

"Why, to be sure it is; but you are a riggin' of me now, Mr. Slick."

"It would take a clever feller to rig you. Eldad," said I. "You are an understandin' man, and talk sense. I have been talkin' to you man-fashion, strait up and down, because I take you to be a man, that when you speak about the fisheries, knows what you are a talkin' about."

"Well, said he, "I do, that's a fact. I warnt born yesterday," and he looked good all over.

"Squire, you laugh at me about this. Now, just look here. See how the critter swallowed that. It was a piece of truth—the rael thing, and no soft sawder, but he liked it, jumped at it, and swallowed it. I say again it was a fact; the man did know what he was a talkin' about; but there was a hook in it for all that, and I had him in hand like a trout. Tell you what, fishers of men, and that's a high vocation—such as parsons, lawyers, doctors, politicians, presidents, kings, and so on (I say nothin' about women, 'cause they beat 'em all); but all these fishers of men ought to know the right bait to use. What the plague does Lord John Russell know about reform in colleges. *There should be a professor of bait in every college.* It's a science. His Lordship has one or two baits, as our coasters have of smelts and clams. He has free trade, extension of franchise, and admission of Jews in Parliament, and has used 'em till people wont bite no longer. He is obliged to jig them as our folks do macarel, when they wont rise to the line. Ashley has the low church, and factory children bait. Morpeth has baths for washing coal-heavers' faces. Both these men have changed their names since I was to England, and hang me if I know their new ones. The English nobility have as many *alias's* as an Old Bailey convict. O'Connell had the Irish bait. Hume, the economy; and Cobden the Peace Society bait. But the grand mistake they all make is this—each feller sticks to his own, in season and out of season, and expects all sorts and sizes to take it. He ought to know every variety of them, and select them for the occasion, as a fisherman does his flies and his worms. The devil is the only man of education, and the only accomplished gentleman in this line, and he applies it all to bad purposes. That feller can tempt all created critturs to evil. Why shouldn't we tempt 'em to good? You say this is trick; I say it's knowledge. You say it's cunnin'; I say it's consummate skill. You say it's artifice; I say it's high art. How is it that a super-superior cook has more pay than a captain in the navy, or a major in the army? Simply because he is master of bait, and can tempt all the oddest and rarest fish to your net. He can tickle the palate of all ranks, from a nabob, with his lack of rupees, down to a chap like poor Hook, who had a lack of everythin' but wit. It aint the duke who commands good company to his table,