

equal freedom, believing that the time has come, when important reforms must be effected in our colleges, or they will cease to benefit the cause of sound learning and to command the respect of the public. The remarks are general, applying not to one college, except by way of example, but to all, for essentially the same system of administration and instruction exists in all. The faults noticed belong to the system, and not to individuals, for, in most instances within our knowledge, the gentlemen having charge of these institutions, so far as they are able or are expected to act on the established plan, do honor to their trust. We believe they will be glad to have the public attention turned to the difficulties of their situation, and public discussion excited on the measures and changes, which many of them are desirous to effect. From their own connexion with the seminary, they cannot speak out in all cases without suspicion of bias from fear, interest, or favor; and this consideration ought to induce those, whose position is more independent, to write with the greater freedom. There is little need of reminding them personally of their duty, which, — in the nervous language of President Quincy, — “is to yield nothing to any temporary excitement, nothing to the desire of popularity, nothing to the mere hope of increasing the numbers in a seminary, nothing to any vain imagination of possessing more wisdom than the Author of the human mind, as if we could exclude the influence of those motives and passions, which he implanted as aids and stimulants to man’s progress, and which it is the design of education to regulate, but not to extirpate.”

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- ART. III. — 1. WALTON and COTTON’s *Complete Angler; with Lives of the Authors*, by SIR JOHN HAWKINS. 12mo. London.
2. *Sporting Scenes and Country Characters*. By MARTINGALE. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Greene, & Longmans. 1840.
3. *The Moor and the Loch*. By JOHN COLQUHOUN, Esq. 2nd Edition. John Murray. London. 1841.
4. *The Rod and the Gun; being Two Treatises on*

*Angling and Shooting.* By JAMES WILSON, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1841.

5. BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports; or a Complete Account, Practical, Historical, and Descriptive, of Hunting, Fishing, Shooting, Racing, and other Field Sports of the Present Day.* 8vo. London. 1840.

THE English are peculiarly a sporting people. Not a schoolboy, but has tried his hand among the field-fares; not a laborer, but can trap a mole; not a cockney, but boasts his proficiency as a "whip"; not a peer of the realm, but has sometime shot into the rookery; not a borderer, but can tell every trout-brook that murmurs to the Tweed; not an M. P. but knows the season for wild-fowl, for grouse, for pheasants, as well as he knows his politics. Even his Royal Highness keeps his beagles, and skates once a fortnight; and Her Majesty has of late joined a stag-hunt in the royal park, to the great disturbance of all true sportsmen. It would be strange if, in this general love of field sports, the more attractive were not reduced to something like a science. And they have been so reduced, that the city stripling needs but a certificate, and the instructions of Colonel Hawker, to fill his bag, or his pannier, save in that most difficult of all arts, — trout-fishing. Scarce a month passes, but some new code of precepts, or narrative of sporting adventures, is announced to the English public. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of a few, which embrace the variety of the whole, and are among the most popular of such issues.

Here we have first, the text-book of the Divine Izaak, (known to the American public chiefly as the biographer of Dr. Donne, and Herbert, and Hooker,) illustrating by the aid of engravings, that would have been a wonder in his day, the beauties and niceties, the dexterities and maxims, of his gentle craft. Next is a crown octavo, filled with homely, life-like picturings of country sports, from the young lordling, trying his aim to the top of the rook-tree, to the wooden-legged catcher of rats. Next is a volume from Albemarle Street, full of experimental teachings of a Scotch esquire, and his hair-breadth adventures amid the Moors and Lochs of the Highlands. Then follow the recorded experiences of Wilson with gun and line, setting forth, with scientific accuracy, the habits and the make of his water victims; every page

and chapter of the fly book rich in entomological researches, the mechanism of the line, and hook, and rod ; their history traced back to the prophesyings of Isaiah ; the manners of the dog and its game, from the roe-buck to the red-wing, with the whole art of gunning reduced to quaint and invaluable maxims. Finally, we have a veritable *Encyclopædia* of all that its title expresses.

