

aways—ten or twelve hours of the very hardest work. But we hold that, as in philosophy, so in fishing. Search after truth is, according to illustrious philosophers, better than truth itself; which would be valueless without the discipline involved in the search. Thus with the salmon: it is the hunting for them that gives zest to the battle and glory to the victory. If you are no sooner “off with the old love” than “on with the new,” we care not for the sport:—nay, we deny that it is sport: it is an aquatic *battle*. So, for our part, we desire no discoloured water, no indiscriminating hungry brutes competing for gigantic flies, no codfish line with treble gut, that ploughs up the water as it falls, to haul our fish ashore by main strength. Give us clear water, strong light line, and single gut that will bear a strain of four or five pounds, and fall gently on the water: and give us time and room to seek and tempt our adversary. Our battles may be fewer; but they will be more eventful: we shall have what we came for—not the greatest possible tale of fish, (if you want that, you can purchase them from the fishers at six cents a pound,) but, cheerful hope in the pursuit and that exhilaration which, when the battle comes on, arises from the exercise of skill: and we shall have more to remember in the future.

The great charm of salmon-fishing undoubtedly lies in the seeming disparity between the means used and the end achieved, the triumph of skill *simpliciter* over mere force. A paltry little hook $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long with a barb that requires good eyesight to perceive it, stuck round with a few glittering colours; a line not much thicker, though much stronger than packthread; a rod so attenuated that it bends before the faintest puff of wind: this is the armament with which you have vanquished that silvery giant, who now lies palpitating on the shore and who, a little ago, in his own wonderful, beautiful, dreadful element, had the strength of a buffalo and the speed of a race horse. You could never conquer him except by tempting the fool to destroy himself; you have first cheated him, and then goaded him on to despair and suicide. But with what suavity you treated him all through the struggle! How liberal you were of line at his first rush, deferring to his airiest caprices. How you lowered your rod to him, as if in obeisance, when he made that compound spring into the upper air. With what keen observance you waited for him, as you saw him gathering up his faculties for another bolt, ending in a triplet