

may appear to be several exceptions to the general rule; but the American fishing-grounds about which Mr. Hallock is at all enthusiastic enjoy only a reflected splendour; for they are all near the frontier, and, as we shall have occasion to show, properly belong to us. "Maine!" he exclaims: "There is no region in the United States (I speak advisedly) equal to it. As to fishing, who that has ever wet his line in these waters could thereafter be content to angle elsewhere, unless it be in the more distant waters of the Canadian Dominion?"—a little factitious enthusiasm, we take it, worked up by one who longs for the flesh (or rather fish) pots across the line.

For very full instructions touching equipments, &c., the reader must consult the work itself. There are two questions raised in the introduction, however, which ought to be noticed. First, what sort of angler is entitled to the name of sportsman? and, secondly, what species of fish are properly denominated game-fish? Mr. Hallock is a fisherman of twenty-five years' standing; we might, therefore, expect him to take very high ground on the former point—to be a Brahmin amongst the exclusives; but he is not.

"Some gentlemen," he says, "by no means pretentious or opinionated, delight to assert that, since they became recognized anglers, they have never taken a trout or a salmon except with a fly. I doff my hat in reverence to the sentiment; it is the honest utterance of a justifiable pride. It is the spirit of the *sangre azul*, which dignifies the cultivated sportsman above the mere fisherman; the man of honour above the assassin; the Herod among the small fry; the filler of pots and the defier of close seasons. Nevertheless, I cannot admit the implication that the man who habitually uses bait is consequently a creel-stuffer, or deficient in the scientific accomplishments of the craft. Fly-fishing and bait-fishing are co-ordinate branches of the same study, and

each must be thoroughly learned to qualify the aspirant to honours for the sublime degree of master of the art. * * * I utter no plea for the bait-fisher who angles stolidly from boat or stump; there is neither sport nor science nor sense in his method. But to the man who can handle his rod properly and with successful result in an impetuous river or tumbling mountain stream (I care not whether he uses fly or bait), I must in justice concede a claim to high rank in the angling fraternity."

With these remarks we feel disposed to agree. "The line must be drawn somewhere," and our author is quite as liberal as we could expect an old veteran to be. Still the words "properly and with a successful result," and the "claim to a high rank," sound ominously. Sportsmen who have attained "the sublime degree" are most unreasonable in their dealings with freshmen. We must creep before we run, everybody admits; but an angler, it would appear, must graduate at the start. *Piscator nascitur, non fit*. He must not angle till he can do it properly—just as Scholasticus, in the Greek Joe Miller, resolved to keep out of the water till he had learned to swim. How Mr. Hallock despises beginners will be understood from the following extract:

"Every pin-hook fisherman is suddenly seized with a yearning to catch salmon. No other kind of fish will satisfy him. There are no restrictions upon trout-rods; but trout are too small game. What sweetness grows in fruit forbidden! Just imagine a hundred tyros on a single stream, wielding rods as cumbrous as the pine-tree top with which Polyphemus bobbed for whales, and threshing the air with a *swis-s-sh* that imitates a small tornado passing! What chances for a 'glorious rise' when their entomological devices drop into the water with a splash, or their lines fall flat with many an inextricable coil and snarl! What fortunes small boys might make by climbing trees for the flies, gut-lengths and leaders