With this super-fecundity of British sportsmen in book-making, we are not aware of the existence of a single American work in the same department. The reason is obvious. Sporting is with us, for the most part, not an art but a trade, and needs no teacher but personal experience. In strictness of speech, sporting may be said to have comparatively no existence with us, since it begins properly only where hunting ends.\* The pursuit of animals for support, for purposes of domestic economy, or because of their noxious propensities, is properly hunting ; but sporting, signifying *amusement*, involves no idea of recompense, save in the pleasure of the act. Such we understand to be, in general, the grouse, pheasant, partridge, and wild-fowl shooting of England ; with the fox-hunting, deer-stalking, and hare-coursing of the United Kingdoms. But with us, as from the first, the bison, the bear, the deer, the otter, the raccoon, are hunted either for the profit accruing directly from their skins or meat, or for protection from their destructive habits. Salmon-fishing, which in British waters affords amusement to only a few, and is practised with the fullest accomplishments of the angler's craft, is, with us, pursued by those, who, during the proper seasons, derive from it their entire support. The perch also, and the roach, and the multitudes of smaller fishes, which in the British Isles are lured by every device of the sportsman's art, are in multitudes ensnared by the degenerate New-Englander, after the manner of those, who once " cast their nets " in Galilean waters.

It will be readily seen, that there is little need of pointing out the niceties of the angler's craft to him, who scruples not to stretch his seine across the brook for the daily supply of his table ; as there is no need that the Abyssinian should study the rumps, and sirloins, and briskets of the shambles,

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\* The modern English sense of *hunting* is a chase with dogs, in contradistinction from *shooting*.

while he cuts his steak, fresh and juicy, from the carcass of the living ox. Still there are those among us, who, like ourselves, love to catch a respite from the cares of professional life, or the details of the counting-room, or, far easier, from agricultural employments, to stroll with gun or rod among the hills or valleys, if it be only to glean the harvest of him, who has passed on to the Western wilds, to drive his slaughter traffic with the unerring rifle. For the good-will of all such, we propose to employ a few pages, in (to us at least) a pleasing survey of what English sporting was, and is, comparing it with what merits the name on our shores, the number, and habits of our tribes of victims, along with occasional notes of the fearful tendency of our equal privileges, soon to annihilate every vestige of the sportsman's art.

The first historian of our Saxon ancestry attests their hunting propensities ; — *cibi simplices ; agrestia poma*, RECENS FERA, aut lac concretum ; and again, *victui herba, vestitui pelles, cubile humus*.\* In 950, King Edgar the Tenth, after the Heptarchy, drove wolves from England, and levied a tribute on his neighbours, the Welshmen, of three hundred wolves' heads, to be counted down annually. The Danish monarch, Canute, established laws thought to be highly equitable, for the protection of the royal forests ; which forests, though numbering sixty-eight on the accession of William the First, were extended even to the laying waste of thirty-six townships. William Rufus was yet more arbitrary than his father, making the killing of a stag in the royal demesne a hanging matter ; whereas, in that day, the murder of an ordinary subject, was punishable only by a fine. In King Richard's time, it was established ; — “ Qui arcus vel sagittas portaverint, vel canes duxerint sine copulâ, per forestam Regis, et inde attaintus fuerit, erit in misericordia Regis.” From his brother John was wrested, together with the *Magna Charta*, the *Charta de Forestâ*, which, being drawn up by the malecontents, restrained kingly arbitration, and placed the royal rights in the field upon a more limited footing. Still, it was the royal prerogative to hunt undisturbed, in the old forests of the realm ; it being founded, as well as the privilege of selling certificates at the present day, on the quite gratuitous assumption, that all game, as having no especial owner, re-

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\* Tacitus de Mor. Germ. cap. 23, 46.

verts to the hands of the monarch. In support of this right, the following oath was administered to every young man within the precincts of the royal forests ; —

“ You shall true liege man be  
 Unto the King's Majesty ;  
 Unto the beasts of the forest you shall no hurt do,  
 Nor to any thing that doth belong thereunto ;  
 The offences of others you shall not conceal,  
 But to the utmost of your power, you shall them reveal  
 Unto the officers of the forest,  
 Or to them who may see them redrest ;  
 All these things you shall see done,  
 So help you God, at his holy doom ! ”

It will hardly be supposed, that in such days, deer were as now, “ uncarted ” for the amusement of the royal sportsman, or that the shot for a king's dinner was made through a loop-hole of the park wall. Tough green bows, with “ Spanish staves from the Groyne,” were sure weapons for the stag ; and the falcon probably was employed for flying game, from the days of Martial \* down to the reigns of the Georges. Drivers, with greyhounds, it seems from an old ballad, were employed in deer-hunting.

