

the same accusation, and that there is hardly a fish, bird or beast that they have not called by several different names. Are not the contentions of Ortyx and Perdrix known to all? Is it quite certain, when we catch an Otsego Bass, whether we catch a *Coregonus Otsego* or a *Coregonus Albus*, or even a *Salmo Otsego*? Is it perfectly ascertained from a scientific point of view that we catch anything? Who does not know that a Tautog is a Blackfish, or would be materially instructed by hearing him called a *Tautoga Americana*? Scientific men vie with one another in creating new names, the most useless things in Christendom; while sportsmen are happy to take them, the game, as they find them. The first are guilty of faults of commission, the latter of omission. The language of each is Greek to the other.

The writer of these sketches, knowing just sufficient Greek to be a sportsman, and yet able to translate with the help of a dictionary, offers, from the want of one more worthy, to conciliate all differences. His plan is to translate all terms that are translatable, and to omit altogether those that are not, trusting that they will never be missed. His intention at first was to write a noble work on natural history that would carry his name in letters of gold, as a public reformer and benefactor, to latest posterity; but finding, on reviewing his stores of information, that he knew but little on the subject, he was compelled to relinquish the idea. Being therefore nothing but a gentle angler, instead of instructing the universe, he is content to amuse a small circle of lovers of sporting anecdotes, and, provided he receives it, will be content with their approval. As, however, one fool