the Atlantic salmon in certain lakes of Sweden has been known for upwards of thirty years; and more than a quarter of a century ago, the ouananiche of a chain of New Brunswick lakes, emptied by the St. Croix, were described in *Stewart's Quarterly* by J. Harry Venning over the *nom-de-plume* of "An Old Angler." Their identity, however, had not at that time been established, and Mr. Venning, who was a delightful writer upon all subjects connected with field sports, was at a loss whether to classify the fish as a distinct species from *Salmo salar*, or as a merely degenerated progeny, by some means imprisoned in the lakes and debarred from access to the ocean. He admitted that so many difficulties opposed the latter theory that he was inclined to adopt the former, and to consider these lake fish as a distinct species peculiar to St. Croix waters, or not yet observed in others.

Comparative examination would have proved the identity of these fish with the salmon from the sea. But then, as now, most men preferred to judge fish by their size, their habits, or their habitat, rather than by their structural resemblance or differences. And it had not probably occurred to investigators, at that time, to account for the existence of salmon, the whole year round, in fresh water having uninterrupted communication with the sea by any other supposition than that of distinct variety, and least of all by the theory that the salmon was originally a fresh-water fish, only some specimens of which had acquired the

habit of anadromy. So universal was the belief that it was mainly a sea fish, whose presence in fresh water was only for the reproduction of its species!

Even as late as 1883, so excellent an authority upon the salmon as Mr. Charles G. Atkins, of Maine, was apparently of the belief that the migratory fish was the normal type of *Salmo salar*. He strenuously, however, upheld the fact that there are no specific differences between *S. salar* and the salmon of the Schoodic Lakes, as the following extracts will show, taken from a paper prepared by him for the London Exhibition of 1883, at the request of Professor S. F. Baird:

“The salmon of the Schoodic Lakes belongs to the group termed landlocked salmon, whose distinguishing trait is the absence of the habit of migrating to the sea. It has been regarded by naturalists until recently as a distinct species from the sea-going salmon (*Salmo salar*), but the most recent researches of American ichthyologists have led to the conclusion that there are no specific differences between the two.

“Doubtless the absence of the migratory instinct is at the bottom of most of the variations from the normal type of *Salmo salar* which the landlocked salmon exhibits. The lakes afford a far poorer feeding-ground than the sea; hence, perhaps, the diminutive size and leaner flesh of the landlocked salmon. Its lower tone of color, less permanent sexual marks, and greater liability to ovarian disease, as well as different habits of feeding, may perhaps be referable to the same general causes. There are some other peculiarities which are not so easily explained. For instance, the eggs of the landlocked salmon are very considerably larger than those of the sea-salmon, and the same is true of the very young fry.

“My observations on the young of the Sebago landlocked salmon lead me to think that their growth is more rapid than that of the anadromous salmon, for, among other things, I have seen specimens more than a foot long still bearing plainly on their sides dark, transverse bands characteristic of young salmon. But this may be explained in another way. It may be that the landlocked fish sim-

ply retain the marks of the immature stages to a later period of life. This view is supported by another fact that I have observed—namely, that the dark bands are never completely obliterated from the sides of the landlocked salmon, being always very distinct, even in adult specimens, on the under-side of the skin, a phenomenon which I have sought for in vain among the migratory salmon.

“The landlocked salmon, though smaller and leaner than his anadromous brother, is yet not a poor fish. His flesh is fat and rich, and of a more delicate flavor. In game qualities he is, for his size, quite the peer of the larger salmon, and affords keen sport to the fly-fisherman. He is, therefore, much sought after, taking, perhaps, in public favor, the lead of all fresh-water species.

“The natural range of the landlocked salmon in the United States is very much restricted. Leaving out of the question the salmon formerly frequenting the rivers tributary to the great lakes, Ontario, and Champlain, the extent of whose migration is a matter of doubt, we find them only in four limited districts, all in the State of Maine—namely, the Presumpscot River, in Cumberland and Oxford Counties; the Sebec (a tributary of the Penobscot), in Piscataquis County; the Union River, in Hancock County; and the St. Croix, in Washington County. There are some minor differences between the fish of these several districts, of which, perhaps, that of size is most notable. The Sebago and Union River fish are much larger on the average than those of the Sebec and St. Croix. The Sebago salmon average at the spawning-season 4 to 5 pounds' weight for the males and a pound less for the females, while specimens of 12 and 14 pounds' weight are not rare, and there is even on record one of 17½ pounds. The Union River fish are about the same size. The St. Croix fish vary in the matter of weight in different parts of their range, but the average weight of either sex at Grand Lake Stream is a little less than 3 pounds. Specimens of over 6 pounds are rare, and none is on record of over 10 pounds.”

It is proper to remark that since the paper from which the above extracts are taken was written, the distribution of the ouananiche in the United States has been largely extended, by the planting of the fish in waters of New York and New Hampshire.

The fact noted by Mr. Atkins, that the eggs of the fresh-water salmon are much larger than those of the sea-salmon, attracted my notice some years ago, and I have endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to establish a reason therefor. Professor Ramsay Wright, of the Biological Department of the University of Toronto, to whose notice I brought the matter, suggested that, in some cases, the larger size of the egg probably means delayed hatching from climatic conditions.

It is strange that this difference has not been seized upon as an argument against the identity of the salmon and the ouananiche, so absurd have been most of the reasons in support of such contention by those who uphold it.

Of the attempts that have been made to introduce the ouananiche into English waters, some, at least, have proved unsuccessful. F. A. W. Whitmore, writing in the *London Field* of November 23, 1895, on the proposal to plant so-called landlocked salmon-fry in the upper portions of the Severn, recalls the fact that three years previously, the Rev. H. B. W. Whitmore obtained a quantity of ova from the United States, successfully hatched nearly all the eggs, and turned out the fry into the highest of five large pools, of which the overflow is into the Severn. When the water was drained off in a subsequent season only one of the fish was found, the others, in the opinion of the writer, having gone to the sea as samlets. "If he can follow his instincts," continues Mr. Whitmore, in speaking of the ouananiche, "he is not disposed to abide in one place, and will, I think,

prove to be as migratory a fish as the salmon, his ancestor.”

The habits of the Canadian ouananiche, which has always unobstructed access to the sea, disprove the conclusions at which the above writer has arrived. Because the salmon of the sea is not and could not have been its ancestor, but is rather its wayward child, migration is not among the instincts of the ouananiche, except under unnatural conditions, such as we presume it must have found itself surrounded by in the English waters from which it so promptly disappeared. Its environment was undoubtedly at fault, and something was evidently wanting in the necessary conditions of either the lake and river bed, the temperature of the water, or the character and extent of the food supply.

Part II

PHILOLOGY OF THE OUANANICHE

PHILOLOGY OF THE OUANANICHE *

THE Indian origin of the name of the fish was referred to in the opening chapter of the book. The well-known Montagnais missionary, Father Arnaud, of the Oblats, one of the best living authorities on the Indian dialects spoken in the land of the ouananiche, traces the word back to the same aboriginal dialect as the names "Canada," "Quebec," "Stadacona." "*Kan-atats! Kanatats!*"—according to Father Arnaud, "They are strangers," or "Who are they?"—exclaimed the aboriginal inhabitants of what is now Quebec when they caught sight of the first European arrivals in the St. Lawrence; and "Kanata," or "Canada," was thus understood by the new-comers to be the name of the country, and was so applied. The Indians' next exclamation was, "*Kepek! Kepek!*" ("Disembark!" or "Come ashore!"), and being mistaken by the Frenchmen for the name of the promontory behind the natives, upon which the upper town of Quebec is now

* Much of the contents of this chapter has been drawn from the author's paper entitled "The Philology of the Ouananiche—A Plea for the Recognition of Priority in Nomenclature," read for him by George Stewart, L.D., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C., before the Royal Society of Canada, in May, 1894.

built, or of the Indian settlement close by, "Kepec," or "Quebec," it has remained ever since, though its Montagnais name was and is still *Opishtikoiat*, or *Ouapishtikoiats*, or "White Cape," the French equivalent of which, "Cap Blanc," is still applied to a portion of the city lying in the shadow of the great rock crowned by the Citadel. *Stadacona*, or *Stadakona*, another name applied by the Indians to the environs of Quebec, signifies "the crossing over the floating wood," and was so employed because, upon the site of what is now a part of Saint Rochs suburbs, the mouth of the St. Charles was usually encumbered with driftwood, upon which the natives were in the habit of crossing the bay.

The popular translation of the Montagnais *ouaniche* is "little salmon." Not until very recently did it occur to me to investigate the correctness of a habit which upon more than one occasion I have followed, and that upon the authority of some of the Indians themselves. I am now in a position to assert that the Montagnais name for salmon—the salmon of the sea—is not *ouanan* at all, but *ouchachoumac*, or *ou-sha-shu-mak*. It is true that *iche* is a Montagnais diminutive, but the Montagnais equivalent for "little salmon" would rather be *ouchachoumaciche* than *ouaniche*, and the Indians even now often apply their name for the *Salmo salar* to particularly dark-colored and extra large specimens of the *ouaniche* found in certain lakes, as we shall see later. To their ordinary fresh-water salmon they applied a specific name, calling it *ouanans*, or the abbreviated form, *unans*—each pronounced "wannan," "whonnan," or "whennan."

Ouanans is supposed by some authorities to have originally signified locality. According to others it is a corruption of *ouen-a?* (pronounced "when-na")—a Montagnais interrogative. Used in the sense of "Look there! What is that?" it is not difficult to imagine how *ouen-a* or *ouan-a*, uttered by Montagnais fishermen as they pointed to large fish seen feeding upon the flies on the scum-covered pools, came in time to be employed for the name of that particular variety which, more than any other in the territory in which it is found, is fond of disporting itself upon the surface of the water. Ouananiche are often seen sailing around their favorite pools with their dorsal fins out of their native element. The diminutive form of this word is now almost universally employed in speaking of the fish, perhaps because the latter offers no exception to the angler's general experiences that the big fish are few and far between. Or can it be that there is an element of truth in the Indian reports of the deterioration in size of their fresh-water salmon, and that in former ages these fish were so much larger that all their descendants of the present day must be classed as little *ouanans*? French-Canadian fishermen, settlers, and guides in the land of the ouananiche call it *le saumon* (the salmon) perhaps oftener than they employ the Indian name, and from their *petit saumon* (little salmon), and the knowledge that the Montagnais *iche* is a diminutive, may have originated the fashionable error of jumping to the conclusion that "ouananiche" is an Indian equivalent for little salmon. Were it indeed so, the constructors of the word would simply have builded better than they knew.

It has been already pointed out in the opening chapter that "ouananiche" is not to be found in any of the dictionaries. In all future editions, however, it is bound to find a place. Throughout the entire realm of the best modern angling literature it has superseded all other forms of the word. So far only the Century Dictionary and the 1892 edition of Webster's have given any form of the fish's name, and they both agree upon "winninish," though they differ in its definition. To Dr. Elliott Coues—a most eminent authority—was intrusted the supervision of the zoölogical terms in the Century, and he was assisted in ichthyology by the very capable Professor Theodore N. Gill. Yet in this instance there is no justification for either their orthography or definition. The "winninish" is called "the Schoodic trout," and upon turning up the word "trout," with its various qualifying terms, I am amazed to find that the Schoodic trout is declared to be identical with "the great lake trout." This is about equivalent to defining "winninish" as *Salvelinus namaycush*! That eminent philological authority, Webster's Dictionary, one at least of whose proprietors, Mr. A. G. Merriam, of Springfield, is an accomplished angler who has cultivated the acquaintance of the ouananiche in the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John, gives the definition of "winninish" as follows: "The landlocked variety of the common salmon (Canada)." It may at first sight appear presumptuous to criticise the professional work of so justly recognized an authority upon his favorite branch of science as Professor Addison E. Verrill, of Yale University, who con-

ducted the revision of the zoölogical terms in the 1892 edition of Webster; but I have no hesitation in declaring that neither the orthography "winnish" nor yet the definition above quoted is the best available. The ouananiche of Lake St. John is not a "landlocked" salmon at all, as I have already shown. In all waters tributary to Lake St. John it has free access to the sea. The better definition of the name of the fish when limited, as it is in Webster, to specimens having a Canadian habitat, would be "the fresh-water salmon of Lake St. John and Labrador," or "the fresh-water salmon of the Labrador peninsula." The mistake of calling the ouananiche a landlocked salmon is a common one, and nearly as old as the literature of the subject. It is somewhat remarkable that while "winnish" is treated in Webster's as of Canadian origin, it is applied by the Century to an American fish. It is a form of the word that can claim to have been employed by authorities not wanting in respectability in addition to the leading dictionaries already quoted from. It appears at page 445 of Dr. Goode's *American Fishes*, and in the scientific paper upon the "Fishes of Ontario," by Dr. Ramsay Wright, F.R.S.C., published in 1892 with the report of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission. Like the greater number of the score or more of different spellings of the fish's name that I have collected, "winnish" is a poor attempt to anglicize the original, and to represent phonetically its Indian pronunciation by means of English orthography.

Some of the French residents about Lake St. John pronounce the word as if its first syllable were "ouin"

instead of "ouan," and give the "i" its English sound; thus, "win" instead of "wan," the "ou," of course, having the force of our "w." Thus have originated many of the varying forms of the word.

It is rather remarkable that Mr. W. R. Gerard, in an article in the *New York Sun* of July 30, 1895, on "Adopted Indian Words," should give "wininish" as "the name of a fish of the Northern lakes, from Ojibwa 'winin,' fat, and the derogatory suffix '-ish.'" It is quite true that because the ouananiche does not go down to fatten itself in the sea like its congener, the *Salmo salar*, but spends all its life in the rapid waters of inland streams, it is often much slimmer in shape than the ordinary salmon, while as to its lack of "fateness" in another sense, all who have opened, cooked, or eaten it will agree that there is less oiliness about it than in the case of the ordinary salmon. However near this form of the name may come, nevertheless, to the Ojibwa equivalent for leanness, or lack of fat, the circumstance is only a coincidence. I have yet to learn of the name having been applied to fish in any part of the country in which the Ojibwa language ever held sway, or to any other fish anywhere, than the fresh-water, dwarfish salmon of northern Canada and the northeastern States that never goes out to sea. "Wininish" is not from the Ojibwa dialect at all, but simply an English corruption of the original French spelling of the Montagnais "ouananiche."

There are many reasons for preferring "ouananiche" to all the other forms of the name. It is true that its orthography is French, but French was the original spelling of the written word. The name of the fish is,

of course, Indian, but the various sounds of the spoken language of the Montagnais and Nascapée tribes were unrepresented in writing until the arrival of French missionaries in Canada. These latter reduced the spoken language of the Indians to writing, using for the purpose their own French alphabet and system of orthography. They transferred to paper their etymology of the sound of this fish's name, and their pictorial representation of the spoken Indian word remains to this day a perfect philological reflex of the musical vibrations produced by its pronunciation. No English spelling represents as faithfully the Indian name as does the original French form—"ouananiche." The latter is the orthography employed by the present French and Indian guides of Lake St. John. It is found in both the best English and the best French literature produced in the Province of Quebec, where the name originated, as well as in the official reports of the Crown Lands Department of the provincial government, in the officially promulgated game laws of the Province of Quebec, and in the voluminous mass of literature pertaining to the sporting resorts of this Northern country issued by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway Company. Vandal linguists who have attempted to anglicize phonetically the appropriate and original orthography of the Indian sound have only succeeded in creating confusion, as I am about to show, by erecting a Babel composed of more than a score of different spellings of the same word. Uniformity in the matter need never be looked for upon the basis of any one of the many anglicized forms of the word. In French-Canadian literature, as well as

in the Canadian and provincial government reports, "ouananiche" it is, and "ouananiche" it will remain. The same is true of much of the best literary work done in recent years by those English-speaking sportsmen who have devoted any considerable attention to the fish and to the sport which it affords the angler; as, for instance, of Bædeker's *Handbook to Canada*, of the articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Field*, by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., and of numerous contributors to the columns of periodical angling literature. The editorial writers in both *Shooting and Fishing* and *Forest and Stream*, and in particular that prominent authority upon all that concerns fish and fishing—Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, of Glens Falls, State Fish Culturist of New York—invariably employ "ouananiche." The latter mentioned gentleman has, in fact, declared his intention of applying it to the so-called "landlocks" of both the United States and Canada. It does not appear that there is the slightest structural difference between the Eastern fresh-water salmon of the two countries, and if we are to have one generic name for both that of "ouananiche" would seem open to no objection. "Landlocked salmon," in the strict literal sense of the term, they are not, and "Sebago salmon" or "Schoodic salmon" would be appropriate only to the fish of a restricted habitat, and not at all to the fresh-water salmon of Canada. If scientific accuracy demands in this case the use of a trinomial, I believe that "*Salmo salar* (ouananiche)" is infinitely preferable to "*Salmo salar*, variety *Sebago*."

Kit Clarke has adopted the name "wininnish,"

which is to be found both in *The Practical Angler* and in *Where the Trout Hide*, as well as in the many charming contributions of their author to the leading American magazines of sport. It occurs also in some of the writings of Mr. Charles Hallock, as also do the forms "ouininnish" and "wananische." "Quininnish" appears in Hallock's *Sportsman's Gazetteer*, and "wananische" in his paper on the salmon in Shields's *American Game Fishes*. In the folders of some of the American railways the name is spelled "ouinaniche," and so it is incidentally, as a synonym, by Mr. J. G. Aylwin Creighton, of Ottawa. The same orthography was employed no later than March, 1894, in a review of a new book in the columns of *L'Événement* newspaper of Quebec, and Rev. Duncan Anderson uses it in *A Dominion Day Idyll*. It is one of the many forms of the name employed by Mr. J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., who at page 263 of his *Chasse et pêche au Canada* uses also the plural "ouinaniches." At page 242 of the same work Mr. Le Moine uses "ouinnaniche," for which spelling I know of no other authority, and in the appendix he writes it "winnoniche," employing still another form in a later work, as will be seen further on. Mr. William C. Harris, in the 1885 edition of his *Angler's Guide*, also writes "winnoniche." Mr. J. Edmond Roy, F.R.S.C., in his *Voyage au pays de Tadoussac*, gives us "ouananish." "Winninisch" is written by C. M. Palmer, of Minneapolis, at page 71 of *Favorite Flies*, by Mary Orvis Marbury, and "winnonish" is the spelling found on a board nailed to a tree on the shore of Lake Tscho-tagama, some fifty miles up the Grand Peribonca, and

containing the record of a fishing experience there in July, 1891, by Messrs. E. J. Myers and A. W. Koehler, of New York, though in justice to Mr. Myers it must be said that he invariably uses "ouananiche" in his interesting contributions to the literature of the fish and of the sport that it affords. "Winanishé" is the orthography employed by one of the earliest students and closest observers of the fish — Mr. J. G. A. Creighton—throughout his article in *Scribner's Magazine* for May, 1889, while "wananishé," the form already quoted from Hallock in Shields's *American Game Fishes*, is that which Mr. Creighton adopts, not only in the title of his monograph in the same volume, but generally throughout that carefully prepared paper. In *Outing* for August, 1890, Mr. George R. Mosle writes "wininish," and the spelling "winouiche" is that adopted in Lovell's *Gazetteer of British North America*. Mr. James McKenzie, of the old Northwest Company, visited "The King's Posts" of the Saguenay and the Labrador coast in 1808, and in the journey of his canoe jaunt, which has been printed by the Hon. L. R. Masson, he speaks of a fish resembling salmon, a foot and a half long, found in Lake St. John, "though not in great numbers," and "called by the Indians *winanis*." Mr. C. H. Farnham, in the course of his admirable story of the Canadian *voyageurs* on the Saguenay, printed in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1888, employs the name "wannoniché." The Marquis of Lorne, whose literary work is usually more popular than scientific, has invented the name "ouaniche," which appears at page 88 of his *Canadian Pictures*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

“Theory says,” he tells us, “that these are salmon which have been unable to get back to the sea, and have acclimatized themselves to their altered conditions.” But the Most Noble Marquis does not tell us how theory had blundered in this matter, and he probably never stopped to inquire whether it had or not. Both Mr. W. H. H. Murray and Mr. J. M. Le Moine—the former in his book on the Lake St. John region, and the latter in his *Historical and Sporting Notes on Quebec*—employ the form “wananish.” So does Mr. Arthur Buies in his work on the Saguenay. The English pronunciation of this orthography resembles somewhat that of the Indian name of the fish, but not so nearly as does the spelling already given from Messrs. Hallock’s and Creighton’s articles in *American Game Fishes*. A still closer approach to the proper sound is found in the pronunciation of “wannanishé,” which is the orthography upon the permits to fish in his private waters in the Grande Décharge, issued by Mr. W. A. Griffiths, one of the first regular English-speaking frequenters of these waters. “Wenanishe” is found in a report of a government exploratory survey of the Saguenay, prepared by Mr. Nixon, of the 66th Regiment, in 1829; and Bouchette, in his *Topographical Dictionary of Canada*, calls it “awenanish,” declaring that “the awenanish is said to be the most delicious fresh-water fish in the world.” Rogers, in his *Stadacona Depicta*, follows the spelling of Bouchette. S. Webber, in *Forest and Stream* of March 17, 1894, employs “wannanish.” In the *Canadian Sportsman* of July 18, 1890, appears the form “owaninach”; in the same paper of July 11,

1890, occurs "ouininiche"; and I have seen the name spelled both "ouenanesh" and "ouinenish" by Quebec fish-dealers. There have been undoubtedly many other forms of the word, but for the score or more given above I have quoted authorities, all of whom are supposed to know more or less of the fish with whose name they have struggled. In brief, we have had ouananiche, winninish, wininnish, ouinninish, wananishe, ouininiche, ouinaniche, ouinnaniche, winnoniche, ouananish, ouaniche, winnisch, winnonish, winanishe, winanis, wininish, winnouiche, wananish, wannanishe, wannoniche, wnanishe, awenanishe, wananish, owaninach, ouenanesh, ouinenish.

The form of spelling adopted in Webster's Dictionary and in the Century has nothing whatever to recommend it beyond the fact that it has in recent years been used by writers upon ichthyological and angling subjects, just as a number of others have been. The English pronunciation of "winninish" does not convey anything like the sound of the Indian word, as all will readily testify who have heard the latter glide like a note of Nature's music from the lips of a Montagnais guide. Of all the anglicized forms of the word "wannanishe" comes nearest in pronunciation to the Indian name, and yet I have met with it but once. And even were it possible to secure for its use uniformity, what warrant is there for substituting it for the original "ouananiche," or what is to be gained by the change? And now that the original form has obtained such widespread acceptance in English literature, it surely savors of literary barbarism to seek for a phonetic spelling, by substituting, for a poetically

constructed word, a mongrel orthography, such as is sometimes found enclosed between parentheses in the pronouncing dictionaries. And the absurdity of the seeking is found in the variety of the grotesque results already indicated. As well, it seems to me, might we object to the French form of the word "champagne," and persist in writing it "shampain" or "shampane," as to persevere in the anglicization of "ouananiche."

The forked-tail—lake trout—gray trout—lunge or *touladi* is fortunate in the almost universal maintenance for the name of its species, of the original French orthographical illustration of the Indian sound represented by the pronunciation of "namaycush." But in the case of another North American fish—*Esox nobilior*—whose popular title in its original form, like that of the ouananiche and namaycush, comes down to us, as correctly claimed by Mr. Mather, from its Indian nomenclature, an apparent desire to get away from French orthography has produced a somewhat similar confusion of language to that already described in the case of the ouananiche. The original spelling of the Indian name was undoubtedly "maskinongé," and such it is still called in the statutes of Canada. According to Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, a recognized authority upon Indian customs and dialects, and in his early life a devoted missionary to the Northwest, "maskinongé" is derived from *mashk** (deformed) and *kinonjé* (a pike), and was applied to the *Esox nobilior* by the Indians, because it

* In the *Rapport sur les missions du diocèse de Québec*, No. 12, April, 1857, p. 102.

appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed. The river of the same name that flows into Lake St. Peter, which name has been extended to the town built at its mouth, and the county of which it is the *chef lieu*, was doubtless so called from the number of these fish taken in or near its estuary, and after their Indian name. And it is a singular corroboration of the absolute correctness of the French orthography "maskinongé" that no less an authority than Dr. James A. Henshall, the author of the paper on this fish in *American Game Fishes*, following the nomenclature of Dr. Mitchil, and of De Kay, in his *Fishes of New York*, substitutes for *nobilior*, as the name of this particular species, "masquinongy," which is about as near as it is possible for English orthography to go in representing the correct pronunciation of "maskinongé." Yet Dr. Henshall claims that by common consent and custom the name is "mascalonge" among the majority of anglers, and that "mascalonge" it will be for generations to come. Nor does this mongrel name, which Dr. Henshall himself employs for the title of his admirable monograph on the fish, represent the full extent of the departure from the original name. He gives us himself, among other forms, "muscalonge," "muskellunge," "muskallonge," etc., and a variety of other spellings has been adopted by other writers. "Muskellunge"—one of the forms already quoted—is the name employed to designate the species by Dr. C. Brown Goode in his *American Fishes*, and is as far removed from the original name as "winninish" is from "ouananiche."

The following letter from Mr. Ernest Gagnon, Secretary of the Department of Public Works at Quebec, a devoted student of early Canadian history, and the author of a series of articles entitled "Au Pays des Ouananiches" (In the Country of the Ouananiche), which appeared in 1888 in the pages of the *Revue Géographique* of Paris, will speak for itself:

"*Cher Monsieur Chambers :*

"QUEBEC, 5 April, 1894.

"J'ai eu le plaisir de recevoir, ce matin, la visite du R. P. Lacasse, O. M. I., qui arrive du Lac St. Jean. Il me dit que le plus ancien livre de la mission Montagnaise se trouve a Betsiamitz. Il a été écrit par le R. P. Masse, missionnaire Jésuite, et le mot *ouananiche* s'y trouve imprimé comme vous l'épelez vous-même : *ouana-niche*.

"Recevez tous mes compliments,

"ERNEST GAGNON."

(*Translation.*)

"*Dear Mr. Chambers :*

"QUEBEC, 5th April, 1894.

"I had the pleasure, this morning, of a visit from the Rev. Father Lacasse, Oblat Missionary, who has arrived from Lake St. John. He tells me that the oldest book of the Montagnais mission is to be found at Betsiamitz. It was written by the Rev. Father Masse, Jesuit missionary, and the word *ouananiche* is printed in it as you yourself spell it : *oua-na-niche*.

"With compliments,

"ERNEST GAGNON."

I know not the date of the book to which the Rev. Father Lacasse refers, but its author, Rev. Father Masse, came to Canada in 1611 and died in 1646. So that there can be no manner of doubt that for at least 250 years "ouananiche" has been the spelling of the name in the literature of the country in which the fish is found.

In concluding a paper upon the philology of the ouananiche for the May, 1894, meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, I made the following appeal: "The gentle Izaak claims our admiration and respect by the purity of his language no less than by his intimacy with fish and fishing; and from the refining influences of the gentle art, and even from the refinement of nature that inspires the love of it, I am persuaded that one has only to point out to the angling community, and to those who contribute to its literature, the claims of the original name of the ouananiche, to insure at the hands of so cultured a constituency a due recognition of what Dr. Henshall so admirably terms, in discussing a cognate subject, 'the inflexible law of priority.'"

Coming now to the pronunciation of "ouananiche," and referring to what I have already had occasion to say elsewhere on the subject, I cannot, perhaps, do better than to quote the following from Mr. A. Nelson Cheney's "Angling Notes" in *Forest and Stream* of April 7, 1894:

"Judge S. H. Greene writes me: 'Through the columns of *Forest and Stream* will you kindly educate us of the "wild and woolly West" in the pronunciation of the name of that game-fish of yours of the East, "ouananiche?" Many of us who boldly, without the least hesitation, talk freely about Skamokawa, the capital of Wahiakum County; Humptulipe, Semiahoo, Stillaquamish, Wa Wawai, etc., hedge on the word ouananiche by simply spelling it, leaving each auditor to mentally pronounce it to suit himself, or, at most, stammering out something so entirely unsatisfactory that the attempted pronunciation is invariably followed by the parenthetical remark, "or however you pronounce it."'

"I am a little surprised that this question was not asked long ago by some one of somebody, for common as this rather queer-

looking word has become of late years, I have known of but one attempt made to represent the correct pronunciation in printed letters, and in that single instance such dense ignorance was shown regarding the genealogy of the fish that the given pronunciation might have been regarded with suspicion, particularly as after representing the sound of the word, the writer, thereafter, throughout his article, gave an English rendering of the word entirely different from that which he had just said was correct. Canadian angling writers have sometimes spelled the word in English in one way and at another time in another way, representing entirely different sounds, but in the following I am confirmed by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, who has collected fifteen mongrel forms of the word, and who is an authority upon the subject.

“Ouananiche is pronounced by the Montagnais Indian as if it were spelled in English—*whonanishe*. The first ‘h’ is used because they pronounce the word as if it commenced with an aspirate, and the ‘o’ is employed for the broad sound of ‘a,’ as in the English word ‘wan.’ I think the most common form of the word represented in English spelling is ‘wiuinish,’ and Mr. Chambers explains how this has come about: ‘The French, having no “w,” and their “ou” being nearly its equivalent, as in *oui* (pronounced “we”), the original French spelling “ouananiche,” for the employment of which, in preference to English forms of the word, I have always strenuously contended, is the best possible picture of the spoken sound. Some of the French residents about Lake St. John pronounce the word as if its first vowel were an “i,” and give it the English sound, and some anglers have carried this pronunciation away with them, and so have arisen the many mongrel forms of the word.’”

There is but little to add to the above. I have already said that of all the anglicized forms of the word, “wannaniche” comes nearest in pronunciation to the Indian name. But the Indians usually pronounce it with a kind of an aspirate at the commencement of the word, which it is difficult to represent on paper, the nearest approach that I can devise to the sound in written characters being *whon-na-nishe*, *whan-na-nishe*, and

sometimes *when-na-nishe*. In fact, those Indians who have been much associated with English-speaking anglers can be readily encouraged to pronounce the word in as many different ways as the latter have of spelling it. These Montagnais seem to have a weakness for assenting to everything. It is almost as difficult to get a negative reply to a question from them as to find one who will say "no" to the offer of a *coup* or "drop" from the angler's flask. Ask one of them if "winnish" is the correct pronunciation, and ten chances to one he will answer "yes." Ask him a minute afterwards if "whon-na-nishe" is not correct, and he will say "certainly." Those who believe that the pronunciation should be "ow-wan-na-nishe" can, in the same manner, obtain just as easy a confirmation of their theory. Mr. Cheney tested the matter in my presence at Roberval, in August, 1894, to the complete satisfaction of both of us; and our Indians, some of the most intelligent of the tribe, said "yes" to all the different forms of pronunciation that he proposed. The fact undoubtedly is that they have no confidence in their own judgment in matters of this kind—at all events, in the presence of *un monsieur*—and naturally deferring to the views of those whom they know to be much better educated than themselves, have become unsettled in their own minds as to the proper pronunciation of the name, because of the various sounds given it by the different fishermen for whom they have acted as guides. But if one of the more intelligent of the older warriors of the tribe be shown the fish and asked its name without any previous suggestions of the pronunciation, he will invariably say

“whon-na-nishe,” and I know of no better form than this of expressing on paper the sound which is also made by the Indian missionaries and those best acquainted with the early literature of French Canada, in their really musical pronunciation of “ouananiche.”

Part III

ANGLING FOR OUANANICHE

ANGLING FOR OUANANICHE

OUANANICHE may be angled for in Canada from the time that the ice disappears in the spring till the 15th of September. The breaking up of the ice may occur at any time from the middle of April till the middle of May, and from a day or two later dates the earliest spring fishing for ouananiche. This is usually at its best in the third and fourth weeks of May. In the spring of 1894, which was an exceptionally early season, it was good in the first week of the month. Excellent sport can be had from the very commencement to the very close of the season, but must be sought in different localities at different periods. For the first two or three weeks after the departure of the ice, the fish are taken in large quantities with bait by the residents of Roberval, along the shore of Lake St. John, upon which their village is erected. The bait used by them is generally either worms, pork, pieces of outouche or chub, or of the ouananiche itself. Sometimes in the spring a few ouananiche may be taken by the fly off the Roberval shore, but fly-fishing is not usually crowned there with much success at any time, and except in the early spring is rarely effective. Sometimes it has happened, however, as in the autumn

of 1894, that the waters of the lake, which vary in height some twenty to thirty feet during the season, are nearly as high in the fall as they were in the spring of the year. In August, 1894, there were abundant catches of ouananiche with rod and line in Roberval Bay. No better directions can be given for angling for the fish in the lake itself than some of those contained in the quaint instructions for catching salmon, of Thomas Barker, to whom good old Father Walton was indebted for much of what he knew of fly-fishing and artificial flies. Much more accurate, in fact, as a description of ouananiche fishing than as a guide to the taking of the *Salmo salar*, in North American rivers, is the following passage from "An Ancient Practitioner in the Art," as he calls himself, to be found in *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling* :

"The angler that goeth to catch him with a line and hook must angle for him as nigh the middle of the water as he can with one of these baits : He must take two lob-worms, baited as handsomely as he can, that the four ends may hang meet of a length, and so angle as nigh the bottom as he can, feeling your plummet run on the ground some twelve inches from the hook : if you angle for him with a flie (which he will rise at like a trout) the flie must be made of a large hook, which hook must carry six wings, or four at least ; there is judgement in making those flies. The salmon will come at a gudgeon in the manner of a trouting, and cometh at it bravely, which is fine angling for him and good. You must be sure that you have your line of twenty-six yards of length, that you may have your convenient time to turne him, or else you are in danger to lose him : but if you turne him you are very like to have the fish with small tackles : the danger is all in the running out both of Salmon and Trout, you must forecast to turn the fish as you do a wild horse, either upon the right or the left hand, and wind up your line as you finde occasion in the guiding the fish to the shore."

The natives of Roberval, however, are seldom particular enough in their fishing to use a plummet, and as their lines are usually of heavy cord with gimp next the hook, the length of them is more like the half of twenty-six feet than it is like twenty-six yards.

Their general appearance and that of their outfit almost recall the fisherman

“Whose angle rod was made of sturdy oak,
His line a cable that no ship ere broke ;
His hook was baited with a dragon’s tail,
He stood upon a rock and bobb’d for whale.”

The taking of ouananiche by these habitant fishermen of Lake St. John is rather for food than for sport, like the angling attributed by old John Dennys, in his remarkable *Secrets of Angling*, to its alleged inventor, Deucalion, for the purpose of feeding the newly peopled earth :

“Since foode there was not any to be found,
For that great flood had all destroyd and drown’d.

“Then did Deucalion first the Art inuent
Of Angling, and his people taught the same ;
And to the Woods and groues with them hee went
Fit tooles to finde for this most needfull game ;
There from the trees the longest ryndes they rent,
Wherewith strong Lines they roughly twist and frame,
And of each crooke of hardest Bush and Brake,
They made them Hookes the hungry Fish to take.”

While the ouananiche, like the trout, can scarcely be struck too quickly when felt, or when seen to take the fly, there must be no undue haste in attempting to hook him when he seizes bait. He takes it into

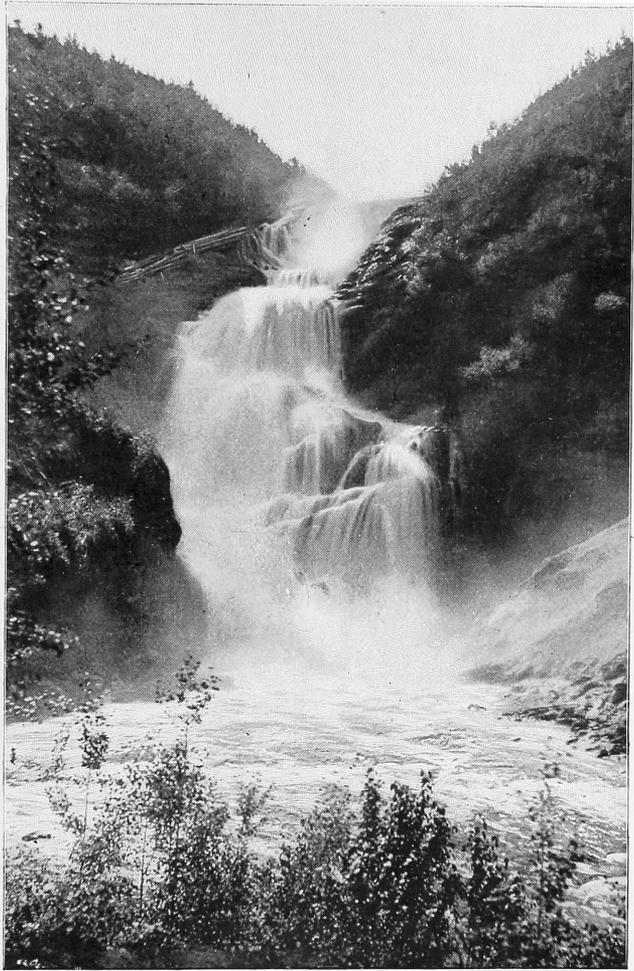
his mouth leisurely, and the *habitants* about Lake St. John, in order to make sure of him, usually permit him to swallow both bait and hook. "Never hurry yourself in striking a fish, but give him time to get the bait well into his mouth, and strike as perpendicularly as you can," says Howitt, in his curiously illustrated work of 1808, entitled "*Angler's Manual*, or concise lessons of experience, which the proficient in the delightful recreation of angling will not despise, and the learner will find the advantage of practising."

Like the majority of the *Salmonidæ* outside of *Salvelinus namaycush*, the Canadian ouananiche is seldom successfully sought by anglers very far out from shore in the midst of any broad expanse of lake. During the three to four weeks following the disappearance of the ice on Lake St. John the fish are found disporting themselves in great numbers in the deep water in and near the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan rivers — southern tributaries of the great lake. Unlike these, the broad, sandy estuaries of the immense northern feeders of the inland sea offer no attractions to the angler, who, when the proper season comes around, must ascend them for several miles to successfully enjoy his favorite sport. In the mouths of both the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan, for some twenty to twenty-five days, the ouananiche rise freely to the fly. But comparatively few visiting anglers are found at Lake St. John so early in the season, though those who make some sacrifice of creature comforts, by arriving there before the summer opening of hotels, have their compensation in the splendid sport that they enjoy quite close to the rail-

way and before the annual plague of flies sets in. And so it comes that the great bulk of the fish that are caught there out of the first run of the ouananiche do not rise to the fly-fisher's lures, but vulgarly seize some of the plebeian baits already referred to, and are yanked at the end of a stout rustic pole and line in strong *habitant* hands from their native element. In this ravenous spring and summer appetite of the ouananiche for fish and flesh is found one of the most striking points of difference between it and the sea salmon during the latter's presence in fresh water. The salmon remains without food during the whole of its fresh-water habitat, if we can believe those who tell us that its upward darts after insect life are dictated by caprice rather than hunger. Whatever deep-water feeding it has done in its winter-time of feasting, the ouananiche is still apparently hungry when commencing the ascent of the rivers flowing into the lake that served it, as the sea the salmon, for granary, banqueting-hall, and winter quarters combined. The flies that are most successful in the early spring fishing for ouananiche are quite large, in fact ordinary salmon flies tied on No. 3 and No. 4 hooks, and other flies in almost equally large sizes. Of the former I prefer, in the order named, after careful trial of many varieties, the Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Childers, and Durham Ranger; and of other large flies suitable for the dark, deep water where the fishing in early spring is best, I have had the most reason to be satisfied with the Professor, Queen of the Water, Coch-y-bonddu, brown hackle, Grizzly King, Green Drake, and, in dark days, the Coachman. For both

May and June fishing, the Ouananiche, a new fly, first shown me by Mr. McCarthy, and somewhat resembling the Jock Scott, has been found extremely successful.

So long as there is not too much paddling about to disturb the fish, casting from a canoe is to be preferred, though in Ouellet's Pool, at the mouth of the Ouiatchouan, provided permission be obtained for the purpose, fair angling can in places be had from the easterly bank. In company with Messrs. Chase, of Waterbury, John Wallace, Jr., of Ansonia, Conn., R. M. Stocking, of Quebec, and B. A. Scott, of Roberval, I had some good sport fishing in this pool on the 23d and 24th of May, 1892. Messrs. Chase and Wallace, to whom the place was new, were delighted beyond measure, both with the number of fish taken and by the rare sport afforded even by those which got away. The ouananiche were in most sportive mood on both days, and that is more than can always be said for them. It is more, too, than can with fidelity and ease be described. Picture yourself upon the surface of a pool 250 feet across, immediately at the foot of a series of the wildest rapids, and within a stone's-throw of where the stream mingles its waters with those of Lake St. John. Down the middle of yon background of densely wooded mountain that limits the up-stream view of the river, scarcely a mile distant, roll its magnificent waterfalls, rivalling in height and beauty those of Montmorency. No dry fly-fishing is necessary here for ouananiche. Pretty long casts are desirable, and when found fatiguing, the method may be varied by trolling the flies so that



OUIATCHOUAN FALLS

the dropper alone appears upon the surface of the water. I have almost always found it successful to have the tail-fly slightly under water when fishing in springtime for ouananiche. There are guides at Lake St. John who urge you to fish with only one fly, evidently fearful of seeing two fish hooked on one line at the same time, and sharing the belief of some who have written on the subject, relative to the impossibility of saving them both. I admit that if the ouananiche are both of a good size and in fair fighting trim, the task of killing them will prove a difficult one. But as fly-fishermen are not, as a rule at any rate, in search of ease and speed in the killing of their fish, the increased difficulty arising from having two ouananiche instead of one upon the line means simply a very largely increased measure of enjoyment of one of the most exciting forms of the sport. Besides, it does look a little more chivalrous, perhaps, to fight against such odds, making it one man to two ouananiche, instead of one fish to one man. Even in the latter case it is generally the guide that handles the net, which practically turns the odds the other way, and makes the fight one between two men and one ouananiche. And, after all, the one fish is not infrequently too much of a match for a couple of men, though whenever it can prove itself so nobody should begrudge it liberty. In fishing with a couple of flies there is always, too, to be taken into consideration the double chance of offering the fish an acceptable lure. Little fields of white scum or *brou* float round and round in this Ouiatchouan pool because of the existence of contrary currents. You

have drawn your cast through one of these patches, and are perhaps about lifting your flies from the surface of the water, when a violent strike tells you that a prompt responsive jerk will make fast to your hook one of the gamest of American game-fishes. Or, perhaps, he has securely hooked himself, and almost before you have ceased wondering at the length of line that is being run from off your reel, a bright, arched gleam of silver darts out of the water a hundred feet away from your canoe, as suddenly as an arrow shot from bow, and deliberately turns a somersault three or four feet up in the air. If you are a novice at the sport, or he has taken you unawares, you may never see him more. If he managed by his superior dexterity and cunning to get the slack of the line, he probably shook the hook from his mouth and is free. If, in your excitement, you gave him the butt too quickly, you perhaps tore the hook out of his delicate mouth. Or, matching his agility and strength against the endurance of your casting-line, or the pliability of your trusty rod, he has made shipwreck alike of your tackle and your happiness. Sometimes his leaps are made in such rapid succession that you are fighting your fish alternately in air and water. At others, if he be a large fish, he goes down and sulks like a salmon from the sea. His different methods of defence would appear to indicate that he possesses the combined *finesse* of the salmon and the bass. When impaled upon the hook he has not infrequently been known, in the course of his prodigious leaps, to alight in the bottom of the angler's canoe.

