

## CHAPTER XII.

### APPENDIX.

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The following interesting letter is taken from the *Field* newspaper published in London:—

“During three seasons past I have observed salmon whilst breeding in one of the tributaries of the Saguenay. The *locus in quo* is a shoal and rapid spot, with sheltering boulders, and long spits of pebbly bottom. The current is lively, but not heavy or strong. Autumn leaves cannot lodge in it, and branches or small drift-wood sticks hurry past upon its rippling surface, as if conscious that their presence might inconvenience the family parties already in possession of the shallow homestead. Many preconceived and some favorite notions about the habits of this fish were rudely shaken. Books had taught me peculiarities such as at no time could I then actually observe. The most prominent of contradictions were, that the fish did not root with snouts amongst the gravel to make troughs for the ova; nor did the pairs work by turns; neither was the male accustomed to perform alone his milting in the furrow where her ladyship had just left those delicately-colored, eggs, of the ‘pale pearly pink of sea shells.’ I saw nothing of such ascribed habits. The female alone was industrious; the male fierce and pugnacious. She, filled with the cares of her maternity, seemed diligently absorbed in the success of her feminine instincts; he, sexual, masculine, selfish and bullying—a very ‘fancy man:’ ever and anon jostling her; now running his beak into little ridges of sand or gravel in some furious rush after rival salmon or marauding trout and kicking up a most unbecoming dust: then, again rudely overturning her in the awkward conflict, and tumbling into the nest a new pile of gravel, to her intense disgust. The way this active and tidy fishwife does her busy duty is curious. She wriggles herself among the small stones, and with rapid motions of the caudal and anal fins, and a winnowing action of the tail and body (turning over