A Montreal judge was enjoying a brief canoe ride

among some of the islands of the Discharge of Lake St. John a few years ago, wearing a similarly shaped head-gear to those depicted upon the anglers in Howitt's etchings, and watching the fishing of a friend who occupied a neighboring canoe. The ouananiche that his friend was playing took a long and sudden run until close to the judge's canoe, leaped into the air, and flapped directly upon the roof of His Honor's silk hat, on its way back into the water. By the time the Court had regained consciousness sufficiently to know by what it had been struck, the high-kicker had been taken into the other canoe, and it was too late for the judge to take off his hat and hold it up a trifle higher in the air to challenge a better record. A fish that was being played by Mr. Chase in the Ouiatchouan pool came within a few inches of leaping into the canoe of his friend Mr. Wallace. We were short of both guides and canoes on that occasion, and I started out to fish in an old punt that was manipulated for me by a stalwart young French-Canadian (*habitant*). When I struck my first fish he rushed the boat towards it in such an unexpected manner that myself and my foe had parted company as suddenly as we had met. Really chagrined at my loss and disappointment, my attendant promised to do better next time, and to particularly avoid being the cause of giving the fish a slack line. Little did I dream of his intentions. My next fish rose pretty near the boat, and darted for it as soon as he felt the hook. "B'tiste" stretched out his hand in the twinkling of an eye to take hold of the line and haul up the fish, hand over hand, and the certain loss of both fish and cast was only averted by a

rapid run of the former in a contrary direction. I could see that he was a large fish, and was naturally anxious to save him. It was certain that I was not going to do it from the punt with the assistance of my green guide. He was of too active and excitable a temperament to remain a passive spectator of the struggle. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to land and fight my fish from *terra firma*. So, pointing towards the pretty, sloping beach on the west side of the pool, I gave the order "*à terre*," and towed my fish behind me, giving him line when necessary, until I stepped from the boat upon the beach. Even when attended by the most skilful guides under other circumstances—such, for instance, as when fighting a very heavy fish, or after having successfully hooked a couple at a cast—I have often found myself repaid for the trouble of towing the fish from where they were hooked by having the guide paddle me ashore and of finishing the fight from a rock or beach. There is thus avoided, too, the prolonged disturbance of a good pool, and consequent frightening of the remaining fish. But *revenons à nos moutons*—or, rather, to our ouananiche! After some ten minutes of good, strong play, now in deep water and now leaping above its surface, my fish showed signs of exhaustion, and was gradually led up close to where my man stood, landing-net in hand, ready to lift him from the water. By the wild shot he made with the net directly for the tail end of the ouananiche, it was soon made evident that he knew as little of its use as of that of fine fishing-tackle. Another lecture to "B'tiste," and another small struggle with the fish, which was now coming in partly upon

its side, and the former made a number of further "dabs" for the ouananiche, which, though intended to take it into the net head first, came so near to smashing the line that he was promptly, and, I fear, somewhat angrily, ordered to lay down the net altogether. My friends in their canoes and upon the opposite shore, attracted by the noisy talk—for it was necessary to order "B'tiste" pretty loudly before he could be induced to withdraw from the struggle—called over to me to take the net myself. I should have done so, too, had not something else happened in much less time than it takes to describe it. No sooner had my guide thrown down the net than he had rushed into the water behind my fish, though it reached above the top of his long-legged boots. One forward movement upon the already played-out ouananiche, and a couple of rapid kicks had done the rest. The fish had been literally kicked out of its native element, and "B'tiste" was holding it up proudly with both hands, amid the perfect yells of laughter that came from the onlookers, as much as to say, "The end justifies the means," and "He laughs best who laughs last." "B'tiste's" method of landing ouananiche is so unusual that I am glad to have been able to give the names of those who witnessed it.

In one season, when the spring fishing for ouananiche was good about the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan as early as the second week of May, splendid sport was had at Ouellet's by Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., Mr. Durand, of Newark, N. J., and party. This fishing ceases almost as soon as the spring floods terminate and the

waters of the lake commence to fall. The subsidence of the water is very rapid, and usually within three or four days of the end of the spring fishing at Ouat-chouan it is quite good in the rapid waters at the commencement of the Grande Décharge, and may be had there under varying conditions until the commencement of the close season on the 15th of September. But it is not usually so good there as it is in the rivers after about the middle of July, and the best of it is always to be had from about the 15th of June to the 10th or 15th of July, according to the season, though there was average fishing in the Discharge in 1894 as early as June 3d, and with Mr. Floyd, of Boston, and Mr. John Wallace, I had good sport around the *grande chute* in 1893 on the 11th and 12th of June. Along with Captain E. T. Rose and the Lady Cecilia Rose I enjoyed ouananiche fishing there in 1892 in the month of July, though after the early part of the month the general run of the fish, as a rule, is smaller. Before describing its fishing at greater length, the Grande Décharge is itself entitled to more generous notice than the mere passing mention of its name. It is reached from Roberval, the present northern terminus of the railroad, by a beautiful steamboat trip directly across Lake St. John from west to east, a distance of some twenty-five miles, which is made by the powerful steamer *Mistassini* in about an hour and a half. It is at the head of this "discharge" that the surplus waters of the great inland sea are poured out into a variety of channels, separated by numerous islands, and, many miles below, after encountering the violent obstacles to their descent that are answerable

for the wild grandeur of their rapids, are reunited in the bed of the Saguenay. Here, in the Discharge, the dismal "river of death," as Bayard Taylor calls the lower Saguenay, draws the bright beginning of its early gladsome existence. To repeat what I have already said elsewhere: "What a contrast between the Stygian darkness of its latter end and the bright young life that springs into existence from the nature-enforced affinity and commingling upon the elevated bed of Lake St. John of its parent streams! As men and women love life rather than death, and the brightness and freshness of youth rather than the ever-present shadows upon the hither bank of the dark river, it is not strange that they should gladly turn from the death-like silence, albeit majesty and grandeur, of the lower Saguenay, wonderful and awe-inspiring though they be, to the union of its parent streams at Lake St. John where all is merry as a wedding-bell; and to the prattling and the babbling of the new-born river as it issues from the bed of the lake, and hastens through a brief and tranquil infancy towards a lusty youth, there to gambol and leap in frolicsome display, choosing for itself a rough and rugged road, heedless of the rocks that it encounters on its way; now basking in pleasure and sunlight, regardless of the coming night; now flashing, dashing, crashing over precipitous declines, or gliding with thought-beguiling rapidity towards an inevitable fall. Nature is here all vocal with melody. She disports herself in various moods. She touches with her breath the chords of the æolian lyre that she has strung upon the branches of the plaintive pine, prattles in the language

of the babbling brook, sings to the gentle swaying of the forest-trees, moans in the wandering wind o'er the surface of the lake, and roars in the not far-distant waterfall and in the rapidly approaching storm. She finds a voice in the clatter of the squirrel, in the drum of the partridge, and the bark of the fox. She has an innumerable variety of feathered choristers, and there is music in the splashing of the leaping fish at play, and in the rustled twigs and crashing branches that speak of the flight from the presence of his sovereign, man, of some frightened denizen of the woods."

Such is the discharge of Lake St. John, and such the scenes experienced upon its shores or from many of the thousand islands with which it is studded. The largest of these is Alma Island, and is delta-shaped. It is three miles across where it faces towards the lake, and nine miles long. Between it and Lake St. John are several islands of varying size, and numerous others are scattered in the main channel of the discharge, which is upon its northerly side. This great, wild, island-dotted stream is locally known as the "Grande Décharge," meaning "great discharge," while the name "Petite Décharge" is given to the smaller channel on the south side of Alma. The hundreds of different currents and rapids that dash about and between the various islands of the Décharge give rise to innumerable pools, sometimes protected by points of the shore line or islands, from which they may be advantageously fished, at others expanding into lake-like dimensions, as in the case of those between the *grande chute* and Camp Scott. Even these may, in places, be advantageously fished from the rocks, and especially the

splendid pools of Mr. W. A. Griffiths, on the south side of the Décharge. But many of the best fishing-places, both here and upon the opposite side, can be most successfully reached by means of a canoe. Nothing but a birch-bark or Peterboro canoe can be safely used in the rapid waters of the Grande Décharge, and both French-Canadian and Montagnais guides confine themselves exclusively to the use of the former. It is a thrilling sensation to shoot the rapids in these frail craft, and to feel that nothing but a sheet of birch-bark and the untutored skill of your dusky guides stand between you and eternity. But they are wonderfully clever, these guides, and it is a constant marvel to those who visit these waters for the first time to note the consummate tact and ability with which they navigate the most treacherous currents and violent rapids, sometimes cutting off with their paddles the top of an advancing wave, at others holding back the canoe in the hollow of a rapid until the moment is propitious for shooting out of it, or perhaps again lifting it up sideways to the crest of a favorable roll of water. In many waters the angler has but one guide. At the Grande Décharge, and in the ascent of the various tributaries of Lake St. John, two are absolutely necessary. It would be certain death for one man to attempt to guide a loaded canoe in these heavy rapids; and, besides this, one man has almost all he can do to carry the canoe itself over the portages, while the other is required to convey provisions and baggage.

The new arrival at the Grande Décharge is landed from the steamer upon one of the first islands reached

from the lake, and the site of the only hotel in the neighborhood. Here guides and canoes may be obtained, and in the adjacent waters may be had the earliest spring fishing of the Décharge and the latest in the autumn. When the ouananiche will not rise here, during the season, to the fly, they may almost always be lured by bait and a spoon. But with the latter, one is apt also, at any time, to hook the immense pike (*Esox lucius*) with which Lake St. John abounds, and which in the vicinity of the Island House are frequently taken from ten to twenty pounds in weight. In other parts of the lake, and in some of its tributaries, they have been caught up to fifty pounds. The ouananiche taken in the extreme upper waters of the Décharge do not usually afford the most desirable sport in the killing, even when taken upon the fly. The strongest fighters must be sought in the vicinity of heavier and swifter water, such as that to be found in the rapids and below the *grande chute*.

This last is a heavy, perpendicular waterfall some fifteen to twenty feet high in the spring of the year, and reaching directly across the Grande Décharge, some two to three miles distant from the margin of Lake St. John. No matter upon which side the descent of the rapids be made, the *grande chute* must of course be portaged around, and so, except in low water, must a portion of the dangerous rapids above it. But from the rocks along the portage on the north shore good fly-fishing may often be had in a number of attractive pools among the rapids. Here it was my good luck, on the 11th of June, 1893, to have the first fly-fishing of the season at the Grande Décharge.

Almost at the first cast I had hooked and subsequently landed, after ten minutes' good sport and with a fairly stiff eight-ounce lancewood rod made in Canada, a light five-pounder, when the same fly, the dropper—a Silver Doctor tied upon a No. 3 hook—was again seized by an exceedingly combative fish in heavy water, which ran out promptly such a length of line in the direction of an overhanging tree that he was promptly given the butt, when the line came back with a disappointing jerk that plainly told of a break. The fish had been too violently checked, and the cast (a new one) had parted just above the fastening of the dropper fly. "*C'est un gros, gros!*" cried out Paul Savard the guide and one of the Indians in unison. "*Oui, quatre ou cinq livres je suppose,*" I muttered, disgusted with my luck and ashamed of the thoughtless impetuosity which had lost me what I believed to be even a bigger fish than I had said. "*Sacre, c'est un huit ou dix livres,*" put in the guides, and I was in no mood to question their estimate of the weight of the freed fish. Accepting it, I could say that I had, at least, met and fought a monster ouananiche, even if I had come off second best in the encounter. After all, the guides were more experienced in guessing the size of the fish in the water than I was, especially of those that got away, and, besides, there was less discredit in being defeated and having my line smashed up by an eight or ten pound ouananiche than by one of four or five pounds only. Paul had tied another "Doctor" on to my cast, and I was wondering whether that pool (we were fishing off the rocks half-way down the mainland portage) contained any

more ten-pounders, when there was a splash on the surface of the water, and whirr-r went the reel again. There was no undue checking this time, but there were fifteen minutes of delightful sport, and an exclamation of surprise from Paul as he lifted a handsome four-and-a-half-pound fish from the landing-net, for stuck in his mouth was my recently lost dropper and the missing portion of my cast! There is work upon the imagination of many an angler and many a guide for the official inspector of weights and measures! My old guide, Johnny Morel, took an eight-pound ouananiche that day with bait, fishing from the same rock below the *grande chute* where Dr. Webb, of New York, late in the preceding summer, had taken one of similar weight which required over an hour to kill, and which had risen to a fly tied upon a No. 8 hook. We went down there the next day. Mr. Wallace killed a number of splendid fish, but had his grandest sport with a five-pounder which gave him forty minutes of steady play. Its leaps were simply beautiful, and at one time it ran out with fully eighty feet of line. And Mr. Floyd had good reason to think that he had hooked a whale. His fly was seized below the surface of the water by a fish that fought so much like a heavy salmon that it seemed as if he had hooked an exceptionally large ouananiche. For an hour and twenty minutes Mr. Floyd played that fish as hard as he dared to risk his tackle, before it was brought to the net, when it proved to be a five-and-a-half-pound ouananiche that was hooked foul. Had that fish got off near the close of the fight it would undoubtedly have passed for a ten or twelve pounder.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., who in company with his brother Rider has fished most of the Scotch salmon and sea-trout waters, and many of those of Norway, was struck with the resemblance of the ouananiche of the Grand Décharge to the Scotch sea-trout. I recalled his conversation on this point the other day when I read, in a letter from Dr. J. D. Quackenbos to Mr. Cheney, which the latter printed in *Forest and Stream*, the following description of the Loch Leven trout (*Fario levenensis*), which the professor has transplanted into some of his own waters:

“So like are the young and adult Loch Levens to our landlocked salmon that many anglers believe a Loch Leven trout is often fast when the exciting cry of ‘Salmon! salmon!’ from the fishing fleet greets the first frenzied leap of a supposed ouananiche pierced by the lucky steel. One Scottish authority unhesitatingly declares the Loch Leven trout to be a landlocked salmon dwarfed to its present proportions in its shallow miniature ocean. But I believe it to be a landlocked sea-trout. With its purplish-silver back and silvery sides starred with X and XX spots, it so closely resembles the well-known migratory *Salmo trutta* that foreign experts commonly fail to distinguish between the two fish. The fin-ray formula is identical in each. Moreover, sea-trout that have been confined in fresh water are absolutely indistinguishable from the true *Fario levenensis*.”

Ouananiche? Or what? And who that has met and fought the ouananiche of Canadian waters will not identify a near relative of the fish in the following description by Dr. Quackenbos of the sport afforded by the fishing in Loch Leven:

“There is as much difference between the killing of one of these sublime fish and the suffocating of an ordinary brown trout as there is between the conquest of our ouananiche and the potting of a sucker. In full view of the castled isle of Mary Stuart, one casts

his delicate flies deftly knotted on the most invisible of gut. As he floats towards the suggestive ruin, the scenes in Queen Mary's eventful life flit before him—from her youth, whose rare beauty is immortalized in the Orkney portrait, to the beginning of the end, when, charged with complicity in the murder of Darnley, she was committed to Loch Leven Castle in 1567; to her escape the following spring with the aid of 'Little Douglas,' who yielded to the power of her resistless charms; to the revolting murder that closed her career in 1587, and the agony so imitabably expressed in the livid pallor and contracted features of the Abbotsford painting of the queen's head after decollation—but look! that gleam through a wave's crest! that flash of bluish silver beneath the flies, like the sudden blaze of an old-mine diamond! Instinctively your wrist turns, and the barb of your tiny hook is set in the lip of a one-and-a-half-pound Loch Leven trout. The moment you have dreamed of for years has come at last. Be cautious, for your tackle is refined to the utmost, and your fish is the prince of finny diplomats. His first rush is towards the drifting boat. 'Catch the pirl!' cries the watchful oarsman, and in response you reel madly on the slack and lead your fish successfully past the bow. Who but a lover of the angle can conceive of the exalted thrill which accompanied the rush of that trout at the descending 'teal and red'—who else, that erethism, short-lived, unearthly, that electrified every nerve in your frame as you twisted the steel into his jaw and felt him 'fast'—that concentration of delight in the struggle that followed, wherein the noblest fish that God has made matched his brute intellect, perhaps his manifold experience, against your reason and art; wherein your wand-like Leonard gracefully responded to his desperate leaps for life, and arched in perfection to his wild circles. Who but an angler knows of the sweet calm that followed victory, as you tenderly placed your dying captive on the skiff bottom, and, wearied by the excitement, sat down to watch his brilliance fade, with the feeling that if your life were forthwith to end, you had not altogether lived in vain."

Dr. Knox, describing the Loch Leven trout in his *Fish and Fishing in the Lone Glens of Scotland*, says:

"It is a beautiful, silvery, dark-spotted trout, of a species quite distinct from all river-trout, and imagined by some to be peculiar

to the lake. This, however, is not likely, since trout quite resembling those of Leven are found in many Northern lakes. The flesh is of a fine pink color, the eating admirable. During summer and autumn, when examined (and I have opened hundreds to ascertain the fact) the trout has its stomach filled with flies and insects, the ordinary food of the common river-trout; but, in addition, it is often found to have been living on a small *buccinum*, or fresh-water whelk, with which the shallow waters of the lake abound."

This ouananiche-like fish must not be confounded with another resident of Loch Leven—also distinct from the common river-trout—called by Dr. Knox the char-trout, and which lives on *entomostracæ*, and comes into season in December, January, and February. The Loch Leven trout proper, like the ouananiche, resemble the salmon in their habits; for in autumn, or at the approach of winter, they leave the lake for the streams which feed it, returning, no doubt, early in spring. The splendid peculiarities of this near Scotch relative of the Canadian ouananiche were not unknown to Sir Walter Scott, who introduces the subject of the Loch Leven trout in Chapter XXIV. of *The Abbot*, in an ideal conversation between Queen Mary Stuart and Roland Græme, as follows:

"With the peculiar tact and delicacy which no woman possessed in greater perfection, she [Queen Mary] began to soothe by degrees the vexed spirit of the magnanimous attendant. The excellence of the fish he had taken in his expedition, the high flavor and beautiful red color of the trout which have long given distinction to the lake, led her first to express her thanks to her attendant for so agreeable an addition to her table, especially upon a *jour de jeûne*; and thus brought on inquiries into the place where the fish had been taken, their size, their peculiarities, the times when they were in season, and a comparison between the Loch Leven trouts and those which are found in the rivers and lakes of the south of Scot-

land. The ill-humor of Roland Græme was never of an obstinate character. It rolled away like a mist before the sun, and he was easily engaged in a new and animated dissertation about Loch Leven trout, and sea-trout, and river-trout, and red trout, and char, which never rise to a fly; and parr, which some suppose infant salmon; and hirlings, which frequent the Frith; and vendaces, which are only found in the Castle Loch of Lochmaben."

Roland was undoubtedly a true Waltonian, and the Loch Leven trout, like his near kinsman the Canadian ouananiche, is a fish fit for a queen.

The calm beauty of the crystal Loch, with its dismantled and storied castle, is in strange contrast with the native wildness, turbulent grandeur, and unknown antecedents of the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John. What record of heroic deeds and daring might not be read, what halo of romance be seen, could the forest-crowned banks and rocky islets of these impetuous rapids but unfold the story of their long-forgotten past!

It is next to impossible to do justice to the wild grandeur of the scenery below the *grande chute*. Heavy gneiss, hornblende, and granite boulders are scattered about on every hand, and besides them there is nothing but water and sky and virgin forest to be seen. Looking up the Décharge one sees only the rush of the rapids and the steady fall of the *grande chute*, while the waters surging down below are never at rest, and the angler who stands fishing with his feet one moment upon a rock thirty inches above their surface, may, the next, find himself more than knee-deep in the rising and falling swell produced by the force and volume of yonder *chute*. It is necessary

here to be always quite sure of one's footing, for there are often twenty to thirty feet of water alongside the very rocks from which the angler fishes his pool. To add to the wildness of the surroundings there is the ever-present roar of the rapids that are round about on every side, and the constant rumbling of the *grande chute*. Immense quantities of the foam, churned up by the rapid succession of violent falls, are continually floating down the various currents of the stream in different-sized patches, either round and round a particular pool, or from one pool to another, according to the nature of the currents that come from neighboring rapids, and the effect of projecting rocks and points of land. When and where this foam or *brou* abounds is usually to be had the best fishing for ouananiche. The east wind scatters it, and is always an unfavorable one for the sport. It is usually the aim of the guides, in paddling the angler through the rushing, whirling, seething rapids of the Grande Décharge, to bring him near the edge of the scum-covered eddies, dotted with insect life, where the hungry ouananiche lies in ambush below, waiting to spring upon his prey as soon as his favorite fly floats around. Very often, however, the fish of which you are in search float about so near to the surface of the water that a number of dorsal and caudal fins may be seen moving through the creamy scum that has come down laden with insect life from the overflowing churn of yonder rapids. This is a sign that the ouananiche have made a discovery and found themselves so situated that concealment is no longer necessary to their selection of insect food. As Mr.

A. Nelson Cheney, one of my angling companions of August, 1894, at the Grande Décharge, so admirably described it, "The thick foam is a natural trap for weak-winged insects, where the ouananiche have only to go and take the contents." They are as fortunate as a spider that can raid a well-stocked cobweb spun by another. No wonder that they sail about slowly and contentedly amid such a supply of ready-captured insect food. Sometimes the most tempting cast may be drawn several times through the foam, almost touching the backs or tails of half a dozen ouananiche without attracting the notice of any of them. But usually, under the conditions described, a well-directed cast will not fail of a rise, and occasionally there will be a couple. If the canoe men know their business and avoid paddling through the scum, but rather assist the angler in towing his fish where he can fight it without disturbing the water in which it was hooked, some dozens of them may be taken out of the same pool in a single day. But one may count without his host, and on very fine tackle it is not always easy to lead a fresh-hooked ouananiche where he does not wish to follow—not, at all events, without having recourse to a very great deal of persuasion with the butt-end of the rod. In these waters, in the month of June, the ouananiche is about at his best in point of gameness. There are wilder waters and just as heavy fish in the Isle Maligne Rapids, but these cannot be reached at all in the spring of the year; and I have had grand fights with large fish both at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini and below the Devil's Falls of the Peribonca, but always nearer

spawning-time than the month of June. There is no doubt that a great deal of exaggeration has been indulged in respecting the difficulties of ouananiche fishing; and that whatever the cause may be, there is a vast amount of difference between the sport afforded by different specimens of the fish, often even when they are similar in size and taken out of the same water. Occasionally, but not often, unless it be a very small one, a ouananiche may be hooked and landed without having leaped out of the water at all. Others, again, and sometimes heavy fish, content themselves with leaping and struggling hard and valiantly, but without running out much, if any, line from the reel. These are, of course, exceptional cases; and the angler who has had any extended experience of the fish, who has fought and killed any large number of them in the heavy waters of the Grande Décharge, will know something of the many-sidedness of the sport, and be ready to concede that at least the pleasurable emotions which it causes the angler cannot well be exaggerated. In the vicinity of these rapids, the fish can know nothing of the life of indolence and luxurious ease that conduces to enervation and effeminacy. The very excitement and unrest of their surroundings render inactivity impossible to them, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in their constant struggles amid the mighty forces of those turbulent waters insures for them the possession of that courage, agility, and strength that make them the recognized champions of the finny warriors of Canadian waters. In proportion to their avoirdupois they can do more tackle-smashing than any other fish

that swims. Their leaps are prodigious. Habituated to overcome obstacles to their progress up-stream by throwing themselves over them through the air, their skyward somersaults and aerial contortions, when hooked, leave the angler little leisure for contemplation while the struggle is in progress. When it is understood that a ouananiche of five pounds' weight will frequently leap three feet or more out of water in his endeavor to get free, and perhaps a dozen times in succession, some idea may be formed of the skill that is necessary to bring him safely to the net. He is so good a game-fish, and comparisons are so odious, that it is unnecessary to further bolster up his splendid reputation by assailing that of his bigger and, from all accounts, very respectable brother of Maine. I leave the treatment of the Maine fish to those who have met and fought it, and refer only to such facts concerning it as have never, to my knowledge, been questioned. It certainly has the advantage of weight in its favor, and with equally favorable conditions of environment, particularly those of low temperature and rapid water, ought to be at least as good a game-fish as the Canadian ouananiche. Many who know it well, and others who don't know it at all except from hearsay, declare that it is not. Into the merits of the dispute—for the result of the comparison has been disputed—I have no desire to enter; but I must not by silence leave it to be inferred that I am of those who believe in any difference between the Lake St. John fish and those of Maine, consequent upon their alleged difference in habits. Plant the Maine ouananiche in Lake St. John waters, and within two gen-

erations it will possess and exhibit all the qualities of the Canadian fish, and *vice versa*. When found in deep northern Canadian lakes, away from rapid water, the ouananiche makes no such display of agility and cunning as he does in the waters of the Grande Décharge, or in similar rapids in the great tributaries of Lake St. John.

It is not surprising, therefore, that those who have only met him in the lakes, where he seldom takes the fly in summer, and have had to chiefly fish for him with the spoon or a bait, should find him a very different game-fish from those who have found and met him in the rapid waters of the Décharge. It is upon the basis of the foregoing that I account for the experience of Dr. Clayton M. Daniels, of Buffalo, N. Y., and a party of friends, who fished in the country north of Lake St. John during the summer of 1893. Writing me upon his return to Buffalo, under date of August 26, 1893, Dr. Daniels said: "We had a splendid trip and excellent fishing, although the fly was of little use. We captured pike, ouananiche, and trout in quantities, until the sport grew wearisome, and we returned two days earlier than was at first intended. Our main camp was at Lake Tschotagama. I shot a bear in the neck and bled him badly, but he went among the rocks on a mountain-side, and I lost him. In regard to the fighting qualities of the ouananiche, I think he should be third on the list, believing trout and black bass should lead in the order named." If my own experience of the ouananiche had been limited to fishing for it in Lac Tschotagama, Lac aux Rats, and Lac à Jim, my opinion of its game qualities would probably about

coincide with that expressed in the above letter. He grows large, it is true, in these deep lakes, and grows fat as well—so fat from the vast amount of fish-food upon which he feeds, that he cares little for rising to the surface in search of insect life, and so displays but few of those game qualities that distinguish him in the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John. What less surprising than that he should conduct himself with even greater gravity when the conditions of his environment are still less conducive to physical activity? That the fresh-water salmon of Maine should remain but a few weeks during the spring near the surface of the water, and then seek its cool depths for the remainder of the summer, only to be seduced from its lair by dead bait or a weighted fish or spoon, while that of Lake St. John may be found near the surface all the season through, is altogether due, I believe, to the difference in the temperature of the water. This was brought specially to my notice in August, 1894, by my friend and angling companion Mr. A. N. Cheney, who, immediately upon arriving at the Décharge and placing his hand in the water, remarked upon its exceptionally low temperature. Some time after his return home Mr. Cheney wrote me a letter, from which I extract, by permission, the following notes of valuable observations made by him: "I satisfied myself within ten minutes of reaching the Grande Décharge why the ouananiche are taken at the surface all through the season at Lake St. John, and why the landlocked salmon of New England retire to deep water in July and August. I believe it to be simply a matter of temperature. Going from the steamer to the landing

I put my hand in the water, and, though it was the last of August, I think the temperature of the water was not above 54°. I tried to get a thermometer, but Mr. Patterson had none. Again and again I tried the water with my hand, and it never seemed to me over 52° to 54°, so far as I could judge. Since I came home I have tried the water in fish-cans (iced), and in the trout-streams while planting salmon, and then tested it with a thermometer. *Always my guess was too high.* The water was colder than I thought. I have done this repeatedly to try my judgment. This temperature business I wrote out in full in my note-book while at the Grande Décharge, as the reason why the ouananiche are taken with the fly at the surface, for I do not know of any one having mentioned it. Furthermore, I found May flies in swarms bursting their cases on the warm day that I was down below the *grande chute* at Camp Scott. Now these flies, with us, rise in June. I have watched them for years and recorded their rise, but in the Grande Décharge they were rising in August—almost on the 1st of September.”

There is some reason for believing that the ouananiche of Maine and New Hampshire are capable of affording much more sport in the spring of the year than many anglers are aware of. It is not long ago that a gentleman writing to Mr. Cheney from the University Club, New York City, hazarded the assertion that the landlocked salmon of New Hampshire and Maine lakes could be taken only with live bait or a spoon. In his reply to this correspondent, which appeared in *Forest and Stream* of November 17, 1894, Mr. Cheney says that in Sunapee Lake, land-

locked salmon have taken the fly when it has been offered, but that, so far as he can learn, it has rarely been presented to the fish for their acceptance. In May, after the ice goes out of Sunapee, and well into June, the landlocked salmon are at the surface of the water, but nearly every one fishes for them by casting a smelt bait or trolling a spoon, and as this suffices to take many fish, the fishermen are satisfied with their methods, and the fly is not cast for them except on rare occasions. And Mr. Cheney cites a number of instances in which the fish have risen to the fly in these lakes, in the month of May and in the early part of June. After that, they seek deeper and cooler water, and the Canadian ouananiche would doubtless do the same were it not for the continued low temperature of the water which it inhabits, especially in or near heavy rapids.

On the other hand, testimony is not wanting to the game qualities, even in the heat of August, of the American fish transplanted into Canadian waters. I take these paragraphs from a letter addressed to the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* by Mr. W. P. Greenough, of Portneuf, P. Q., under date of August 4, 1895 :

“ Some of your readers may be interested to know that I am now assured that the landlocked salmon, the fry of which I planted in the spring of 1892, have lived and thrived. Last week I caught one of about one-half-pound weight, and yesterday one of one and a half pounds. The first was too small to display very much of the characteristic gameness of this fish, but the latter was unmistakable in that respect, as well as in color and markings. His leaps out of the water and his furious rushes were those of the ouananiche of Lake St. John. . . . Three times he jumped fully two feet into

the air. It took me quite ten minutes to land him, but of course I handled him very carefully, not wishing to risk the loss of my first good specimen.

“The half-pound fish was undoubtedly of the second generation, which shows that this valuable game-fish may be introduced into many Canadian waters where it has not formerly existed.”

It is a well-established fact that ouananiche take the fly all the season through at the Grande Décharge, but not so readily after the middle of July as before it. All through July and August, however, they are taken upon the surface in many of the northern tributaries of Lake St. John, and here some of the largest specimens may be obtained—fish weighing from four to seven pounds. Such fish may be had in June in the Décharge, five-pounders being then quite plentiful and in best condition. Often they may be had too in the latter part of August. But in the first part of that month and the latter half of July the fish in the Décharge are apt to run small, unless they be sought in still heavier water, some seven to fifteen miles below the *grande chute*. A description of these waters, as well as of those in the great Northern woods between lakes St. John and Mistassini, will be given in the chapters devoted to canoeing and camping trips. Meanwhile something must be said of the flies suitable for fishing in the Grande Décharge.

For the June fishing, when the water is high and thickly colored, and the temperature somewhat low, nothing better can be offered the ouananiche than the large and gaudy salmon and trout flies recommended for early spring use in the bays at the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan rivers. Under such

circumstances the fish seem to take no notice of very small flies; not, at all events, in the very heavy water where the largest fish are generally first found, before they grow somewhat lazier and gradually go below—in the sense of farther down the stream—to seek the quiet contentment of the oily, scum-covered pools. Under both these conditions, until the weather grows quite hot and the water somewhat clear, fine, warm days, with plenty of sunshine, are the most suitable for the sport, and large flies the most likely to attract large fish. In fact, at such times, I believe that the larger the fly the larger the fish, so long, of course, as the former is not large enough to be absolutely refused. The Jock Scot, Silver Doctor, Green Drake, Grizzly King, Seth Green, Professor, and Coachman, that are used in such large sizes for this earliest fishing, must be gradually reduced in size, even in the early part of July, as the water grows clearer and lower, and the temperature both of the air and of the water becomes higher. In the latter part of July, the ouananiche in the pools of the Grande Décharge has become an epicure. He wants the daintiest of flies, and wants them in small sizes, too. If two flies are used, the tail one may be a Silver Doctor or Jock Scot tied on a No. 8 hook. The dropper may be an equally small Professor, Queen of the Water, Reuben Wood, or Hare's Ear, or, better still, perhaps, a B. A. Scott or General Hooker, about which an interesting ouananiche fishing story has already been told in *Forest and Stream*. Mayor B. A. Scott, of Roberval, a leading authority upon everything connected with the Lake St. John country, was fishing with me upon a hot midsummer

day when the ouananiche were rising all around us in the most aggravating manner without apparently even looking at our flies at all. They were evidently feeding upon insect food, but out of the collection of flies then upon the water it was difficult to say which they were taking. As soon as we could manage to secure a fish at all Mr. Scott cut open its stomach and found it nearly full of a small, dun-colored, yellow-bodied fly, of which the B. A. Scott is a good imitation. We caught several of the natural insects that day, and, after impaling them upon our hooks, had good sport with the ouananiche. When the fly already mentioned had been tied from our patterns of the natural insect, it was, as I thought, appropriately named the "B. A. Scott," and I sent a specimen to Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls. He recognized it at once as almost identical with the "General Hooker," which was first tied by Miss Sara McBride. The resemblance between the two is all but perfect, and at first sight Mr. Cheney failed to notice any distinction. In view of the great amount of confusion created by the unnecessary multiplicity of the names of flies, I have always felt that after Mr. Cheney's discovery it would have been well to avoid the double name in this case, notwithstanding the fact that the B. A. Scott was undoubtedly a new pattern so far as the gentleman is concerned after whom it was named. But the firm which had it tied discovered that it was a killing pattern, and one certain to be in large demand for ouananiche fishing, and so insisted upon the small difference and the special name of their new pattern. To me the difference is so imperceptible that I cannot

bring myself to believe that it can be distinguished by the fish at all. So I use both names indiscriminately, and generally both together. The later pattern is sometimes tied with reversed wings.

Several friends to whom I have recommended the fly have found it very successful. Mr. J. B. Lawrence, Jr., of New York, wrote me on the 9th of August, 1894, as follows: "Mr. Fox and I spent two half-days and one whole day fishing at the Grande Décharge, and had as good sport as any reasonable man could ask for. We did not take any over three and a half pounds, but took several two and a half to three pound fish. . . . I found the B. A. Scott one of the best flies for the ouananiche, and am much obliged to you for telling me about it." Sometimes it is the experience of fishermen that the fish will take any fly that may be offered them. Mr. Robert E. Plumb, of Detroit, writing on the 28th of June, 1894, said: "I divided the flies [B. A. Scott or General Hooker] among our friends, and all of us took fish with them. Indeed, we did on everything we used. One fly seemed to do the work about as well as another and no better. We had a delightful time at the Grande Décharge and lots of fish."

Red is not, generally speaking, a good color to enter into the composition of ouananiche flies. As a rule, the fish will have nothing to do with it. Mr. McCarthy mentions the Red Ibis among the flies that he enumerates as useful for ouananiche fishing, and I suppose that he must have tried it upon such a day as that described above by Mr. Plumb, when one fly seemed to do the work about as well as another.

In the hottest and clearest weather of the short, hot Canadian summer it requires, indeed, all one's skill to entice the ouananiche, and then, too, as Mr. J. G. A. Creighton so well puts it, "If you understand the fine art of dry fly-fishing, and can manœuvre a tiny dun on a 12 or 13 hook so as to look like the real article, and can also handle large fish on the fine tackle required, you will get good sport and the satisfaction which comes of catching fish as Reynolds mixed his colors—with brains."

It does require brains, and experience as well, to handle the ouananiche upon the exceedingly minute hooks and delicate gossamer-like gut that is employed upon the Loch Leven and other Scotch trout-waters.

Various are the rods employed in the Lake St. John waters. Grilse rods are sometimes called into requisition for ouananiche fishing, both by those preferring a sharp, quick struggle with the fish to a protracted fight, and by those who have had but little experience in fighting it in heavy water. The usual tool employed is a trout-rod weighing from seven to nine ounces, and personally I believe this to be the most serviceable for the purpose. But there are experienced anglers who enjoy the sport of killing the fish upon a five-ounce rod, and no doubt there is keen enjoyment in the struggle, particularly when no compensation for the lightness and pliability of the rod is taken in the shape of automatic adjuncts; possessing which, the angler hooks the fish and the self-acting reel does the rest. I freely admit that with a very light rod and so stubborn a fighter as the ouananiche an automatic reel is almost essential to success, because of

the difficulty under such circumstances of recovering the slack of the line. But with a rod heavy enough to recover a long line quickly in a strong current—say one of seven or eight ounces in weight—I believe more sport can be had by the angler playing his own fish and keeping his line taut with the aid of the good old-fashioned multiplying reel, than in his employment of a lighter rod and the automatic care of his fish and line. It is certain that more skill is required in the saving of the fish when the angler has to do it all himself without any automatic aid.

The line should be waterproofed and not of unnecessary weight. Its length should be not less than 150 to 200 feet. I have never found any particular advantage in having a dyed casting-line for these waters, but am well aware that there is quite a conflict of opinion on this subject.

Robert Salter, who, in 1811, published *The Modern Angler*, has the following practical remarks :

“I have heard many ingenious anglers contend for the preference that stained silk-worm gut is entitled to for fly-fishing, which is an opinion I cannot agree with, and shall take this opportunity of explaining my reason for it : the color of gut, as imported, is more difficult to be distinguished in clear water than any other that has hitherto been substituted ; but as example is more persuasive than precept, boil the outside shells, or leaves, of walnuts in alum water ; when cold put into it a length of gut, and it will, in a short time, become brown. Boil a few chips of logwood in alum water, and it will stain your gut blue ; then put a short link of each color with one that is unstained into a half-pint tumbler of clear water, place it in the upper part of a window when the sun shines on it, and gradually retire, keeping your eye fixed on the objects in the glass until one of them disappears ; you will then be convinced that it requires not the aid of philosophy to decide which color is

entitled to the preference; yet, for bottom fishing in rivers, when they are discolored by floods or *turbary* water, a line very lightly tinted with walnut stain I have no objection to; or for pool fishing, while the weeds continue green, if the bottom link be very lightly tinged with the logwood dye, it may aid the deception."

The gut of which the casting-line for ouananiche is composed should be good, strong salmon gut, and for the end of July and the August fishing as fine as is consistent with strength. On account of the difficulty of taking a large, lively fish into a birch-bark canoe, and because of the awkward places ashore, where it is often necessary for the guides to land the ouananiche, I find it useful to employ a somewhat longer handle for my landing-net than is customary.

You can get more than ouananiche in many of the oily pools of the Décharge by dry fly-fishing. There are numbers of whitefish there, and in warm, balmy weather they may be seen basking in the sun upon the surface of the water. They do not take the fly very freely, and when they are hooked must be very tenderly played, lest the hook be torn from the mouth. They are usually only taken, too, upon very light tackle. I have had them afford me splendid sport, and have also known of specimens having been taken here by Mr. Floyd, of Boston, and Mr. W. A. Griffiths, of Quebec. These are the *Coregonus clupeiformis*, and not to be confounded with the coarse chub or *ouitouche* of these waters, a most abundant species here, known scientifically as *Semotilus bullaris*. In mentioning other neighbors of the ouananiche in the Grande Décharge I may say that trout are few and far between. Only very occasionally is *fontinalis* taken in

its rapids or intervening pools. But pike are plentiful in some localities, and Mr. Cheney tells of one weighing fourteen pounds that he caught on a spoon in August, 1894, in a pool out of which he had just taken a ouananiche weighing three and one-half pounds. "Rather queer tenants," adds Mr. Cheney, "of the same pool, for a tandem of such ouananiche could have gone down the throat of the pike without touching a fin at the entrance-gate." And he refers to the incident in *Forest and Stream* to show the ability of the fresh-water salmon, once it has grown to fair size, to take very good care of itself so far as predatory fish are concerned. Both the instinct of self-preservation and the ability to take care of itself must indeed be highly developed in the ouananiche of Lake St. John, in view of the immense numbers and size of the pike inhabiting its waters. These and other neighbors of the ouananiche are treated of at greater length in another chapter.

From the middle of August to the end of the ouananiche season, on the 15th of September, larger fish, if fewer in number, are taken in and about the Décharge than in the latter part of July and commencement of August. The fine fly-fishing of the heated term again gives way to the use of somewhat larger flies, and at this season of the year I have done fairly well with the McCarthy ouananiche fly, something of a cross between a Jock Scot and Silver Doctor, beautifully tied, and given me by Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse. Some fish were tempted, too, by the Mead fly, a pretty representation of a yellow-bodied insect in an imago state, obtained by Mr. Cheney from Portland, Oregon,

and which I feel quite certain will prove a killing fly for these waters in the June ouananiche fishing. Some exceptionally good catches are made with the spoon in the end of the season, not only in the Décharge itself, but also in that part of the lake immediately above it, and especially around the different islands in the vicinity.

The best fly-fishing for ouananiche at the end of the season is undoubtedly to be had in the Metabetchouan River—not in its mouth, as in the spring, but at the foot of its picturesque falls, some five miles up from the lake. The place is rather difficult of access, but the visitor, either in August or in the early part of September, is amply recompensed for the trouble of reaching it, both by the wild grandeur of the surroundings and by the nature of the angling to be obtained. The ouananiche taken there are on their way to their spawning-beds, and are, for the most part, large. Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., a brother of the famous novelist, had a most successful catch here in September, 1892, fishing with the phantom minnow, and *Forest and Stream* has recorded that on the 4th and 5th of September, 1894, Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, took thirty-two fish there, weighing one hundred and thirty-six pounds, nearly all on small flies, mostly the Reuben Wood, Professor, Dark Coachman, and Hare's Ear.

In the northern tributaries of Lake St. John and their adjacent waters are to be found the best summer fishing-grounds for ouananiche. The sport that they afford does not materially differ from that to be

had in the Décharge in the spring of the year; that is to say, of course, the angling to be had in the rapids of the rivers and at the foot of many of the *chutes*. The most important of these fishing-places will be described later, as well as the lakes in which are found the large, dark-colored fish known to the Indians as "ouchachoumac" or "salmon" instead of ouananiche, and almost invariably taken with bait, phantom minnows, or the spoon.

Before closing the description of the sport afforded by angling for ouananiche, let us hear what the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, and Messrs. Creighton, Murray, Myers, Kit Clarke, and McCarthy have had to say on the subject.

Creighton, in *American Game Fishes*, thus admirably describes the fight of a fairly large fish :

"Presently, while quietly reeling in an excess of line, down goes the rod-tip with a smart jerk; there is a terribly long pause of about half a second, then the reel sings, and thirty yards away a silver bar flashes through the air three or four times in quick succession, for it is a fresh-run fish hooked in a tender spot. You recover a little line, then out it goes again with more pyrotechnics. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes he comes in meekly, with an occasional remonstrance, and you think it time for the net. The leader shows above the water and the rod curves into a semicircle, but no strain you can put on raises the fish farther, which circles slowly around. A sudden dash under your feet drags the rod-tip under water, but is foiled by a quick turn of the canoe. Then a telegraphic circuit seems to have been established through your tired arms to your spine. The fish is standing on his head, worrying the fly like a bull-dog, and slapping at the leader with his tail. All at once the rod springs back and you are heavily splashed by a leap almost into your face. This occurs half a dozen times. He may jump into the canoe, perhaps over it: I have seen a wananishe caught in the air in the landing-net, after it had shaken the



FALLS OF THE METABETCHOUAN

fly out of its mouth. He is far more likely, however, to smash rod and tackle, unless you lower the tip smartly. Some more runs may follow or a sulking-fit. The more he is kept moving the sooner he will tire. It is well to keep him in hand with as heavy a strain as can be risked, for he fights to the last, and there is no knowing what he may do. Even when he comes to the surface and shows his white side, the sight of the landing-net nerves him to what the pugilists call 'a game finish.' Three-quarters of an hour have gone when Narcisse slips the net under him with a quick but sure scoop, and kills him with a blow from the paddle. '*C'est serieusement grosse,*' he says, as he holds up a twenty-five-inch fish. Really the balance does seem wrong when it marks only five pounds."

And "Adirondack" Murray contributes this to the literature of the subject:

"In Lake St. John that wonder of game-fish, the noted ouananiche, is freely taken. In one of the rivers flowing into the lake, up a short distance from the mouth of it, over six hundred of these magnificent fish could be counted in one pool as I passed through the neighborhood last fall. In look they are much like our land-locked salmon, but heavens, how they rise to our flies! And how stout and stubborn they are! How they fight it out with the rodst-man! Many an American rod will be smashed, I fancy, next summer, and many a stout and trusty tackle broken by these stubborn fighters, that yield not even to the salmon in the fierce energy of their play."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has written of a pool in the Grande Décharge that was full of fish of various kinds. To quote his own words:

"But the prince of the pool was the fighting ouananiche, the little salmon of St. John. Here let me chant thy praise, thou noblest and most high-minded fish, the cleanest feeder, the merriest liver, the loftiest leaper, and the bravest warrior of all creatures that swim! Thy cousin, the trout, in his purple and gold with crimson

spots, wears a more splendid armor than thy russet and silver mottled with black, but thine is the kinglier nature. His courage and skill, compared with thine,

“Are as moonlight unto sunlight,
And as water unto wine.”

“The old salmon of the sea who begat thee long ago in these inland waters became a backslider, descending again to the ocean, and grew gross and heavy with coarse feeding.

“But thou, unsalted salmon of the foaming floods, not landlocked, as men call thee, but choosing of thine own free will to dwell on a loftier level, in the pure, swift current of a living stream, hath grown in grace and risen to a better life.

“Thou art not to be measured by quantity but by quality, and thy five pounds of pure vigor will outweigh a score of pounds of flesh less vitalized by spirit. Thou feedest on the flies of the air, and thy food is transformed into an aerial passion for flight, as thou springest across the pool, vaulting towards the sky. Thine eyes have grown large and keen by peering through the foam, and the feathered hook that can deceive thee must be deftly tied and delicately cast. Thy tail and fins by ceaseless conflict with the rapids have broadened and strengthened, so that they can flash thy slender body like a living arrow up the fall. As Launcelot among the knights, so art thou among the fish, the plain-armored hero, the sunburnt champion of all the water-folk.”

From an article in the *American Field* by Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, we take the following:

“Of all the finny tribes that possess game qualities, ounce for ounce and inch for inch, the ouananiche outranks them all and affords the keenest sport. I do not exclude any denizen of the deep; for, without boasting, I have killed the Atlantic salmon—*Salmo salar*—on the Newfoundland and Labrador rivers; striped bass, in the ocean breakers; speckled trout, at Virgin Falls, on the Nipigon; black bass, at Pine Lake, Ontario, and over all I place the ouananiche—the landlocked salmon of the country north of Lake St. John!

“I take my salmon-fishing with honest devotion to the game

qualities of the *Salmo salar*, and yet I deem my summer outing incomplete and marred unless I finish it with a cast for this worthy scion of his royal progenitor. So I have journeyed from the Humber and the Esquimaux, down the Straits of Belle Isle and Gulf of the St. Lawrence, up to Roberval, to meet my guides, resting not until at the Cinquième Chute I slept upon a bed of balsam and pine that laughed to scorn all couches of down. What of the ouananiche? This is the testimony I give, as I have heretofore written it:

“This is no denizen of still and stagnant water, no poltroon of running waters, nursing his strength in cowardly ambush, lying in wait beneath lily pads, or lurking in weeds for the victim to pass, upon which he will ruthlessly prey; no savage monster, patterned after crocodile, with cruel fangs filling a gavial muzzle to devour his victim, who, once impaled upon bait or spoon, cowardly comes to strand or canoe like some great bully called to stand by pure pluck and not physique. No! the ouananiche fights as if he would pluck forth the weapon that has stabbed him and with it turn and attack his assailant. Up in the air six or seven times, high and low, shaking his head to expel the hook, with wit and cunning tugging at the line deep under water until you fairly feel the barb tear the flesh at the end, rising to the surface and thrashing the water until the line is one inextricable tangle, so goes the battle on. Let no one relax his vigilance or abate one jot of effort until the ouananiche be suspended on the balance, or else a deep-drawn breath and—a great struggle with yourself will attest the ignominious end. This foe lives in the rushing floods, under falls where the rainbow forever gleams in the sun, amid eddies circling down the foaming tide—where in the whirl of tumultuous waters, current neutralizes current—and there encircled by a ring of turbulent waves the pools form; there with muscles always in motion, turning into pliant steel, and at all times keenly vigilant and alert, never at rest, does the ouananiche get form, color, strength, and courage. Flashing through the foam, through the seething waters as they tumultuously pour down rocky gorge and pass, over precipitous falls—leaping high up the fall and ascending against its mighty power—there the “survival of the fittest” working to perfect end in natural selection, the ouananiche gets his superb development of form and muscle, with the gift of indomitable courage. As the salmon fisherman kills the lordly *Salmo salar* weighing from fifteen to sixteen pounds with a

twenty-six-ounce rod and dainty flies, so I make war on *le petit saumon* weighing from three to eight pounds with rods weighing from four and one-half to seven ounces, and use the same dainty flies, only smaller—Jock Scot, Silver Doctor, Durham Ranger, Cockrobin, etc. Yet do they again and again fail to tempt his capricious appetite, for his fancy is fickle and vacillating, worn to satiety like some old *gourmet*.’

“At the Fifth Falls I have killed 145 fishes, weighing from three to six pounds, in nine days, and this not counting those stabbed, played, and lost, often after longest fight; and, at Lac Tschotogama, I have killed the ouananiche as heavy as eight pounds. At Lake Tschotogama, in a small body of water about seven miles long by about two miles wide, I have killed trout weighing eight pounds, ouananiche weighing eight pounds, and pike weighing forty-seven pounds; ‘but that is another story.’”

Kit Clarke says:

“Two or three American lakes, to which this piebald champion has been transplanted, know him as the landlocked salmon, but in Lake St. John alone does he display his amazing and obstinate strength, his marvellous finesse, his tempestuous somersaults, and his tremendous fighting qualities. Weight for weight, he is immeasurably the grandest game that has yet fallen to the fisherman’s lure. In general outline the ouananiche is a far more graceful fish than the salmon, and in delicacy and in flavor of flesh is infinitely more palatable than either salmon or trout. As a game-fish, affording stimulating sport, and fomenting excitement in its capture, he is absolutely sovereign of the watery kingdom. The sportsman whose hook the first time impales the fish will be dumfounded at the tremendous leaps and fiery struggles of this heroic antagonist. His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. These terrific leaps are so continuous that one seems to be fighting the fish in the air as much as in the water.”

Mr. Eugene McCarthy, in *The Leaping Ouananiche*, says:

“A ouananiche of about three pounds' weight will require fully fifteen to twenty minutes or more to kill it, and it will fight hard every moment.

“Now it will leap from the water anywhere from two or three to a dozen times, rising fully three or four feet from the surface, returning to the water only to make an immediate wild rush towards the bottom. If near a fall it will make many attempts to rush under the falling water, or in the rough part of the rapids, there to sulk, pull, and often shake violently to release the hook. Then, perhaps, a rush towards the fisherman, a quick turn and deep down again, a moment's rest and then a violent race to and fro, as far as the line will permit. The jumps are quick, and occur when least expected, often following one another in quick succession. In fact, the fish are never at rest, but change their tactics every moment. Each fish fights differently; the method pursued in catching one will scarcely apply to the next. The hand and mind must act in unison quickly, and both will be thoroughly occupied. . . . Be prepared to lose, as a rule, more fish than you save; that is the common experience.”

Lovers of the fish and of the sport that it affords will be gratified to know that so far—that is, up to the end of 1895—despite the hundreds of anglers visiting the ouananiche waters of Lake St. John, there is no apparent diminution in the supply of the fish, though in his article published in *American Game Fishes*, in 1892, Mr. J. G. A. Creighton expressed the fear that their speedy extinction would follow the opening up of the region to tourists by a railway. Under a former administration of the government of this province, the netting of this magnificent fish for the markets was actually permitted for a time. The Hon. E. J. Flynn, the present Commissioner of Crown Lands, has devoted special attention to the protection of the fish; but, despite the presumed alertness of the gamekeepers and fish inspectors, there is still much surreptitious

netting going on in the vicinity of Isle Ronde and elsewhere by natives of St. Gedeon, and also at the mouth of La Belle Rivière. It is, of course, difficult to restrain the careless greed of wasteful anglers, and the fish is yet plentiful enough to warrant the adoption of a law limiting the number per rod that should be killed in a single day. When it is a well-known fact that from forty to fifty ouananiche per day have been killed as well as landed, and that to a single rod, there is need indeed of some more powerful deterrent from shameful waste than the sweet, sportsman-like appeal of Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans, now over four hundred years old, and which I may be pardoned for quoting from her "Treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle, emprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn the Worde, the yere thyncarnacon of our Lorde 1486," as follows:

"Alfo ye fhall not be to rauenous in takyng of your fayd game as to moche at one tyme : whyche ye maye lyghtly doo yf ye doo in euery poynt as this present treatyfe fhewyth you in euery poynt, whych lyghtly be occafyon to dyftroye your owne dyfportes and other mennys alfo. As whan ye haue a fufficyent mefe ye fholde coveyte nomore as at that time. . . . And all thofe that done after this rule fhall haue the bleffyne of god & faynt Petyr, whyche he theym graunte that wyth his precyous blood vs boughte."

And in view of that incident in Holy Writ, in which the command went forth to gather up the fragments that remained from five barley loaves and two small fishes, after five thousand people had dined upon them, "that nothing be lost," which of us shall make so bold as to declare that the dear, good prioress

exaggerates the sin of waste or the reward that shall follow the proper use of God's good creatures?

The ouananiche is being transplanted into other Canadian waters. The Maine fish has been introduced by Mr. Greenough into his private waters back of Portneuf, and Mr. Seaton is making arrangements to plant fish from Lake St. John in some of the waters of the Triton Tract. Nothing has yet been done, unfortunately, towards the artificial hatching of the Canadian ouananiche. It is to be hoped that this may soon be remedied, and that experiments may also be made looking to an improvement in the size of the fish by crossing it with either the landlocked salmon of Maine or the *Salmo salar* of our coastal streams.

Part IV

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF
THE OUANANICHE

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE OUANANICHE

It has been the custom of most writers upon the ouananiche of Canada, and is still the habit of many of them, to speak of it as peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. This ignorance of the real facts as to the occurrence of the fish is doubtless due to the difficulty of reaching any of the other rivers or lakes in which it is found. Few of these latter have ever been visited for the pleasure derived from fishing them. With the exception of portions of one or two streams flowing into the lower St. Lawrence, our information respecting the finny inhabitants of these ouananiche waters is derived only from the reports of members of the Geological Survey of Canada, and from those of Provincial Land Surveyors, Indians, etc. The first mention that I can find of the existence of these fish in the Province of Quebec in other than the Lake St. John waters, is in the report of the Crown Lands Department of this province for 1887, where Guardian Lattey, of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, states that he has been told that there were "winonish" in Arnold Bog. He admits that he never caught any of them, and I was at first strongly

inclined to the belief that his information was erroneous. It is probable, however, that they have been transplanted there from some of the Maine waters.

Mr. T. Simard, a surveyor and geometrician of the Crown Lands Department of Quebec, a very safe and careful observer, reports that in 1889 he found the ouananiche, as well as trout, in great quantities in the lakes of the Goynish, and especially in Lake Victor. The Goynish flows into the St. Lawrence north of the island of Anticosti, and there is no doubt as to the exactitude of Mr. Simard's classification of the fish, for Mr. Gosselin, who made a separate survey of the lower part of the river from that of Mr. Simard, agrees with the latter, that the existence of the salmon from the sea could only be verified for a distance of four miles from the mouth of the stream. Quite a succession of falls intervenes between the salmon-pool four miles from the mouth of the river and the lakes in which Mr. Simard found the ouananiche. Mr. Simard's report of the existence of ouananiche in the Goynish, or, as the Indians call it, the Aguamuo, is confirmed by the statement of Mr. D. C. Morency, Inspector of Surveys for the Province of Quebec, from whom I learn, through Mr. C. E. Gauvin, C.E., of the Crown Lands Department, the Government Superintendent of Surveys, that he has found a species of salmon that certainly does not come from the St. Lawrence, not only in the Goynish, but also in the Wat-shu-shoo and Piastre-baie rivers.

It is probable that the ouananiche occurs in many of the Labrador rivers flowing into the lower St. Law-

rence. Two years after the appearance of Mr. Simard's report respecting the existence of the fish in the lakes of the Goynish system, Mr. J. G. A. Creighton's monograph upon the landlocked salmon was printed in Shields's *American Game Fishes*. Therein he states: "In some of the rivers of Labrador, which are all simply the connections between and discharges of extensive lake systems, I found and identified, in 1889, my well-known friend, the 'wananische.'"

It has long been a well-known fact that the ouananiche existed in the principal tributaries of Lake St. John, as well as in the lake itself and in its discharge, and Mr. Creighton errs in supposing that only a few anglers knew the fish or its habitat until lately. Many Canadian anglers, Quebecers in particular, had fished the Grande Décharge several years ago, but little had been written of the fish in English until Mr. Hallock's description of it in the *Fishing Tourist* and in his *Sportsman's Gazetteer*. It is true that Bouchette had described it long before in his standard work upon Canadian topography, and before the date of publication of his book we find official mention of its existence in Lake St. John, in a report addressed to the Legislative Assembly of Canada, in 1829, by Captain Nixon, an English officer. Mr. Creighton admits, elsewhere, that the ouananiche has been well known since the settlement of the Lake St. John region, about 1850, and that it was familiar to the Indians and Hudson Bay Company's voyageurs long before then. As a matter of fact, it must have been known to the Indians for as long a time as Lake St. John itself, and the original French inhabitants of the country were

acquainted with it from the time of their earliest visits to the great lake. Of this the mention of it in their literature leaves no shadow of doubt. Nearly two and a half centuries ago, De Quen, the Jesuit missionary, who was the first white man to set foot upon the shore of Lake St. John, described it, in his *Relation* of 1647, as a salmon; and we have already seen in the chapter on the philology of the fish, that in the oldest book of the Moutagnais mission at Betsiamitz, written by Rev. Father Massé, a contemporary of De Quen, its Indian name, "ouananiehe," is given. It is true that not many American anglers visited Lake St. John to fish for ouananiehe before the construction of the railway, though a number of British officers did so, and so did many Canadians. It is also true that Hallock and Creighton were among the first to make known the game qualities of the fish to American anglers. But it is probable that very few of those who angle for ouananiehe, even as far north of Lake St. John as Tschotagama, Lac à Jim, or the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, have any idea of the wide distribution of this particular member of *Salmonidae*, even in the waters that are tributary to Lake St. John. I have discovered no Indian and no surveyor who will undertake to set a northern limit for the occurrence of the ouananiehe in the valleys of the Ashuapmouchouan and Mistassini rivers. But there is abundant evidence that they are found at least two hundred and fifty miles north of Lake St. John, in the Peribonca; and Lake Manouan, the headwaters of one of its principal branches, contains large numbers of them. Their existence there has been reported by Mr.

John Bignell, Dominion Land Surveyor; and Mr. P. H. Dumais, Surveyor and Geometrician, reported on the subject in 1889 to the Crown Lands Department of Quebec as follows: "This lake (Manouan) is full of fish; its ouananiche, salmon, trout, and whitefish are superior to those of Lake St. John, thanks to the formation of the bed of the lake, which is composed solely of sand, while three-quarters of that of Lake St. John is composed of marl and clay."

The best if not the only authority upon the occurrence of the ouananiche in those Labrador waters that are carried to the sea by a northerly or easterly course is Mr. A. P. Low, the intrepid explorer of the Geological Survey of Canada, who led the expedition of 1893-94 that traversed the great peninsula from Lake St. John to Ungava Bay, and from the mouth of the Hamilton River at Esquimaux Bay to the headwaters of that river in the interior of Labrador, and thence southward to the St. Lawrence. To this eminent authority I am indebted for the following notes:

OUANANICHE OF THE INTERIOR OF LABRADOR

BY A. P. LOW, B.A.P.S.C.

"This fish is found in many of the streams that flow from the table-land of the interior, and is not confined to any particular watershed, as it lives in the northern, eastern, and southern rivers.

"The central table-land, like all areas of Canada underlain by archæan rock, is covered with an intricate network of lakes connected by river stretches, and the general slope of the country is so gentle, and the

change from one direction of slope to another so easy, that a number of large lakes near the watershed are known to have two outlets flowing in opposite directions. An instance of this kind may be cited in Fox Lake, a large lake southeast of Nichicoon. The southern discharge of this lake falls into the St. Lawrence by the Manicougan River, while its northern outlet forms the headwaters of the Koksoak River, that flows into Ungava Bay. This intimate connection of the headwaters of the various rivers must greatly aid the wide distribution of fish such as the ouananiche. I found them in the Koksoak River for a distance of nearly two hundred miles below Lake Caniapsow. Between the place where last seen and the sea are four chutes, one of which at least could not be passed by salmon from below, as it has a sheer fall of sixty feet. My guide of the summer of 1894 informed me that ouananiche were found in the lakes and river stretches of the upper part of the George River, which also empties into Ungava Bay.

“On the eastern watershed we frequently caught landlocked salmon on both branches of the Hamilton River, above the Grand Falls, where the sheer fall is three hundred feet. Salmon only ascend the Hamilton River twenty miles above its mouth, where they are stopped by a small fall, which is impassable on account of the peculiar manner in which the water passes over a ledge of rock.

“Ouananiche were taken in the great Lake Michikamow, at the head of the Northwest River, which also empties into Hamilton Inlet.

“No fish were taken in the Romaine River, flowing

into the St. Lawrence, but my guide informed me that the salmon occurred at the head of that stream and of Natashquan River.

“I do not know what the theories are regarding the occurrence of these fish in inland waters, but of one thing I am certain, and that is, they have never ascended from the sea to their present haunts since the close of the glacial period, and I hardly think the conditions were favorable then. My idea is that the salmon was originally a fresh-water fish, and acquired the sea-going habit.

“I have never heard of ouananiche in the waters of the western slope of Labrador—that is, in the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay.

“It may interest you in this connection to learn that the ‘pickrel’ is not found in the rivers of the northern and eastern watersheds, although common in the western rivers. In the Hamilton River, above the Grand Falls, there is the finest trout-fishing in Canada—all large fish, none under three pounds, and from that to seven pounds, and plenty of them in all the rapids. Below the Grand Falls the fish are plentiful but small.

“Last summer, on several occasions, I took white-fish on a fly—May fly, with rubber gauze wings.

“I think this is about all I can give you of interest in a short way, unless it be that the weight of the ouananiche taken varied from one to three and a half pounds. The guide said that they sometimes were caught up to seven or eight pounds.”

The specific character of the above notes, and the reliable nature of the source whence they have been

derived, warrants the statement that they definitely settle, once for all, the broad outlines of the geographical distribution of the ouananiche, and designate the entire Labrador peninsula, with the single exception of its western watershed, as its Canadian environment.

In external appearance, the ouananiche of the interior of Labrador do not differ from those found in Lake St. John and the brackish waters of the Saguenay nearly as much as do different specimens of brook-trout taken from the same stream. As I write I have before me the well-preserved skin of a small ouananiche, sixteen inches in length, which was caught on July 7, 1894, in the Ashuanipi branch of the Hamilton River, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Low. It is one of very few specimens from the interior—one of the only lot brought out to civilization. The silvery sides and belly of the fish, and its various markings, including the five large circular black spots on the gill-covers, and the XX marks upon the upper part of the sides, are almost identical with those of the fish found in the Grande Décharge. In the brightness of its livery this specimen offers nearly as much contrast as do the Lake St. John fish with the large, dark ouananiche of Lac à Jim, Lac Tschotagama, and Lac aux Rats, known to the Indians as ouchachoumac (pronounced ou-shar-shu-mack), or salmon. The dentition is alike in all these fish. I have found it impossible to obtain one of the Labrador fish for dissection, but in external appearance it conforms exactly, as already stated, to that of the Lake St. John ouananiche. An examination of the skin before me shows: Branchiostegals, 10; dorsal, 13; pectoral, 14; ventral, 9; anal, 10.

Part V

**THE CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT OF THE
OUANANICHE**

THE CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT OF THE OUANANICHE

ONLY in very recent years have Mr. A. P. Low, of the Geological Survey of Canada, and others discovered that it was an error to regard the ouananiche as peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Prior to that discovery a description of the Canadian environment of this remarkable fish would have been a much lighter task than it is to-day, when it involves at least a reference to the entire Labrador peninsula. Within the last few years, as already seen in the chapter on the "Geographical Distribution of the Ouananiche," the fish has been shown to inhabit waters flowing into Ungava Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, as well as those that find their way into the St. Lawrence through the deep gorge of the Saguenay.

As an instance of the extent of the Northeast Territories, which form a large part of the Labrador peninsula, it has been pointed out by Mr. A. H. D. Ross, of the Dominion Geological Survey, that Moose Fort, on James Bay, is as far from the easterly point of Labrador as it is from Washington. The interior of this vast territory has always been beyond the line of accurate knowledge. It is as truly a *terra incog-*

nita as when it was, in popular belief, the home of dwarfs, of giants, of headless rulers, and semi-human monsters. Coextensive with this great peninsula is the Canadian home of the ouananiche. Reaching from Hudson Strait on the north to the St. Lawrence on the south, and from Hudson Bay and the eastern boundary of Ontario on the west to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Strait of Belle-Isle, and the Atlantic on the west, it is the land *par excellence* of the salmon and the trout as well as of the ouananiche, and the home of the Eskimo and Montagnais. This vast territory is fully a thousand miles in width from east to west, and extends from north to south for a distance of over 1200 miles. Its area is estimated at over 500,000 square miles, or nearly equal to that of the British Islands, France, and Germany combined.

The coast of Labrador is supposed to have been visited by Basque traders* before the days of Columbus, and by the Northmen about the ninth century, † and its name appears to be of Portuguese origin. ‡

* Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, vol. i., p. 74.

† *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. See "Labrador."

‡ The various derivations of the name noted in Justin Winsor's *History*, vol. i., pp. 31, 74, appear, as the editor remarks in one case, to have nothing but phonetic resemblance to recommend them. But that it was so called from the Portuguese *terra labarador* (cultivable land) is not improbable, when we are told by no less an authority than Mr. Winsor himself that Eric the Red gave Greenland its sunny name "to propitiate intending settlers." Moreover, there are not wanting those who practically acquit of dishonesty the explorers that gave Greenland and Labrador the names they now bear. Physical cataclysms and the closing in of ice-packs are held responsible by Montgomery, in his poem on Greenland, and by

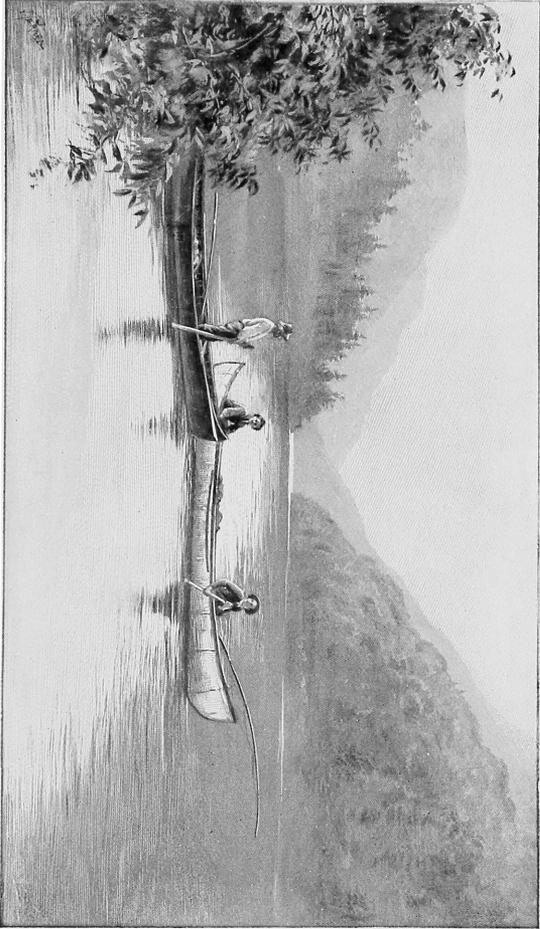
The ethnography of the Eskimo and Indian inhabitants of Labrador is most curious and fascinating. For some of them a partial descent from old Iberian stock has been claimed, their Basque and other European progenitors having, in all probability, gone the way of the early Norse settlers in Greenland, who are believed to have become incorporated with the Eskimos.*

The Montagnais are the most interesting of Canadian Indians and a racial curiosity. Their folk-lore is exceedingly rich, and they make splendid guides for the camper, the canoeist, and the angler in search of new and—by white men—untrodden and hitherto undiscovered trails through the forests and over the waterways of their far northern wilderness home. Their hunting-grounds comprise the entire Labrador peninsula, with the exception of that narrow strip of civilization in the Province of Quebec that hugs the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, and generally extends but as many leagues inland as you may count upon the fingers of your hands. This belt of civili-

De Courcy, in his *History of the Church in America*, for subsequent remarkable climatic changes in these northern latitudes, which Lorenzo Burge, in his *Pre-Glacial Man*, attributes, following the hypothesis of Figuier, to so natural a cause as the precession of the equinoxes, producing a grand year of 21,000 years, with a great winter lasting 10,500 years for each of the poles in rotation. That which the north pole is at present enjoying is supposed to have commenced its approach after 1248 B. C., when that pole attained its maximum summer duration, and this great season of cold is, we are told, to continue to the year 7388 of our era before attaining its extreme limit. Humboldt and Rink, however, are among those who believe that there has been no material climatic change in Greenland since the Norse days.

* Rink's *Danish Greenland*.

zation can no longer be considered a portion of the land of the Montagnais. Nor does any portion of it afford a home for the wily ouananiche. But its streams and lakes are still the abiding-place of magnificent trout, and until the last few years none but the most enterprising and most venturesome of anglers ever dreamed of going more than a day's tramp beyond them for a fishing excursion or pleasure outing. There was no necessity for so doing. Neither is there at the present day. At Tadoussac the sea-trout are still caught close to the junction of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence. At Murray Bay and St. Joachim there are well-stocked streams and lakes but a very few miles inland, almost in sight of the St. Lawrence. The Montmorency contains magnificent specimens of *fontinalis*, which are taken but three or four miles above its famous cataract. Two hours' drive into the mountains, due north of Quebec, brings the angler to Lake St. Charles, or to the more picturesque Lake Beauport, so widely and justly noted for the beautiful, bright livery and exquisite flavor of the trout that inhabit its deep, cool, crystal waters. And so on all through the settled portion of this northern country. Until quite recently, whenever a trail through the forest or a summer camping-tour was desired, a visit to the river Jacques Cartier, some twenty-five or thirty miles north of Quebec, was considered by trout fishermen, and correctly so, a somewhat unusual and exceedingly attractive excursion into the far-reaching wilds which, due north of Quebec, stretch away in the direction of perpetual ice and snow for over 1200 miles. Occasionally, but very seldom, a more advent-



ON THE JACQUES-CARTIER

urous angler, with both leisure and means at his disposal, undertook the overland journey from Chicoutimi, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Saguenay, to the then isolated Lake St. John. But it was a long and tedious trip, occupying in the first place a passage by steamer for twenty-four hours, and then necessitating a cross-country journey of fifty to sixty miles, and it is very small wonder that it was not more often made, even with the belief then entertained by many anglers and ichthyologists that it conducted to the only waters in which one might expect to find a ouananiche.

The revolution which has taken place in angling matters in northern Quebec during the last decade is directly traceable to the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. This road has not only opened up to anglers the magnificent stretches of forest, lake, and stream through which it runs for one hundred and ninety miles from the city of Quebec to Lake St. John, and again for fifty miles from the great lake to Chicoutimi, but has rendered accessible to tourists and sportsmen that wonderland of the North—that *terra incognita* that stretches away from Lake St. John towards and beyond mysterious Mistassini. A trail three hundred miles long from Quebec into these magnificent wilds is now as frequent an occurrence as was one of thirty miles from the same city little more than a decade ago; while camping and exploring parties in quest of adventure and sport have penetrated by portage and canoe to the great lake Mistassini, some two hundred and fifty miles distant from Lake St. John, going towards the north.

And Lake Mistassini is not a third of the distance from Quebec to Hudson Strait across the great Labrador peninsula, though the trail to Mistassini from the city of Quebec is longer than the journey from Quebec to New York. From a comparatively small corner of the territory traversed by this trail there could readily be taken the total areas of the Adirondacks, the Rangeleys, and the Yellowstone National Park. And yet not a third of this immense fish and game preserve has been traversed by tourists or sportsmen, the part actually visited by any white man having been reached by only two or three isolated parties, who have crossed it in but one direction and drawn through it merely a single trail. It is next to impossible to form any adequate conception of the extent and value of this vast peninsula as a national and even a continental preserve of game and game-fish; so proportionately insignificant, in comparison with its practically unknown territory, are the localities concerning which we have any positive knowledge. In the interior of that unknown land there is (in 1896) a hitherto unsurveyed extent of country larger in its area than that of Newfoundland and of all the maritime provinces of the Dominion combined. But it is known to be frequented by immense herds of caribou, and portions of the country have yielded untold quantities of valuable furs to the Indian hunters for the Hudson Bay Company.

From the enormous size of some of the rivers and lakes in the Labrador peninsula, and from the number and weight of the fish which they contain, it is certain that much of the interior of the country is a

network of waterways stocked with the gamest of the game-fishes of the North. Mistassini is the only large inland lake north of the Province of Quebec that had been carefully surveyed up to 1894. Mr. Low tells us that it is over a hundred miles in length. In the far east, where the maps show only dotted lines, signifying the existence of an unknown lake, Mr. Low in 1894 found an inland body of water larger than grand lake Mistassini. Michikamaw, as the great lake is called by the Indians, is fifty miles away from the dotted lines that represent it on the maps, and, while it is at least a hundred miles long, it is much wider than Mistassini. But few of the rivers in the north-east territory have been surveyed as yet. The Low expedition of 1894 was the first party of white men to thoroughly explore the great falls of the Hamilton River, which are the finest in America, if not in the world. Early in the year the expedition left Esquimaux Bay or Hamilton Inlet to cross the interior of Labrador. Mr. Low travelled five hundred miles in dogsleighs, making explorations. Then about March 1st the whole party commenced the ascent of Hamilton River. Six or eight Eskimo half-breeds were engaged to assist in hauling provisions, etc., but were dispensed with after a fortnight, each of the remaining men having eight hundred pounds of supplies to carry, necessitating three trips, or five including returns, and that over a distance of three hundred miles, equivalent to a journey of fifteen hundred miles. Up to about the 19th of May the explorers ascended the river in sleighs. Then the ice gave way, and the progress of the party was rendered extremely dangerous by reason of the

large masses of needle-shaped ice-floes which met the canoes. One canoe upset, and two Indians were in the water for nearly half an hour. The great falls of the Hamilton River were reached and explored prior to the going out of the ice, and numbers of beautiful photographs obtained from all points, and also of the ice-cones, etc. No previous expedition could have had a full view of the falls, as only when the river is frozen can they be approached. In five miles the river has a total fall of eight hundred feet. In the centre of the drop there is a sheer vertical fall of three hundred feet, and the river is generally as large as the Ottawa. In a quarter of a mile there is a rise of seven hundred feet in the portage leading to the head of the falls. The cataract is confined within walls five hundred to eight hundred feet in height and perfectly vertical. In places below the falls the cañon narrows to some twenty to fifty feet in width, through which the rush of water is indescribably grand. Near the foot of the falls Mr. Low's party found remains of the boat, the burning of which, by the carelessly left embers of a camp-fire, inflicted such misery upon the members of the Bowdoin College exploratory expedition. The records of that expedition were discovered in a bottle above the falls, and Mr. Low added to them those of his party. The cañon is gradually eating its way back, and the glacial period of the world's history has left undoubted marks upon the face of the country.

Exceedingly graphic is Mr. Low's description of the picturesque cañons discovered by his party on the Caniapscow River, which is the principal tributary

of the Koksoak or Ungava River that empties into Ungava Bay. He says in a private letter :

“The river flowing out of the lake is nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and leaves it in a succession of heavy rapids for three or four miles. At the third rapid we met with what might have been a serious accident. Eaton’s canoe, in running down, struck a rock, knocked a hole in it and upset, throwing men and outfit into the water. Luckily the bags holding our instruments were caught by the men as they fell out, and so were saved. Eaton lost his satchel containing his toilet outfit, etc., along with our thermometers and weather observations to date, my revolver, and other sundries ; we also lost a rifle and our supply of pork—about two hundred pounds. The flour and lighter bags floated, and were picked up below the next rapid by the other canoe. We now only had a small quantity of bacon left in the other canoe, and luckily it was very bad, so that we were not inclined to eat too much of it. Our supply of salt was melted, and from here to Ungava we ate food prepared without that condiment. It is nothing after you get used to it, but that takes some time, and I was not long enough without it not to think that the bread was only solidified paste. After the accident we immediately camped, in order to sum up the losses, dry the blankets and outfit, and mend the canoe. . . . For nearly one hundred miles below the lake, the river, like all others in central Labrador, flows in a shallow valley, nearly on a level with the general surface, and is a succession of lake expansions, connected by flat, shallow rapids filled with boulders. The surrounding country is rolling, with low ranges of hills at intervals. Below, the river turns sharply eastward, and, rushing along the foot of a range of rocky hills, falls, in a half-dozen miles, over three hundred feet into a narrow valley, surrounded by high hills that rise from six hundred to eight hundred feet above the water. From here to its mouth the stream has always a distinct valley, and in several places the mountains upon both sides rise almost perpendicularly to the height of one thousand feet, and often higher. Their summits are bare of trees, and are covered with white moss and Arctic shrubs. The lower parts are wooded with small, straggling, black spruce. From the point where the river first enters the valley, for over one hundred miles, it descends at an alarming rate, and could

not possibly be ascended with loaded canoes. In the majority of places where the water is broken the rapids are very shallow and filled with large boulders that in the descent appear to rush at the canoes, while a constant crossing and recrossing of the stream must be made to escape the shoal water. Besides these almost continuous rapids, that extend nearly to the river's mouth, three hundred miles below, there are a number of direct falls of considerable grandeur, and four cañons, where the river narrows and rushes through steep, rocky gorges. The second is the finest I have ever seen, and if the falls on the Hamilton River are better they are very wild indeed. The river descends with a fall of thirty feet into a gorge, varying from thirty to one hundred feet wide, with perpendicular, and, in many places, overhanging, jagged, rocky walls that rise three hundred feet above the rushing torrent. This gorge is about a mile and a half long, and terminates with a fall of one hundred feet into a circular basin, where the water is all churned to foam. From this basin a narrow channel leads into a second and larger basin thirty feet below, into which the river precipitates itself in a decreasing series of enormous waves. Below for five miles the banks remain perpendicular, and from one hundred to three hundred feet high. The total fall is three hundred and fifty feet, and deducting one hundred and sixty feet of direct fall, the descent in the cañon is one hundred and ninety feet in a mile without any break. We had a hard time getting past this obstruction. The only place where we could get down was by the gorge of a small stream flowing into the larger basin at the foot of the narrow gorge. This small stream has a small cañon of its own, where it joins the main stream with perpendicular walls two hundred feet high. Near its junction the walls have fallen in and completely blocked the stream for one hundred and fifty yards with great masses of rock piled up seventy-five feet above the water, which, in trickling through below, falls twenty-five feet. We had to carry our canoes and outfits over this obstruction, and the difficulty of the task may be imagined when it took us over half a day to pass that one hundred and fifty yards, and each one in the party had his clothes and person more or less damaged. When we got into the valley we did not know how soon we might have to crawl out again, as the river below rushes along with heavy rapids, and, having a sharp bend, we could not tell what was coming. Luckily,

however, the river soon widened out below the bend and everything was comparatively plain sailing."

At Fort Chimo, at the mouth of the Ungava River, the sportsman, in common with all the other people of the place—Hudson Bay Company's officials, Indians, and Eskimos—must hunt for his living. But in the proper season there is a splendid supply of game to be hunted. Fortunate, too, that it is so, especially for those who have to winter there. Supplies from England reach Ungava but once a year, whither the steamer *Labrador* leaves them about the end of July or beginning of August, taking back with her the skins collected at the fort. Flour, salt, tea, and tobacco are the principal supplies sent to Ungava. A natural potato is never seen there; the climate will not permit of its growth, and the steamer for Ungava leaves England before the potato crop there is ripe. Desiccated potatoes are, however, sent out with other supplies. In the fall of the year the occupants of the fort set about stocking their larder for winter. For the number of men employed there, and the thirty to forty dogs which form part of the establishment, some four hundred to five hundred deer are annually required. Only a few years ago Mr. Mackenzie, then the factor at the fort, assisted by three other men, went out upon the river Koksoak, not far from the fort, where the stream is a mile and a quarter wide, and in the course of a few hours speared and killed three hundred deer. A drove of five hundred were seen to be about crossing the stream, and while two Eskimos were sent in one kayak to head them off

from the shore towards which they were swimming, another kayak put out behind them to prevent their return. Mr. Mackenzie and his three assistants, in two other kayaks, armed themselves with spears to do the killing, and the suction of the water caused by the rapid swimming of the herd down-stream drew the canoes quickly after them. It was, of course, an awful butchery; but the slayers were hunting for their own existence, and not for pleasure or sport. Upon another occasion Mr. Mackenzie took up his rifle to go out and shoot some fresh meat. It was on the 26th of October, and he took with him fifty cartridges. He spent two hours in hunting, and when he returned had killed no less than forty-four deer. Some of the exceedingly pretty heads of these very same animals are now to be seen ornamenting the hospitable apartments of the Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club. In the winter of 1892-93 there was such a scarcity of deer at Ungava that some two hundred Indians died of starvation.

Like their kinsmen of Mistassini and Lake St. John, the Indians of the far North are extremely superstitious. The Eskimos of Ungava are, if possible, even more superstitious than the Nascapsee Indians, and are much addicted to conjuring. They ought to make very good subjects for missionary enterprise, for they are entirely destitute of any religious practices or professions. Their sole religious belief is in the existence of two great Spirits—one good, the other bad. So long as they are blessed with health and a sufficiency of food they are content, and never trouble themselves about the existence or pleasure of

either Spirit. When the chase turns out badly, or anything else connected with their small concerns goes wrong, it is the work of the Evil Spirit, who must consequently be propitiated. The Good Spirit never causes them a moment's consideration; he is simply their presiding genius when all goes well, and there is nothing whatever to be gained by troubling themselves about him at all. He would never do them any harm in any case, and consequently there is no object in trying to propitiate him. These Eskimos never bury their dead, notwithstanding the efforts made by the few whites upon the coast to induce them so to do. The remains of their dead friends are simply carried back from the shore and left upon the ground, generally upon some little eminence, where boulders are often placed over them. Some of them now enclose their dead in rough coffins, but until quite recent times the coffin was unknown to their funeral arrangements. In order that the deceased may not be without the means of securing his game upon the happy hunting-grounds to which he has gone, his gun is left within an arm's length of him, and his kayak or skin-covered canoe is placed so near as to be always available—not for the crossing of the Styx or the Acheron, but rather for the use of the dead hunter in his expeditions in and about his new abode, where his surviving friends at least are not of the opinion that “there shall be no more sea.” Not infrequently have they persuaded themselves that the departed have had need, in the great beyond, of the canoe, the gun, and the other implements of the chase that were placed at their disposal. And

what clearer evidence of the fact to them, who were ignorant of the sacrilegious plundering of their dead by the predatory Nascapees, than the removal of these objects from where they had been faithfully left by loving hands? Very often, but always unsuccessfully, the employés of the Hudson Bay Company have endeavored to dissuade the bereaved relatives of deceased Eskimos from depriving the living of those implements of the chase that they could so ill spare, in order to leave them by the remains of their dead. Any deviation from the custom would only be regarded by them, and by all their acquaintances, as manifesting an unfilial disregard for the future comfort and happiness of the departed. As a matter of fact, even his lesser creature comforts are not forgotten by the surviving members of his family, who never fail at their final leave-taking of him to place in his possession inside of the coffin, if there happen to be one, a sufficiency of pipes and tobacco to last him for at least several stages of his long journey. And when they return from their next great hunt they repair to the resting-place of his body and enjoy a rare feast, leaving a choice portion of deer flesh behind them for the use of the deceased in case of emergency—such, for instance, as rarity of game or failure of the chase in his present hunting-grounds. If it still remains where it was left when they again visit the scene, it is evident that it was not required; but occasionally it goes the way of the kayak and the gun.

Despite their peculiar beliefs and superstitions, the Eskimos do not share all those of the Nascapée Ind-

ians. The latter, for instance, will not on any consideration give any of the antlers of the game they kill to be taken away from their hunting-grounds. To do so would bring them bad luck in future deer-hunting. An Eskimo has no dread of anything of the kind. But he and all his people are firm believers in the efficacy of conjuring. The Eskimo conjurer is much respected, or dreaded, as the case may be, and possesses as much control over his fellow-countrymen as the Indian medicine-man does over the other members of his own tribe. There is a noted conjurer at Fort Chimo, in Ungava, called Ogioktabinik, which being translated means "Square flippers' meat," or "Big Seal." He is described as being very tall and very fair, and quite commanding in appearance, and Mr. Mackenzie is my authority for the statement that the Eskimos of Ungava in general are physically a splendid race of men, who in no wise answer the description of the small people of the Atlantic coast of Labrador, usually taken as types of the race. And perhaps, after all, they may be what they are taken for, and the purest type of the Eskimo people; and their namesakes at Ungava, the larger and finer-looking men, among whom are women said to be nearly six feet in height, may be less pure in their descent, while through their veins may course a mixture of blood, part being foreign to the race whose name they bear. Whence may this have come? From old Iberian stock? Or from hardy Norsemen, who became merged with the Eskimos after having landed upon these coasts, long ere Columbus saw the light of day? At all events, there were giants in those days in the

north of the Labrador peninsula, if we can believe what an Eskimo girl told Father Charlevoix, in 1720, of the men of monstrous size whom she had seen in her country, some of whom were amphibious, and could remain under water for three-quarters of an hour at a time.

There are numbers of other large lakes in the north-east territories besides Mistassini and Michikamaw, including several that are larger than Lake St. John. There are other large rivers running from the interior of this vast peninsula to the north besides the Koksoak, and to the east in addition to the Hamilton. But scarcely anything is known of them. The numerous streams that drain the Labrador peninsula towards the south into the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence are worthy of a volume to themselves. Most of them are fairly well known to salmon fishermen in portions, at least, of their courses; and as few of them are now open to the public, they do not call for any extended notice in this book. But a description of this great peninsula would be incomplete without at least a mention of some of the more important of these far-famed salmon rivers. The most easterly stream of this coast about which any white man professes to know anything practical is the Natashquan, which enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence at a distance of nearly five hundred miles from Quebec. Four or five years ago Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, while fishing the river with Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, and other friends, upset his canoe in killing a salmon at the head of a dangerous rapid, and narrowly escaped with his life, his Indian guide going

down the rapids to his death. Here it was, too, that Walter Macfarlane, one of Montreal's merchant princes, lost his life. The "Devil's Whirlpool" in this river was some years ago the scene of an awful tragedy. A scion of an English ducal family, named Astley, persisted, against the advice of his friends and Indian guides, in essaying to run the whirlpool. As the canoe reached the centre of the dreaded vortex it whirled around and was engulfed. The Indian paddler saw what was coming and jumped, but was barely in the air when a shot from the rifle of one of Astley's friends on shore made him share the fate of the Englishman. Their bodies were recovered about two miles down the river, disfigured beyond recognition. It was in order to reach this stream that, some fifteen years ago, the Duke of Beaufort, the present Duke of Sunderland, poor W. J. Florence, and the late Ned Sothern paid the captain of an Allan steamer £200 sterling to go out of his way a few miles and drop them in a small boat, whence they got to their destination. For the Romaine River, Mr. C. E. Fitch, president of the American Watch Company, pays \$1000 a year. At the mouth of the Little Esquimaux, which is a far eastern river, it is claimed that 50,000 salmon have been taken in nets in a single year. The angling in the Moisie River is owned by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Quebec, who has leased it for some years past to Messrs. Amos Little, E. P. Borden, and friends, of Philadelphia. He pays the federal government \$1000 a year for the privilege of taking salmon in nets at the mouth of the river. West of the Esquimaux, and between it and the Natashquan, are the fol-

lowing streams : the St. Augustine, the Little Meccatina, and the Netaginau, all reported by the Indians to be good salmon rivers, though there are falls a few miles from the mouth of the latter which it is probable the salmon cannot leap; the Etamamiou, the Coacoachoo, which flows into a bay where salmon are taken in large quantities; the Olomonasheebo, the Washecotai, the Great and Little Musquarro, and the Kegashka. This last and the Olomonasheebo have cataracts a few miles from their mouths, and above them contain, of course, no salmon. On the Washecotai and the Great and Little Musquarro the fishing is reported excellent. West of the Natashquan, and situated between it and the Saguenay, and in the order hereinafter mentioned as we go westward, are the following rivers: the Goynish, the Wabisipi, the Great and Little Watsheeshoo, the Corneille, Romaine, Mingan, St. John, Magpie, Thunder, Sheldrake, Manitou, Moisie, Margaret, Trinity, Laval, and the Little Bergeronnes.

Some of the large northern tributaries of Lake St. John—such, for instance, as the Peribonca, the Mistasini, and the Ashuapmouchouan—are from three hundred to five hundred miles each in length. Marvelous stories are told by the Indians of the trout that are to be taken in the headwaters, not only of these famous ouananiche streams, but of the salmon rivers of Labrador already mentioned, of the Ottawa and St. Maurice and their tributaries, as well as in the other rivers and lakes of the interior at these high latitudes, and on the farther side of the height of land. Should the time, therefore, ever come that the

immense lake and river territory of northern Quebec becomes overfished—a contingency which does not at present appear to be within the range of possibilities—there will certainly be angling farther north in this Labrador peninsula for all the sportsmen of the continent for many generations of men.

Part VI

IN CAMP AND CANOE

IN CAMP AND CANOE

LAKES and rivers form so large a proportion of the surface of the great Labrador peninsula that almost the entire territory may be traversed in every direction by means of the indispensable birch-bark canoe. Here the frail craft finds "a smoother highway," says Murray, "than Rome ever builded for her chariots." In this novel and entrancing mode of locomotion, and in the camping experiences in the depths of the virgin forest lie some of the principal charms of a fishing excursion in these Northern wilds. Even without the splendid angling to be had upon such excursions, the trips in question might well count among the most enjoyable of summer outings. How admirably is this idea expressed by George Dawson, of Albany, in *The Pleasures of Angling!* What lover of the woods, what angler, will not enjoy the re-reading of the following lines :

"They are greatly in error who suppose that all there is of fishing is to fish ; that is but the body of the art. Its soul and spirit is in what the angler sees and feels ; in the murmur of the brook ; in the music of the birds ; in the simple beauty of the wild-flowers which peer at him from every nook in the valley, and from every sunny spot on the hillside ; in the moss-covered rock ; in the ever-shifting

sunshine and shadow, which give ever-varying beauty to the sides and summits of the mountains ; in the bracing atmosphere which environs him ; in the odor of the pine and hemlock and spruce and cedar forests, which is sweeter to the senses of the true woodsman than all the artificially compounded odors which impregnate the boudoirs of artificial life ; in the spray of the waterfall ; in the grace and curve and dash of the swift-rushing torrent ; in the whirl of the foaming eddy ; in the transparent depths of the shady pool where, in midsummer, the speckled trout and silver salmon 'most do congregate' ; in the revived appetite ; in the repose which comes to him while reclining upon his sweet-smelling couch of hemlock boughs ; in the hush of the woods where moon and stars shine in upon him through his open tent or bark-covered shanty ; in the morning-song of the robin ; in the rapid coursing blood, quickened by the pure, unstinted mountain air which imparts to the lungs the freshness and vigor of its own vitality ; in the crackling of the newly kindled camp-fire ; in the restored health, and in the one thousand other indescribable and delightful realities and recollections of the angler's camp life on lake or river during the season when it is right to go a-fishing. It is these, and not alone or chiefly the mere art of catching fish, which render the gentle art a source of ever-growing pleasure."

Dearly, too, do I love to linger again and again over that magnificent deification of Nature by my eloquent friend Mr. W. H. H. Murray, in his introductory chapter upon out-door life, to his book on *Lake Champlain and its Shores*. It is a beautiful prose poem in classic English, and as one reads the productions of this marvellous mind that "hangs odes on hawthorns and elegies on brambles," he seems to be breathing into mind and body "the cool, pure air, pungent with gummy odors and strong with the smell of the sod and the rootlaced mould of the underlying earth"; and if he be an angler or hunter or has ever done any camping out in the woods, he feels like an impatient

steed prancing to be off, and longs to be again under the trees by the shore of some inland lake or stream.

It is next to impossible to overestimate the value of the splendid facilities for out-door life and for an indulgence in the health-giving sports of woods and waters afforded by the primeval forests, magnificent streams, and numberless lakes of northern Canada. My late lamented friend and angling companion, Dr. Lundy, of Philadelphia, asks :

“Is this fondness for fishing and hunting or camping in the woods, on the part of men and women of the highest culture and refinement, an inherited taste and propensity derived through a long line of ancient kings, princes, and nobles, so fond of the chase, from our unknown prehistoric ancestors ? . . . Civilization, overdone by the refinements of mere intelligence and the excessive accumulation of mere material wealth, begets a luxurious ease and corruption of which the body politic and social at last dies, or else barbarism comes to make an end of it, and to organize a new state of things. Human nature, weakened and depraved by the excessive indulgences of civilized life, needs the new blood and stronger muscle which barbarism gives. Or, rather, the nervous and worn-out denizens of our cities and large towns must return to the simplicity and invigorating influences of nature to recuperate their wasted energies and restore the equilibrium of mind and body. They must go to the woods, the first native life-element of the human race ; and our homesickness, an instinctive yearning after the garden home of our forefathers, haunts the nomad of the desert as well as the inhabitants of luxurious cities. . . . Moses and Darwin are agreed on the point that man was not first placed in a desert, or a cultivated field, or a city, but in the forest, in a garden or park ; and if this park be utterly destroyed, then we should lose all health-giving influences and means of subsistence, the sweet music of song-birds, the purest enjoyments of our early years in fishing and hunting, and ‘nature’s remedies for the mental discords of manhood.’ We should starve and die.”

Dr. Lundy closes his privately printed book* (which it was my privilege to review, shortly after the death of my revered friend, in *Shooting and Fishing* of January 26, 1893) with the following verse :

“A life in the woods for me ;
 A camp by the crystal stream,
 Where all is fresh and free,
 And pure as a maiden’s dream ;
 Where the birds their revels keep,
 And the deer go bounding by ;
 Where the night breeze rocks to sleep,
 With its sweetest lullaby.”

Surely it becomes every true lover of the woods to raise his voice, whenever and wherever the opportunity offers, for their preservation. Settlers and others in this New World are too apt to regard a forest-tree as an enemy. “Cut it down,” is the battle-cry ; “why cumbereth it the ground?” I would that all such would bear in mind the quaint remark of an old writer on forest-trees quoted by Evelyn : “Trees and woods have twice saved the world, first by the ARK, then by the CROSS, making full amends for the evil fruit borne by the Tree in Paradise by that which was borne on the Tree in Calvary.”

John Evelyn, already referred to, wrote his *Sylva* during the reign of the last of the Stuart kings, foreseeing that the time would come when England would have to be supplied with her building material from other lands.

The establishment, in somewhat recent years, of

* *The Saranac Exiles.*

forestry associations in various parts of the United States and Canada, and the modern growth of a more healthy public sentiment in regard to forest protection, are among the hopeful signs of the times.

Any lover of the woods who may chance to take up this book will pardon me for reprinting here what dear old Dr. Lundy says of Sunday among the forest-trees :

“Here the church doors are always open ; the grand cathedral aisles are full of light and beauty so soft and entrancing as to fill the soul with childlike delight, leading up as they do along the mighty columns of evergreen life to the vast blue apse of heaven, where clouds of incense are rolling away in rainbow hues, and where the bright windows are gleaming with the smiling faces of our dear departed ones in the blessed company of the Lord and his countless host of celestial and earthly worthies.”

That accomplished botanist and brilliant writer Dr. Hugh Macmillan, speaking of the influences and functions of a pine forest, says :

“The pine is the earth's divining-rod that discovers water in the thirsty desert, the rod of Moses that smites the barren rock and causes the living fountain to gush forth. . . . We see the presence and hear the voice of the Lord God among the pine-trees as among the trees of the garden of Eden. Each tree is aflame with Him as truly as was the Burning Bush.”

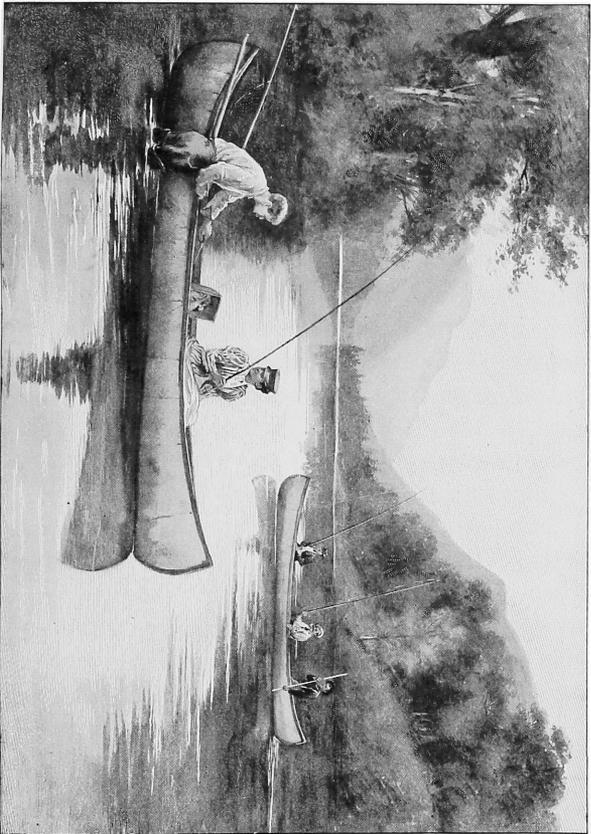
Murray * contrasts the woods with the sea, and, after picturing the ghastly scenes of the drowned, discovered on the beach after a storm, says :

“But the woods, the dear, frank, innocent woods. God bless them ! They kill no one. At their sweet roots no lovers, sleeping, die. Along their green hedges no man and maiden lie side by side,

* *Lake Champlain and its Shores*, p. 135.

dead, killed by their treachery. Once in a hundred years, perhaps, one man, and he by accident, is killed by the falling of a tree—some poor dead tree that could not stand one instant longer, nor help from falling just then and there. Aye, the dear woods that kill no one, but rather warn you to keep out of their depths, near their bright margins, where the sun shines, flowers bloom, and open spaces are; the woods that cool you so with their stored coolness; rest you so with their untaxed restfulness; that never moan of nights because they have killed any one, but rather because any one, for any cause, must be killed, the world over. Yes, yes. John was right. There will be 'no sea there'!

It will be gratifying intelligence to every angler and other sportsmen, and to every lover of trees and forests, to know that the legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its session which ended in January, 1895, passed an act establishing a great public park and forestry reserve in the centre of the territory lying between Quebec, Lake St. John, the railway connecting the two and the river Saguenay. It comprises no less than 2531 square miles, or 1,619,640 acres. The scheme is due to the initiative of the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Lands of the Province of Quebec, and is a practical illustration, says the *Quebec Chronicle*, of that honorable gentleman's belief "in the duty that devolves upon us of passing down to posterity, unimpaired, at least a portion of the forest domain which has come down to us from those who preceded us, together with its inhabitants, whether of fur, fin, or feather." The waters in this new park swarm with the largest, gamest, and most brilliantly colored of brook and lake trout, but none of them are stocked with ouananiche. It ought to be a simple matter to transplant some of the splen-



IN THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK

did fish, either from Lake St. John or from Maine, into these preserved waters, and it is also most desirable, and by no means improbable, that a ouananiche hatchery be established in this Province at no distant date. Our government, which virtually took the initiative in the matter of State fish-culture upon this continent, will not much longer, it is to be hoped, neglect the artificial propagation of our grandest inland game-fish. It is even possible that if this matter be not soon taken up at Ottawa, the government of the Province of Quebec may undertake it on its own account; for while many of the best trout streams of the province are leased to clubs and others who carefully protect them, there is scarcely any protection whatever for the ouananiche, except in the many hundreds of miles of water which it frequents, much of it very difficult of access.

Those localities in "the Canadian environment of the ouananiche" which offer the most enjoyable excursions to the angler and canoeist it is now our province to describe. The guides for the journey, whether Indians, Canadians, or half-breeds, can be best obtained at Roberval if the intention be to journey up any of the northern or westerly tributaries of Lake St. John. In starting by way of the Grande Décharge, guides may be obtained after crossing the lake by steamer. In the rapid waters of this northern country, two guides are necessary for each canoe, and together with one "monsieur," his necessary baggage, tent, blankets, and provisions, make up all the load that it is safe for the canoe to carry. The guides supply the canoe, and charge for the use of it and for

their own services \$2 50 per day, or \$1 25 each, and their board. If the hotel people supply the provisions and outfit, the latter including tents for both angler and guides, blankets, cooking-utensils, etc., the angler is supposed to pay hotel rates for board in the woods. The guides do the cooking, and their board is charged at the rate of \$1 per day each. The angler selects what he likes from the hotel stores, which usually include flour, bread, butter, biscuits, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, condensed milk, fresh meat (if for a short trip), salt pork, canned meats, vegetables, soups, and fruits, pork and beans, cheese, potatoes, etc.

As almost all the ouananiche waters within a radius of several days' journey from Lake St. John are leased to Mr. H. J. Beemer, the proprietor of both the hotels at the lake, the hotel charges include of course the right to fish them. The angler may purchase his own supplies in Quebec or elsewhere and simply engage guides at Lake St. John, especially if he has his own camp outfit, tent, blankets, cooking-utensils, etc.; but it will usually be found more convenient to leave everything to the hotel people, though the angler should never forget to check over his supplies carefully, upon the eve of his departure, lest some indispensable articles, such as salt or matches, be found wanting in the woods, where it is impossible to obtain them. The guides invariably carry a small axe stuck into their sash or belt, and are most excellent woodsmen. It is wonderful with what rapidity they will cut tent-poles, pitch the tents, cut firewood, light the camp-fire, improvise pot-hooks and torch-holders, cook and serve the dinner, and cut and make up the

fragrant bed of balsam boughs. Some anglers prefer Canadians for guides, others Indians. The best of either are good enough for me. But some know one river better than another, and it is advisable to consult either with the hotel people or with somebody who has already made a given trip before engaging guides. For the Grande Décharge I prefer the Canadian *voyageurs* to be found there. But in ascending the Mistassini or Peribonca River I like to be accompanied by some of the Montagnais Indians from Pointe Bleue (four miles from Roberval), who have their hunting-grounds in the vicinity.

The strength and endurance of these guides are marvellous. I have known them to carry from three hundred to four hundred pounds of baggage each over the portages. Only, perhaps, in their management of their canoes in heavy rapids are they more wonderful than in their portaging of canoes and provisions. It is an experience that none should miss to run some of the rapids of the Grande Décharge, the Peribonca, or the Ashuapmouchouan. The sensation, as the frail craft glides with almost imperceptible velocity down a steep incline of smooth water, or dips into the hollow of a great sea, is thrilling in the extreme. Now it seems that the crest of a huge wave is about to break over the side of the canoe; the next instant the birch-bark is lifted sideways out of the hollow. Then again the bow is apparently upon the point of being submerged, when the canoeman in front cuts off the head of the breaker with his paddle. Here, in a very dangerous place where two currents violently collide, or in the very vicinity of a whirlpool, the guides, rest-

ing upon their paddles, hold back the canoe in the middle of a heavy rapid, until a propitious moment approaches for darting by the temporarily averted danger. There, both men are struggling for very life, straining every muscle to wrench the canoe out of a current that would dash it upon a rock, or forcing it against the treacherous, smooth rapid that would carry it down over yonder waterfall. For a while they seem to be making no headway. When one lifts his paddle a little high it is evident that the canoe is losing ground. Even for the bravest it is an exciting moment. No swimmer could struggle successfully against that awful tide. But one false stroke and all would be over. Experience and endurance triumph in the end, and never yet, when the injunctions of guides have been observed, has any serious accident occurred to angler or tourist in "the Canadian environment of the ouananiche."

Well indeed does Charles Hallock say* that there is an exhilaration in canoe-voyaging which pertains to no other kind of locomotion enjoyed by man. He says:

"In the calm of a summer's day, with sky and clouds reflected in watery vacuity, whose depths seem illimitable as the sky itself, one floats dreamily in space on bird-wings. He dwells among enchanted isles of air, with duplicated and inverted shores. Trees of living green spring up from nothing below and grow tops downward. . . . A strange new life is this we live in our birch canoe, floating gently, drifting listlessly, beguiled by pleasant fancies—a phantom existence, aimless and without purpose! Oh! this is ecstasy unalloyed! Care broods not here. But just beyond the plane of

* *The Fishing Tourist*, p. 106.

this calm repose is a tumult of fierce moods. Here is a field for action ! Bestir yourself and feel the ecstasy of latent nerve-power roused. Man was made for noble efforts and deeds of high emprise. Would he experience the keenest exhilaration of which sense is capable—would he enjoy the dangers he dares, and feel the buoyancy of the bark on which he floats—let him take his place in the canoe, and with each nerve tautened to fullest tension, and every faculty alert and active, run the rapids that form the outlet of the lake ! Here are rocks projecting, precipices overhanging, fir-trees clinging to perpendicular heights, huge boulders piled in midstream, walls contracting into gorges and ravines ; and through its tortuous channel the river chafes and roars, piling its crested waves in a turbulence of foam, leaping cascades, and shivering itself in showers of spray. Upon the tide of its impetuous career a frail canoe might shoot for an instant like a meteor in its flight, and then vanish forever. A bubble would break as easily. But with sturdy arms to guide, and eyes keen and true to foresee danger, the peril becomes a joy ; and the little craft leaps and dances over the feathery waves, until at last the precipitous banks melt into grassy strands, and the dashing stream spreads into broad shallows that laugh and ripple over pebbly bottoms.”

Part VIII

“LA GRANDE DÉCHARGE” OF LAKE ST. JOHN

“LA GRANDE DÉCHARGE” OF LAKE ST. JOHN.*

AMONG the more accessible of the fishing waters in the Lake St. John district of Canada there are none that offer such varied attractions to the sportsman, be he hunter, angler, or canoeist, as those of the Grand Discharge. This tortuous channel is popularly, though incorrectly, known to most English-speaking people as “the Grand Discharge,” a corruption of “La Grande Décharge,” which it was called by the early French discoverers of the country.

Three miles farther to the south, as you follow the easterly shore of Lake St. John, is reached “La Petite Décharge”—the two outlets of the great lake uniting to form the Saguenay River at the foot of Alma Island, some ten miles from Lake St. John. This island is shaped something like an elongated and inverted delta. It resembles an isosceles triangle, with its base turned towards Lake St. John and sides enclosing its most acute angle pointing down the stream. At its base it is about three miles in width. Out in the lake itself and in the mouths of both the Great and Little

* Portions of this chapter and of that upon the Peribonca are taken from the author's articles in *Shooting and Fishing*.

Discharge, for the distance of a mile or more before reaching the island of Alma, the water is thickly strewn with islands of various shapes and sizes, all exceedingly picturesque in appearance. Upon one of these is situated the Island House, to which the steamer *Mistassini* crosses daily from Roberval, the terminus of the railway from Quebec. Roberval is on the opposite side of the lake, some twenty-five miles distant. From the Island House, which is the centre of the Grand Discharge fishing-grounds, the descent of the rapids commences.

For those who fish within a radius of two or three miles of the lake, the usual course is to descend the Grand Discharge, necessarily portaging around the first chute or falls, and then fighting the ouananiche in the many splendid pools below; those on the southernly shore of the pool and next the north side of Alma Island being the property of W. A. Griffiths, Esq., of Quebec, and all the others being free to guests of the hotel. Some of those who have not the time to descend to these pools, but return to Roberval by the same day's steamer that brought them to the Island House, enjoy good sport by trolling for the fresh-water salmon in the channels between the several islands at the head of the Discharge.

I believe that I can best describe the descent of La Grande Décharge by giving an account of a trip that I made from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi on the 14th and 15th July, 1893, accompanied by Mr. R. M. Stocking, the city passenger agent of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and of almost all the railway and steamboat companies doing business in Canada. Up

to the time of our trip, the only parties who had ventured down the rapids to Chicoutimi that season had taken the Petite Décharge. It is far narrower and freer from danger than the other channel, the canoes passing only through dead water until the foot of Alma Island is reached, portages being made around all the falls and rapids. There is to be seen, however, on the way, by taking this route, the wonderful timber slide, booms, etc., constructed in the Little Discharge by the government of Canada, between 1856 and 1860, at a cost of over \$40,000. The slide itself is 5840 feet in length, and the total length of all the works is about six miles. Through this slide the logs glide with amazing rapidity. There is a splendid ouaniche pool at Boulanger's, in La Petite Décharge, which is known to most of the guides.

As the most magnificent rapids between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi are encountered in the lower half of the Grand Discharge, we had made up our minds before leaving Roberval to take this route, providing we could find guides ready to take us. There are guides enough and canoes enough always awaiting employment at the Island House, and Mr. Patterson, who has them in charge, being himself an old Hudson Bay Company's official, is well qualified to select from among them those best adapted for a difficult journey or most accustomed to a particular route. Though all French-Canadian *voyageurs*, like all the Montagnais, are splendid canoemen, there are, of course, degrees of excellence among them, and some are much more acquainted with the difficulties and dangers of the Grand Discharge than others. I suggested at once

the name of my old guide, John Morel, and was pleased to learn that he was well acquainted with the rapids of the Discharge. He was promptly engaged, instructed to secure an assistant, and turned over with his canoe to friend Stocking. Ferdinand La Ruche was selected to accompany him, and Paul Savard and his brother Louis were allotted to the writer. Then came the settling of the route to be followed. Our decided preference for the Grand Discharge having been strongly expressed, there was a hasty conference of the four guides, resulting in the announcement of their readiness to take us by the desired route. The water was not yet very low, but they had decided that it was low enough to enable us to pass in safety through those rapids of the Grand Discharge that could not be shot in bark canoes in the spring of the year, and that there is no possibility of portaging, because they are often between islands that have to be reached and crossed.

The bulk of our baggage had been left at Roberval, to be sent round to Chicoutimi by rail, and we carried with us but little outside of our rods and fishing-tackle, that little for the most part consisting of a few light refreshments. Had we started on our trip upon the arrival of the boat at the Island House, at 11 A.M., and continued on our way without stopping to fish *en route*, we could have finished the rapids before night-fall, and have slept for the night at the end of our canoe voyage, and in the farm-house, thirteen miles from Chicoutimi, and some twenty-six from Lake St. John, where buckboards have to be taken for the final portage. Or instead of retiring for the night we

might have continued our journey by buckboard, and have thus reached Chicoutimi within ten or twelve hours after leaving the Island House, in time to obtain a few hours' sleep before taking the steamer next morning to descend the Saguenay. Leaving the Island House at the time we did, somewhere about one o'clock, our original intention had been to take tents and blankets with us in our canoe, and encamp for the night upon Isle Maligne, some eight miles from the lake. But we were assured by Paul Savard that there would be no difficulty about our sleeping for the night at the club-house of the Saguenay Fish and Game Club, situated at the lower point of Alma Island, of which his brother George is the guardian. We were thus saved the annoyance of taking either cooking utensils or a camping outfit with us, and our guides were very easily able to carry everything over the portages in a single trip.

A pleasant run of about fifteen miles brought us to the head of the first portage, just above the first chute of the Grand Discharge, a roaring fall of some fifteen feet, stretched like a mill-dam entirely across the stream, here some eight hundred feet in width, and followed by a succession of very wild rapids. But before arriving at the portage the first adventure of our trip occurred. The smooth, rapid current adown which we had first floated gave way to some sharp, short rapids, and, in order to save time and labor, Morel and his assistant, instead of following the channel of the Discharge, attempted a short-cut across a bay in which numerous rocks protruded above the foam of the surrounding rapids. Down and over the

little leaping cascades in the passes between the rocks jauntily shot the canoe, until she suddenly stood still in the middle of a slide, caught upon an unseen rock and held there in balance in the centre of the rapid. Morel called to his assistant, instructing him how to balance the canoe in order to cause it to slide sideways from the rock upon which it was stuck and leap the remainder of the rapid. The instruction was given rapidly in French, and Stocking imagined that the part of it having reference to a leap was addressed to him, and, suiting the action to the word, made a rapid survey of the nearest route to the shore and quietly commenced raising himself in the canoe preparatory to taking a plunge into the water. His motion, or that of the guides, had in the meantime freed the canoe, and once again

"It floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily,"

and friend Stocking, who says that he fears no evil in following the directions of his guide, was saved the unpleasantness of a serious wetting and the unnecessary exertion and risk of a long swim to the shore through exceedingly rapid water. His thorough confidence in his guides in all cases of difficulty and danger that occurred during the trip was fully justified by the consummate ability and skill with which they at all times conducted the canoe under the most trying of circumstances.

The portage around the first chute is on the mainland, north of the Discharge, a good, easy foot-path cut

through the woods, about three-quarters of a mile in length. One guide belonging to each tourist picks up, as usual, and carries the birch-bark canoe over the portages on his shoulders, while the other takes the baggage and provisions. The canoes are replaced in the water at the foot of the portage in a calm, placid bay, but are soon paddled into the wild rapids below the chute, to hasten and facilitate their descent of the stream. Across the current are the splendid pools of Mr. Griffiths, which afford such capital sport in the end of June and first part of July, and two minutes later the rapids have carried us down opposite Camp Scott and the neighboring scum-covered pools that are the main resort of the angling guests of the Island House in their expeditions against the ouananiche. The descent of the rapids, the crossing of some of their currents, and the skilful dodging of rocks and falls and whirlpools and waves that threaten to engulf all within their reach, make of this passage of the Grande Décharge a trip that can never be forgotten. The rapidity of the descent, and the irregular though gliding motion of the canoe as it skims over the surface of the broken rapids, now rushing down a steep descent, now with its nose pointed skyward, swept speedily up an inclined plane of water by the resistless impetuosity of the stream, is an experience that quickens every pulsation of the heart and hastens the coursing of the blood through the veins. The excitement of a toboggan ride down a properly prepared slide is mere child's play to the thrilling sensation of a trip down the rapids of the Grand Discharge. But if this was our experience in the heaviest of the rapids im-

mediately below *la première chute*, how intense was the excitement we were later to experience in the boiling waters of the Vache Caille and of Gervais and at the whirlpool of Isle Maligne! Rounding a couple of points below Camp Scott, where many happy nights were spent in the seasons of 1890 and 1891 in the company of American angling friends—including that cultured gentleman and accomplished fisherman, Mr. C. R. Miller, of the New York *Times*; Charles A. Bryan, F. M. Underhill, and John B. Doris, of the same city; A. D. Warner, of Wilmington; Major J. B. Horbach, of Washington, and Morris R. Eddy, of Chicago—the branch of the current taken by our canoemen turned abruptly at right angles, after striking and rebounding from another island; and then, after an all too brief run with the velocity of a lightning express down a mighty rushing torrent, we were again dashing through the ups and downs of heavy rapids, to find ourselves, shortly after passing the mouth of the River de Chicot, in a labyrinth of channels that wash the shores of hundreds of islands of various shapes and sizes, all extremely picturesque in appearance and most beautifully wooded. The intricate windings of these various divisions of the stream were in no way confusing to the guides, who paused but once or twice in their passage amid them, then for but a moment at a time, to take a hasty review of the various routes that opened up before them, in order to select that whose rapids in the present condition of the current offered the simplest and safest passage for the descent of the canoes.

Many of these rapids were exceedingly beautiful,

while not infrequently they struck with such violence against a projecting point of mainland or island that only a portion of their waters continued along their downward course, the remainder being hurled in a heavy current up the stream, apparently in open defiance of every law of nature governing a rush of water. Thus, side by side, could be seen contrary currents of violent velocity, the upward rush of the one being little less decided than the downward roar of the other. Sometimes the water, that dashed with such seeming yet determined unnaturalness up over opposing ascents, became widely separated from the descending rapids, until it was hurled by the momentum that first started it on its upward course into some other falling current, often around the upper end of a neighboring island. At other times again it rushed with an eddying swirl, that gave rise to a treacherous whirlpool, back into the embrace of the parent rapid, from which it had become temporarily separated by the same apparently eternal and external impetus that for ages may continue to play shuttlecock with some of its constituent elements. Some distance below these exciting scenes, and often also after the heaviest chutes of the Grand Discharge, where the rapids cease from troubling and the waters are at rest, there is an oily smoothness over the surface of the reposing fluid, whose only motion is a measured yet very perceptible heaving of the water as of the breast of some sleeping Venus, whom the tourist may almost fancy, from the natural beauty and grace of the surroundings, is about to rise from the pool beside him, as in the Anadyomene of Apelles.

Soon the compression of the main channel of the Discharge, by a nearer approach of the north shore to the island of Alma, quickened the current, though for a space the rapids were light. On this stretch of the journey, and especially near the mouth of the Mistook, some seven miles from Lake St. John, our guides pointed out what they described as excellent pools for ouananiche, and which have certainly the advantage of being but seldom visited by the guests of the Island House, ninety-nine per cent. of whom rarely descend the Grand Discharge for more than three or four miles. But our subsequent experience at Isle Maligne satisfied us that we had made no mistake at Mistook, or higher up the stream, in acting upon the advice of our guides to keep for the island all the spare time we had for fishing.

Both above and below the island we saw several broods of young ducks swimming under the shadow of the firs that fringe the north shore of Alma Island, and neither mother nor ducklings exhibited the slightest alarm at our near approach. Did they instinctively feel that sportsmen never carry guns in the close season, or, so seldom hearing gunshots or seeing human intruders in their wild and primitive home, will they be equally fearless of danger in the month of September, when sportsmen with guns and duck-shot ought to enjoy capital sport in any part of the Discharge between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi, as well as along the whole northern shore of the great lake itself?

By ascending the Mistook River, which is not a very large stream, a canoe route with very few portages may be followed—with the aid of guides, of course—

to the easterly inlet of Lake Tschotagama, which empties into the Great Peribonca River nearly fifty miles from its mouth at Lake St. John.

Around Cedar Rapids, which are in places a succession of angry chutes, was our first portage since that almost immediately after leaving the Island House. In a narrow, dark, ugly current that the canoes shot down with frightful velocity, immediately at the head of the first falls of the rapids, in order to gain the landing at the portage, the frail craft in which I was sitting, despite its careful trimming by the guides before entering the rapid, shipped quite a quantity of water. Such trivial incidents pass practically unnoticed, however, for the time being, in presence of the herculean efforts which the guides are putting forth to outwit the power of the current over the canoe, and, by a due exercise of muscle and paddle and tact, to bring it to land at the head of the fall, before the rapids above, by their velocity and strength, can sweep it over the brink into the abyss below.

An easy portage of about a third of a mile brought us to the foot of the Cedar Rapids, or *les rapides des Cèdres*, as they are called by the guides; and in exceedingly angry water the canoes were again set afloat and rushed down-stream, the guides having little but steering to do for a while, and we luxuriating in the comfort and smoothness and velocity of our journey, and in the wild scenic beauty of our surroundings.

Soon, like distant thunder, gradually increasing in the intensity of its roar, there reached our ears the heavy rumbling of the dreaded rapids of Isle Maligne. Nearer still and nearer did it come, until in the not

very great distance could be seen the columns of leaping spray thrown up ever and anon from the crests of the rapids on the northern side of the island that were simply a series of oft-repeated falls. As we approached closer to the point of the island that divides the stream we were in full view of the head of the dangerous rapids that run away down by its southerly shore. There was, it is true, a comparatively narrow space of water, to the immediate south of the island's nearest point, between the falls at the head of either rapid. But in that narrow space was to be encountered one of the principal perils of our trip. Safety from the dangers of the rapids on either side would, under other circumstances, have dictated a course for the shore as nearly as possible through the middle of the open. But just there, we knew from conversation with our guides, and from a diagram that Mr. B. A. Scott had drawn for us before we left Roberval, was the treacherous whirlpool known as *le remous de l'île Maligne*. It is the terror of all the *voyageurs* that descend the Grand Discharge, and one of the chief reasons why they prefer the passage of the Little Discharge, and why in the spring of the year they never attempt any other. Many are the hair-breadth escapes that are told of those who have ventured near it. The island must be reached between the heads of the two rapids, as to enter either would be speedy destruction. To cross too near to the head of one would be to run a fearful risk of being swept into it by the force of the stream. But in avoiding the Scylla-divided current there is danger of meeting doom in Charybdis. The chance is often against steering clear of both. Fear-

ful as is their dread of the whirlpool, the guides usually keep nearer to it than to the falls on either side of it, taking the precaution, however, to pass it when the eddy is filling up, and on no account when the whirlpool is deepening. Anything drawn into the vortex as it increases its depth is necessarily doomed to destruction. There is a possibility of a canoe that enters it, as it is filling up to the level of the surface of the surrounding water, being guided safely out of it by experienced hands before the whirlpool again commences to hollow out the deep abyss that recalls the myth of the monster Charybdis sucking down the water of the sea. But this all depends upon the condition of the vortex when floating substances are drawn into it. A canoe containing Mr. B. A. Scott and his two guides was once, by a miscalculation, sucked into the whirlpool at an unfavorable moment. The eddying abyss had only partially filled, and into its deep, yawning hollow was drawn the canoe; while the swirl of the water upon bow and stern exerted a wrench upon the apparently frail craft that threatened to tear it asunder amidships on both sides of the axis upon which it revolved with such alarming velocity. It creaked and groaned and strained with the opposing forces exerted upon it, and seemed as if its sides must come together, crunched, as it appeared to be, between the cruel, closing jaws of some demon of the deep. But it was, fortunately, for only a moment. The eddy was already rapidly filling, and the fresh green bark of the canoe, and the strength and sap that still lingered in the newness of its stout framework and ribs of cedar, and in “the larch’s supple

sinews," had stood the severest strain to which Char-ybdis would subject them, until the arrival of the rapidly approaching opportunity for escape from what seemed but a moment ago to be the very jaws of death. "Had the canoe been old and dry, she would undoubtedly have snapped asunder like a stick of kindling-wood," said Mr. Scott; and his words rushed involuntarily into the mind as I found myself rapidly approaching the same whirlpool, and observed for the first time what I ought to have noticed before leaving Lake St. John—that our canoe was not only old and dry, and dark in color, but covered with numerous patches as well. But there was scarcely time for fear, and none to make any remark to the guides. We were already alongside the vortex, but several feet below it. The guides had evidently no intention to run the risk of entering the eddy with such a canoe, and so there was a desperate struggle with the descending current for several seconds before the birch bark shot into the still water of the sheltered bay, whence an easy landing upon wild and rugged Isle Maligne was effected. The other canoe swept around the north side of the whirlpool, and much closer to it than we had ventured, and a minute later our guides were jointing our rods, and we were selecting flies for our casts.

The fishing around Isle Maligne is principally from the rocks which jut out from it into the rapids on every side. We whipped the water for ouananiche between the island and the whirlpool, from the rocky beach upon which we had landed, my cast being a Professor and Silver Doctor, and Stocking's a Jock Scott and

Professor. All our flies were tied on No. 5 and 6 hooks. Small fish rose greedily at them, and made good resistance when hooked. But as our time upon the island was limited, and the largest fish we had yet seen since landing was not more than a pound and a half in weight, while several weighing a pound and under had been returned to the water, twenty minutes' experience proved sufficient for us here, and we followed our guides on foot over a succession of boulders that paved a deep ravine near the north shore of the island. In the spring freshets this gully is undoubtedly the bed of a roaring torrent. At a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile we arrived at a likely-looking pool at the side and near the foot of the heaviest of the falls in the rapids upon this side of the island. The grandeur of the scene which here confronted us riveted our attention, but we were soon recalled from our admiration of the rapids above us by the summons of the matter-of-fact guides, who had commenced casting our lines in the pool below us, and were already both fast to fish. Paul Savard, who had taken mine, promptly handed me the rod, when I found to my surprise that there was a fish on each hook. Neither of them was much above a pound in weight, but they gave me about all that I could do to keep rod and line intact, especially when, tired of leaping alternately from the water, or forgetful of which was up last, they sprang into the air almost together for two or three times in succession. But, as a rule, they tugged and worked away so much at cross-purposes that it was pretty clear they had never been hitched up together before. When at last they were brought to the net, only one was saved, and

this is almost the invariable experience of those who attempt to keep two such sportive beauties upon the string at the same time. We fished here from the narrow ridges upon the face of the steep cliffs below for upwards of an hour; and, after taking away with us some dozen fish from one and a half to three and a half pounds apiece, to assist in making supper and next morning's breakfast for ourselves and our guides, we started shortly before five o'clock over the mountain portage, a mile in length, across the southwest corner of the island. It was a magnificent panorama that burst upon our vision from the highest point of the island, whence commenced our abrupt descent to the south shore. Nearly six hundred feet below us was the broad expanse of rapids, bounded on the farther side by Alma Island. We fished with varying success along the rocky shore and got a few three-pound fish, subsequently taking to our canoes and experiencing a pretty wild and risky-looking crossing of the rapids at the foot of the island, which was the more surprising to us that we had anticipated here nothing nearly so exciting. Were the attractions of Isle Maligne, both as a camping and fishing ground, more widely known, it would doubtless be annually thronged by anglers and lovers of nature, notwithstanding the difficulties attending a landing upon or departure from its shores. After Alma it is the largest island of the Discharge, being some two miles in length and over half a mile in width. In one of its pools we lost the largest ouananiche I have ever seen at the end of a line. Savard had carried my rod over a ridge of rocks and made a cast before handing it over to me. I had

just come up to him when there was a swirl in the water, a whirr of the reel, and two rapid leaps in quick succession, the second of which freed the fish of the hook. The loss of that splendid specimen was the one mortification of the trip. It was, in the opinion of all the guides, a fish of at least eight or ten pounds in weight. Its handsome sides must have been fully six inches deep, and in length it could not have measured much, if any, less than thirty inches. I know not when I shall look upon his like again, but I know, with Mr. Creighton, that the largest ouananiche are carefully guarded from the angler by the demon of ill-luck.

Some distance below Isle Maligne we passed some fishy-looking pools, covered with oily-looking water and occasional patches of foam, and could, undoubtedly, have drawn from them some beautiful fish. But we learned from our guides that we were now in the preserves of the Saguenay Fish and Game Club, and successfully resisted temptation, and, as we were nearing the end of our afternoon's journey, rods were taken down and put up for the night. The fishing-grounds of this club are highly spoken of, but they must be good indeed if they can excel those of Isle Maligne; and the guardian of the club-house, with whom we camped for the night, informed us that the largest fish killed by a member of the club that season weighed five and a quarter pounds, which was, probably, not much more than half the size of the beauty we had hooked and lost near Isle Maligne. The club-house, which is reached by a short portage from the landing immediately above the famous rapids of the Vache Caille, overlooks the extreme southern point of Alma Island and the reunion

opposite to it of the waters of the Grand and Little Discharge. The smaller channel is on the right, and is comparatively dead water, so nearly imperceptible is its current. How striking is the contrast offered to it by the Grand Discharge! Here, to the left, are pretty nearly the heaviest rapids of the entire Saguenay series. They are, for the most part, a succession of roaring and foaming cascades, whose white and fleecy waves look soft as carded wool, while the mighty diapason of their flood rumbles with the voice of never-ending thunder. Long and wonderingly we sat and gazed that summer night at the ceaseless rush of the angry waters, and followed with our eyes the descent of the torrent that struck with such violence upon the shore of the mainland immediately facing the point of the island that a portion of its stream was dashed in an upward current of considerable width along the opposite margin of the Little Discharge. There was no other way to descend the river than to enter and cross the fleecy waters of the Vache Caille before reaching the treacherous counter-current just described. How we wondered, as we watched it, where and how it was to be done! At half-past five next morning we knew all about it. The canoes had scarcely shot out from the point in front of the club-house when they were worked gradually into the heavy rapids below. It was an exciting time, for we could read plainly the anxiety depicted upon the countenances and evidenced by the alertness and exertions of the guides. Nor could we help, even amid the intense excitement and exhilaration of our surroundings, but be lost in admiration for the ability, tact, and coolness with which the *voyageurs*

navigated those perilous waters, being apparently as much at home upon the surface of the waves as the nautilus in its shell. Despite the rapidity of the torrent into which we had entered, the canoes travelled across it almost as rapidly as they descended. There were moments when it looked as though nothing could prevent the swamping of a canoe in a hollow immediately before it, over which the crest of a wave was about to break. But it seemed as if the guides held the little craft back, motionless in the rapids, till the danger was past, or, balancing its entire length, assisted it with their paddles to lift itself sideways out of the hollow of a wave, and over with the rapid into an entirely different current. It was wonderful how it was all done, but done it was; and it was an experience, too, that time can never obliterate from the memory.

Scarcely had we emerged from the last of the rapids of the Vache Caille, and got beyond the sound of their roar, when a rumbling noise in the direction in which we were advancing warned us that we were nearing the Gervais rapids, the last which it is possible for the canoes to run. In very high water portions of them must be portaged. We ran them all, except where we landed on the rocks and walked from one fishing point to another. But we spent very little time attempting to tackle the ouananiche, for they would not be tackled by us. The wind had got around to the east, and was strong and cold, and experience had long ago taught us that, under such circumstances, angling in the Discharge was a mere waste of time. We took down our rods, and again to the canoes, and in close upon two miles of the re-

maining rapids had almost as sensational an experience as in anything we had yet gone through. In order to avoid the danger of being dashed upon the rocks near the shore, the guides took what they call "*la grosse mer*"—the centre of the stream. There were enormous waves out there, and it was sensational enough, in all conscience, to take a succession of plunges into their hollows, and to float again, each time up the opposite side of the billow, as easily as though the canoe were but a chip upon the rapids. And yet how readily a careless or unobservant stroke of the paddle, or a moment's neglect on the part of a guide, might swamp or overturn the light craft! At times the velocity of the current was so great that the canoes swept down portions of these rapids with terrific speed, and the trees and other objects on the shore flew past as telegraph-poles appear to do from the windows of a railway-train. After passing through the Gervais rapids the river presented a changed appearance. No more islands were to be seen, and the shores grew higher and steeper, and gradually assumed the characteristic Saguenay scenery, as viewed from the steamer below Chicoutimi. The stream ran swiftly, but was clear of rapids during the twelve miles more that we descended in canoes to where the scattered waters of the River des Aulnaies are broken over the face of rocks two hundred feet in height, to mingle with those of the Discharge. Here we are close to the frightful rapids and whirlpool known as *le grand remous*, where a long portage of six miles over an exceedingly mountainous country road on the north shore of the river is an absolute necessity. We left

our canoes at this point, and drove the whole remaining distance of twelve miles to St. Anne de Saguenay, where we crossed by ferry to Chicoutimi at 2 p.m. We might have portaged the canoes by buckboard for the first six miles, and then proceeded in them to Chicoutimi, but that would have added another day to the time of the guides, taking into consideration their descent to Chicoutimi and the additional time required for the ascent. As it was, they counted upon taking two days, from ten o'clock Saturday morning, when we left them at River des Aulnaies, to portage and paddle up against the rapids back to the Island House, the distance that, in descending with us in their canoes, they had covered in little less than half a day, deducting the time we had spent *en route* in fishing. Now that the railway is fully open from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, the descent of the Grand Discharge may be much more cheaply made than in the past; for, once at Chicoutimi, both guides and canoes can be carried back, at a trifling cost, to Lake St. John by the cars in the short space of three or four hours, and a saving effected of the hire and provisions for at least a day to a day and a half for a couple of guides to each member of a party of tourists or sportsmen.

Part VIII

THE PERIBONCA AND TSCHOTAGAMA

THE PERIBONCA AND TSCHOTAGAMA *

THE largest and wildest of the great tributaries of Lake St. John is the Peribonca, or Peribonka River, whose musical name in the Montagnais dialect signifies "the river with the sandy mouth," an appellation whose significance cannot fail of appreciation by all who have seen its low, sandy estuary of more than two miles in breadth. The error of translating Peribonca "The Curious River" has sometimes been made.

The Peribonca is from three to four hundred miles in length, and drains an extent of country almost equal to the combined area of England and Wales. It is rich in roaring cataracts and boiling rapids. It is famous for the monster ouananiche and trout that are found in its upper lakes, and for the enormous pike that roam among its deep waters. Scarcely any but Indian hunters have ever fired a shot at the ducks that frequent its upper waters, or buried a bullet in the body of even one of the many big black bears that browse the autumn berries about Lake Tschotagama.

The trip to Lake Tschotagama is of deepest interest to the woodsman and canoeist, no matter from what

* Parts of this chapter are reprinted from the author's articles that appeared in *Shooting and Fishing* in August, 1893.

direction the lake is approached. The shortest route from Lake St. John is that by way of the Peribonca River, and it is also that most prolific of thrilling adventure, because of the rapid, precipitous descent of the waters of this mighty stream. Either the ascent to or the descent from Tschotagama should be by way of the Peribonca, though there are innumerable other routes from both east and west, all possessing special attractions for the angler. Of the few white men who previous to 1892 had camped upon the shores of Lake Tschotagama, Mr. Wm. Hayes, Assistant City Attorney of London, England, and Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, N. Y., reached it in 1890, by way of the Mistook River, from the Grand Discharge, and returned to Lake St. John by the Peribonca. Some have gone there by way of the Shipshaw, and others again by the River des Aulnaies. Messrs. E. J. Myers, barrister, and A. W. Koehler, of New York City, ascended to Tschotagama in July, 1891, by way of the Peribonca, which was the route that I selected in August, 1892, on the occasion upon which I visited the lake in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O.—a model sportsman, a charming camping companion, a distinguished *raconteur*, and still more distinguished soldier, an ex-governor of pestilential Massowah, and, like his younger but more widely known brother, Rider, a successful and entertaining novelist, as all will gladly testify who have read *Dodo and I*, *Ada Triscott*, or *Tempest Torn*. Colonel Haggard has travelled and fished in every quarter of the globe, but so impressed were we both with the magnificent grandeur and somewhat perilous adventures of the ascent of the Peribonca

that we determined upon returning the way we had come, more especially as there were mighty rapids to be run in our canoes in descending the stream that we had for the most part to portage around on the way up. A very charming and extended report of the entire journey from Colonel Haggard's pen—or rather pencil, for most of it was written in his scribbling book, sitting in his canoe *en route*—appeared in the May (1893) number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. His appreciation of the character of the Peribonca River is tersely expressed in the following lines :

“The Peribonca, it may be remarked, is a noble river that is known to have a course of at least five hundred miles. I may further add, after personal experience, that it is an awful river, and one that no nervous-brained or timid person should venture to ascend in a canoe, lest, by any involuntary movement at some critical time, both he and those with him be hurled into eternity ; for an untimely exclamation, even, might result in all being cast into one of its myriad fearful maelstroms, either to be madly dashed against the iron rocks that everywhere spring up from below, and also fringe this dreadful tide, or down one of the numerous foaming rapids rushing relentlessly through narrow, dark-browed gorges in a succession of waves that frequently almost equal in height and fury the terrific rapids of Niagara itself. When Mr. Chambers and I were talking over the events of the day one night, in our little camp at the head of the ninth or tenth cataract, around which we had portaged, he made use of an expression concerning the river which I think exactly describes it. ‘I call it,’ he said, ‘frightfully furious’; and that throughout a great part of its career, as far as we went, it most certainly is. Yet there are also many sweet stretches of peaceful and almost Thames-like beauty upon its bosom—spots where it broadens out from its usual width of about half a mile in the main channel into from a mile to a mile and a half, where islands, with their graceful foliage reflected on the water, are judiciously thrown in by nature's fostering hand, and where the forest-clad banks, instead of being high, beetling cliffs, are low and

park-like, strewn to the water's edge with a grassy verdure. It is these very changes in the nature of the river—from wild to peaceful, from calm to furious—that make the Peribonca such a river that one seldom sees, and one almost impossible aptly to describe.”

With good guides the ascent of the river to Tschotagama may be made comfortably in three days, and the descent therefrom in two. But two Indians and a canoe to each tourist are a necessity. When we made the trip we left Roberval at five o'clock in the morning, and reached the lake, which is nearly seventy miles distant, about two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day. But we had the best of guides and the most favorable weather, and made the crossing of Lake St. John from Roberval to the mouth of the river, and the first three miles of the stream, on board the little steamer *Undine*, which we had chartered for the occasion. The mouth of the river, though nearly two miles in width, is extremely difficult of navigation. For some miles from Lake St. John both banks of the Peribonca are of sand and loam, and comparatively low. The immense rise in its waters in the spring of the year have washed down very great quantities of this sand, so that as a rule the waters of the lake, never very deep, are here unusually shallow, and the water brought down by the great river has so much space for diffusion that the navigable channel is exceedingly narrow and tortuous. This channel was ascended by the steamer for two or three miles, until close to the mouth of the Little Peribonca, which is to the left in ascending the larger stream. Here, after adding a small bag of potatoes to the supply of bread, biscuits, cheese, tea,

coffee, sugar, and pork, which had been packed for us at the Hotel Roberval, the guides, of whom the leaders were the full-blooded Indians Joseph Simeon and Joseph Nepton, transferred the canoes from the steamer on to the water, packed the supplies, and started to paddle us up the broad stream. We were in apparently placid water, but the current was so strong that, despite the hard paddling of the two men in each canoe, we made that day but twelve miles from where we had left the steamer. The first part of the journey was devoid of interest, with the exception of that attaching to the magnificence of the river, which continued to average from one-third to two-thirds of a mile in width.

Most of the best timber had been cut away from the banks, which in places showed traces of magnetic iron sand in fairly large quantities. Sometimes the banks were seventy-five feet or more in height, and so nearly vertical that narrow streams of sand rolled slowly down them as if measuring time in an hour-glass. We landed on the western bank, for luncheon, about noon, and two or three hours' further paddling brought us to the first falls of the Peribonca, the roar of which could be distinctly heard for more than half an hour before we sighted them. One is irresistibly lost in admiration upon contemplating this magnificent cataract. It is formed by a long series of successive falls, in which the river is crowded by immense boulders of granite and gneiss into an extremely narrow gorge, where, in the space of about two hundred feet, the foaming waters, dashing continuous clouds of spray high into the air, are plunged downward more

than half a hundred feet, sometimes by precipitous descents into a concave basin, whence, at its lower extremity, the very velocity of their fall throws them upward as well as onward over the uppermost verge of opposing rocks; sometimes over a rapid succession of boulders scattered in irregular but seemingly more graduated descent, until a final plunge deeply disposes them upon an equally narrow bed of somewhat less uneven rock, where they form a series of angry rapids continuing for more than a thousand feet. The portage is around the westerly side of the cataract, over a series of boulders flanked on either side by yet higher and more massive rocks. Nobody needs to be told that this deep pathway, when the Peribonca, in spring-time, is twenty to thirty feet above its usual summer level, is the bed of another mighty cataract. In ascending, the Indians usually make a portage of three or four hundred yards only; they run ashore near the foot of the rapids, and take the river again immediately above the falls at a few feet only from the brink of the precipice, where the velocity of the current is something really alarming to the tourist who finds himself afloat upon it for the first time. It is easy for the last of the guides that embark in the frail craft to hold it alongside the rocks until he, too, has stepped aboard. But then commences a very struggle for existence. The power of the current to force the canoe along with it over the cataract is with difficulty held in check at first, and finally but narrowly overcome by the desperate efforts of the men with the paddles. Vigorously, as for very life, do they ply their blades in the water or pry them against the boulders at the

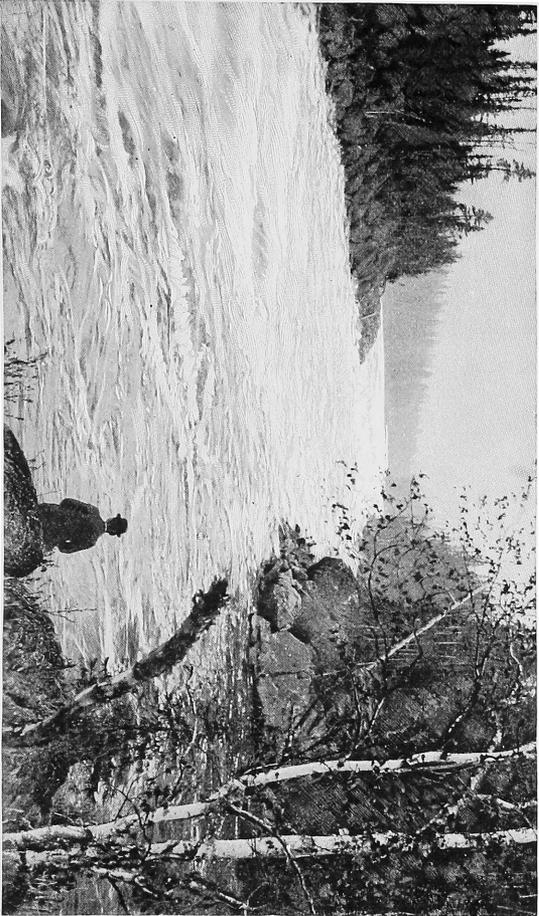
side of the stream, straining every nerve in the struggle. The canoe remains nearly motionless betwixt two mighty, opposing forces. If, as sometimes happens, the downward sweep of the water has the momentary advantage, and the canoe, despite the desperate efforts of the guides, appears to be gradually floating with the current, a dexterous stroke of his paddle, by the man in the stern, forces the craft into the shore, where it can be securely moored by a hand or a paddle upon the projecting rocks until another and more successful effort is made to forge it ahead. On the downward trip the canoe is often portaged only past the cataract itself, and made to shoot the whole of the rapids below, and the exhilaration and enjoyable nature of this experience is one of the most attractive features of the entire trip to and from Tschotagama.

The second falls, so called, are, in comparison to the first, but a series of magnificent rapids, very wild and beautiful, but lacking, of course, the stern grandeur of the cataract described in the preceding lines. The portage around them is not very long, and though the upper part of the rapids is too much of a fall to be possibly descended *en canot*, we ran the lower portion on our return trip.

The third and last portage of our first day's journey was somewhat longer than either of the others. The falls, which necessitates it, are called La Chute de la Savane, and, like several of the cataracts of the Peribonca, are divided by an island into two distinct falls. Looking at them from below, the scenery here is of the most picturesque description.

We fished in the rapids below them and took several *ouitouche* or chub on our flies, but not a ouananiche could be raised here at all, the Indians concluding that the water was too high and thick at the time. Ordinarily they claim that it is one of the best places in the river *pour le saumon*. At the upper end of this portage we camped for the night. When we got there, after fishing at the foot of the falls with the two guides who remained with us, we found that the others, who had proceeded directly to our camping-ground, had already pitched the tents, lighted the camp and cook fires, and were busy preparing the supper. The camp was in a thick plantation of wild raspberries, and the luscious ripe fruit was in greater abundance than either of us had ever seen before, and afforded a most grateful and appetizing desert. Not much wonder is it that, as our guides assured us, bears are exceedingly plentiful in this neighborhood. Happy bears! Here they increase and multiply, and with their kind so replenish this part of the earth as to make of their chase quite a matter of importance to the Indian hunters. They are often found in the Peribonca itself, swimming across the stream; and there are at least two well-established cases of a bear having been killed in the rapids of this river by hunters in canoes. Étienne Simard killed one here in 1889 with a blow from an axe, and in 1891 another was similarly slain by William Tremblay.

Early on the second morning of our trip we struck camp, and having walked on the rocks by a couple of rapids, portaged around the fourth falls, or La Chute à Caron, half an hour later, climbing for about a quarter



CASCADE OF THE PERIBONCA

of a mile along a narrow ledge of rock by the precipitous west bank of the stream. The canoes were then paddled through four miles of comparatively dead water—so called, at least, by the guides—though in parts it was marked by a very swift current.

At some twenty-seven miles from the mouth of the river the fifth falls, or Chute à Whelly, are reached, and here there is a portage fully a mile in length through a respectable forest, with a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns, raspberries, and blueberries. About another mile up-stream from the head of the portage is the mouth of the river Aleck, and, near by, the sixth falls, or Chute du Bonhomme. There are very good trout in the river Aleck, by way of which stream the Little Peribonca may be reached without much portaging. In the Aleck the guides often take valuable fresh-water pearls, which are found inside the shells of the river mussels.

La Chute du Bonhomme is a very wide and beautiful waterfall, divided into two distinct cataracts by a large island in the centre. Some short distance above it the men forced the canoes up some pretty strong rapids, and even through cascades between the rocks—in some places nearly a foot or so in perpendicular height; but it was certainly very hard work. The river is remarkably winding now for a few miles, and upon the sandy bank, which we hugged pretty closely in ascending, several bear and beaver tracks were seen. The marks left by the latter showed plainly the furrow worn by his trailing tail.

At thirty-three miles from Lake St. John is the Portage de l'Île, where between two more falls the

canoes are paddled right up to their very foot, and then lifted out of the water and carried by the guides up the steep ascent to the summit of the little rocky islet which separates the two branches of the chute, replaced in the water above, and paddled away upstream, but not without considerable effort, from the very brink of the falls. It is certainly a very risky undertaking, but there appears at this point to be no other means of surmounting the obstacles to the ascent of the river.

We are now approaching the wildest scenery and roughest portion of our trip. A mile above the Portage de l'Île, which is situated, as already explained, between the two divisions of the seventh falls, are the Portage and Chute au Diable. At the Chute à Caron and the Chute du Bonhomme you are naturally led to inquire the origin of their names, and listen with deepest interest to the legend of Bonhomme Guillaume, for whom the one was named, and the story of the narrow escape at the other of a foreman lumber-driver named Caron, whose name has been ever since connected with the cataract, and in all human probability ever will be. But when you learn the name of the Devil's Falls, and take in the view of the surroundings, there is no temptation to seek an explanation of the title it bears. It is all too awfully plain, and, just as in the case of Cape Trinity on the Saguenay, the appropriateness of the name is unquestionable. Amid such gloomy scenes as meet the view, as the canoes approach the series of terrific gorges and chasms adown which are hurled the various channels of the stream, we feel indeed that "the banners of Hell's

monarch do come forth toward us." And in recalling the black shadows of the frowning cliffs that fringe the shore, the awe-stricken visitor may say with Dante, "I raised mine eyes, believing that I Lucifer should see."

A magnificent picture of the Chute au Diable was painted some years ago by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, late president of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, during his trip up the Peribonca with Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, and its gloomy mountain walls and restless water are a study for a Doré. Immense rocks of almost Titanic proportions are strewn in the utmost confusion, sometimes in great masses here and there in the bed of the stream, in summer dividing it into various channels, and during the spring floods contributing to the wild, broken character of the falls; and sometimes, again, piled pell-mell against the otherwise precipitous banks as if in very deviltry, forming, as they do, a scene of chaotic confusion, and of such an apparent absence of any vestige of law or order. These avalanches of rock, together with the falls of the river, would appear at first to effectually bar the further ascent of the stream; and in the time of the spring floods they certainly do so in the immediate vicinity of the Devil's Falls, and the Portage au Diable is then at least two to three miles in length, and lies over the mountains some distance back from the river. When the waters of the Peribonca reach their ordinary summer level, a portage near the falls may be had through a frightfully rough, rocky abyss, down which, in the spring of the year, rushes one of the roaring channels of the Devil's Falls; for it must be

borne in mind that between the spring and summer levels of the river there is a difference of at least thirty feet. At all seasons of the year the Chute au Diable is a heavy, steep, resistless cataract, though never, of course, seen to such advantage as during the spring floods. For a long distance below the falls the rapids are of extreme violence; yet a portion of them, at least, must be ascended and another part crossed in order to gain the foot of the summer portage. And as the canoe nears the base of the cliffs the surroundings may reasonably recall the shores of Acheron, notwithstanding the contrast offered by the immobility of expression and contented countenances of your Indian guides to the "demoniac form" and "eyes of burning coal" of the old man Charon—"hoary white with eld."

In some of the pools near the shore, at the foot of the easterly branch of the falls, the ouananiche were seen swimming in the foam just as they do in the Grand Discharge. We took with flies as many as we required for food, both in ascending the river and on our way down again; and in some of these pools one of our guides, on a hook baited with pork, at the end of a cord suspended from a paddle, dragged out of the water a couple of large doré, the firm white flesh of which served as a change from the rich salmon-flavored flakes of the ouananiche.

Between the Chute au Diable, at the very brink of which we again took to our canoes, and our next portage at the Chute de McLeod or ninth falls, four miles distant, we had some splendid pike-fishing. Here the appearance of the banks of the river was very differ-

ent from what we had hitherto experienced. After leaving the sand-banks of the lower Peribonca, the shores had been principally high and rocky or formed by pebbly beaches. Now we had come to grassy, sedgy banks, near which we did not require to be told were the lairs of the voracious *Esox lucius*. How fiercely it chases its affrighted prey was soon made evident to us by the violence with which some of these water wolves darted at our phantom minnows, and the good living which they here enjoy is illustrated by the immense size to which they grow; one that broke away from Colonel Haggard's line, when close to his canoe and about to be lifted into it, appearing to be almost as long as a paddle. Both in the stream itself and in a marshy lagoon off its western side we killed a number of these fish from five to twelve pounds each, but very much larger ones are occasionally taken here.

Our portage around the Chute de McLeod was quite a long one, and crossed a hill several hundred feet in height. At its upper end we camped, but in descending from the lake avoided the portage altogether, making, instead, a very short but very dangerous carry round the other side of the fall, to where it was possible to lift down the canoe, set it in the water, and conduct it through the terrific rapids at the very foot of the cataract, though it would have been absolutely impossible to have brought it up against them.

Several wild ducks were seen by us above this portage and on our approach to Lake Tschotagama next morning, as well as later in the lake itself. These, with a few kingfishers, sand-larks, woodpeckers, and

sea-gulls, were all the birds of any consequence that we saw during our trip.

Almost every description of river scenery is obtainable up the Peribonca. A little above the ninth falls the shores are again high and rocky. Here adamantine walls of granite imprison the fearful floods of spring, which some distance farther down the stream undermine the lofty banks of sand, enlarging thereby the liberty they already enjoy, as if in compensation for the restraint for a time imposed upon them. Large land-slides are thus caused during the season of high water, often carrying lofty trees down with them into the river, so that wherever the banks of the Peribonca are not either rocky or of low land they are constantly changing from one year to another.

The tenth falls of the river are only seven miles below Lake Tschotagama, and before they are reached the high mountains to the north of the lake are plainly seen. Tschotagama is not an extension or widening of the Peribonca, but a respectably-sized body of water hung on, as it were, to the east side of the river; or, rather, an independent lake nine miles long by one to three broad, lying almost due east and west, and emptying itself by a very narrow channel at its west end into the Peribonca. At its east end it is fed by the river Blanche, which contains numerous small trout, and, by way of it, Lac à l'Ours, Lake Brochet, and the river Shipshaw, all noted fishing waters, can easily be reached.

Lake Tschotagama is almost entirely enclosed by lofty mountains, and is one of the most beautiful bodies of water that it is possible to imagine. At the

foot of the mountains near the outlet there are sandy beaches, affording splendid camping-grounds. As we advance towards the east the mountains are higher and rise abruptly out of the water, which in places is of very great depth. To be closed in by the mountains surrounding this lake during a violent thunder-storm is indeed an experience, and the apparently never-ending reverberations of the thunder among the hills, once heard, is never likely to be forgotten. Lake Tschotagama is the home of giant ouananiche and of monster pike and trout. A forty-nine-pound pike was here slain by Mr. William Hayes in 1890. Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, tells of one that he killed in 1891 that measured fifty-two inches in length and weighed forty-seven pounds, and of a trout, taken by him here, seven pounds in weight. There hangs upon the wall of the Hotel Roberval the skin of a ouananiche twenty-seven inches in length. It once covered the body of one of a pair of eight-pound fish taken in Tschotagama in July, 1891, by Mr. Myers. Some four-pounders fell there to my rod in August, 1892, but they were few and far between, until our guides, having unsuccessfully urged us to substitute small phantom minnows for our flies, cut open the fish that we had already caught, and showed us that their stomachs were full of sticklebacks. That settled the point, and proved beyond peradventure that small fish and not flies are the principal food of the heavy ouananiche in this great northern lake.

Far away north, near the source of the Peribonca, is a very much larger lake, known as Manouan, and that only two or three white men have ever visited. It is

reported as swarming with ouananiche, which, like those in Tschotagama, are all of very large size. It is impossible to imagine small fish forcing their way up the Peribonca against the obstacles that intervene between Lake St. John and these other far more northerly bodies of water, ascending the mighty falls that must be encountered on the way, and evading the many living sepulchres that yawn to receive them *en route*, where are ranged the open jaws of innumerable voracious pike. If they run up and down the stream at all, their success in reaching their destination is indeed an illustration of the survival of the fittest. But if it be true, as alleged, that they are taken in Tschotagama all the year round, then it would seem that as the sea is to the *Salmo salar* and Lake St. John to the ouananiche that are taken in its vicinity, so are lakes Manouan and Tschotagama to those of the fresh-water salmon that are found respectively in their waters and tributaries.

For those who care to seduce the well-fed ouananiche and monster trout of Tschotagama with bait, plenty of it may certainly be had in the shallow waters near the sandy beaches; and earlier in the season, upon the pebbly shores, the *perla*, or stone-fly—the “May-fly” of Scotland, the “creeper” of Ireland, and the “crawler” of portions of England—will doubtless be found in great abundance, as we picked up under the stones of the beaches any number of the dry shells of the chrysalis form. In both the larva and imago state, this insect is one of the most killing of baits for almost all of the species of salmonidæ in our inland waters.

There are other insects, too, in this part of the country, and some of them in great abundance, especially black flies, sand-flies, and mosquitoes. And we had, unfortunately, selected for our trip the very height of the fly season. Haggard found them particularly bad, and had brought no ointment with him, being an unbeliever in its efficacy. Let him tell his story in his own words:

“It is a well-known fact that flies and mosquitoes bite a good deal up the Canadian rivers. The magnificent Peribonca proved to be no exception. . . . But Chambers had come prepared for them. One night in camp, when they were particularly bad, I saw him anointing himself all over with some patent fly-repellent. He shone like the sun and smelled like a peppermint-drop when the operation was finished. I sat by and sneered at him, saying that I had been in India and did not believe in fly-repellents, etc. But let those laugh who win. He sat there shining and smiling, and the flies flew around and around, but never alighted on him more; therefore, being convinced, I turned myself into a peppermint-drop in turn. Only one mosquito ventured to alight on my hand; he walked all along the back of it, tapping it with his trunk to try it, as in India an elephant does a bridge to see if it is safe, and then he gave it up and flew sorrowfully away, saying to himself, ‘I have been deceived; I came to eat man, and lo! it is only peppermint.’”

The colonel's description of the sport afforded by the ouananiche of Tschotagama will doubtless be read with interest. He says:

“But the fish were stiff and only came occasionally, and after an hour or two's fishing I found myself saying, in the words of the ingénue of *Pink Dominoes*, ‘This is not what I came here for.’ But if the fish were, as the Scots say, ‘dour,’ they were magnificent when hooked. Springing out of the water repeatedly to the height of five and six feet, they glistened in the sun like silver, and fell back again into the water like little fat pigs, such a splash did

they make. Once I hooked a couple of between three and four pounds each at the same time—one on a tiny Jock Scott, the other on my top fly. Never was there such a sight and commotion on any lake ; sometimes both were out of the water at once, sometimes the one went down as the other went up ; but fortunately I had not paid my visits to Farlow's for nothing. The gut-cast was new and held, until after a minute or two the top fish made his final bow and took his departure. Then I had an opportunity of seeing whether or not a ouananiche could run as well as jump. A well-known New York angler, Mr. Roosevelt, had particularly asked me to observe this point, as some people say the fish only jumps. This particular fellow no sooner felt that he had got rid of his companion in misfortune than he set to work with a series of runs that bent my little trout-rod nearly down to the water, and that would have been no discredit to a fresh-water grilse in any river. We got him at last, though—a short, thick fish weighing three and three-quarter pounds.”

Disciples of the gun will find plenty of duck shoot-
ing upon Lake Tschotagama in the early part of Sep-
tember. Those in search of larger game should never
ascend the Peribonca without taking a rifle with
them, for a bear may be met with in the stream at
any time ; and in the months of August and Septem-
ber it is never difficult to find them in the brulé, or
woods which have been swept over by fire. There is
such a brulé a very few miles above Tschotagama, on
the left bank of the river in ascending it, which is a
favorite and fruitful resort of bear-hunters. Here
from the west flows in the river Brulé. By ascend-
ing the stream some forty miles more, to do which
quite a number of further rapids and falls must be en-
countered, a portage across country and through inter-
vening lakes may be made so as to reach the Petite
Peribonca, and by descending it a new route may be
followed on the return trip to Lake St. John.

Near the Brulé, too, comes in the river Au Sable, having a beautiful cataract, one hundred and fifty feet in height, close to its mouth. Remarkably good trout fishing is to be had three miles above these falls.

The principal forest trees in the country immediately north of Lake St. John are pine, spruce, sapin or balsam, maple, black and white birch, poplar, and cedar. In the shadow of these woods and by the margin of the river the chief flowers that we noticed on our ascent of the Peribonca were the *Ledum latifolium*, or Labrador tea, with its elegant umbrella-like clusters of tiny white flowers at the summits of slender sprays; the blue harebell, found principally on rocky cliffs; the wood-sorrel, a large blue flag that loves a marshy soil, and whose seeds have sometimes been used crushed by the Indians as a substitute for coffee; the solidago or brilliant goldenrod, Michaelmas daisies, and the graceful little twin flower borne aloft on slender stems from a bewildering entanglement of creeping vinery, and that bears still the name of its devoted lover, Linnæus. Of berries there were a profusion of raspberries and blueberries, large and luscious, as well as occasional bushes of wild currants and gooseberries of poor quality, besides pigeon-berries in abundance, and the box-leaved wintergreen or bearberry, with its white and red berries—the *fraise à l'ours* of the half-breed hunters, which extends through the whole of Labrador to Hudson Bay, and which has been suggested as a substitute for holly in this country for Christmas decorations.* Numerous va-

* Mrs. Traill, in *Plant-Life in Canada*.

rieties of ferns flourish in the forest shades, and the ground is often carpeted with lichens, reindeer, stags-horn, and other mosses.

As most men treasure up the memories of their angling trips among their most cherished possessions, so do I prize the following lines scrawled on a boulder table at the door of our island camp below the Devil's Falls by Colonel Haggard, and dedicated to his angling companion, on our way home from Tschotagama :

SO'TÖG-A-MÖRE *—A REMINISCENCE

“ Our camp looks o'er the silent lake, the ripple scarce is heard,
The summer night we hardly break by laugh or careless word ;
The planet Mars with lurid light shines o'er the distant shore,
And all is peace this lovely night on Lake Sotogamore.

“ And now, as 'twere the moon's own ray, the planet's sheen
is shed,
It glitters in the wavelet's spray, it turns the waters red ;
The mountain-peaks, in close relief, by starlight lamps are shown,
In such a scene the keenest grief a chastened joy must own.

“ Ah ! Chambers, friend, if God should give that we again should
meet,
In mighty cities where men live in noisy, crowded street,
Should hearts be dulled or sad with pain, just turn in thought
once more,
Remember we've not lived in vain—we've seen Sotogamore.

“ Remember, too, the sandy camp beneath the Devil's Falls,
The stars again have set their lamp, the roaring cascade bawls ;
Peribonca's fearful tide we twain have struggled through,
Terrific rapids, side by side, have shot in bark canoe.

*Spelled phonetically, for the more intelligent rendering of the lines.

“ The sunset glow, as heaven sweet, fair night hath fled before,
The torrent dashing at our feet comes from Sotogamore.
The beaver and the bear alone our little islet ken,
It is a kingdom all our own, far from all haunts of men.

“ That isle, an emblem of our life ; we pause, the rocks among,
No sooner past one danger rife, another crag has sprung
To menace us from horrid foam amid the torrent's roar,
As when we southward made for home from far Sotogamore.”

Part 13

LAKE MISTASSINI

LAKE MISTASSINI

THIS great inland sea is situated some three hundred miles by canoe and portage routes to the north-east of Lake St. John. Nothing can be more adventurous for those desiring a five to six weeks' trip in this wild northern country than a visit to the great lake, and the journey can be considerably extended by returning by James's Bay, or by ascending to Mistassini by some other route than that usually followed *via* the Ashuapmouchouan River. It may be reached by way of either the Mistassini or Peribonca River. A very elaborate trip may be made by ascending the Betsiamitz River from the north shore of the Lower St. Lawrence to Lake Pipmuakin, a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles, and thence reaching Lake Mistassini by utilizing a number of water stretches of the Peribonca system. Or the latter part of this journey may be curtailed by omitting that portion of it between the valley of the Peribonca and Lake Mistassini and descending the Shipshaw River to the Saguenay, or the Peribonca to Lake St. John. Mr. Low reached Mistassini by way of Betsiamitz and Lake Pipmuakin in 1884, and made an interesting report of his exploration to the Geological Sur-

vey of Canada, in whose proceedings it is published. The lower part of the Betsiamitz River is from half a mile to a mile across, and both its waters and those of Lake Pipmuakin are well stocked with fish, the principal kinds being lake and river trout, whitefish, pike, and carp, and, below the first fall of the river, salmon and sea trout. There is one very long and bad portage on the way up to the lake, where everything has to be carried over a mountain a thousand feet high. Lake Pipmuakin is very irregular in shape, being full of deep bays, and has an area of over one hundred square miles. There are two known routes from it to the waters of the Peribonca: the one to the north *via* the farther ascent of the Betsiamitz, leading direct to Lake Manouan at the head of the principal branch of the Peribonca, by way of Lake Manouanis; the other is by the Pipmuakin River, a feeder of the lake, which is ascended for twelve miles, and is then distant but five miles from a small lake called Otashoao, which discharges by a little river two miles long into the Manouan branch of the Peribonca. Thence the ascent is made to Lake Manouan, noted for its irregular shape and the superior quality of its ouananiche and other fish. From the lake there is a portage and canoe route to the main branch of the Peribonca, half a mile below Lake Onistagan. Here the river is two to three hundred yards in width, and must be ascended through Onistagan and for some miles farther, until a western tributary is reached, the ascent of which shortens the portage and canoe route through a number of small lakes and intervening country, lead-

ing to Lake Temiscamie, whose outlet flows into Lake Mistassinis, or Little Mistassini, which in its turn empties its surplus waters into Great Lake Mistassini, over a waterfall twenty feet high.

The shortest route to Lake Mistassini, as already indicated, is that by way of the Ashuapmouchouan. This was followed in the summer of 1894 by Mr. Archibald Stuart, who reached the lake in little less than three weeks from Lake St. John, accompanied by four Indian guides. He left the Ashuapmouchouan proper at the mouth of the Chigobiche, which was ascended as far as Lake Chigobiche, a fine body of water thirty miles long. In the river there is exceedingly fine trout fishing. The lake of the same name is very picturesque, and on one of its islands is an old Indian cemetery, marked by many mounds. The guides never camp upon this island, for fear of disturbing the spirits of the dead. A short portage from Lake Chigobiche leads to the Rivière de la Côte Croche, which empties into Lake Ashuapmouchouan, the headwaters of the river of that name. Another portage leads to the Nicaubau River, the heavy rapids of which have to be ascended in order to reach first Little and then Great Lake Nicaubau. Various small portages and short canoe routes, known only to the Indians, lead to the height of land, in the neighborhood of which beaver are so exceedingly plentiful that the progress of the canoe is constantly interrupted by their villages and dams. In the swamps on either side of the height of land are any number of partridges, while ducks are plentiful on all the lakes. Lake Obatagooman is reached soon after passing the

height of land, and other large lakes intervene between it and Mistassini. Bears abound in all the surrounding country. Whitefish are plentiful in nearly all the waters beyond the height of land, trout are found in most of the smaller streams *en route*, and pike and doré, or pickerel, abound everywhere. The descent from Mistassini to Lake St. John can be made in about a week, over fifty miles of rapids being frequently run in a single day. It is generally made by a different route to the ascent, the simplest being that by the Chef (or chief) branch of the Ashuapmouchouan, which is reached on the second day after leaving Lake Mistassini.

An entirely different and much longer return trip can be had by descending the Rupert River—the outlet of Lake Mistassini—to James's Bay, which will occupy about two weeks. Another week will enable the tourist to cross the bottom of the bay to Moose Factory, whence he can ascend the Moose River in a fortnight to Dog Lake at the height of land, and thence return to civilization by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This trip was done by Professor Galbraith, of the Toronto School of Science, in 1882 or 1883, and by Mr. Low in 1885. It was by way of the Ashuapmouchouan that the Jesuit Father Albnel reached Mistassini on his way to James's Bay in 1672. He briefly described his journey in the *Relations des Jésuites*, vol. iii. It took him two years, for he was detained by the Indians, who stripped him of his clothing. The next explorer to reach Mistassini was the French botanist Michaux, who in 1792 ascended the Mistassini River from Lake St. John. Mr. James Richard-

son, of the Geological Survey, reached the great lake in 1870 by way of the Ashuapmouchouan, and in the following year Mr. Walter McOuat, of the same department, ascended to Mistassini by way of the Mistassini River. Nothing further was done until the date of the Low-Bignell expedition of 1884, when Mr. Low surveyed the lake, reporting it to be a hundred miles or thereabouts in length, with an average width of twelve miles. In one place a sounding gave a depth of three hundred and seventy-four feet.

Like all the neighboring large lakes, the waters of Mistassini are full of fish. The principal varieties are lake trout, river trout, whitefish, pike, pickerel, and sucker, all of large size and fine quality. Excellent sport can therefore be had there with either spoon or minnow.

The Hudson Bay Company has a small station or "fort" upon the edge of the lake, the supplies for which, with the exception of fish, which forms a large part of the diet of the inhabitants, are brought from James's Bay. There are some twenty-five families of Indians—about one hundred and twenty people in all—living around the lake and trading with the Hudson Bay Company. They live by hunting, and in seasons when game is scarce cases of death by starvation are by no means uncommon. They profess Christianity, but mingle with it many of their old beliefs, and still have their sorcerers, who profess to be able by supernatural means to do much of what is professed by modern spiritualists. A Church of England missionary from the diocese of Moosonee, at Hudson Bay, visits them once in two or three years, and per-

forms the ceremonies of marriage and christening as required.

The name "Mistassini" means "big rock," and comes from *mistahe*, which means "great" when joined to a name, and "much" when joined to a verb, and *assini*, "a rock." It was applied, according to some authorities, because of the immense boulders strewn about the west shore of the lake, and according to others on account of a rocky eminence in the lake, concerning which they indulge the superstition that it is unsafe to look at it while crossing the water, since to do so is certain to agitate the surface of the lake and raise a dangerous storm.

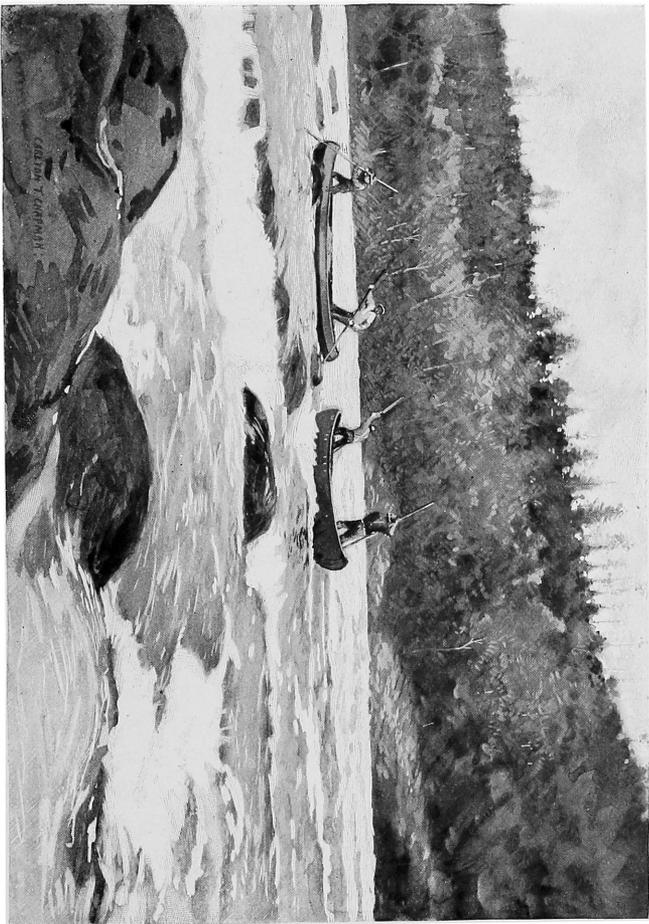
Part 3

UP THE ASHUAPMOUCHOUAN

UP THE ASHUAPMOUCHOUAN

THE Ashuapmouchouan is one of the three largest tributaries of Lake St. John, being nearly three hundred miles long. It flows into the lake from the northwest, while the Saguenay carries off its surplus waters towards the southeast. Consequently the Ashuapmouchouan was formerly considered as the headwaters of the Saguenay, and my friend Mr. Ernest Gagnon tells me that when he went to school he was taught that Lake St. John was crossed by the river Saguenay. It was Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Canada, who first applied the name Ashuapmouchouan to the river, which name had previously been given by the Indians to a lake in which one of its branches takes its rise. Ashuapmouchouan means "where the moose feed." It has long been considered the principal highroad from Lake St. John to Great Lake Mistassini, though the latter may be reached either by way of the Mistassini River, the Peribonca, or the Betsiamitz, as already described. The Ashuapmouchouan is a magnificent stream, traversing a most interesting territory, and containing a number of lofty waterfalls and several long stretches of exceedingly heavy rapids. These rapids are difficult to navigate,

and afford any amount of excitement to the ardent and venturesome canoeist. There are some good fishing-places in the river, notably at the Salmon River Falls, a very pretty chute, extending quite across the river, in the parish of St. Felicien, a few hours' drive only from Roberval. Here, in the latter part of the summer season, the ouananiche may often be found at the foot of the falls, apparently resting to recover their strength before attempting to surmount the obstacles that stand in the way of their ascent to their spawning-beds. I have seen them here when they refused all kinds of flies, but took the phantom minnow greedily. It is more often, perhaps, to reach Lac à Jim and other favorite fishing waters that anglers ascend this difficult stream than to fish its own pools. A couple of days' time in ascending this river may be saved, and four portages avoided, by driving not only to St. Felicien but as far as the head of Portage à l'Ours, where there is a bad "carry" for a mile and a half. The portage is well named, for, like all of them in this part of the country, bears' tracks are plentiful there; and Mr. Archibald Stuart, on his way up this river to Lake Mistassini in July, 1894, met two Canadian hunters a little higher up the stream, returning to Lake St. John with the skins of thirteen bears which they had killed. The first heavy rapids of the Ashuapmouchouan above the Portage à l'Ours must be poled up. There is no way to portage around them, and the current is too heavy to permit of paddling up. Where the rapids are deep, the guides stand up at either end of the canoe, and with long poles, sometimes ten and fifteen feet, and even more,



POLING UP THE CHIGORICHE RIVER

in length, force the frail craft tediously and foot by foot up the stream. Often does the current appear too heavy for the canoemen to stem, and the birch-bark can only be held for a while stationary, or may even, at times, be driven backward. The picture illustrative of these difficulties is from a photograph by Mr. Archibald Stuart. When one recalls how little untoward motion is required to overturn one of these canoes, the peril and excitement of a trip of this kind, with two men standing up in the birch-bark in the midst of heavy rapids, may readily be imagined. In order, again, to avoid the most treacherous portions of some of these rapids, it is at times necessary to ascend them where they are so shallow that the canoemen, and perhaps the angler as well, must step out and push the canoe up-stream. After a series of such rapids and two more portages the canoe glides easily over *la grande eau morte*—a long stretch of dead water forming a lake from half a mile to a mile wide. On the right bank of the river, at the head of this lake, is the portage to Lac à Jim. This portage is usually reached on the third day after leaving Lake St. John. For twenty miles above are a long series of rapids known as the Pemonka Rapids, exceedingly heavy, and running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. In some places the guides have so much difficulty in finding the bottom with their poles that they call them the *pas de fonds*, or bottomless rapids. Near their head the *Rivière à la Loutre*, or Otter River, falls into the stream on its right side. By ascending this tributary for a mile and a half a fall of thirty feet is reached, at the foot of which very good trout-

fishing may be had, though the fish are not very large.

Up the perpendicular cliff at the side of the Pemonka Rapids, the Indians declare that one of their sorcerers, some few years ago, walked to the top like a fly, bringing down with him a number of bird's-nests and their eggs; and they add, with a shake of the head, that "it was not with the aid of the good God, but rather with the assistance of the devil," that he did it. Amphibious human beings, called by the Indians "river-men," are believed by them to have formerly occupied parts of Canada, and Father Charlevoix, in his works, tells some curious stories concerning them that were repeated by the Indians to the first discoverers of the country. To my friend Mr. Archibald Stuart his guides pointed out the exact spot in the Pemonka Rapids where, as they allege, the last survivor of this now extinct race was ruthlessly slaughtered by a Mistassini Indian; who, accompanied by his wife and family, was descending them on his way to the St. Lawrence to hunt porpoises. It was about fifty years ago, and the guides pretend to have known some old Indians who saw the Mistassini hunter when he reached Lake St. John. To them he boasted that he had killed the river-man. "I shot him in the back with a slug from my rifle," he said, "while he was swimming down the rapids, and he turned a number of somersaults and disappeared." The Indians were horror-stricken, and told him that he had committed a dreadful deed, and that something awful was sure to happen him. "I don't care," was the answer of this bold, bad man; "I would do it again. I would kill

the devil if I was to meet him." But tradition says that the Indians warned him truly, and that in descending the heavy rapids of the discharge of Lake St. John his canoe was overturned, both he and his family were drowned, and the murder of the "river-man" was avenged.

About a week's journey up the river are the Grosse Chaudière Falls, or rather succession of falls, varying in height from ten to thirty feet each. Several years ago, so the Indians say, a sorcerer, after making certain incantations, shot safely over all this series of frightful falls in his canoe. At the foot of the big falls is a splendid pool for ouananiche, from which some very large specimens of the fish have been taken by Mr. B. A. Scott, the late Dr. Lundy, and others. It is possible that they may be found still higher up the stream, but I have not been able to obtain any positive proof of their existence there.

The upper waters of this river are referred to in the chapter on Lake Mistassini.

Part III

THE MISTASSINI RIVER AND ITS FIFTH
FALLS

THE MISTASSINI RIVER AND ITS FIFTH FALLS

ONE of the most frequented camping sites and fishing-grounds of late years to the north of Lake St. John, largely, no doubt, on account of its accessibility, is at the fifth falls of the Mistassini. It may be reached in a day's journey up the river from Roberval. The steamer *Le Colon* ascends the Mistassini twice a week, leaving Roberval early in the morning, crossing Lake St. John, some fifteen miles, to the mouth of the river, which is nearly two miles wide, and ascending the stream nearly twenty miles to the mouth of the *Rivière au Foin*, or Mistassibi, near the foot of the Mistassini's first falls. The journey up the river is exceedingly tedious, on account of its constantly changing sand-bars, and it is sometimes after two o'clock in the afternoon when the steamer reaches her destination. The Mistassibi is a very handsome stream, three to four hundred feet wide; and nearly a mile from its mouth, at its first falls, is a primitive Trappist monastery. Here the brown and white habited monks, whose almost only salutation is "*Memento mori!*" divide the long hours of their working and praying day, from 2 A.M. to 8 or

9 P.M., between their devotions and manual labor upon their farm and in their log-house.

Very good ouananiche fishing may often be had at the foot of the third falls of the Mistassibi. The mouth of this pretty river, where the steamer moors, is, as already mentioned, very near to the first falls of the Mistassini. Here, also, the ouananiche frequently halt to feed on their way up the river, and at times good catches have been made. The surroundings, too, are exceedingly picturesque, and there is a settler's house near by, where fresh milk, butter, eggs, and vegetables may be obtained—a rather unusual luxury so far north in the woods. From the foot of the first to the foot of the fifth falls of the Mistassini there are only four portages. None of them are long, and two or three of them are only a couple of minutes' walk each. The distance from the first to the fifth falls—which is easily covered in about two hours—is not more than five miles, and the longest water stretch is about two miles. Between the second and third falls of the Mistassini there are mingled with its waters those of the Rivière aux Rats. This is a rapid stream twenty-five miles in length, the outlet of Lac aux Rats—a large, long, narrow lake, which, though seldom, if ever, visited by anglers, contains very large specimens of the dark-colored ouananiche, similar to those found in Lac à Jim and Tschotagama, and known to the Indians as ouchachoumac. The journey from the mouth of the Rivière aux Rats to the lake occupies two days.

Returning to the Mistassini, it may be well to explain, for the benefit of those who are strangers to

the geography in detail of this Northern country, that the river has no connection whatever with the lake of the same name. Undoubtedly it was early given the name of the great lake because of the erroneous belief that it received the discharge of its waters, the fact being that Lake Mistassini is discharged by way of the Rupert River into James's Bay. The river named after it is not even so direct a highway to the great lake as is the Ashuapmouchouan.

The facility and ease with which the Mistassini may be ascended to the foot of the fifth falls makes it an enjoyable trip for parties accompanied by ladies. The basin below the falls is fully a quarter of a mile across, and on either side of it are splendid sandy beaches suitable for camping purposes. But the camp site *par excellence* is the summit of the pretty island, some half acre or so in extent, that divides the falls in two. An immense body of water, especially in the spring of the year, hurls itself over the precipice in a large fleecy mass, like that at Montmorenci or the Ouiatchouan, by a sheer fall, here of some twenty-five to thirty feet in height. This main fall is some two to three hundred yards in length. Its constant roar may be heard for miles around, and its spray is continually ascending to nearly half its height. The lesser falls, on the north side of the island, contain a very much less volume of water than the other, and are not quite twenty feet in height. In part they are broken in two, forming a natural fishway or ladder, by means of which, and by which alone, the ouaniche continue their ascent of the river. Some two-thirds of the distance up this lesser fall—say twelve

feet from its base and six from the brink—is a fairly deep cavity in the rock, forming a miniature pond twenty to thirty feet in length by ten in width, into which the ouananiche may often be seen to leap from below, sometimes after repeated failures, and from which others may be seen ascending into the stream above. It may at first sight appear improbable that the ouananiche should overcome a sheer fall of twelve feet or thereabouts, but it will be remembered by readers of *Forest and Stream* that Mr. A. N. Cheney has proved, by the evidence of Professor A. Landmark, that the Atlantic salmon in Norwegian rivers has made perpendicular leaps of sixteen feet. Resting a while in this pool, the ouananiche will sometimes rise to the fly or take a bait, and then ensues a struggle. When he feels the barb the fish instinctively seeks to escape by endeavoring to return to the heavy waters whence he came, and, despite the angler's efforts, some fish when hooked have succeeded in this endeavor, and yet by skilful manipulation have been eventually saved and brought to net. There are favorite spots for the sport all over the wide, foam-bedecked pool below the falls, where, at almost all times from the middle of July to the 1st September, under favorable conditions, the fish will take the fly. I have said "under favorable conditions," because I have known of times when the fish were undoubtedly there, but could not be tempted at all. This was usually due to the fact that they had been frightened by the presence of too many anglers and canoes upon the pools, and the consequent troubling of the waters.

Those who enjoy the reading of a piece of pleasant

word-painting of fish and fishing will be interested in the following extracts from Mr. E. J. Myers's article on "La Cinquième Chute" in the *American Field* of May 26, 1894 :

"Only in the waters of the Great Falls does one learn the unending pleasure of killing the ouananiche, and the many ways which must be resorted to to tempt this wary antagonist to take up the gage of battle. Standing on a ledge of rocks rising out in the river, and drawing your flies with short cast in the eddies which form around the points, as if the flies were swimming against the stream, one will plainly see the swift rush of the ouananiche to seize the fly, and, onward flashing, take the tip of the rod under the surface ere the sting of the barb makes him madly flash in the air. Or casting forty to fifty feet far out in the current, the dip, dip of the rod makes the fly swim to one's feet, and the strike of the ouananiche in taking the fly down the stream—attested by a savage tug—smites the nerves like an electric shock.

"Or getting into the canoe upon a cushion of fragrant boughs the angler goes out on the flood, the birchen craft dancing on the waves like a cockle-shell, and casts the dainty flies upon the huge patches of white foam that often rise two feet thick, making them flutter, skitter, and leap as though they were living; and then comes the quick, intense rush of blood and quickening of nerves and muscles, as the ouananiche, like a flash of light, cleaves the foam and seizes the fly, often taking it with one mad leap upward into the air, as the glittering mass of feathers flutters above the foam.

"Unto no one combination of feather or color is he wedded; for one season they have risen unto all changes of yellow, and another season unto all variations of dark gray and black; and then have I lamented to find them rising to green tints when I had only two or three in my entire collection. So have I angled all day, with changes to all that fancy could suggest, without success, until, when I was thoroughly discouraged at dusk, they rose at the Parmachenee Belle and white-winged Admiral with an appetite, and fought in the twilight with a mad ferocity, that more than compensated for the disappointments of the day.

"I know no fish that will rise to the fly or take the troll, whether it be phantom minnow or whirling spoon, like the ouananiche. It

will fight harder and more madly than any fish its size, and will exhibit more tricks to expel the fly, or to free itself from the impaling fangs of the troll, than fancy itself can promise. Over and over again have I sought to kill two, that weighed a pound or over each, at one cast, and have failed. I have taken the best nine-foot salmon leaders—tested at eleven pounds—and, tying a loop about six feet from one end, have tied a fly on each end, and then have made my cast. I have seen the flies taken by *le beau saumon*, which rose in the air as though hurled from a catapult, and then the rod would straighten and the line come back with leader and flies gone, the great leader snapped like a linen thread by the simultaneous leap of two fishes into the air.

“Standing upon a rock at the very foot of the Great Falls, with a Wood rod, reel, and cast, in all weighing fourteen ounces, I stabbed the ouananiche and gave the rod to the Lady Cecilia Rose, to play and land the quarry. I have seen her gasp with delight as, half-blinded by the spray, she barely saw the leap of the ouananiche from the foamy waters. Many a time did her ladyship let the quarry escape, because her fear of the frail quality of the rod made her lower the tip when she should have given the butt. . . . Nowhere that I have ever pitched my tent may compare with the beauty, picturesqueness, and grandeur of the island in the Mistassini. Truly it is a rough diamond set where the waters are silver. The sport had been enjoyed, the game tested. The angler had not come in vain, and all was indeed well.”

Part III

OTHER TOURS

OTHER TOURS

THE description already given of the descent of La Grande Décharge and the ascent of the Peribonca, Mistassini, and Ashuapmouchouan rivers will have suggested, to those accustomed to such trips, a number of points at which they may be varied to suit the tastes of individual anglers, or the length of time they may desire to devote to them. The indication of a few other tours will doubtless be found useful.

From the upper waters of the Peribonca, by means of various portages, streams, and lakes, the tourist may reach the headwaters of the Betsiamitz and descend that river to the St. Lawrence. This trip would occupy some three to four weeks, and would, perhaps, be more comfortably made by ascending the Betsiamitz and descending the Peribonca. The upper waters of both streams are described by the late Mr. W. A. Ashe, D.L.S., by Mr. A. P. Low, and by Mr. John Big-nell, who all made this trip, as plentifully stocked with fish.

From Lake Tschotagama, which has been already described, a number of tours may be arranged. The Grande Décharge may be reached from it in three or four days, either by way of the river des Aulnaies or

by that of the Shipshaw. In each case it is necessary to leave Tschotagama at or near its eastern extremity.

To Lac des Habitants there is a portage of about a mile from Tschotagama. This lake is fairly full of trout, about half a pound in weight, that rise well to the fly, and it is very seldom fished. Lac des Habitants empties into the river des Aulnaies, where the stream is not much more than twenty feet wide. Lower down its width is increased to forty feet. It contains trout, and flows into the Saguenay, twenty-one miles below Lake St. John, by means of a fall seventy-five feet high, and some thirty miles after receiving the waters of the Lac des Habitants. In the course of these thirty miles there are four rapids, two of which must be portaged.

The trip to the Saguenay from Tschotagama, by way of the Shipshaw, though somewhat difficult, is quite picturesque. Tschotagama is left by ascending the river Blanche, which flows into it from the east. The stream, which contains small trout, is followed for about four miles. Then there are two short portages to Lac à l'Ours, which is two miles and a half long, and contains trout up to about half a pound in weight. A two to three mile portage leads to Lac à Brochet—quite a familiar name in this north country, for those responsible for the nomenclature of these waters seem to have had a weakness for applying it to all lakes found to contain *brochet*, or pike. This particular Lac à Brochet contains both pike and trout, and is about three miles long. After a series of smaller lakes and shorter portages, the river Shipshaw is

reached, a stream of about the same size as the Little Peribonca, containing trout up to two and three pounds. The river can only be descended in canoe for some eighteen miles, and there are falls to be portaged around almost as fine as those of the Peribonca. The Shipshaw flows into the Saguenay nine miles above Chicoutimi. So natural a route is this from Lake Tschotagama to the Saguenay, by way of the Shipshaw valley, that Mr. P. H. Dumais, who has explored it for the government, declares that by damming the Peribonca a little below the confluence of Tschotagama the waters of the river would run into this lake, which extends ten miles to the southeast. The river Blanche, which flows into it, would be considerably raised, and this last having no fall, and but a slight current throughout its entire length, the waters of the Peribonca would speedily rush through Bear Lake, in the valley of the Shipshaw, which is wide and deep, and would follow its natural course until they were lost in the waters of the Saguenay.

By ascending the river Aleck, which flows into the Peribonca twenty-nine miles from Lake St. John, the Little Peribonca may be reached, thirty-seven miles from its mouth, by a number of portages and by utilizing a portion of the river Pipham. In the river Aleck are to be found trout in abundance of about a foot in length; while Mr. R. R. McCormick, of Florida, and his son, Mr. W. McCormick, took them here, in the summer of 1895, up to five pounds in weight, and ouananiche up to seven and one-half pounds. Three falls have to be portaged around in this river, one of which is forty feet in height. Both

ouananiche and trout are found in the Little Peribonca. The trout run up to a pound and a half in weight. The ouananiche in its lower waters are not, generally speaking, either so plentiful or so large as those to be found higher up the stream. Fifteen miles from its union with the Peribonca the river Aleck receives on its left side the waters of the Rivière des Aigles, a stream some forty feet wide, in which may be found trout up to two pounds in weight. By ascending the river to Lac des Aigles, trout of three to four pounds may be had.

Then, again, these trips may be varied so that the return will be by way of the river Aleck instead of the departure.

The Little Peribonca opens up the way to a number of interesting round trips for canoes and campers, and to very choice fishing-grounds for both ouananiche and trout. It is a quarter of a mile wide at its mouth, where it joins the Grand Peribonca some two miles from Lake St. John, and for its lower thirty-four or thirty-five miles it is never less than two hundred feet in width. There are ten portages to be made in that distance, but all are short with one exception, which is about a mile and a quarter in length. None of the others are more than a quarter of a mile, and most of them are only a few hundred feet each. The portages are rendered necessary by the existence of falls in the river, most of which are exceedingly picturesque. This is particularly true of the *chute blanche*, eleven miles up the stream. It is a handsome cataract, fifty feet high and shaped like a horseshoe. In the pools at the foot of these falls the ouananiche are generally in

great abundance, and may often be seen leaping from ledge to ledge of the falls in their endeavor to ascend the river. They may also be found in a lake two days' journey up the stream. The last and longest of the ten portages already referred to is twenty-two miles up the river, and above it there are three or four miles of comparatively smooth water. Then follow eight miles of frightfully strong current, up which the canoes must be poled to the discharge of the lake. This is a very pretty body of water, surrounded by high mountains, and is three miles long by one wide. Ouananiche are usually found in it at the upper end of its east side. Trout up to two and three pounds in weight are often taken at the foot of the various falls of the Little Peribonca, but they cannot be called plentiful, and in summer they must be sought in spring holes. A short portage may be made from the lake already described to Lake Epiphram, and thence the return to Lake St. John may be made by way of the Epiphram River, or a more extensive tour can be had by continuing through a number of lakes into the Rivière des Aigles, and thence by way of the river Aleck into the Peribonca. Lake Epiphram is three miles long, and its outlet of three-quarters of a mile in length runs south into Little Lake Epiphram. Both lakes contain trout, and the river Epiphram, leaving the little lake, empties, after a course of eighteen miles, into the Aleck six miles from its junction with the Peribonca.

But by continuing east from Little Lake Epiphram, instead of descending the river, four lakes may be crossed, of which the largest, Lake Long, is two miles in length,

with a portage of about a third of a mile from one to the other. At the end of the third day from Lake St. John by this route Lac des Aigles may be reached. This lake is noted for its trout. In its cool, deep waters the namaycush, or lake trout, have been taken up to thirty pounds in weight. Its *fontinalis* are also large, and the fishing for them in its discharge particularly good. Many of them weigh from three to four pounds each. The outlet of the lake, known as the Rivière des Aigles, empties into the Aleck fifteen miles from its union with the Peribonca. The distance from Lac des Aigles to the mouth of the Peribonca can easily be covered in a day and a half, so that the entire round trip need not occupy more than six days, even allowing for spending parts of two days in fishing.

A very popular trip with American anglers is that to Lac à Jim by way of the Ashuapmouchouan, returning by the Mistassini. That portion of the tour involved in the ascent of the Ashuapmouchouan has been described in the chapter dealing with the river, and the locality has been designated at which "the river where the moose feeds" is left for the portage route to Lac à Jim, which runs through a chain of small lakes and intervening country. Lac à Jim is reached on the second afternoon after leaving the Ashuapmouchouan. If the camp, at the end of the first day's journey, be pitched at the Lac aux Brochets, the angler may enjoy splendid trolling. The lake, which is irregular in shape and some mile and a half long, and very weedy, fairly teems with pike, one of which frequently seizes the spoon almost as soon as

it reaches the water. A portage across a hill and a tedious journey along six miles of a narrow river, little more than a creek overhung with bushes, conducts to another portage through a *brulé* of about an hour, measured by the time that is required to get over it.

Lac à Jim is a handsome body of water seven to eight miles long, which takes its name from the site, still visible, of the former camp of Jim Raphael, an old-time Indian hunter. Its waters teem with fish of various kinds. Its ouananiche are so large and dark that the Indians call them *ouchachoumac*, or salmon. Seldom, if ever, do they with readiness take the artificial fly in these waters. But the sport to be had by trolling is of a very high order. And it is not confined to ouananiche either, for large brook-trout, and larger lake-trout, as well as monster pike, frequent its waters. Doré are there too, and often seize the angler's troll. Lac à Jim empties into the Mistassini by way of the Wassiemska River, a heavy, rough, violent stream, whose rapids will bear comparison with those of the large main tributaries of Lake St. John. The run down this river in bark canoe is a very exciting experience. The Mistassini River is reached close to its tenth fall, and a few hours suffice to run the remaining rapids and portage the intervening falls until the camp at the Cinquième Chute is come to. This attractive lair of the ouananiche has been described in the chapter on the Mistassini; together with the lower stretches of the river. The entire round trip can be comfortably made in nine or ten days.

Interesting trips may also be made by way of the

Ouitchouaniche, the pretty stream that flows into Lake St. John close by the Roberval Hotel. The lower portion of its course is so exceedingly rapid that canoes have to be driven overland a few miles back, and somewhat higher up the stream very excellent trout-fishing may be had. Catches of one hundred to one hundred and fifty small fish in a day have been reported from as near the hotel as eight or nine miles. By continuing the ascent of the river for two full days the habitat of much heavier fish may be reached. Here the *fontinalis* often run from two to three pounds each in weight, and here, in August, 1895, Dr. Altshul, of New York, took in Round Lake a large lot of speckled beauties weighing from one and a half to three pounds each, though he was absent from his hotel at Roberval but three days in all. *Via* the headwaters of this stream there are portage routes to the waters of the St. Maurice system. The upper waters of the St. Maurice drain a number of lakes, noted, together with their feeders, for the splendid trout which they contain. This large river, which contains monster pike, maskinonge, and other fish, may be descended, with very few portages, to its junction with the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers.

South of Lake St. John a very pretty ten to twelve days' trip may be had by ascending the Metabetchouan River to some thirty miles above Kiskisink, thence by way of Lac aux Écorces into La Belle Rivière, which is descended to its mouth at Lake St. John. Both the river and the Lac de la Belle Rivière, as well as lake and river aux Écorces, contain large quantities of beautiful trout, that here attain to very large size.

The Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, spent nearly a month upon the river aux Écorces in the autumn of 1895, and enjoyed splendid sport, taking trout there up to seven and a half pounds each. In the fall of 1894 I was shown a brook-trout weighing eight pounds, taken out of Lake Kenogami, in the same district. Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Dean, Mr. Curtis, and the late Dr. Lundy have all made wonderful catches of trout in La Belle Rivière and the lake of the same name.

The valley of the Belle Rivière is perhaps the favorite feeding-ground of the caribou in the Lake St. John country. Numbers of these beautiful animals are killed here every year.

There is no end to the number of canoe and camping trips that can be made in every part of this Northern country, so complete is its network of lakes and rivers. It has been shown in the preceding pages that almost the entire distance from Lake St. John to James's Bay, *via* Lake Mistassini, may be covered by water, and that somewhat similar canoe trips may be made from Lake St. John to the St. Lawrence—firstly, by way of the Grande Décharge and the Saguenay; secondly, by ascending the Peribonca, and either reaching the Saguenay by way of the Shipshaw or Des Aulnaies, or descending the Betsiamitz directly to the St. Lawrence; and, thirdly, by way of the Ouiatchouaniche and St. Maurice rivers. A still more direct watercourse exists by way of the Ouiatchouan and Batiscan and connecting waters between Lake St. John and the St. Lawrence at Batiscan. From above the falls of the Ouiatchouan the river can be

ascended to Lake Bouchette, thence to Commissioners' Lake, and through a chain of smaller lakes to Lac Écarté, the headwaters of the river. A portage thence of only twenty acres leads to Lac Najoualouank, twelve miles long, which is the headwaters of the Bostonnais River. A few small lakes must now be traversed, and then a portage of twenty-eight acres brings the traveller over the height of land between Lake St. John and the St. Lawrence, and into a chain of small lakes that pour their surplus waters into Lake Edward. Thence there are two or three routes, all well known to the Indians, for reaching the Batis-can, portions of which stream must be portaged on account of its falls and exceedingly rapid water.

UNLEASED FISHING WATERS

Inquiries have frequently reached me as to the rivers and lakes of the Province of Quebec in which the fishing privileges are still disposable. Through the courtesy of the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Lands, I have been furnished with the following carefully prepared list:

In the County of Saguenay—Rivers : Salmon, St. Paul, Nabitipi, Mecatina (Little), Mecatina (Great), Kercaponi, Natagamou, Derby, Little Natashquan, Goynish (less six miles of the west shore), Nabisipi, Washeeshoo, Little and Great Romaine, Mingan, St. John, Magpie, Sheldrake (the nine last named to begin six miles from the gulf shore), Pigou, Trout, Moisis Eau Dorée, Moisis Rouge, Moisis Nepeesis, Des Rapides aux Foins, Marguerite, Baie des Rochers, Calumet, Pentecôte, Aux Anglais, Amédée à la Chasse, Manicouagan, Toudnoostook, Outarde, Papinachois, Bersimis, Boucher, Laliberté, Ahnépi (part of), Colombier, Blanche, Sault-au-

Cochon, Petit Escoumains, Escoumains, Portneuf (from the rear line of the seignior), Sault-au-Mouton, river and lakes Aux Canards, Des Rochers.

In Chicoutimi and Lake St. John counties—Lakes in townships St. Germain, Simard, Bourget; Rivers: Valin (east and west and central), Shipshaw, Au Sable, Lac aux Brochets, Tikouapic (upper part), Chicoubiche, Du Chef, À l'Ours, Des Grandes, Oreilles, Boisvert.

In Charlevoix—St. Anne, and lakes at the rear of the seignior of Côte Beaupré.

In Champlain, St. Maurice, Maskinongé, Berthier, and Joliette counties—The lakes in the townships of Lejeune, Casgrain, Boucher, Polette (tributaries of the Wessoneau excluded); Rivière aux Rats, lakes in Turcotte, Latuque, Creek à Tom, À Bastien; lakes in township of Langelier, river Vermilion, river Mattawin, Castor Noir, Antikamak, À la Chiienne, Des Aigles, Aux Senelles, Caousaquota, Au Poste or À l'Eau Claire, rivers and Lake Ignace, St. Grégoire, Cyprés, Servais, Obompsawin.

In Ottawa, Montcalm, and Terrebonne—Upper Rouge River, Du Diable and lakes, North Nation River and lakes, east and west branch; lakes in Montigny, Addington, and Loranger townships; rivers Brochets, Du Lièvre; lakes in Wells, Bowman, Wabassée, Boutillier, Robinson, Campbell, Rochon, Boyer, Kiamika, Rivière à l'Ours and lakes, Lake Cerf, river Gatineau; lakes in Kensington, Aumond, Sicotte, Egan, Lytton, Baksatong; Eagle River and lakes, river Desert and lakes, Hibou, Jean de Terre, Des Seize, Lake Wapitagemeny and river, etc.

Pontiac—Lakes in townships Clapham, Huddersfield, Pontefract, Bryson River, Coullogne (upper part), with countless numbers of lakes; Black River and lakes, du Moine and lakes, Keepewa, comprising five groups of very large lakes; Otter-tail River, lakes Beauchêne, etc. Besides these, all the lakes and rivers of the Upper Ottawa, Upper Gatineau, Upper Lièvre, Upper St. Maurice, which are not at present easily reached.

Part VIII

OTHER FISH AND GAME

OTHER FISH AND GAME

THE ouananiche is not by any means the only game fish in the waters in which it is found. In many of the Northern lakes from which it is taken, especially in Tschotagama, Manouan, and Lac à Jim, and in some few of the streams to which it resorts, trout also abound, both *namaycush* and *fontinalis*. Only in lakes, however, where the trolling is better than the fly-fishing, can both trout and ouananiche be successfully fished together. There are a few exceptions, as in the case of portions of the Little Peribonca, and I have taken a trout and a ouananiche upon the same cast in the Grande Décharge, each about three-quarters of a pound in weight. This is one of the very few cases upon record in which this has been done in this north country, and in many years' experience in the Décharge I have only taken one other trout there. Sometimes the catch of two or three is reported here in the course of a season. In other years none at all are taken. This is the more remarkable from the large number and extent of the trout waters which are drained into Lake St. John from every point of the compass.

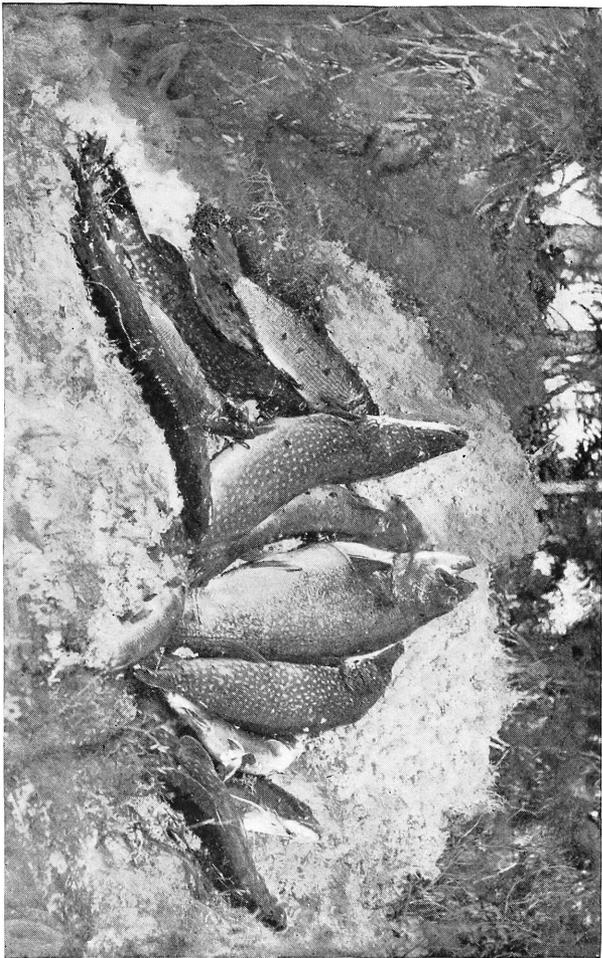
THE BROOK-TROUT

No work purporting to give anything like a fair idea of the attractions to the angler of the Canadian environment of the ouananiche could lay any claim to completeness that did not designate at least a few of the many localities where the trout fisherman may enjoy a full measure of his favorite sport. How one's appetite for it is whetted by the reading of Mr. A. P. Low's notes* upon the three to seven pound fish that rise to the fly above the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River! Not even the far-famed Nepigon would appear to compare with the distant Hamilton, for here Mr. Low found no small fish at all. But few, very few anglers can expend the time and labor necessary to a journey into that far country. It is the old story of the distant scene and the onward beckoning to better things than the present in the great unknown! What angler would willingly be deprived of the charm of expectancy?

Fish of all the varieties common to these Labrador waters are exceedingly plentiful in the Hamilton River, and in one catch of a small net above the Great Falls Mr. Low found no fewer than five different species—namely, *Cyprinus Forsterianus* (red sucking carp), *Coregonus clupeiformis* (common whitefish), *Salvelinus namaycush* (great lake-trout), *Salvelinus fontinalis* (brook-trout), *Esox lucius* (pike). It has already been mentioned that ouananiche are found

* See the chapter upon "The Geographical Distribution of the Ouananiche"

CATCH OF A SMALL NET ABOVE THE GREAT FALLS OF THE HAMILTON



above the Great Falls, and salmon and sea-trout run up the lower part of the stream.

There are immense specimens of *Salvelinus* in the lower stretches of many of the Labrador streams that empty into the Gulf and Lower St. Lawrence, and lusty warriors they are too, as many old salmon fishermen can testify. Thus the famous nonagenarian angler and author, Samuel C. Clarke, is quoted by Charles Hallock, in *Forest and Stream* of February 22, 1896, as follows :

“ Ever since I spent a day on the Nouvelle River, in Canada, and made the best string of big trout that I ever killed, I have believed that the sea-trout (*Salmo Canadensis*), from its salmon-like traits and behavior, should have a name of its own, whatever the professors may say.”

These fish go down to the sea in great shoals, and, after seeing and fattening upon the wonders of the deep, reascend to fresh water, to spawn, most gorgeous in their freshly burnished liveries of silver and olive and purple and crimson and gold. Many are the disputes among the anglers who take them upon their salmon tackle, or with grilse rods, as to the identity of their species. Strange stories are told me of the appearance of specimens that I have never seen, but that are reported to differ from *fontinalis* in more than the immaterial matter of coloring. But for this—and sometimes even in spite of it—I am tempted to doubt the existence of any distinction but that of anadromy, between these gorgeous sea-trout of the estuaries of rivers flowing into the gulf and the brook-trout of our inland waters. In other words, are they not to these latter what the sea-salmon is to

the ouananiche—a fresh-water species that has acquired the sea-going habit?

Of many fruitful trout waters north of Lake St. John, more frequently in the lakes and smaller streams with which the country is interlaced than in the large northern feeders of the great lake where the ouananiche abound, something has been said already in the chapter devoted to a description of a number of round trips by canoe and portage routes. More are being discovered every year. Reference has also been made to the capital fly-fishing to be had a few miles east of Roberval in the Ouiatchouaniche. In the lower Ouiatchouan, handsome speckled trout are very often secured in the dark pool immediately below the great falls, less than a mile distant from the famous spring pool for ouananiche at the mouth of the river. Lac de la Belle Rivière, south of Lake St. John, and within easy distance of the railway, affords perhaps the finest trout-fishing of any unleased water in this section of the country. The catch of two anglers here, in 1893, in the space of four hours amounted to two hundred and twenty-five trout, of which eleven weighed three and a half to four and a half pounds each, and the balance from three-quarters of a pound to two and a half pounds each. I know of very few other unleased trout waters in this section of country where this fishing can be equalled, but it can be repeated in any number of lakes and rivers leased to clubs and private individuals, between Quebec and Lake St. John, either on the preserves of the Montmorency Fish and Game Club, the Tourilli, the Triton, the Metabetchouan, the Penn, the Nomantum, the Amabalish, the Ouiatchouan,

or on those of a number of other clubs. Most of these clubs control all the fishing and hunting in some three to four hundred square miles of territory, and the preserves of some of them will become all the more valuable from the fact that they border upon the territory only recently set apart by the provincial Legislature as a national park. The membership of most of them is principally drawn from the ranks of New York, Boston, Springfield, Washington, Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and Waterbury anglers, and pretty much all of them are full, with the exception of the Triton, which is of only recent establishment.

The limits of this club's preserve enclose five hundred square miles of territory. In 1892 Colonel A. L. Light, C.E., president of the club, killed fourteen trout in one hour, weighing forty-five pounds. That these were not exceptionally heavy fish for Canada's north country is shown by the following extract from Mr. A. N. Cheney's "Angling Notes," in *Forest and Stream* of March 17, 1894:

"In *Forest and Stream* of February 24th I quoted from a letter written to me from Quebec by an English gentleman travelling in this country as follows: 'I thought our Kentish Stour trout, which run up to eight and a half and nine pounds, were large, but those here scale ten pounds.' He did not say what kind of trout they were, but I assumed that they were our *fontinalis*, and if so I thought ten pounds rather large even for Canada at carnival time; therefore I wrote to my friend Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, to ask about the species and the weight; and whether it was carnival weight or old-fashioned avoirdupois. Mr. Chambers writes me: 'Your last letter interested me very much, particularly as I happened to have seen and know all about the big trout therein referred to. They were monsters, no doubt, and all *fontinalis* at that. But they played the same trick upon the visual contemplation of Mr. H—— that

really good fish always do with the weights-and-measures department of even the best-balanced mind of the enthusiastic angler. The heaviest one of the lot weighed within a trifle of eight pounds. But everything looked large up here in carnival week, and at times even the inhabitants felt big over the success of the carnival and the general good time. Sorry you were not here, and sorry that I did not meet your friend, though naturally pleased that I should have been the means, through sending you the carnival programme, of bringing him up here. But to return to our trout. They were caught in January in the waters of the Batiscan that are comprised within the limits of the Triton Fish and Game Club. Of course, they were taken upon lines set through holes in the ice, and by special permission of the Crown Lands Department, seeing that fishing through the ice is now prohibited here. I suppose that from three to four dozen were brought to town, weighing from over two to between seven and eight pounds. I saw them all. Part were displayed at the Garrison Club and part at the Château Frontenac during carnival week, and one I dissected at table. To be exact, I have inquired of Seaton, superintendent of the club, who brought the fish to town, what the heaviest one weighed, and he frankly admits that it was barely eight pounds. But he believes, and so do I, that the ten-pound trout are there where the eight-pounders came from, and the seven-pounders in plenty. And seven or eight of the heavy hooks, such as held the seven and eight pound trout, were broken through by the 'big uns' that escaped. Shall we go up there together this year and try to find them? These fish, particularly when frozen, do look, if ever fish did, as if there was something wrong with the scales that weighed them. So symmetrical, and yet so plump and finely conditioned! And despite their freezing their livery of crimson and fine gold is wonderfully lustrous, and they must, during life, have fared sumptuously every day. The unfortunate that I subsequently carved looked a six-pound fish. So I guessed before weighing him, but he turned the scale at five. Others had similar experiences, so Mr. H——'s was not a solitary one.' "

That the eight-pound fish above referred to are not the largest that have been taken out of this tract is shown by the following extract from a letter written me in August, 1895, by Dr. Robert M. Lawrence, of

Washington, D. C., and Lexington, Mass., upon his return from a fishing excursion with Dean Robbins, of Albany, N. Y., and party: "In Lake Batiscan the dean caught by trolling an eight-and-one-quarter-pound trout, and one of the party another of eight and one-half pounds. The latter was twenty-six inches long and seventeen in girth. Besides these, twelve trout were caught whose aggregate weight was seventy-two pounds."

It is the intention of the management of this club to plant ouananiche in some of its waters, and there are series of heavy rapids and deep lakes in which they ought to thrive splendidly.

One of the largest bodies of unleased trout water in this section of the country is Lac des Grandes Îles, of recent years known as Lake Edward. It is a marvelously beautiful lake, some twenty miles long, whose praises have been rapturously sung by Kit Clarke, W. H. H. Murray, and others. Down in the depths of its clear crystal waters, so deep down that they seldom rise to the surface to take the fly, love to linger some of the largest and most brilliantly colored trout of these high latitudes. In the spring of the year they are often taken, up to five and six pounds each in weight, with live minnows. The fishing is here at its best from the time that the ice leaves the lake, early in May, up to the middle of June. Good fly-fishing may be had by ascending the Rivière aux Rats, a westerly feeder of the lake. Boats, guides, and hotel accommodation can be had at the railway station—one hundred and thirteen miles from Quebec—which is built upon the very border of the lake. The big red-bellied trout of Lake Edward descend the River Jeannotte,

the outlet of the lake, to their spawning-beds during the month of August. This river is leased to a club that has a month or six weeks of splendid fly-fishing on the preserve in the autumn of every year. I have enjoyed the fishing here for a couple of seasons, and may be excused for repeating the report of a novel experience on the river that I wrote for the Christmas (1893) number of *Shooting and Fishing*:

“In a favorite pool of the Jeannotte, where because of convenience, as well as to avoid disturbing the water, the fishing is usually done from a rocky shore, I once had an experience that called to mind some capital lines of the late John Boyle O’Reilly, and would seem to indicate that our finny friends are by no means proof against some of the gallantries of the human kind. It was in the middle of September, and I had hooked what subsequently proved to be a very handsome female fish—in condition, the very pink of perfection. As my rod was light, less than five ounces in weight, and the fish both heavy and strong, I had rather thoroughly exhausted my trout before attempting to bring it to net. To provide against the success of a possible final plunge, I had gradually conducted my quarry into a narrow opening running some distance between two low ledges of rock, upon one of which stood my guide, net in hand, ready for the closing scene of the struggle. Then for the first time it was seen that there were two trout instead of one in the little creek or bay into which I had towed my fish. But only one was fast to my line. With a dexterous sweep of the net the guide secured, not in the first instance the fish that had taken the fly, but a handsome red-bellied male, whose determined accompaniment of the securely hooked female into shallow water had rendered him apparently oblivious of the danger into which he was running. And as I reflected upon how much like men these fishes are, I found myself repeating:

“‘What bait do you use,’ said a saint to the devil,
‘When you fish where the souls of men abound?’
‘Well, for special tastes,’ said the King of Evil,
‘Gold and fame are the best I’ve found.’”

‘But for general use?’ asked the saint. ‘Ah, then,’
 Said the demon, ‘I angle for man, not men,
 And a thing I hate
 Is to change my bait,
 So I fish with a woman the whole year round.’”

The incident was calculated, too, to call to mind the innumerable references made by Oppian to the loves of the fishes in his *Halieutica*, the reading of which humiliates, as it reminds us how many details of natural history were familiar to scientists sixteen and a half centuries ago that the busy world of to-day has no time to investigate.

The Rivière aux Rats, to which reference has already been made, is for some distance above its mouth a narrow, deep, sluggish stream winding between low banks of swampy land. A mile or two from Lake Edward, however, its rapids commence, and exceedingly wild and picturesque they are, the first and second of them being quite precipitous in their descent. In and above them are pools affording the best of fly-fishing, the trout inhabiting them being, strangely enough, quite different in their coloring from those of Lake Edward and the Jeannotte. Except in the very early spring or in the month of September, the flies are a great nuisance up Rat River, and a good supply of a powerful repellent is necessary to any degree of comfort there. Some of the lakes drained by Rat River, from half a day to a day’s journey up the stream, contain large trout, but I have always found more success upon the river itself in fly-fishing. Mr. Archibald Stuart, of Fedden House, Braco, Perthshire, Scotland, had good sport above its rapids while fishing with me there in June, 1894.

Nowhere, probably, within easy distance of civilization, is there such magnificent trout fishing to be had as is offered in the Grand Lake Jacques Cartier and in the upper half of the splendid stream that conveys its surplus water to the St. Lawrence. John Burroughs has made memorable the fishing in these waters in his *Locusts and Wild Honey*. From the chapter on "The Halcyon in Canada" I extract a charming description of the killing of a big trout by its author's fishing companion. Mr. Burroughs says:

"In the meantime I skipped about from boulder to boulder as the fish worked this way or that about the pool, peering into the water to catch a glimpse of him, for he had begun to yield a little to the steady strain that was kept upon him. Presently I saw a shadowy, unsubstantial something just emerge from the black depths, then vanish. Then I saw it again, and this time the huge proportions of the fish were faintly outlined by the white facings of his fins. The sketch lasted but a twinkling; it was only a flitting shadow upon a darker background, but it gave me the profoundest like Walton thrill I ever experienced. I had been a fisher from my earliest boyhood. I came from a race of fishers; trout streams gurgled about the family tree, and there was a long-accumulated and transmitted tendency and desire in me that that sight gratified. I did not wish the pole in my hands; there was quite enough electricity overflowing from it and filling the air for me. The fish yielded more and more to the relentless pole, till, in about fifteen minutes from the time he was struck, he came to the surface, then made a little whirlpool where he disappeared again. But presently he was up a second time, and lashing the water into foam as the angler led him towards the rock upon which I was perched, net in hand. As I reached towards him, down he went again, and taking another circle of the pool, came up still more exhausted, when, between his paroxysms, I carefully ran the net over him, and lifted him ashore, amid, it is needless to say, the wildest enthusiasm of the spectators. The congratulatory laughter of the loons down on the lake showed how even the outsiders sympathized. Much larger

trout have been taken in these waters and in others, but this fish would have swallowed any three we had ever before caught.

“‘What does he weigh?’ was the natural inquiry of each; and we took turns ‘hefting’ him. But gravity was less potent to us just then than usual, and the fish seemed astonishingly light.

“‘Four pounds,’ we said; but Joe said more. So we improvised a scale; a long strip of board was balanced across a stick, and our groceries served as weights. A four-pound package of sugar kicked the beam quickly; a pound of coffee was added; still it went up; then a pound of tea, and still the fish had a little the best of it. But we called it six pounds, not to drive too sharp a bargain with fortune, and were more than satisfied. Such a beautiful creature! marked in every respect like a trout of six inches. We feasted our eyes upon him for half an hour. We stretched him upon the ground and admired him; we laid him across a log, and withdrew a few paces, and admired him; we hung him against the shanty and turned our heads from side to side, as women do when they are selecting dress-goods, the better to take in the full force of the effect.”

It is still possible to reach Lake Jacques Cartier by the seventy-mile drive from Quebec, through Stoneham, described in the deliciously fragrant little book from which I have just quoted. But portions of the road are rather rough, for since the construction of the railway to Lake St. John this colonization road, which was built for the purpose of affording its inhabitants an outlet to civilization, has become practically abandoned, and is only used by sportsmen. It crosses several rivers, and touches upon a number of lakes, between Stoneham and Lake Jacques Cartier, all possessing splendid attractions for anglers. Prominent among the lakes are Noel’s, Traverse, Lac à Regis, Lac à l’Épaulé, Lac des Roches, and Lac Sept Isles. Pot-hunters have done great injury to some of the lakes most easily reached by the colonization road. For many years past these people have been in the habit of visit-

ing them in winter by the dozen, and fishing through the ice, driving back to market with as heavy loads of trout as their horses could draw. Now all this has been stopped. Fishing through the ice for trout has been entirely prohibited in Canada, and fishing of any kind in the Lake Jacques Cartier country can only be indulged in by holders of government permits, which must be obtained from the superintendent of the Laurentides National Park, at the Parliament House, Quebec, from whom they can be had upon payment of a small license fee. Neither Lake Jacques Cartier nor any of the neighboring waters will ever be leased for angling purposes, for they are enclosed within the territory of the newly established Laurentides National Park, already referred to in the chapter entitled "In Camp and Canoe."

For the maintenance of a proper water-supply the situation of the park has been admirably chosen. It contains within its boundaries the main water-shed between the valleys of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence, and the various heights of land that give rise to the Metabetchouan and La Belle Rivière, flowing into Lake St. John; the Pikauba, which empties into Lake Kenogami; the Chicoutimi, À Mars, and Ha Ha rivers, leading tributaries of the Saguenay; and the Malbaie, *la grande rivière* of St. Ann de Beaupré, the Montmorenci, the Jacques Cartier, the St. Anne (de la Perade), and the southeast branch of the Batiscan, all important feeders of the St. Lawrence. Almost all of these rivers and the lakes that they drain swarm with the largest and choicest of trout, both *fontinalis* and *namaycush*. These latter are often erroneously called

salmon and ouananiche by some of the settlers on the Jacques Cartier River in Tewkesbury. There is no reason to doubt that in the larger lakes of the park they may attain to the same size that they reach in other waters in this province, where they have been taken up to thirty and even forty pounds in weight. Mr. Lefebvre, of the Crown Lands Department, reports taking the true red trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) up to eight and three-quarter pounds in the grand lake Jacques Cartier, and no doubt ten and twelve pound fish of the same species are also to be had there.

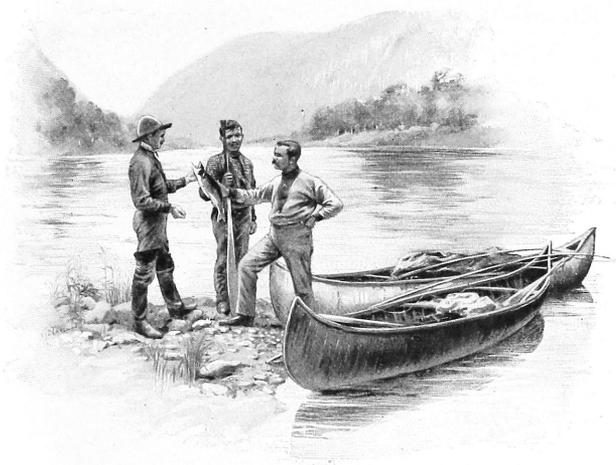
It will be matter for no surprise if the newly discovered *Salmo salvelinus Marstonii*, the most beautiful of all American or Canadian trouts, should be found to be a resident of some of the waters of this park. So far, it is known to exist in the vicinity of Templeton, Ottawa district, as well as in some of the lakes of the Lake St. John district, and in waters in the vicinity of Rimouski. If it does not already exist in any of the lakes or rivers of the Laurentides Park, it can be introduced into them without any difficulty.

The ouananiche does not as yet inhabit any of them, but, like the *Marstonii* trout, its introduction would be quite an easy task. Its presence there would add enormously to the attractions of the park for anglers. Portions of the Jacques Cartier River and of other streams in the park are admirably adapted for a habitat of the *petit saumon* of Lake St. John.

Lake Jacques Cartier may be reached by an entirely different route from that described and followed by John Burroughs. A drive of thirty miles from Quebec in a different direction—for its latter half—from that

which leads to the colonization road brings the angler to Bayard's, and three days' paddling and poling and portaging thence up the Jacques Cartier River enable him to cover the distance intervening between Bayard's and the big lake. The southern limit of the National Park is crossed a mile or two above Bayard's, which is simply one of the last farm-houses seen before civilization is left behind. Here, upon presentation of the government permit, obtained in Quebec, to the guardian on duty, guides, canoes, and supplies can be obtained. Upon this route it is not necessary to ascend to the big lake in order to have good sport. Twelve miles above Bayard's is the Sautoriski River. At various points along this highly picturesque stream, and particularly in a favored pool three miles from its mouth, lurk beautiful fish from half a pound to three pounds and a half each in weight, and doughty warriors they are, too. Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, to whom I am indebted for the photographic views of the Jacques Cartier employed in some of the accompanying illustrations, has frequently killed half a hundred fine fish here in a morning's or an evening's fishing.

The rapids of the Jacques Cartier are magnificently wild, particularly those of *l'Eau Frappante*, *le Remous Ronde*, *les Rapides du Bouleau*, the Sautoriski rapids, and those of the Grand Portage. In a pretty pool between the Sautoriski rapids and the Little Portage, in one of the last days of September, 1895, I took over three dozen trout in less than an hour, and my guides, Joe Isabel and Jacques Filion, were kept pretty busy with the landing-net.



JACQUES-CARTIER RIVER TROUT

The scenery of the Jacques Cartier is of the most picturesque description, and there is beauty enough in the mountains which hem it in to recall the grandeur of the Saguenay. Among the products of its waters, of the value of which nothing seems to be known, is the fresh-water, pearl-bearing mussel, which I have found here and elsewhere in the park in unusually large quantities. It is a lamellibranchiate mollusk, known by the generic name of *Unionidæ* or *Naiadæ*, exactly similar to those which have produced so many really valuable pearls in other parts of the province.

Of the handsome colors and markings of the *fontinalis* of Canadian waters it is unnecessary to speak to those who have seen them. In their wild and hilly northland home these fish are never found infested with parasites or lice, such as those described by Walton in speaking of the inmates of sluggish English streams, unless it be in some occasional swampy lake or creek. The trout parasites of portions of the United States are virtually unknown in Canada. The rapid waters of the Quebec and Labrador streams, and the pebbly bottom of most of the lake and river beds, make of their abode a perfect fish sanitarium. The comparative freedom from molestation of these trout, and the practically unlimited extent of the waters which they roam, have caused them to so increase and multiply and replenish the waters that in no other part of the world, perhaps, are they found in such abundance. The immense breadth and depth of the lakes and rivers that they inhabit, and their enormous food supply in the shape of minnows and the young of chub and other white fish, enable them to attain to

an immense size. And the exceedingly low temperature of the water in these high latitudes induces them to remain longer during the season near the surface on the lookout for insect life, and thus insure a more prolonged period of fly-fishing than can be had in more southern waters. These are some of the attractions that the Canadian brook-trout has for American anglers. The late Dr. Lundy as long ago as 1880 wrote that "old Adirondack anglers now go to Canada for the better fishing of its preserved streams"; and as late as January, 1895, no less patriotic an American and noted authority upon matters piscatorial than Mr. A. N. Cheney wrote in *Forest and Stream*: "A few days ago I lunched at a club in Albany, and afterwards talked fish and fishing with friends over our cigars, and I was surprised to hear a gentleman whose interests are largely in the Adirondacks say that the fishing in the North Woods was good enough for those who liked that kind of fishing, but now, when he went for the very best of fishing, he went to Canada." In view of such unimpeachable American testimony, I may well be acquitted of any undue preference in the course of the present work for the trout and ouananiche fishing of northern Canada.

It often occurs to me while feasting my eyes upon the glories of a freshly killed *fontinalis* that few of us, whether Canadian or American anglers, appreciate at its full value the splendor of this incomparable North American fish, "than which," very aptly remarks Mr. Kit Clarke, "God never created a more beautiful object." I was strikingly reminded of this while reading in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1893, an arti-

cle by C. Stein upon "Fontinalis in Scotland." The fish described by Mr. Stein were from ova obtained from Seth Green in 1879, and were transferred, after hatching, to a series of tarns, which have no connection with the sea, and on the south of the island of Mull. The average weight of the fish was said to be from one-half pound to a pound, though several were two and three pounds each, and one of seven pounds weight had been taken. And of their appearance the author says: "But the greatest delight to the angler is the extreme beauty of the fish when they first come out of the water. Never have we seen such gorgeous and brilliant coloring in any finny creature, except perhaps in some of the quaint tropical varieties from the Caribbean Sea, which are shown to the traveller by negro fishermen in Jamaica. No purely British fish can boast the hues which deck the *fontinalis*."

After this just and glowing tribute to the handsome livery of the American brook-trout I was scarcely prepared for the following attack upon his game qualities: "He seldom rises to the surface to suck down the artificial lure, though he rises to feed on the natural fly like other fish. No. However temptingly and deftly the cast may be made over him, he generally waits till the fly sinks below water before he decides to open his mouth, and then he does so quietly and without any fuss, so much so, in fact, that in many instances the angler does not know that he has attracted a fish's attention until he is withdrawing his line for another cast." How are the mighty fallen if the above extract speaks truly of the deterioration of *fontinalis* in the land of the heather! Every Amer-

ican and Canadian angler knows that there are times when one is not aware that he has attracted the attention of a brook-trout until he is withdrawing his line for another cast. But this is no proof of the absence of game qualities on the part of the fish. Nor does it arise from the fact that *fontinalis* had been for some time previously engaged in quietly sucking down the fly. No. He is no poltroon of a sucker, but a gamester from start to finish. From his lair beneath some lily-pad or under the shadow of an overhanging tree or rock, often within the margin of heavy rapids where the floods clap their hands in frolicsome glee, the leopard of the brook has had his attention attracted by some peculiar motion of a somewhat remarkable fly at or near the surface of the water, which at the moment that it makes a dart, as if to escape alike from his observation and his reach, is seized by him with a rush that for velocity excels the motion of the cast as it is withdrawn from the water, and if essential to success is not infrequently terminated by a leap into mid-air and on to the apparently vanishing hook. Whatever he may do in taking bait, the brook-trout in his native home can never be accused of sucking down the artificial fly in the manner described by Mr. Stein. To the dry fly-fisherman and to many another angler too is the picture a most familiar one, so admirably portrayed in water-colors and upon canvas by Mr. Kilbourne and Mr. Brackett, of a shapely and brilliant crescent of olive and silver and crimson and gold, carrying with it the lure picked from the surface of the water or leaping upon it with open mouth in its descent, and in either case stimulating a corre-

sponding throb in the cardiac region of the angler's anatomy, followed immediately by the singing of the reel and by tightest tension upon lancewood or split bamboo. Of constant occurrence too, even when the fly is taken beneath the surface of the water, is the splash that tells of the daring and voracity and lusty warlike qualities of North America's favorite char, and that often reveals at the outset of the battle both the form and the size of the fisherman's gallant foe-man. Whatever he may do under changed conditions, transferred to foreign waters, at home he is a valiant foe, a stand-up fighter, as it were, who takes no surface lure by stealth, not even from below, but flings himself boldly into the contest, generally exposes himself to full view quite early in the fight, and never yields an inch of ground, or water, or line, until compelled by sheer exhaustion, nor is finally conquered until he has exhausted the thousand and one devices of his plucky persistence, bold, brave battling, and finny *finesse*. This is *fontinalis* as I know him and esteem him, and as thousands of Canadian and American anglers know and esteem him, too! I have taken him under different circumstances, it is true; when flies would not entice him to the warm surface of the water and he had to be sought with bait in deep, cool holes. Upon other occasions I have sought him, like many another, when he was not to be found, though known to be lurking in the very vicinity.

“I fished all day and caught—a cold,
And just at night I had a bite—cold ham and such.
’Twas not for naught I fishing went,
I hooked at least an appetite.”

And, as if for compensation, there are times and places when the brook-trout come to the angler's lures, and sometimes to his net, at the rate of two and even three at a single cast. Many are the instances within my personal knowledge where a trout has been played and lost and has returned almost immediately to the same gay deceit. Often has the last state of such fish been worse than his first, and a recently lost hook and broken leader been found in the mouth of a freshly killed specimen. Fishing not long ago with a friend, one on either side of a narrow stream, we were fast to fish within a few seconds of each other. It was not very long before it became patent that we had both hooked the same trout. It proved, when taken out of the water, to be a fine female fish of about half a pound in weight. The flies it had taken had been a Professor and a Brown Hackle. The question might have occurred, in the general counting-up of our fish, whose should she be? for we both had her to fight; but my friend let out line enough for me to lead the fish upon a gently sloping shoal, and we divided its well-fried flakes at our breakfast a half-hour later.

Of the flies employed in northern Canada, the most taking of all for brook-trout is undoubtedly the Parmachenee Belle. Afterwards, in the order named, I prefer the Professor, Queen of the Water, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Coch-y-bondhu, Beaver-kill, Montreal, Green Drake, and Coachman. The list of useful trout flies can of course be indefinitely increased, but a collection that will include specimens of most of those named above will be found quite suf-

ficient for the angler's purposes upon Canadian trout waters.

As the size of artificial flies is a much-discussed question among anglers, the following remarks on the subject by the late Dr. Lundy, in *The Saramac Exiles*, will doubtless prove interesting :

“On a dark day, and in turbid water, I hold, with Charles Kingsley, that late lamented prince of anglers and good fellows, that large flies are the best. The larger the fly, the larger the fish. When you see a small trout, hardly six inches long, jump far out of water at a great dragon-fly or darning-needle, or catch one of the same size with three young mice in his stomach, or have a rush made, in a turbulent pool below a waterfall, at bass flies, it is useless to talk about gnats and other small flies. Besides, a small hook will not hold a large, strong fish; and the mouth of a small trout is large enough to take in a salmon fly itself. In still, clear water small, dark flies have the advantage of not splashing and scaring the fish. But in rapids, or any troubled water, large flies are the most easily seen and taken.”

My own experience in fishing for ouananiche coincides with that given above, so far as the size of flies is concerned, particularly in the spring and autumn months. At such times, and in heavy water, I have always been most successful with large flies. In July and August, on the other hand, the fresh-water salmon, especially in the pools below the various rapids of the Grande Décharge, prefer a much smaller fly. My experience of trout has been that they differ in their habits in different lakes and rivers where all other conditions seem alike.

I cannot quite agree with Mr. Lundy that “a small hook will not hold a large, strong fish,” for I know of an eight-pound ouananiche having been brought to

gaff on a number 8 hook, and, in fact, if anything had been broken away it would in all probability have been the held portion of the mouth of the fish instead of the hook. I know, of course, that the mouth of the trout is very much tougher than that of the ouananiche, and that sometimes a heavy fish has broken a very small hook; but, on the other hand, every successful angler can recall the killing of very large trout on a very small hook; generally, of course, after a protracted and—on the part of the angler, at least—a carefully and thoughtfully conducted fight.

All trout fishermen know, to their sorrow, that there are times when the fish rise briskly, but “not in earnest,” and in this connection I will quote a couple of extracts from an article in *The National Review*, under the caption “Do Fish Show Temper?” in which there is any amount of food for reflection. The writer says:

“A fish inquisitive or in temper is undoubtedly an absurd idea at first sight; but the absurdity lessens on reflection. All animals of whose ways we have intimate knowledge reveal the emotions which the fisherman denies to fish. For example, children, lambs, young tigers, young lions, young monkeys, kittens, and puppy dogs rush at things which attract their eyes, and that without thought of eating them; and if they are thwarted or injured in the contact they are apt to rush at them again in irritation. If, then, we take it for granted that fish are incapable of curiosity and irritation, we are assuming that the minds of fish are fundamentally different from those of all living creatures with whose natures we are familiar. That, when one thinks of it, would be an assumption so great as to be impossible of acceptance until it had been justified by the clearest reasoning. No reasoning whatsoever can be offered in its favor, and some can be offered against it. We have no authority for believing that the mental characteristics of fish are different from those of animals generally. We are used to believing this; but the usage

is unintelligent. It probably springs from the separation of sympathies which comes from our living in an 'element' other than that of the salmon and the trout. If we were amphibious, we should have a clearer insight into their ways, and perhaps find that both fun and indignation lurk, at times, under the saturnine aspect of their visages. . . . Many an exasperating hour have all of us spent with fish who give our flies a frequent poke, or a frequent nibble at the tails of them, and escape 'untouched.' Many a time, also, have we found them rising at the fly, not with their mouths, but with their tails, seeking to flick them under the surface and to 'drown' them, to all appearance, in the spirit in which a cat plays with a mouse. The analogy between fish and other creatures in the matter of curiosity and gambolling goes even further. It may have been observed that it was the young of tigers, and cats, and dogs, and other creatures, that we spoke of as given to playing with things that attract their eyes; not the elderly animals so much. Well, fish are in exactly the same case."

From across the Atlantic there comes a wail which enlists our sympathy, caused by the failure of our English friends to acclimate the American brook-trout. Speaking of the success attained with other varieties of American salmonidæ by the National Fish Culture Association of England, W. Oldham Chambers, in a paper published in the Journal of that association, says:

"It is with reluctance that we omit from this list the American brook-trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, which has had an excellent chance of asserting its qualifications for introduction into our group of salmonidæ, but has failed to do so, except in confined waters. Its first appearance in this country was heralded with jubilant anticipations; its capacities for rapid growth were hailed as a good omen, and its gorgeous dress and graceful form won golden opinions from all piscatorial classes, who willingly paid large sums of money for what was then considered the coming trout. Gradually, however, its true character appeared, and now it is universally regarded as a fish not to be depended upon. No authority rebuts the evidence

forthcoming as to its suitability to British waters, if enclosed, nor as to its value as an addition to our fresh-water fish. The sole cause, and a very grave cause it is, for its denunciation is that it escapes from those places where it is turned in. Before finally discarding this unique char, it behooves us to question more closely than we have yet done its habits, instincts, and the nature of its native home, in order to render it full justice. Probably the waters in which it has been placed have not been suitable, and this assumption certainly seems justifiable by the fact of the fish wandering as it does. The question naturally arises as to where it goes. Does it find suitable places in its wanderings? Does it descend to the sea, or does it pine and perish for lack of natural conditions? If death explains the mystery, which is hardly likely, we have at once a solution; but if not, it is difficult to say what has become of the thousands turned out into our English streams. In America the brook-trout is regarded as a home-loving fish, therefore it seems somewhat likely that we have not yet provided the domestic comforts to which it is habituated. The suggestion, at least, is worth studying, and the association still has these fish under culture, not being convinced of their unsuitability for enclosed waters."

The results already referred to as having been obtained in the tarns upon the island of Mull go far to prove the suitability of *fontinalis* for enclosed British waters of the requisite temperature and purity. But it is scarcely surprising to those acquainted with the habits of the American brook-trout to learn that he does not remain in waters having an easy and uninterrupted communication with the sea. I know of no similarly situated Canadian waters in which he is always to be found. But it has been shown that he reascends, to spawn, the Labrador streams down which he runs to sea. And it is perhaps strange that he has departed, in English coastal streams, from his Canadian practice.

THE COMMON LAKE-TROUT

Salvelinus namaycush, or the great lake-trout, grows to an enormous size in Canadian waters. In January, 1895, the Hon. John Costigan, M.P., upon his appointment as Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the Dominion of Canada, was sent a present in the shape of one of these fish, captured in Lake Superior, that weighed fifty-three pounds. Another specimen, taken some years ago in Lake Metis, and stuffed by Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, weighed thirty-one pounds when caught. It is on exhibition in the rotunda of the Château Frontenac at Quebec, where it has been taken for a salmon, on account of its size, by anglers devoid of experience of the larger varieties of salmonidæ. The *namaycush* grows to an enormous size in Lake St. John, as well as in Tschotagama, Lac à Jim, Mistassini, and, in fact, in nearly all the lakes of the Labrador peninsula. By French-Canadians it is known both as the touladi and the *queue fourchée*, or forked-tail trout. It is almost invariably captured in deep, cool water, and, in fact, can survive in no other in the hot summer months. Of all the species of *Salvelinus* it requires a habitat of lowest temperature. It is usually taken by deep-water trolling, complete instructions for which are furnished in Shields's *American Game Fishes*, by Mr. Luther Pardee, with descriptions and illustrations of the gear required, and also of the gangs employed by both Mr. A. N. Cheney and the late Mr. Seth Green. It is sometimes also taken with a spoon or phantom minnow. The Indians in the interior catch it for food upon night-lines

baited with the flesh of the chub or of the whitefish. There are some cases upon record where the *namaycush* has taken the fly, but they are not very numerous, for even in this northern country it is only for a very short time after the ice has left the lakes that it remains near the surface. In the month of May, some three or four years ago, however, Mr. Lacon Welch, of Quebec, was fortunate enough to thus take a sixteen-pound specimen in Lake St. Charles and to kill it with his trout rod. Dr. Henchey, one of his angling companions, noticed at some distance from his canoe the frightened movement of a shoal of small fish darting from the surface of the lake, evidently to escape pursuit, and drew the attention of Mr. Welch to the fact. The latter had scarcely cast his fly over the place when it was taken by Mr. Namaycush a little below the surface of the water, and nearly fifty minutes were required to bring him to net. A twenty-pound specimen caught by Mr. Warren Briggs, of Bridgeport, Conn.—an expert fisherman—in Lake Kiskisink, was sent to me by that gentleman in the spring of 1893. It is a magnificent fish preserve, this Lake Kiskisink, teeming with *fontinalis*, *namaycush*, and *doré*, and long shall I remember the lusty brook-trout, of an average weight of a pound and a half, that I was privileged to take on more than one occasion with my good friends the Messrs. Wallace, of Ansonia and Chicago, both in Briggs's Pool at the head of the lake and among the lily-pads a little below its outlet. Only on the Nomantum Club waters have I seen better catches of brook-trout than in the Kiskisink preserve, and they were made by a party of skilled an-



ONE OF MR. HART'S MONSTER TROUT

glers, including Messrs. George E. Hart, of Waterbury; Wallace Durand, of Newark; Miner Drake, of Torrington, Conn., and J. L. Atwood and Charles Turner, of Waterbury.

But to return to *Salvelinus namaycush*. I have before me a letter addressed to me from Winnipeg upon the 24th September, 1892, in which my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Haggard recounts his phenomenal success with the lake-trout in Lake Nepigon, and the amusing story of the Indians—how they employed their teeth in aiding them to lift the heavy fish out of the water. The colonel writes :

“I had very good fishing up the Nepigon in the headwaters, both in the river at Virgin Falls and in the lake, as far as the lake-trout were concerned, but did not do much with the speckled trout. The largest I got of the latter was four pounds in weight. As far as the lake-trout fishing goes I believe I had a phenomenal day. On a shoal three miles out in the lake I got, in about three hours' fishing, one hundred and forty-eight pounds of lake-trout. The two largest were thirty-two pounds and thirty pounds respectively. The Indians with me said they were the two largest they had ever known caught by a white man, and on such small tackle, too. I caught them all that day on a small brown phantom minnow of Chinic's, that I bought when with you, and with a single gut leader. The Indian at the bow of my canoe could not get hold of the gills of the two monster trout to drag them in when wearied out, as they kept their heads down and they were very long. Consequently he got hold of the tail and pulled it up to his mouth, caught hold at the roots with his teeth, then, putting his arms as far round the slippery body of the fish as he could reach, dragged these two whales in. The weight of the thirty-pounder broke off half its tail in the man's mouth at the first bite, and he got back in the water again, but still on the hook. The next grip was more successful, as he bit lower down.”

By the Montagnais Indians the lake-trout is known

as kokomesh, and by the Micmacs and Abenauquis as touladi. Its scientific name, *namaycush*, is that applied to it by the Nepigon Indians.

THE NEW MARSTON TROUT

Canadian anglers are quite enthusiastic over recent piscatorial discoveries showing the wide geographical distribution of the newly discovered trout known to readers of ichthyological literature as *Salmo salvelinus Marstonii*. Until the autumn of 1895 the existence of this variety was only known to science by the appearance of a couple of specimens. The first of these attracted the attention of Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, two years ago. It was taken in a lake near Ottawa, and was sent by him to Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., the present State Fish Culturist, who forwarded it to Professor Agassiz's successor at Cambridge, Mass., Professor S. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, for examination and identification. He declared it to be a distinct and newly discovered species, and it was called the *Marstonii* at the suggestion of Mr. Cheney, who, being requested to name it, said: "Call it after Mr. Marston, founder of the Fly-fishers' Club of London, and editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, an Englishman overflowing with good feeling for everything pertaining to fish, fishing, and America."

About a year ago another specimen, caught in one of the lakes of the Laurentides Club in the Lake St. John district, was sent by me to Professor Garman, who declared it also to be one of the Marston variety.

There is some little uncertainty as to the exact water from which this fish was taken, owing to confusion of nomenclature, but Judge Panet Angers, Q. C., who obtained from a habitant guide the specimen that he gave me, has frequently taken the same fish in Lac des Îles; and as this territory becomes better known, much more will doubtless be learned as to the geographical distribution of the fish. Large numbers of a very similar fish, so like it in external appearance that it never occurred to me to doubt that they might in fact be the true *Marstonii* trout, have recently been discovered in some of the Rimouski series of lakes upon the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and Mr. John Jordan, of Quebec, was kind enough to procure me specimens through Mr. Hurley.

I cannot better describe these beautiful creatures than by borrowing, with a few verbal changes, the words employed in November, 1895, in writing of them, with the fish lying before me, for *Forest and Stream* :

“It was recently my privilege to feast my eyes upon a number of specimens of this newest and most beautiful of Canadian chars, which were taken (by special permit, for scientific purposes) from one of a series of lakes in Rimouski County locally known as Lac à Cassette. I call the Marston trout advisedly a char, recalling the fact that the word ‘char’ comes from the Gaelic *ceara* (blood) and the Irish *cear* (red or blood-colored), which are almost synonymous with the more western *torgoch* (red-bellied). And certainly the new trout is the most brilliantly blood-colored of any non-tropical fish that I am acquainted with. In the words of Professor S. Garman, who first identified *Salvelinus Marstonii* as a variety new to science, who asked Mr. A. N. Cheney to name it, and who examined last year a single specimen that I was able to procure for him from a lake between Quebec and Lake St. John : ‘Some artist with his pencil will delight everybody interested in the fishes if he will give the

public a few ideas of the splendid colors, drawn from life, of the male of Marston's namesake.' The Rimouski specimens that I was recently privileged to see lack none of the radiant beauty and brilliancy of coloring of the fish that I sent to Professor Garman at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass. In fact, perhaps because it is nearer their spawning-season, the Rimouski fish that were shown me early this month more nearly approached in the coloring of their flesh that of the red snapper than did that of any specimens that I had previously seen. Held before a bright light, the thinner portions of the fish adjoining the ventral, anal, and caudal fins are of deepest salmon. Its unvermiculated, dark-brown back with its bluish tinge shades into russet and green on the sides, deepening as it descends with a *souppçon* of crimson, which latter color increases in intensity and depth until it becomes upon the belly a brilliant red, in some specimens more scarlet than crimson, while among the varied colored spots of this bewitchingly beautiful leopard of Northern water are some of deepest orange with a crimson centre. The colors fade somewhat after death, but even after shipment of the fish to Quebec, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, are beautiful beyond compare.

"I am told by those who have fished in the south shore lakes where Mr. Marston's namesake is found that it is held in no great esteem by the residents of the vicinity who act as guides upon these waters. With them fish is only food, and food is chiefly fish. Quantity is more than quality, and with such enormous specimens of thick, deep *fontinalis* as there abound, they regard with something like contempt the rapid rush towards the surface lure of what they call the *doré* of those lakes. This name applied to these trout can only be accounted for by the golden yellow of a portion of its sides. The fish is of course no more like the true *doré* of Canadian waters (*Stizostedion vitreum*)—the pickerel of Upper Canada and elsewhere, and pike-perch or wall-eyed pike of different parts of the United States—than the latter resembles the John Dory of South British and Mediterranean seas—the much-prized *Zeus faber* of the ancients. The only points of outward similarity between these last two are the hard, bony spines of the first dorsal and the outer coloring, including sometimes the dark spot on the shoulders, supposed to correspond with the finger-mark of St. Peter, which has caused the 'John' to share with the haddock the honored

myth of having been the fish from whose mouth the tribute-money was taken. No doubt the familiar English name of the acanthopterygian fish is merely a corruption, as vulgarly supposed, of the French *jaune dorée*, applied because of its golden-yellow color. The early French settlers of Canada from the fishing coasts of Brittany must have been well acquainted with the English John Dory, and as color, next after size, would be the most attractive feature to them of a new fish, it is pretty certain that they gave the Canadian *doré* its name for no other reason than its resemblance in color to the European fish from which it differs so materially in most other respects.

“It has been hitherto supposed that the *Marstonii* trout were only bottom feeders, but their discovery in the Rimouski lakes and the method of their capture deal a death blow to the theory that they will not rise to the fly, and place them beyond any question among the first game fishes of the American continent. It is probable that they are not to be taken by fly-fishing in summer, nor am I aware that until the present season it was known to fly-fishermen that they would rise even in the fall of the year to their gay deceit. This is now established beyond peradventure by members of the club controlling the fishing of these Rimouski lakes. When the Marston trout takes the fly, it does not spring from almost immediately below it, as the brook-trout seems to do, but rushes at it with a rapid dart, often for some distance along the top of the water, like the run of a hooked salmon, leaving a swirl behind it resembling the wash of a small narrow boat. It leaps repeatedly out of the water when hooked and makes a desperate fight, its rapid motions being apparently due to its slender shape and graceful form. A pound fish of this variety is nearly a third longer than a brook-trout of the same weight in good condition, but not more than half the circumference. From what I can learn of its methods of fighting when impaled upon a fly-hook, it must come nearer to the ouananiche than any other Canadian fish in the sport that it affords. Like that silvery monarch of rapid waters which it resembles in outer form much more than it does its nearer relative, *fontinalis*, it seems constructed for about the greatest velocity attainable by fish of its size.

“*Salvelinus Marstonii* spawns later in the season than the American brook-trout. Opportunities for observation have not thus far

been very abundant, but it is likely that it only spawns in December or January. It is found in October and November, however, upon the spawning-beds of the brook-trout or in their immediate vicinity, and hence perhaps the report that it frequents them to devour the spawn. Whether the tongue of slander has been raised against it in this respect, or whether there be truth in the grave charges so brought against this handsome fish, the question of its spawn-eating qualities ought to be definitely settled before it is introduced into waters already inhabited by *fontinalis*. There is at least this in its favor, that it is found at Rimouski in lakes that contain vast quantities of brook-trout, so that it is altogether likely that it is the victim of misrepresentation."

Unfortunately, it is impossible at present writing to declare positively that these Rimouski fish are quite identical with the Marston variety, as I had assumed that they were from an external examination of the specimens sent me. Professor Garman, to whom I forwarded them, while admitting the close relationship, found some distinctions, the value of which, for want of specimens of both sexes, he is so far unable to appreciate. These differences may prove to be unimportant, or they may lead the Rimouski fish to be regarded as a new variety. Whether they be *Marstonii* or otherwise, it is positive that Mr. Marston's namesake is an occupant of Lac des Îles, and probably also of other waters in the Canadian environment of the ouananiche. So far, I have not heard of it being taken with the fly in Northern waters, as in Lac à Cassette, but this may be owing to the fact that it has not been tempted with surface lures at the proper season. Much has yet to be learned of the denizens of the waters in the Lake St. John region, and it will not surprise thoughtful men to learn at any time of the dis-

covery in some of them of species of trout of the Hudson Bay region. As Professor Garman says in a recent letter, "We must look out for *S. alpinus* in the St. Lawrence basin nowadays." This reference is to the magnificent, introduced saibling of Sunapee Lake, so admirably described for us by Professor Quackenbos and Mr. A. N. Cheney.

Many anglers and ichthyologists will no doubt be glad to have the result of Professor Garman's examination of the new Canadian trout. Here it is :

"*Salmo (salvelinus) Marstonii*, sp. n.

"B., 11 to 12; D., 13; A., 13; V., 9; P., 14.

"The specimen described is close upon 12 inches long. Body subfusiform, pointed at the snout, slender at the tail. The height of the body is about one-sixth of the total length; head one-fifth, crown convex. Snout one and one-third, and interorbital space one and one-half times the eye. Eye little less than one-fifth of the head, two-thirds of the space between the orbits on the forehead. Mouth large; maxillary straight, reaching almost as far back as the hinder edge of the eye, with strong teeth along its lower edge nearly its entire length; teeth on intermaxillary and mandibles stronger. A series of four strong hooked teeth at each side of the tongue and behind the glossohyal, on the basibranchials, a narrow band of several series of smaller ones. Gill rakers straight, short, sharp, denticulate, 8×14 on the first arch. Opercle thin, with few striæ. Scales very small; apparently there are about 230 in the series immediately above the lateral line, and more than 250 in one five or six scales above this. Distance from first ray of dorsal to end of snout little more than that from the same ray to the tip of the adipose fin. The middle of the total length falls half way between the tip of the hinder rays of the dorsal and its base. Dorsal and anal fins slightly emarginate at ends of median rays.

"Pectorals and ventrals small; base of latter slightly behind the middle of that of dorsal. Caudal pedicel slender; caudal notch

very deep ; hinder border sinuous, as in *S. alpinus* ; lobes pointed. Excepting *S. namaycush*, the notch is deeper than in any other of the American species.

“Back dark brown, with an iridescent bluish tint ; unspotted. Dorsal dark, clouded somewhat, but without spots or bands. Pectorals, anal, and ventrals orange in the middle, yellowish or whitish towards their bases and margins. The dark color of the back shades into whitish, with a tinge of pink below the lateral line. Head black on top, silvery on the cheeks, white beneath. Ventral surface white, no doubt red in breeding-season. Flesh pink. Caudal fin yellowish towards the base, brownish or darker towards the hinder border, which has a narrow edging of light color. Faint areas of lighter tint suggest that there may have been a few spots of reddish or yellowish along the lateral line on one of the specimens ; but the condition is such that the matter must remain in question, likewise the number of cæca, and the presence of parrbands, of which there are several very faint indications.

“This fish evidently is closely allied to *Salmo aguassa*, the blueback of the Rangeley Lakes ; it reaches a greater size than that species, and is readily distinguished by the maxillary and its dentition, the caudal fin and the coloration. Similarly when compared with *S. stagnalis* and *S. rossi* it is seen to be quite distinct. With the introduced saibling, *S. alpinus*, of the Sunapee Lake it has still less in common.”

THE OUITOUCHE, OR CHUB

A frequent cause of annoyance to the persistent trout fisherman in Canadian waters is the “taking” qualities of the common American chub, which is met with in the great majority of them. Not that it is here a fish devoid of those qualities that warranted Professor G. Brown Goode in according it a place in his popular treatise upon *The Game and Food Fishes of North America*, for, in its Canadian habitat, it attains to a weight of six pounds, rises freely to the fly, and fights like a Trojan when hooked ; while the

sweet, cold water of these high latitudes well maintains whatever degree of firmness and flavor may be claimed for its flesh. Some of the upper lakes which are emptied into the Bastican and other large inland streams are entirely free from chub, which are barred from ascending them by intervening falls; but, again, I have marked their existence in waters fully as high above the sea-level as those of the Batican, both in feeders of the Kiskisink lakes, and at various points of the Peribonca River between Lakes St. John and Tschotagama. Here, however, its increase is somewhat regulated by its large consumption as food by the ever hungry specimens of that water-wolf, the pike, that in these waters attain to so enormous a size. These chub, often erroneously called gudgeon by both American and Canadian anglers, are known to the French-Canadian and Indian guides hereabouts as *ouitouche*; they are usually cast away with disgust by the angler whose hook has impaled them. It is one of the most shapely of the cyprinoids, resembling very much in form the fall fish or silver chub of Ontario and the Northern States (*Semotilus bullaris*). It seizes bait of all kinds, including portions of the flesh of its own species, with avidity. It greedily takes all kinds of natural and artificial flies alike, but seldom leaping out of the water, like the trout, to carry the lure down with it. Though fairly active in pursuit of its food, it is not nearly so much so as the trout, its method of taking it being more like a nibble than a rush. It seldom succeeds in hooking itself upon a cast with which a pool or rapid is being whipped for trout in a becomingly active and lively manner, and

constant exertion and watchfulness will often enable the angler to avoid having his flies made fast to *ouitouche*. But if he carelessly allows them to sink beneath the surface where these fish abound, or to remain stationary upon the margin of a rapid, a slow, steady tug will soon tell him that a* *ouitouche* has hooked himself upon his line. Though he is excluded from Mr. Shields's book of *American Game Fishes*, yet as soon as he finds himself impaled on the fisherman's hook he commences a thoroughly game fight for freedom, tugging continuously at the line, and occasionally, if a large fish, demanding more of it. His battle is shorter and less exciting than that of a trout, and he seldom breaks water. But in his own way he is a game fish for all that, though he has the misfortune to invite comparisons most unfavorable to him, by thrusting himself, unsolicited and unsought, into the society of his betters, and even presuming, when hitching himself upon the angler's line, to pair himself off in an ill-assorted match with *Salmo salvelinus*. The English chub (*Cyprinus cephalus*), a very near connection of the *ouitouche*, is much esteemed as a game fish, and several treatises have been written upon it. On account of its shyness, Piscator, it will be remembered, speaks of it as "the fearfulest of fishes," and I well remember how, as a boy, hour after hour was often vainly spent by me upon the banks of the Penk, a tributary of the Trent, endeavoring to seduce the chub from its clear pools with gentles, worms, and paste. In those days it was indeed a prize to catch a

* *Ouitouche* is pronounced "we-toosh."

chub. But then they were hard to catch. And there were no trout in those waters, and even perch and "daddyruffs" were scarce.

Taken from cool water the flesh of the *owitzouche* makes pleasant enough eating when well and freshly cooked. If it is seldom used for food in Canada, it is because where it is found there is an abundance of much better fish. Both the small *owitzouche* and the white flesh of adult specimens, cut into squares, make good bait for ouananiche, pike, pickerel, touladi or namaycush, and brook-trout. It is the favorite bait of Indian hunters in Canada.

What a life-like picture of the chub has Canon Kingsley drawn for us!

"What is here? An ugly two-pound chub, Chevin, 'Echevin,' or Alderman, as the French call him. How is this, keeper? I thought you allowed no such vermin in this water? The keeper answers, with a grunt, that 'they allow themselves'; that 'there always were chub hereabouts, and always will be; for the more I take out with the net, the more come next day.' Probably. No nets will exterminate these spawn-eating, fry-eating pests, who devour the little trout and starve the large ones, and, at the first sign of the net, fly to hover among the most tangled roots. There they lie, as close as rats in a bank. . . . But the fly, well used, will—if not exterminate them—still thin them down greatly; and very good sport they give, in my opinion, in spite of the contempt in which they are commonly held, as chicken-hearted fish, who show no fight. True; but their very cowardice makes them the more difficult to catch. . . . Another slur upon the noble sport of chub fishing is the fact of his not being worth eating—a fact which, in the true sportsman's eyes, will go for nothing. But though the man who can buy fresh soles and salmon may despise chub, there are those who do not. True, you may make a most accurate imitation of him by taking one of Palmer's patent candles, wick and all, stuffing it with needles and split bristles, and then stewing the

same in ditch-water. Nevertheless, strange to say, the agricultural stomach digests chub; and if after having filled your creel, or three creels (as you may too often), with them, you will distribute them on your way home to all the old women you meet, you will make many poor souls happy, after having saved the lives of many trout."

The tender regard for the lives of the trout and the tastes of the old women exhibited in the last two lines of the above extract are worthy of Izaak Walton at his best, following so closely as they do upon the author's appetizing description of cooked chub—wick, candle, needles, bristles, ditch-water and all!

Nuisance as they prove themselves to the angler when rising to his trout flies, these Canadian *ouitorouche* are neither as cowardly in their fight nor as repulsive upon the table as their congener from the comparatively still, warm water of English streams. The *ouitouché* is a more athletic fish, and the rapid, cool water of its Canadian home gives some small measure of firmness and sweetness to its flesh.

THE WHITEFISH

Highly esteemed as an article of commerce, the common whitefish of North American waters is not much prized by anglers, and, in fact, is rarely taken except in nets. Professor Goode remarks that none of the American species are of any importance to the angler, and of those that inhabit the great lakes this is undoubtedly true. But the same fish in higher latitudes, where the temperature of the water is found so much lower, remains longer near the surface of the lakes in which it is found. In the notes of Mr. A. P.

Low, the Labrador explorer, which appear in the chapter upon the "Geographical Distribution of the Ouananiche," the writer tells how he caught the great Northern whitefish with the May-fly in inland waters of Labrador.

This exceedingly palatable and handsome specimen of the whitefish family, invested with the distinguishing badge of the salmonidæ, exhibits very few, if any, points of difference from the ordinary *Coregonus clupeiformis*, or whitefish of commerce. In midsummer, in the Grande Décharge, it appears to school at times with the ouananiche, swimming close to the surface of the water, round and round the eddies and oily-covered pools beneath falls or rapids, frequently showing its dorsal fin above the scum, and by the similarity of its manner often passing, with anglers, for ouananiche. Not so with the guides, however, who readily distinguish between "*le saumon*" and "*la poisson blanche*." The latter will occasionally take the fly intended for ouananiche; not with the bound, however, characteristic of those salmonoids that are best known to and most frequently sought by sportsmen, but quietly and with steady tension. Few of the guides appear to know that the fish takes the fly at all, and so do not encourage the angler to make any effort to obtain it, though its flesh is delicious and very much prized, its form symmetrical almost as the salmon itself, and its fight for life and liberty exciting and obstinate. Of artificial lures it prefers the smallest, and these must be dressed on very small hooks and the finest of tackle employed. Only one fly—a gnat, or something of that kind—should be employed,

and the gut should be dyed the color of the water. No little ingenuity is required to induce the whitefish to take the fly and to save the fish after he is impaled upon the hook. It is not only his shyness that puzzles the angler, but there is the impossibility of forcing the fight, not only because of the fineness of the tackle and the smallness of the hook that should be employed, but also for fear that the latter, delicate as it must be, may tear itself out from the tender mouth of the fish. I suppose it is because it is so little known, and also because there is so much more rapid and exciting sport to be had with the ouananiche, that the Lake St. John whitefish is not more sought for by anglers.

THE PICKEREL, OR DORÉ

It is somewhat surprising that anglers upon Canadian waters should have paid so little attention to a member of an interesting family—near neighbor of the pike—that, both by reason of its gamelike qualities and of the superior firmness and flavor of its flesh, would seem to call for a larger measure of recognition at their hands. I refer to that particular member of the pike perch genus known in some parts of Canada as the pickerel, and in others as the doré, and that would appear to be very nearly, if not quite, identical with the wall-eyed pike of the prevailing American nomenclature. It is very abundant in the lakes and rivers of northern Quebec; its flesh, when cooked, being exceedingly white, flaky, and firm—preferred by many to that of the bass, and fully equal to that of freshly caught haddock. Specimens of this species

take freely small live fish, pieces of outouche, and small and medium-sized spoons. In rapids, in the spring of the year, they frequently take the angler's trout flies, and, though they seldom break water when hooked, they are stubborn fighters, and on light tackle afford capital sport. They are often taken in Canadian waters up to six and eight pounds in weight. In some parts of the United States, the pickerel is persistently called "salmon"; but there is nothing much more remarkable in this than the habit in the South of applying the name "trout" to black bass, or the more universal misnomer of pickerel applied to the pike (*Esox lucius*).

THE PIKE

Marvellous are the stories that are told of the size and ferocity of the pike kind, that go about like roaming water-wolves, seeking whom they may devour, in the depths of Lake St. John and its tributary streams, as well as in the large lakes away towards and beyond the Height of Land. Many of these far exceed in weight the generally accepted limit of size of the ordinary *Esox lucius*, and I have frequently been told, in consequence, that I was wrong in my identification and nomenclature of the species, and that these long and wide-jawed monsters of twenty, thirty, and even forty pounds in weight were not the ordinary pike at all—the pickerel of many American anglers, but maskinongé, or *Esox nobilior*, the *Lucius masquinongy* of Dr. James A. Henshall. It is a simple matter, of course, to satisfy one's self by observing the scaling of the cheeks and gill-covers, and the number

of branchiostegal rays, as to the identification of the maskinongé and of the true pike, or great Northern pickerel, and that without reference to the coloration or markings of the body of the fishes. But many of those who have not taken the trouble, or have not had the advantage, of carefully examining them are sceptical on the subject, because of the immense size to which *Esox lucius* attains in northern Quebec. When specimens of the fish, or even good photographs of them, can be secured, it is quite easy for even the most casual observer to distinguish between the elongated form of the light-colored markings of the side and the smaller, darker, and rounder spots of the maskinongé. I have seen a forty-nine-pound pike that was taken by Mr. William Hayes, of London, in Lac Tschotagama in 1890, and one of thirty-five pounds that was brought to Quebec from the Peribonca River by Mr. B. A. Scott in 1892. Mr. E. J. Myers claims a forty-seven-pound pike taken by him in Lac Tschotagama in July, 1891; and in August, 1892, I was close to Colonel Haggard's canoe in the Peribonca when his guide lost a specimen at least five feet in length while endeavoring to lift it out of the water. To so large a size have these fish attained in Lake St. John, and so voracious are they known to be, that many of the settlers about its shores are too frightened of them to venture to bathe in its waters. Both dogs and water-fowl swimming upon its surface have been attacked by these fresh-water sharks. I have killed a fourteen-pound specimen that took the spoon close to the Island House, at the head of the Grande Décharge, on an eight-ounce trout-rod. A stiffer one is safer and better, however, in con-

sequence of the heavy pitches of the larger fish. Many anglers, and especially those accustomed to ouananiche and trout, speak of the pike as altogether devoid of game qualities. Their prejudice is perhaps largely due to the abhorrence in which they hold his destruction of better and gamier fish, or perhaps they have never experienced the additional fight which I fancy he displays in the vigor-inspiring cold and deep water of his north Canadian home. This deep-seated prejudice, together with the better sport among the salmonidæ to which they have been accustomed, detracts from many anglers' enjoyment of the sport of pike-fishing, the principal element of which—to them—lies in the knowledge of the fact that they are destroying one of the worst enemies of trout and ouananiche. Yet the pike has many excellent points. He is a sharp, fierce biter, a quick, strong runner on the first break, and if he fails on one attack will come again with undiminished appetite. True, he is a tender-lipped, short-lived fellow, and if held well in hand on a stiff rod will very soon come to terms; yet with it all he is a surging, splashing, rushing foeman. W. David Tomlin, in his monograph on this fish in Shield's *American Game Fishes*, says of its fighting qualities:

“It is a powerful fish, and is no coward; it will fight as viciously as a terrier. We have seen smaller pike with jaws locked and lashing the water around them like a boiling caldron. Occasionally letting go and backing out, they would again rush at each other with open jaws and keep up the fight until one is beaten and driven away, or until both are exhausted. Some years ago I found two dead, with both jaws fast set, so that they could not be pulled open. Both of them were handsome male fish and must have

fought fiercely, for their bodies were cut all along the sides and bellies. . . . The pike is a sharp-eyed, shy fish ; you must reach him 'a ways off' ; you cannot expect to stand on a big rock, drop down in the water beneath you, and get hooked to a great Northern pike. 'He ain't nobody's fool, and don't you believe it!' Take a trolling or spinning hook, baited with a piece of fat pork, cut it in shape like a fish, have a boat pulled alongside the rushes I have spoken of, let out twenty yards of line, and then have your oarsman pull a long, slow stroke, and if the pike family are receiving visitors, you will soon know it. Trolling with a long line and three sets of hooks is a most barbarous way of fishing for the pike. I care not if this family are the sharks of fresh water, they are entitled to fair play. His Satanic Majesty is never as black as he is painted, so the *Esox lucius* is cousin german to the *Nobilior*, vulgate Mascalonge, and partakes of his noble nature. He is a foeman worthy the steel of the most ardent angler. Some anglers call the family 'snakes.' I pity them ! Go where pike can be found, fish for them with legitimate tackle, and give them a fair chance, and they will give just as much pleasure as any royal Small-mouth Bass that ever swam."

Almost every boy who has the advantage of living within easy distance of a pike pool knows something of the art of taking him with spoons or live minnows. But many fish are lost by failure to allow sufficient time for them to gorge the bait, before the strike is given, or by the use of unsuitable hooks. On account of the long, wide jaw of this fish, and his habit of trying to disgorge immediately, a straight hook will seldom catch. The Limerick, with its sweeping twist at the bend and its long shank to withstand the sharp teeth, is the proper thing. The barb, too, must be extraordinarily wide and deep-set, for the thin filaments of the lip are soft as tissue-paper and tear out very easily. Some eminently useful hints upon pike-fishing were given in a recent number of the *New York Sun*,

which agree so thoroughly with my own observations on the subject that I gladly adopt the following extract :

“A strip cut from the belly of another fish with a bit of fin left to wiggle as a tail is extremely effective for what is known as skittering. Salt pork is used in place of a bit of fish by the backwoodsmen, and it is a telling bait. The live minnow of course is not trolled, but cast among the lily-pads or weeds and left to swim about freely, with usually a cork about five feet from the hook to mark its movements. The greatest fault, and the most common one, is not giving the pike time. A bass always seizes his prey from behind. The pike never fails to snatch his crosswise in the middle. He rushes from some shadowed lair, snaps the minnow or bait in the middle, and begins to back or swim slowly towards some spot where, unobserved, he can safely devour his catch. It is just at this instant that eight out of ten men give the yank that is fatal to their chances. Wait until he has moved off a few feet and stopped, give him then just a moment to gorge the prize. Then strike. In trolling late in the year a split buckshot should always be used to keep the line down where it belongs. The big fellows all lie deep, and will not even rise to feed.”

The consumption of small ouananiche by the pike of Lake St. John waters has been already referred to. These water-wolves are often found lurking about the pools in the Grande Décharge, frequented by the ouananiche. Many of the latter, as Mr. Creighton observes, bear marks of the pike's teeth, and he relates the following facts that came to his personal knowledge, and that are here given in his own words :

“I once saw a five-and-one-half-pound fish swimming about in an odd and helpless manner, and found that his spine had been broken by a pike, so that he could not use his tail. In 1887 I was fishing off the rocks at the Grande Chute, and hooked a Wananishe which proved to weigh just less than a pound. Not particularly caring about such a small fish, I let him wander off while waiting

for my canoeman to bring the landing-net. On reeling in, the weight seemed to have increased in an extraordinary manner. I at first thought the fish had fouled something; but a rush like a salmon's changed that idea into great curiosity. After an anxious twenty-five minutes, for the fish several times tried to bolt into the main current, and there were some awkward rock ledges close in, he turned out to be a pike, and a good-sized one. Once within reach, he was easily netted, and was found to weigh ten and one-half pounds. The Wananishe was in his gullet, but the hook had slipped out of the Wananishe's mouth and caught in the socket of the pike's eye inside. I have always wondered why the leader was not cut by his teeth, but suppose it got between them. These pike run to great size in Lake St. John and up the Peribonca."

In many of the Lake St. John waters, where he has been systematically fished for a few years back, the pike is fortunately very much less abundant than he formerly was. Immense numbers of the fish may still be taken in many parts of Lake St. John, and of very large size, especially near the mouths of the Rivière au Pipe and the Rivière au Cochon, between the head of the Grande Décharge and the mouth of the Peribonca, as well as in most of the other waters of this Northern country.

OTHER FISH

As already mentioned, the pike is not the only finny foe of the ouananiche. The burbot, which grows to an immense size in Lake St. John, preys in the night-time upon the unsuspecting young of the fresh-water salmon, and specimens of the latter nearly a pound in weight have been found in the stomachs of these prowlers of the deep. Large quantities of burbot are taken through the ice on night-lines in the winter sea-

son by the settlers about the lake, who use them for food; and very good eating they are, too, being as firm and flaky as cod. Mr. Yarrell, in his *British Fishes*, says that the flesh of the burbot "is white, firm, and of good flavor, and by some considered superior to that of the eel." In fact, this burbot is a species of cod or ling, and from its liver may be extracted an oil similar to cod-liver oil. The habitants call it *lush*, and, before I had obtained specimens for examination and identification, frequently and erroneously described it to me as a catfish. I take their name of the fish to be a mispronunciation of the French *loche* (losh), though that "most dainty fish," as Walton calls the loach, neither belongs to the same family as the burbot, nor yet has it the same peculiar arrangement of fins. But while without the tapering, eel-like form of the back part of the burbot's body, the little loach "has a beard or wattles like a barbel," and lives and gets its food close to the bottom of the water. In these respects he is resembled by the burbot, and herein it may be that the latter has received the name by which he is known to the French-Canadians of the Lake St. John country. In the greater depths of the inland sea he often attains a length of three feet, which much exceeds the size to which he grows in English waters. The burbot of Lake St. John is the ordinary *Lota Americana*—the *Lota maculosa* of Le Sueur, which is found as far south as the Mississippi, according to Mr. Seth Eugene Meek in his report of 1889-90-91 upon the fishes of Iowa. It is common in Lake Ontario, and is known in various localities as ling, eel-pout, lake-lawyer, and fresh-water cusk. Ex-

periments by Mr. Charles A. Strowger, of Nine-Mile Point, Monroe County, N. Y., have proved that the burbot is capable of being so salted and dried as to be practically undistinguishable from salt codfish.

The European burbot has been termed both *Lota vulgaris* and *Molva lota*. Charles Kingsley, in the chapter of his *Prose Idylls* devoted to the Fens, thus describes him: "There lingers in the Cam, and a few other rivers of northeastern Europe, that curious fish, the eel-pout or burbot (*Molva lota*). Now, he is utterly distinct from any other fresh-water fish of Europe. His nearest ally is the ling (*Molva vulgaris*); a deep-sea fish, even as his ancestors have been. Originally a deep-sea form, he has found his way up the rivers, even to Cambridge, and there remains. The rivers by which he came up, the land through which he passed, ages and ages since, have been all swept away; and he has never found his way back to his native salt-water, but lives on in a strange land, degraded in form, dwindling in numbers, and now fast dying out. The explanation may be strange; but it is the only one which I can offer to explain the fact—which is itself much more strange—of the burbot being found in the Fen rivers." Because of my lack of Canon Kingsley's opportunities for the investigation and study of this theory, I am not prepared to challenge its correctness. But its analogy to the spurious claims on behalf of the ouananiche and its fresh-water habitat, already referred to, will occur to many who are conversant with these latter, and I very much doubt if the accomplished Canon, when he advanced it, was aware of the fact that the burbot lives and thrives to so remark-

able an extent in the waters of Lake St. John and of the Mississippi, whence it has easy and unobstructed access to the sea.

The Lake St. John burbot is very tenacious of life, and the sensitiveness of its barbule, or beard, is such that even when the fish is apparently dead it will kick violently if this appendage be disturbed. A similar sensitiveness in the barbule of the cod and the haddock has been noticed in Paske and Aflalo's *The Sea and the Rod*.

There are many other species of fish in these waters, including perch and the different varieties of carp, but, like the burbot, they are of little or no interest to the angler.

Trout, whitefish, doré, pike, etc., may be had for at least one hundred and fifty miles north of Lake St. John; then, for some distance before reaching the Height of Land, trout and whitefish disappear for a while, and we are beyond the southerly habitat of the ouananiche. Here the principal fish to be had, and they are very plentiful, are pike, doré, suckers, outhouche, and perch, all of which swarm in Big and Little Nekebau lakes, Obahtegooman, Ojebogoomou, and adjacent waters. In the streams and lakes beyond the Height of Land, and especially in Mistassini itself, as well as in Lake Wakwunitche, midway between the two, magnificent trout, whitefish, and doré are plentiful.

Altogether beyond the scope of the present work, and worthy of a large volume to themselves, are the magnificent sea-going salmon that annually repair to the majority of the coastal streams of the great Labra-

dor peninsula. These seldom, or never, ascend to the home of the purely fresh-water salmon, and are not, therefore, included in this description of the Canadian environment of the ouananiche.

GAME

Briefest mention may be made of some of the sport that is to be had by lovers of the gun and the rifle in the land of the ouananiche. Partridges are plentiful in many localities between Quebec and Lake St. John, and also in most of the woods between Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini. They may only be killed between the 15th of September and the 1st of February. Snipe are plentiful in many of the marshy localities of this north country, the close season for them being from the 1st of February to the 1st of September. Ducks of various kinds, particularly black ducks, teal, and sheldrake are very common on all the waters in the Lake St. John district. They may be killed from the 1st of September to the 15th of April.

While there is no legal excuse for the sportsman to have a gun with him during the summer season, it is always useful in making a long trip into the woods to have a rifle near at hand. A bear may be met at any time. Only upon the approach of winter, however, is his skin of any value, though his flesh is at all times considered a luxury. A bear may often be found swimming across a large body of water. Often in the latter part of the summer a number of these animals are found in a *brulé*—a portion of forest that has been swept by fire—where

they are fond of feeding upon the wild raspberries and other berries that spring up in its wake. Many bears are annually killed in the vicinity of Lake Kiskisink and in the valleys of the Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan rivers.

The red deer (*Cervus virginianus*) was until lately unknown in the Labrador peninsula east of the Ottawa valley, or at all events of the headwaters of the St. Maurice. A few specimens have lately made their appearance north of Quebec.

Caribou are fairly plentiful in the entire Saguenay and Lake St. John country. They abound upon the preserves of the Triton and Tourilli clubs, and many are shot there every winter. The killing of them is prohibited except from the 1st of October to the 1st of January. On Lac Trois Cariboux, about the 1st of October, 1894, Dr. Robert M. Lawrence, of Washington and Lexington, Mass., with whom I was camping, had an exciting adventure with a noble buck. When I espied the animal at the first, it had just started out a few hundred yards below our camp to swim across the lake. We had but one rifle between us, and the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, taking my two Indians and canoe, shot across the lake in pursuit of the splendid game. It was a sight such as one does not soon forget. The broad back, large head, and spreading antlers of the caribou appearing above the water; the picturesque bark canoe in hot pursuit; the guides paddling as if for dear life, and at the same time vigorously calling the buck, who paused twice to listen and to turn his head; the steady gaining of the canoe upon the graceful form in front that

was exerting its every effort to elude pursuit and to reach the shelter of the woods upon the opposite shore—no wonder that such a scene remains indelibly imprinted upon the retina of the mind. Now the canoe is apparently within two hundred feet of the buck, who is close to the shore. Quite distinctly, though nearly a mile away across the water, I can see the doctor lift the rifle to his shoulder and take a steady aim. And now for the quarry! With the gun, which was mine that day, he had on the day preceding brought down every duck and partridge upon which he had fired, and they were not a few either. And now he has already drawn a bead upon the buck with his rifle. Still it is at his shoulder, and yet there is no report. Now the firearm is lowered, and yet there has been no discharge. What can be the cause? Does so sure a shot desire a still greater advantage over his game? Surely now he can require no better. The noble animal has pulled himself languidly, because of his fatigue, half out of the water upon the rocky shore, and is almost broadside to the canoe as he prepares to take the cover of the woods. Had ever hunter his game so secure? Quickly to the shoulder goes up the rifle; the delay in firing seems an age, waiting for the crash and the smoke that shall salute the success of the hunter's prowess. The giant caribou, proudly tossing his richly antlered head, was just gaining the shelter of the forest, and now or never must he receive the doctor's bullet. It is but the twinkling of an eye, and there, look, the buck has disappeared from view and not a discharge has there been from the rifle! Soon was it all explained!

The rifle had missed fire. It had been recently oiled, not carefully enough dried, and a cartridge had stuck. Imagination may do justice to our chagrin. Description, never! The Indians, if possible, felt worse about the disappointment than we did, and talked of nothing else for the remainder of the day. It was some hours before either of us could even dream of joking about the matter, and then I said, "Doctor, I cannot help thinking what a magnificent addition those antlers would have made to your library." And he immediately replied, with a sarcastic smile, that, while drawing his bead upon the buck, he had made up his mind to have the limbs mounted for a stick and fishing-rod rack for my hallway.

On the train that took us back to Quebec next day a number of sportsmen were swapping stories. A sour-looking divine who sat near interfered to express his gratification at the escape of our caribou, and his condemnation of field sports generally, upon the ground of what he was pleased to call their cruelty to the lower orders of creation. The exhibition of this kind of *fin-de-siècle* charity, unhappily of too frequent occurrence nowadays, was perhaps uppermost in the minds of those who recently distributed among the three little lakes that lead to the main club-house of the Tritons this nomenclature: "Faith, Hope, and Charity"; but in this case, the *smallest* of these is charity.

It is gratifying to know that many of the gentlest of men and most estimable of clergymen are among the sportsmen of the present day; and the late Rev. Dr. Lundy, the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, of New

York; the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke; the Right Rev. Mgr. Paquet, of Laval University; the Rev. Dr. Converse, of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Washington, and scores of others that could be mentioned, have been regular visitors and anglers in the land of the ouananiche. Mr. W. E. Hodgson, in the *National Review*, in the course of an article on the "Immorality of Evolutionary Ethics," crosses swords with Herbert Spencer on the question of the ethics of field sports, and a recent writer in the *Field* says:

"If lessening of the sum total of pain be the object to be obtained, then man is the best executioner. After all, fish, flesh, and fowl must perish, either at his or nature's hands, and a Jock Scott, an express bullet, or a charge of No. 6 puts an end to the quarry, quite as mercifully as an otter, a lion, or a falcon. And if Mr. Spencer shares, as we believe he does, the opinion of Ouida, that sport, 'by inducing callousness, vitiates social life,' all that we can say is that we do not agree with him, and hold the wringing of a bird's neck or the cutting of a sheep's throat to be far more brutalizing than the pulling of a trigger."

During recent hunting seasons, Mr. McCarthy, of Syracuse, and Mr. Curtis, of New York, have been very successful in their caribou-hunting in the vicinity of Lake Batiscan. Mr. Archibald Stuart, of Scotland, killed several head in the vicinity of La Belle Rivière, always a favorite haunt of these animals, and hundreds of other specimens have fallen at various points between Quebec and Lake St. John.

Moose are much more scarce than they formerly were, though every season sees a number of them killed by sportsmen, principally in La Belle Rivière district, to the southeast of Lake St. John, and some

distance inland from the west shore of the Saguenay. They are often found also in the country drained by the upper waters of the St. Maurice. But they are most abundant in the Mattawa district, and in the territory watered by the Upper Ottawa and Gatineau rivers.

The Provincial Legislature of Quebec, at its session of 1895, adopted a law in virtue of which the Commissioner of Crown Lands is authorized to lease the right of hunting game upon public lands in this province, for terms of ten years, at the rate of one dollar per square mile per year. This opportunity is likely to be taken advantage of very largely by fishing clubs now in the enjoyment of the fishing leases of large tracts of country in the Canadian environment of the ouananiche.

Part III

**THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS AND THEIR
FOLK-LORE**

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE

A DESCRIPTION of the Canadian environment of the ouananiche would be necessarily incomplete without some account of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. The sportsman who penetrates into its interior engages these Montagnais Indians as his guides, and he need not be an enthusiast in the science of ethnography to desire some knowledge of the tribal peculiarities of this interesting people, and of the strange beliefs, superstitions, and manners of the men who paddle and pole his canoe in the water, carry it over the portages, pitch and take down his tent, make his bed and his fire, cook and serve his meals, and conduct him to the likeliest spot for a shot at a bear or a caribou, or to the most promising grounds for ouananiche or trout.

Already in the chapter upon Canoeing and Camping, and elsewhere in the foregoing pages, has ample testimony been borne to the efficiency of the guides with pole and paddle and axe, in rapids or on portage, in camp or in the trackless forest.

These Indians are a branch of the Cree family, and are divided into two tribes—the Nascapees or inland

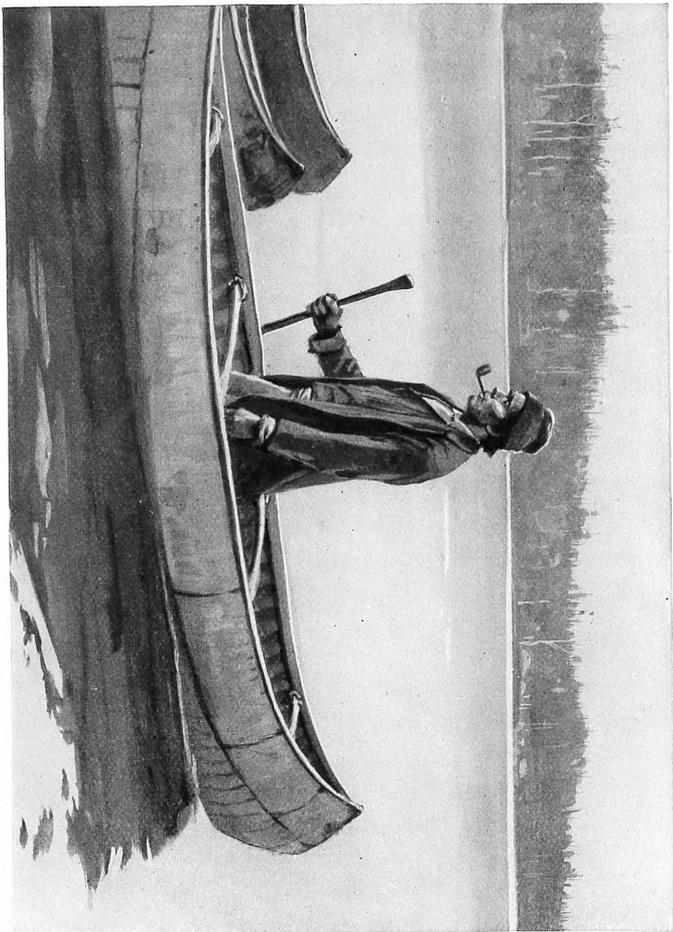
Indians, and the Montagnais or shore Indians. The last of the Jesuit missionaries to the Montagnais of Tadoussac—the learned Father Labrosse, respecting whose death in 1782 there is an interesting legend*—had an ingenious theory of the origin of the North American Indian. He maintained that when Solomon decided upon the erection of his temple at Jerusalem he despatched vessels to every known part of the globe for artists and materials. One of these ships was driven by a storm upon the coast of North America, and the crew, unable, from their ignorance of navigation, to trace their way back, landed, and were the first inhabitants of this continent. And in support of his theory the Jesuit indicated what he thought the points of resemblance between Indians and Israelites, by no means complimentary to the latter.†

At the time of the first arrival of Europeans at Tadoussac, and before the advent of missionaries among them, the Montagnais were of the lowest Algonquin type. Parkman ‡ relates that often, goaded by deadly famine, they would subsist on roots, the bark and buds of trees, or the foulest offal; and in cases of extremity, even cannibalism was not rare among them. The Indians of the interior have continued most of these practices up to quite modern times. No later

*Translated from Abbé Casgrain in Principal Grant's *Pictur-
esque Canada*, and in Chambers's *Guide to the Saguenay and Lake
St. John*.

† James Mackenzie's *Account of the King's Posts in Labrador
. . . with a Description of the Natives, and Journal of a Trip
through those Countries in 1808*, published by Hon. L. R. Masson in
Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-ouest (Quebec, 1890).

‡ In his introduction to *The Jesuits in North America*.



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than 1850, Father Arnaud, who is still living, met at Sept Isles a Nascapée woman, who, before her conversion to Christianity by Father Durocher, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued her feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe who had herself feasted upon the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Véronique, as the wretched woman was called after her conversion and baptism. It was the hunters of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Véronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung upon a pole at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and then kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys, and four girls, and she subsisted for some time upon their flesh.

As late as 1867 Father Nédelec, who journeyed as far north as Lake Mistassini to minister to the Indians there, reported the murder of a young man eighteen years of age by his own mother, who was assisted in the crime by another young man, and who declared

that she could not resist the impulse to the murder, to which she was compelled by the devil. At a neighboring Indian post during the next summer a man killed a woman to prevent her being changed into a Wendigo (a Windigo)—a man-eater or demon. The same missionary saw the skull and bones of another woman who had been killed for a similar reason. And he declares in his letters that the decrease in the number of these Mistassini Indians is due not only to the lack of provisions and other hardships when game is scarce, but to their gluttony in times of plenty, their gross immorality, and the debilitating effect upon their nerves and temperament of their constant practice of the dark arts of juggling and sorcery. Some of them would appear to be adepts in the art of hypnotism, and stories are told by the missionaries of the control exercised by Indian jugglers over young women of their own or other tribes, to bend them to their own purposes.

Father Arnaud corroborates the tales of occasional anthropophagy among the Nascapeses, but declares that it is usually hunger, and not a passion for human flesh, that drives them to the fearful habit. Jealousy and resentment have at times led them to shed the blood of those of whom they were the natural guardians, and the missionary relates the story of a hunter, who, being anxious to put away his wife and marry another (and having never heard, it is charitable to presume, of the divorce courts of the West), left her to perish alone in the woods. The poor creature contrived, however, to track her husband to his next encampment, only to be pierced through the heart by an

arrow. These Indians were not always so particular about ridding themselves of one wife before taking another, and my good friend Father Babel relates that during one season's missionary labors in the interior of Labrador he separated the parties to no less than twenty bigamous alliances.

Though still clinging to many of their old superstitions, deeds of blood and violence are far less common than formerly. Up to quite recent times, however, it was the custom among both Montagnais and Nascapees to strangle their old and infirm whenever they became unable to accompany the rest of the party upon their hunting trips. To carry them about with them was out of the question, their own tents, guns, provisions, axes, and canoes being all that they could manage. They probably justified the murder upon the ground that it was more merciful than to permit the infirm to perish alone of hunger. Many old Hudson Bay officials now living, such as Mr. Peter Mackenzie, of Montreal, and Messrs. Henry Connolly and Allan G. Cameron, formerly of the Labrador posts, can furnish instances, just as the older missionaries can, of successful intervention in cases of intended murder of aged and helpless Indians. But sometimes humane efforts of this kind have been thwarted, and Mr. Connolly tells of an old woman thus ruthlessly killed close to his post; his first intimation of the enactment of the tragedy having been a conversation which he overheard between two other squaws, who were discussing the division of her poor belongings, and commenting upon the victim's apparent unwillingness to die. Usually in such cases there is a quick

and ready understanding of the situation, and when the victim feels that he or she is no longer of any use, there is a perfect resignation to approaching fate. The executioner enters the tent or wigwam in which the victim is lying, and places a thong made out of deer-skin around the throat. The end is passed under the edge of the hut or tent, and is there tightened until strangulation has done its work. I have been told of cases in which two executioners were employed, one pulling on each side of the tent, always on the outside, and each having hold of the cord or strap of deerskin that passed around the victim's throat.

Among the Indians who hunt in the Gatineau country, and thence to the headwaters of the St. Maurice, it was customary up to a very few years ago, and doubtless is still, in the interior of the country, for an aged hunter, when he felt himself no longer able to accompany his companions upon the chase, to divide his small belongings into as many little heaps or piles upon the ground as he had sons. Beneath one of these was concealed his axe. Then the different sons were summoned, to select each the pile that was to be his share of his father's goods. Upon him who discovered the axe beneath his patrimony devolved the duty of becoming his father's despatcher. While the children were engaged in making the fatal selection, the old hunter chanted a mournful dirge, of which the following is a free translation :

“ Withered and old am I,
 The fish can no longer take,
 The deer can no longer chase,
 The rabbit no longer trap,
 And life is no more for me.”

Their territorial hunting rights, which are their most valued possessions, are not the father's to bequeath. These hereditary rights are vested in the woman, and the hunter only acquires the use of them by marriage. The legitimacy of the succession to the grounds, which is doubtless the object aimed at by the practice, is thus assured.

They bury their dead within sight of a portage and overlooking a lake, and will often carry the bodies some distance to reach an appropriate burial-place.

The hearts of brave fathers or successful hunters have been known to have been eaten by their children for the purpose of imbibing their courage.

They regard death as the first stage of a journey which they symbolically describe as walking up the rainbow.

Father Dablon, who in 1660 ascended the Saguenay in search of the Northern Ocean, tells in his Journal of a disease that was quite common in his time among the Montagnais Indians. The victim suddenly became a hypochondriac, his disease developing into a mania. In its succeeding stage the insane was seized with such rabid hunger for human flesh that he sprang like a famished wolf upon all that he met. "In proportion," says the good Father, "as he finds wherewith to glut this hunger, it grows like thirst in dropsy, and accordingly the Indians never fail to kill at once any one seized with this disease."

Up to this day, in the northern part of the interior of Labrador, unfortunates who lose their reason in the woods, or who become hysterical or epileptic, are believed to be possessed of the devil, and their death

is at once decreed, on the pretence that they may become Wendigoes, or man-eaters. These are usually killed by stealth—as, for instance, by a blow from behind—or, at least, were up to a very few years ago. Mr. Peter Mackenzie, when in charge of the Hudson Bay establishment at Ungava, was instrumental in saving the life of a poor lunatic whose death had been resolved upon. He induced the sufferer's companions to tie him up to a wooden frame so that he could do no damage, and in a short time he recovered his reason.

The Indian belief in Wendigoes, or Windigoes, is one of the most firmly rooted of their many superstitions. Different groups of Indians draw different pictures of these fabulous beings, all being creations of their own imaginations. They are always evil spirits and eaters of men. Some even profess to have seen them; either in the form of a sorcerer, of a man-eating moose, or in that of a Cyclop, whose height and voracity were only equalled by the Polyphemus of Homeric mythology. The Nascapees apply the name *Atshem* to these monsters, and at times they frighten themselves into believing that they have seen their tracks, and immediately flee to some other part of the country. There is a tributary of the St. Maurice called the Windigo River, of which Mr. A. T. Genest, P.L.S., who surveyed it for the government, says :

“A legend dear to Indian medicine-men, and respected by the *Têtes de Boule*, says that the Windigo, a sort of semi-devil, has reserved this river for his own exclusive use, and that he carries on a phantasmagoric hunt while storms are raging. This is the reason why the Indians do not frequent the Windigo River. The other

rooms in peace, swimming in the rapids and at the foot of the falls, the only denizen of the place.”

Just over the height of land going from the headwaters of the Ottawa River towards Hudson Bay is Lake Matchi Manitou, or Evil Spirit Lake—a beautiful expanse of water over thirty miles in circumference. Its name originated in the following legend, given to Land Surveyor Henry O’Sullivan, of the Provincial Crown Lands Department, by his Indian guides: “Many years ago several Indians in two canoes were chasing a large moose, and all at once both the Indians and the moose disappeared. This happened about a quarter of a mile from shore, on a calm day.” Since that time the Indians are as much afraid to approach the locality as they are to visit the Windigo River. No inducement can make them go near it. While Mr. O’Sullivan was surveying the lake the Indians pointed out the spot where the fatality occurred, but none of them would accompany him there.

The great drawback to the work of the missionaries among the Indians is the influence exercised over the other members of the tribe by their jugglers, sorcerers, or medicine-men. When the Jesuit Father Le Jeune undertook to learn their language, one of these sorcerers proffered his aid, but palmed off upon the missionary, says Parkman, the foulest words in the language as the equivalent of things spiritual. So it happened that while Le Jeune sought to explain to the assembled wigwam some points of Christian doctrine, he was interrupted by peals of laughter from men, children, and squaws.

After the lapse of more than two hundred years the Indian belief in jugglery, or, as they call it, *ikanzè*, is virtually unchanged, being clung to by many professing Christians. And considering the number of highly cultured people who believe in spiritualism, and the really remarkable doings and sayings of some of these Indian sorcerers, the influence possessed by these latter upon their untutored fellow-countrymen is certainly not surprising. There is little doubt that these Indian jugglers have played and experimented with certain occult sciences for centuries before the study of necromancy and so-called spirit-rappings, magnetic fluid, etc., had engaged the attention of the modern civilized world.

The heathen Indians believe in the existence of two divinities whom they call *Manitous*, or spirits; but this belief is so confused that they can give no definite account of it. According to the prevailing theology, there is a good and a bad Manitou. The Good Spirit is good essentially. He made the earth and the Indians, and accords them whatever of success they have in all their enterprises. So from him there is nothing to fear. And because there is no reason to fear him they neither worship him nor pay him any attention whatever. James Mackenzie, of the old Northwest Company, who travelled through the country of the Nascapes in 1808, relates that those Indians believe also in an inferior deity, who made the different kinds of wild animals, and distributed them among the Indians in proportion to their merits and the fervency of their prayers. This god is therefore adored whenever the belly feels concerned. He is not longer than their lit-

tle finger, is dressed in white, and called *Ka-wab-api-shit*, or the White Spirit. The Bad Spirit is a busy, meddling body, forever planning mischief to counteract the good works of *Ka-wab-api-shit*. They therefore desire to propitiate him, so that since he has neither the power nor the will to do them good he will at least do them no harm. Father Arnaud and other educated men have testified to the wondrous power of some of the Indian jugglers, who manipulate the magnetic fluid, or whatever else it may be, with greater facility than the most eminent magicians of civilization, the remarkable movements of their *cabanes* while they are engaged at their divination being even more surprising than those of the tables used in spirit-rapping. If fraud and humbug constitute these jugglers' chief stock-in-trade, there is certainly much method and skill in their imposture. The Roman Catholic missionaries, when warning their converts against the sorcerers, accuse them of much worse than deception, alleging that the wonders that they perform are done with the assistance of the devil.

A rather famous Nascapsee juggler from Lake Mistassini, Thomas NeparTEE by name, undertook to juggle for me in August, 1894, on the banks of the Mistassini River. I was accompanied at the time by Mr. Archibald Stuart, of Feddal House, Braco, Perthshire, Scotland, who had recently returned from his trip to Great Lake Mistassini, during which he had learned much from his Indian guides of the wonders of their jugglers. Accordingly, Mr. NeparTEE's offer was accepted, and the Indian, immediately after nightfall, built himself a tepee, or *cabane*, by firmly planting

three heavy stakes in the ground—one of birch, one of aspen, and the third of some other wood, bending them down and fastening them together in the centre, and covering over the whole with blankets in lieu of bark. Soon was heard the peculiar sound of the incantation of the Indian from within. Then there was silence for a while. After a short delay the *cabane* was swayed violently by unseen hands, and in a manner that it was subsequently found impossible for any one of the others present to cause while remaining within it. Then followed the sound of the sorcerer's conversation with the spirits, during which the latter gave the Indian the answers to our questions. Mr. Stuart's house in Scotland was exactly described to the juggler by the spirit of the seagull that was sent over the ocean to inspect it. Some of my questions were not so easily answered, the juggler pretending that the spirit sent for the necessary information had not yet returned. We were undecided at the time whether to return to Quebec next day from Lake St. John or to try another angling trip in a different direction. Nepartee told me to make the trip, and said I should certainly not have very much luck, but should secure at least one large fish and perhaps half a dozen other good ones. Meeting Mr. A. N. Cheney the next day at Roberval, I was only too happy to accompany him on a trip to La Grande Décharge, and, though the fact failed to strike me at the time, I found, upon returning home and looking up my memorandum of what the Indian had told me, that he had correctly foretold my exact catch of fish—a fourteen-pound pike and six moderately-sized ouananiche. It

is true that he badly blundered in answering questions about my family, and I told the other Indians so, too, adding that Nepartee was only an impostor, and that there was no other voice than his own in his pretended conversations with the spirits. None of them would believe in my theory of ventriloquism, however, and as for the mistakes made by the spirits or their minister in replying to my inquiries, they frankly told me that it was hard to conjure for strangers, but that neither the spirits nor the conjurer ever deceived *them*. We had difficulty in obtaining from them the admission that the juggler did not always tell them correctly where to find game, but they insisted that when he so failed them it was because of his want of will instead of his lack of power. And these are so-called Christian Indians, too.

Mr. Henry Connolly tells of a Nascabee conjurer named Petshika, who many years ago, at Northwest River, told at night of the coming arrival of an expected Hudson Bay vessel on the morrow, and while apparently receiving this information from the spirits in his *cabane*, burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming: "What funny animal is this that I see on the boat?" Nobody at the post knew that any animal was being brought out; but when the ship arrived next day, exactly as Petshika had foretold, it was found that it had a horse on board—the first of its species that the juggler had ever seen.

James Mackenzie, of the old Northwest Company, who has been already referred to, described, as follows, in a manuscript sketch now ninety years old, the professional conduct of an Indian sorcerer:

“When one of them enters the place of worship prepared for his reception, with a rattle in his hand and a stick across in his mouth, the most silent awe reigns around him, and the most sanguine expectations are formed by the beholders of the success of the magician’s skill in petitioning the god of animals and in scaring the devil. He is no sooner seated in his ‘temple’ than the country resounds with the noise of his rattles and singing, which latter is composed of a repetition of ‘*Ya-tat-shis shiku-unie kui, Ya-tat-shis shiku-unie kui, Ki ka-ka-ai shi shi ka ma ni, ki ka-ka-ai she ka ma ni.*’ (Great Master of animals among the clouds, bless us, and let us continue to make as good a hunt as usual.) After he has worked himself into convulsions by his contortions and howlings till rivulets of perspiration trickle from his naked body, he cries, in a sort of ecstasy : ‘He comes, he comes ; I see him, I see him ; he is dressed very fine.’ Then the spell is over, the charm complete, and the good doctor, after recovering his exhausted spirits, relates to the anxious bystanders his conversation with *Ka-wab-api-shit*, what success may be expected in the chase, and how he has concluded a treaty of peace with their common enemy, the devil.”

It is claimed that no matter how firmly an Indian conjurer is tied up before entering his juggling-booth, he will in a few minutes completely free himself of his bonds. He compels his wife’s fidelity by professing to be able to see at all times whatever she may be doing.

The squaws are compelled to be the drudges of their husbands, and are usually only permitted to eat after them. The daintiest pieces of the game they kill are only eaten by the men. According to the latter, it would injure their future hunting prospects to give any of these titbits to a woman. Yet in cases of actual want, an Indian, to do him justice, will leave his last piece of food for his squaw. And when utter destitution in the woods is followed by starvation, as not

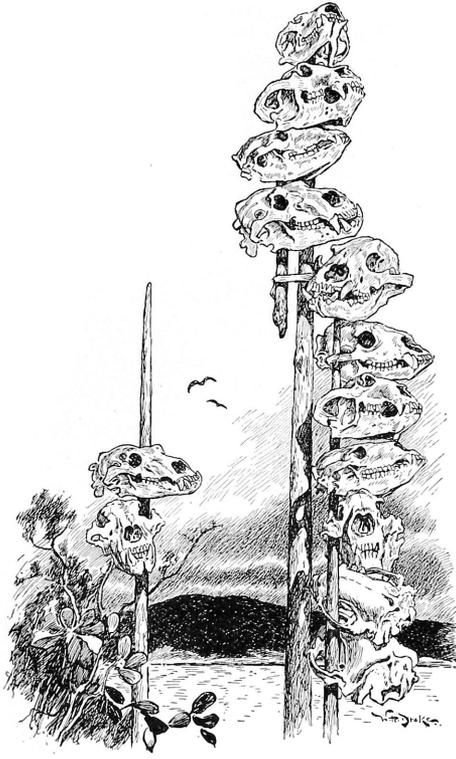
infrequently occurs in the interior, the Indian woman is always the last to succumb. In times of dire distress they sing and dance till they grow weak, in order that in the dreams that come to them later they may obtain a view of the locality in which they may obtain deer. In sickness they sing till they are overcome by sleep, in order to dream of the proper remedial herbs and of the party who caused their sickness by casting his malediction upon them.

On no account will a Montagnais or Nascapée give any of the bones of the animals he kills to his dog. To do so would be to give mortal offence to the spirit of the animal, and any dog that by accident obtains such bones is immediately killed, and his flesh roasted and devoured. The spirits of the animals they hunt must always be propitiated, or the game will certainly keep out of their way. The bear is perhaps more highly honored by them than any other animal, and opinions differ as to their real object and intention in placing his head upon a pole with a piece of tobacco in his mouth. While some contend that it is simply to show other Indians that bears have been found there, as suggested by Father Arnaud, or to keep the skull beyond the reach of dogs, others say that it is to honor the animal and propitiate the spirit of its kind. Maybe they intend to accomplish both objects. It is of very little use for a stranger to inquire of an Indian respecting his beliefs and superstitions. The more the latter thinks one determined to find out something in regard to these matters, the more determined he is that the questioner shall not succeed. Ply him with inquiries so shaped that they call for only an

affirmative or negative reply, and he will either answer that he does not know or with an invariable "Yes."

At times quite a number of bears' skulls may be seen upon the same pole. Occasionally the heads of beavers are similarly treated. The other bones of the animals in the chase are buried in the ground, thrown into deep water, or consumed with fire.

Among the Nascapees the painted skin of a bear cub forms an essential part of the outfit of their conjurers or medicine-men. By them, as by the Montagnais, the bear, of all animals, is regarded with the greatest reverence and respect. Mr. James Mackenzie describes the feast which occurs among these poor people when the first cub of the season is killed by any member of an encampment. The skin is stripped entire from the carcass, is stuffed with hay, and the head and paws decorated with beads, quills, and vermilion. The blood, entrails, and flesh are next cooked, and all the people of the horde are invited to partake of it in honor of Kawabapishit, to whose paternal bounty they attribute the luscious meal. In the centre of the feast the skinny deity is placed, grinning, while the drum beats, and the guests devour the flesh in silence. The flesh having been torn from the bones, the latter are, with much ceremony, suspended to a pole, which has been previously erected for that purpose. "Should a dog, amid all this religious mumery, be sacrilegious enough to pass any of the fat or flesh between his unhallowed jaws, the vile animal is instantly slaughtered to appease the wrath of the angry deity, the flesh is devoured, and its bones in turn are hung to a tree"—a ghastly warning to all of his kind.



BEARS' SKULLS

The Montagnais also invite all their neighbors to a feast upon the flesh of a bear whenever they kill one in the woods, whether a large or small one. They consider the fat of the animal the most delicious of meats.

While no animal is held by them in equal veneration, its chase is their favorite occupation. Often, when improperly armed, they are bold to the extent of foolhardiness in attacking it, and several of them have fallen victims to this indiscretion. Many who have escaped in these hand-to-hand contests carry marks of the fray about with them to the day of their death. The missionary Arnaud, in one of his letters to His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, describes the perils to which these poor people subject themselves in the woods, and tells of their tales of adventure to him, when sitting around the camp-fire at night. "Often," he says, "will one terminate his story of an encounter with a bear by showing the mark of a bite upon his arm. Another uncovers his leg, where there is still a deep wound. A third recalls how he broke the stock of his gun in defending himself in a hand-to-hand duel with Bruin. One relates the circumstances under which his old father succumbed and became the prey of an infuriated bear. A last one assures us that he would inevitably have been killed but for the assistance of his dog, for he was felled to the earth and momentarily expecting to be devoured, when the repeated howlings and deep bites of his dog compelled the bear to turn upon the latter, and gave the desired opportunity to the hunter."

The moose is another animal for which the Indians

have a special reverence, and they never kill one without mentally pleading, "Forgive me, O Moose!"

At Lake Tschotagama and elsewhere, I have found the heads of large pike placed on poles near the edge of the water, just as the skulls of bears and beavers usually are.

In Eastern Labrador, so long as game was plentiful, the Nascapees cared little for fish or fishing. Some of them, when they took ill, blamed a fish for being the cause of it, and wrapped a piece of fishing-net about the throat. A more westerly band, that depend largely on fish as a means of subsistence, told the Jesuit missionary Lalement that the spirit of the fishing-net had once appeared to them in human form, complaining that he had lost his wife, and warning them that unless they could find him another equally immaculate they would catch no more fish. These Indians, who hunt and fish in the Ottawa district, were in the habit, like the Hurons, of marrying their nets every year to two young girls of the tribe. Mere children were chosen, because it was indispensable that the brides should be virgins. The net was held between them, and its spirit was harangued by one of the chiefs, who exhorted him to do his part in furnishing the tribe with food, while the fish were frequently also addressed from the shore, and urged to take courage and be caught, with the assurance that the utmost respect should be shown to their bones.*

The territory hunted by each Indian family in Labrador is as much its own for hunting purposes as is a

* See *Relation des Hurons* (1639), and *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, by Sagard.

farmer's field for cultivation. Some hunters have several hundred square miles of territory in their respective game preserves. Bears and caribou and such like roaming animals are killed wherever seen, if wanted, but beavers and similar game and fur-bearing animals that inhabit restricted areas are the property of the hunter within whose territory they reside and breed. For any but their owner to kill them would be as unjustifiable as the shooting down of a neighbor's ox.

An Indian never loses his way in the woods, being always able to find his road over a route once followed by him, and also to penetrate through forests that he has never seen, if only another Indian shows him the course in a rough draft upon a piece of bark. Even those of them who cannot write display marked ability in communicating with each other in the woods. They telegraph by means of smoke, and it is astonishing how far off they can scent it—always for a long time before they can see it or could hear a sound from its vicinity. If they expect to be followed by another party they stick a piece of wood in the ground upon a portage, slanting it in the direction in which they are travelling. Those who find it will know by its degree of inclination whether or not they who planted it are travelling hurriedly or not. If it be in summer, a small bough or piece of a shrub is fastened to the stake, and by the extent to which it has become withered those who find it will know when it was placed there. If a hunter, as very often happens, has to make a detour or remain behind his squaw in search of game, she will occasionally indicate

the route she has taken by sticks placed in the ground, to which she has attached a small portion of her skirt.

On a newly opened-up route from one large lake or river to another they frequently mark on a blazed tree, for the benefit of others, the number of portages to be encountered on the way, making a notch for each portage. In the woods they never destroy anything that can be useful to others. Tent poles and pegs and beds of sapin boughs are always left where used.

All their conversation is soft and low. A Montagnais or Nascapee Indian never speaks loudly, for everything around him is animate, especially in summer, and in winter quietness is necessary to a successful hunt. In summer he will talk but little about his hunt and the inhabitants of the forest, for then the trees about him are in the full vigor of life, with their ears wide open, and they may warn the bear and the caribou of what they may overhear.

Christianity and the northerly advance of civilization have done much for these poor people, but they still cling fondly to many of their old superstitions. So far as morality and respect for law and order are concerned, the Montagnais and Nascapees of Labrador will now, as a rule, compare favorably with those boasting a loftier Christianity and a higher plane of civilization. How different it was before the advent of regular missionaries among them had borne fruit is told in an amusing manner by James Mackenzie. As to their habits in the early part of the century, he tells us that a Nascapee will take as many wives as he

can maintain, and that, so far from discovering any symptoms of jealousy for the unequal distribution of favors, these females address each other as sisters. In the Montagnais he found concentrated all the vices of the whites and Nascapees, without one of their virtuous qualities. No matter how viewed, he found them neither Nascapees nor whites, but, "like the mule between the horse and the ass, a spurious breed between both, and a melancholy instance of the influence of European manners upon the morals of the wild inhabitants of the woods." Speaking of their newly wedded couples, he declares that much harmony reigns between them till a false step of the bride's alarms her husband's delicate sentiments of honor, and drives him for redress into the arms of another. The ladies, whether married or unmarried, young or old, are, he says, much inclined to gayety, and their consciences, in their ideas of chastity, "as elastic as silk stockings. The men, aware of this disposition, and naturally jealous, watch them very closely, particularly in drinking frolics. Though fond of rum to an uncommon excess, some of them keep sober to guard the movements of their wives and daughters, but, at the same time, they carry on intrigues of their own with those of their neighbors; for they, no more than their dear ribs, are not very punctual in observing the tenth commandment." In regard to their indifference to personal suffering and even to death, he quaintly remarks that "they leave this life with as little struggle as they came into it."

THE MONTAGNAIS LANGUAGE

The language of the Montagnais is difficult, and is constantly changing. Many of the words employed in the earliest books of devotion prepared for the use of these Indians by their Jesuit missionaries are barely recognized by the Montagnais of to-day. The same is true of some of the words contained in the vocabulary prepared by Mr. James Mackenzie in 1808. As an instance of this we give the names of the different months of the year as furnished by Mr. Mackenzie, and also as now in common use among these people :

MR. MACKENZIE'S VERSION

January (The great moon).....	Tshipishime.
February (Snow falls from the leaves)	Epiché-na-mas-kui Pishime.
March (Eagle moon).....	Mitisu Pishime.
April (Bustard moon).....	Nishique Pishime.
May (Budding moon).....	Uabikum Pishime.
June (Rutting moon).....	Ui-sha-ku Pishime.
July (Moultling moon).....	Pinauéu Pishime.
August (Caribou horns cast their moss)	Ushé-kau Pishime.
September (The leaf turns yellow)....	Uatsbétshi Pishime.
October (The leaf falls).....	Penatshi Pishime.
November (The fall month).....	Takuatche Pishime.
December (The hard or severe month)..	T-Shé-pa-peu Pishime.

FROM REV. FATHER ARNAUD'S MONTAGNAIS
CALENDAR, 1896

January.....	Tshe Piishum.
February.....	Epsiminiskueu Piishum.
March.....	Uenisk Piishum.
April.....	Shishippiishum.

May.....	Nissi Piishum.
June.....	Uapokun Piishum.
July.....	Shetan Piishum.
August.....	Opu Piishum.
September.....	Ushakau Piishum.
October.....	Uasteshiau Piishum.
November.....	Takuatshi Piishum.
December.....	Piishimush.

Most of the Montagnais who serve as guides for fishermen speak French, and some of them a little English. It will doubtless interest anglers visiting the country of the Indians to know a few of their words, such as their names of different kinds of fish, etc. The following are specimens :

Ouananiche.....	Ouananiche.
Fish.....	Na-meshe.
Trout.....	Matamek.
Lake-trout (Namaycush).....	Kokomesh.
Salmon.....	Ouchachoumac.
Sea-trout.....	Chouchachou, or Matamekoush.
Pike.....	Otshinosho, or Kinongé.
Whitefish.....	Atikamek.
Sucker.....	Mikudji.
Fishing-rod.....	Kiskinache, or Quisquenache.
Fishing-line.....	Kiskinapi, or Quisquinapi.
Fishing-hook.....	Mekiskan, or Quisquan.
Fish-spear.....	Waswanipi.
Bait.....	Kusseiau, or Quishayo.
Canoe.....	Oush.
Mosquito.....	Chetimayo.
Deer fly.....	Missauk.
Bluebottle fly.....	Outschou.
Caribou.....	Atook, or Artique.
Bear.....	Mashk, or Mashkwa.
Bear cub.....	Maskoush.
Water.....	Nipi.

River.....	Shi-pi-shi, or Shi-pa.
Lake.....	Sha-ka-igan.
Bark.....	Ua-lat-shisbe.
Weeds.....	Maska-shu.
Branch.....	Uti-ku-an.
Mountain.....	Otso.
Fire.....	Ishe-ko-to.
Light.....	Uaban.
Cold.....	Thi-shine.
Warm.....	Thi-shi-teu.
Storm.....	Ilini-usham-madshi-tshi-shi-kau.
Wind.....	Lo-tin.
Blowing.....	T-shi-shi-lo-tin.
Big, or many.....	Mishta.
Home.....	{ Nats. (Hence, Kakounats, the home of the porcupine; Man- ito-nats, in the dialect of west- erly tribes, Paradise, or the home of the Manitou or Great Spirit.)
Good-day! or, How do you do?..	Quai! Quai!
Yes.....	Ha! Ha!
No.....	Namah, or Mawatch.
Your good health! or, A toast to you!.....	{ Statomiskatin; or, if to more than one, the plural form, Statomiskatin-ou.
Friend.....	Neganish, or Ni-ka-nishe.
Give me!.....	Meelnah.
Go ashore!.....	Ka-pa.
Go on!.....	Ma-tchi.
And.....	Kie.
Is it going to rain?.....	Nama tshika tshimon?
Cut! (imperative).....	Thimish.
I cut.....	Ni Thimishin.

The Montagnais is an exceedingly expressive language, and very rich in varieties of inflection. Students are much puzzled by the irregularities of its

verbs. "Mitshui" (to eat) will serve as an example. The imperative form, second person singular, is "Mitshu."

Present Indicative.

Ni mitshon.....	I eat.
Tshi mitshon.....	Thou eatest.
Mitsho.....	He eats.
Ni mitshonan.....	We eat.
Tshi mitshonou.....	You eat.
Mitshots.....	They eat.

Future Indicative.

Nika mitshon.....	I will eat.
Tshika mitshon.....	Thou wilt eat.
	Etc.

Ni mitshon is one of several transitive verbs in Montagnais, which are modified in form according as they have animate or inanimate objects. Many inanimate things are endowed with life in the minds of the Indians, especially if they are of value to them. Bread may be taken as an example. In the woods they can seldom obtain it. They will therefore say *ni muau pokuejikan* for "I eat bread," while "I eat an onion" is simply *ni mitshon shikakushu*. If it is fish, in general, that they eat, or a poor variety of it, they similarly employ the ordinary form of the verb—*ni mitshon*. If it be trout or ouananiche, on the other hand, or any other tasty and valued species, the form is *ni muau*. It is the same thing with them in selling as in eating. "I sell a fish" is *ntatauan nameshe*. "I sell a salmon" is *ntitamau ouchachoumac*. Furs, to them, have value of course, and so are animate; and in speaking of them they will

consequently say *nitamau* for "sell," instead of *ntatarau*.

So exhaustive are the various forms of the Montagnais verbs that one of the Jesuit missionaries, who was an authority on the language, described it as consisting almost exclusively of them. There are no less than ten conjugations of these verbs. That to which any particular one belongs is determined by the termination of not less than two of its inflected parts; the usual test being the relation between the first and third persons singular of the present indicative. A verb, for instance, of which the first and third persons singular of the present indicative end in *an* and *au* respectively, belongs to the first conjugation.

The following diagram, prepared at my request by the Rev. Father Lemoine, author of a manuscript Montagnais grammar and dictionary, shows the distinguishing features of the various conjugations :

1. an-au, as.....	{	Shatshitan.....	I love.
		Shatshitau.....	He loves.
2. an-eu, as.....	{	Ashtuan.....	I extinguish.
		Ashtueu.....	He extinguishes.
3. en-am, as.....	{	Tipelten.....	I govern.
		Tipeltam.....	He governs.
4. en-im, as.....	{	Shaskien.....	I light.
		Shaskiim.....	He lights.
5. on, or un-o, as...	{	Ijinikashon, or -un.....	I am called.
		Ijinikasho.....	He is called.
6. iu-in, as.....	{	Takushiu.....	I arrive.
		Takushin.....	He arrives.
7. in-iu, as.....	{	Miloshin.....	I am handsome.
		Miloshiu.....	He is handsome.
8. in-o, as.....	{	Ilinishin.....	I am clever.
		Ilinisho.....	He is clever.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|-------------------------|
| 9. kan-tseu, as..... | { | Manikan.....I build. |
| | { | Manitseu.....He builds. |
| 10. uin-uo, as..... | { | Iliniuin.....I live. |
| | { | Iliniuo.....He lives. |

An illustration of the many forms of some of these conjugations is afforded by the following:

- Ni tipelten.....I rule or govern.
 Ni tipelimau.....I govern him, or her.
 Ni tipelimitishun.....I govern myself.
 Ni tipeltamuan.....I govern for him, or her.
 Ni tipeltamuau.....I govern him, or her, for him, or her.
 Ni tipelimokon.....I am governed.
 Ni tipelimoko.....I am governed by him, or her.
 Ni tipelimokoshin.....I am fit to be governed.
 Ni tipelimitonan.....We govern one another.

Recent years have witnessed a radical change in the appearance of the Montagnais language as printed and written by the Oblat missionaries. These zealous men, for the purpose of simplifying the art of reading for their Indian converts, have reduced the letters of the alphabet to sixteen, having eliminated b, c, d, f, q, v, w, x, y, z.

It has been well remarked that in the conjugation of some of its verbs the Montagnais language much resembles the Hebrew. Perhaps Father Labrosse took this fact into consideration in formulating his theory as to the origin of these Indians!

Little matters it what their pedigree! In the waters that are the highways through their Northern hunting-grounds they are the most skilful canoemen and best of guides. Ashore, in the practically track-

less forest, they are the most polite and obliging of servants. No domestic was ever more particular about the comfort of her mistress than these Montagnais are in promoting that of their patrons in camp or canoe. They know every pool and almost every springhole where fish are likely to be found in the country to which they are accustomed; and for the appliances at their command it would be difficult to find their superiors as *chefs de cuisine*.

No small treat is in store for the epicure or angler who places himself unreservedly in the hands of a couple of these red men for a camping, canoeing, and fishing excursion. As a rule they are perfectly trustworthy, and few of them are given to making rash promises. If to your anxious query, upon breaking camp in the morning, as to the prospect of the day's sport either of your Indians ventures the reply, "*Tshika mitshonou matamek a-nootche-kashigatt*," it will not be their fault if you do not catch trout that day. If "*Nika mitshonan ouananiche oua-batshe*" is what one of them remarks to the other over the evening meal, you may thoroughly test the casting-line destined for the morrow's use, and reasonably anticipate as appetizing a fish dinner next day as ever was served. Neither ouananiche nor trout, freshly caught and fried with slices of bacon or salt pork, is to be despised in the woods, but is not to be compared with this fish well wrapped in leaves gathered for the purpose by the Indians, and baked in the hot embers; and much less with one of either, split open, skewered back flat with slips of willow, and roasted at a stake stuck firmly in the ground before a clear,

hot fire. The fish thus cooked swells into large blisters far drawn out by the heat, until it is more than twice its natural thickness and as light as a puff-ball. It is a real triumph of culinary art.

Both fish and small game are frequently also wrapped in blue clay and baked in the fire, emerging from their fiery furnace dainty morsels fit for the gods.

I cannot wish for the true angler and lover of these Northern woods and waters any more enjoyable experience than many that have been mine in the company of Montagnais guides in camp and canoe.

To their memory—to many more merry meetings with both Montagnais and ouananiche—to my readers, and especially to the enjoyment, good sport, and better health of such of them as may pay a visit to the Canadian environment of the ouananiche—

“STATOMISKATIN-OU !”

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