“ The drivers through the woods went  
 For to raise the deer ;  
 Bowmen bickered upon the bent,  
 With their broad arrows clear.  
 The wylde through the woods went,  
 On every side shear ;  
 Greyhounds thorough the groves glent,  
 For to kill their deer.” — *Chey Chase.*

It seems to be quite uncertain when the fowling-piece first came into use ; probably not when first fashioned, for the matchlock was but a poor representative of what the detonator has become ; the archers, too, were perfect masters of their craft, and a couple of hundred yards was a small shot, even for a novice.

With the improvements in firearms, and the introduction of gins and nets, the old regulations for the protection of game were found insufficient, and they have increased in number and definitiveness, though not in severity, until the present

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\* “ Prædo fuit volucrum, famulus nunc aucupis ; idem  
 Decipit, et captas non sibi mæret aves.” — *Mart.* xiv. 216.

time. Thus, in Richard the Second's day, none but a landholder of forty shillings rental, could keep "any greyhound, hound, dog, ferret, net, or engine to destroy deer, hares, conies, or any other gentleman's game." In the reign of Charles the Second, an individual was required to possess a freehold with £100 per annum, to insure to himself the use of "any guns, bows," &c. Landholding qualifications are now abolished, and the killing of game taxed at three guineas and a half. Licenses are also sold to the marketers of game, and heavy fines imposed on their dealings with any others than certificated individuals. Snares and traps were reputable in Queen Anne's day, before the fowling-piece became the gentleman's companion; they are now only employed by poachers. Thus by parliamentary enactment, by the accumulation of large landed hereditary estates, and by the force of public opinion, the last probably not less strong than either, there is preserved upon the English Isle, not seven hundred miles in its greatest extent, a variety and an abundance of game, which no equal portion of the early-settled United States can furnish.

First and foremost, they yet retain upon their sea-bound realm, the red, the roe, and the fallow deer, — those noblest objects of the sportsman's pursuit. But the days of the bow-bearer, the ranger, the forester of Cœur-de-Lion's day, and them of the green frocks, "merry men all," have passed by, and the "fat buck of the pasty-loving friar," that once roamed free from Sussex to Northumberland, is all but domesticated wherever he yet remains south of the Tweed; and it is only upon a few large tracts of Scotland, that the red deer runs wild, and offers to the daring sportsman, that finest of all sports, deer-stalking. Many private parks, as well as the royal one of Windsor, are still well stocked with fallow deer, and kennels of stag-hounds are retained in several of the southern counties; but Martingale's picture of a run will serve to show how unlike it is to that sport of Earle Piercy's, which makes "Chevy Chase," at this distance of time, to ring like the blast of a trumpet.

"The deer are generally caught in parks by means of a couple of lurcher dogs, aided by a man, who is expert in throwing the lasso; or they are driven by the lurchers into a barn, or shed, left open for that purpose. When required for hunting,

they are fed exactly like a hunter, upon oats, the best white peas, and hay. Their turn for being hunted is about once in a month, with the exception of a few instances of very strong constitution. In loading a deer in the cart, which conveys him to the place appointed for the turn-out, much difficulty exists with one unused to ride in *his own carriage*. The deer is driven into a shed or loose box ; the cart is then backed against the door ; two men, with *large shutters*, then attempt to drive him into the cart, either by means of persuasion, or hunting whips. The turn out is at twelve o'clock ; the deer is taken in an hour, or an hour and a half (except in a few instances of recorded long runs), and then home to a good fire-side dinner, or the enjoyment of those refined pleasures, which the immediate vicinity to the metropolis of the meets of the royal stag-hounds bring within the reach of those who follow them." — pp. 124, 125.

Such is stag-hunting in merry England ! The deer-shooting is still more degenerate. Carefully are they watched by the lynx-eyed keeper, until some unfortunate buck has decked his brain with bay and tray antlers and points at top, when some device is employed to lure him to a loop-hole of the park wall, that he may be shot down after the notable method, which drove Shakspeare to the city of London from the wrath of Justice Shallow. If these do not succeed, the game-keeper has but to climb an oak, taking advantage of the wind, and send his attendants to drive the deer down, when a volley from his double rifle is sure to maim fatally, if not kill upon the spot. Away then fly the frightened herd, till, gaining boldness and security, another "full buck" goes to supply the table of my lord. Deer-stalking has yet something of the true nobility of hunting in it, and stirs the blood of many a forest ranger in the wilds of Scotland, as the "uncarting" of a fallow can never do. We give a beautiful sketch of this highly esteemed, though little pursued diversion, from the book of Mr. Wilson ; offering, however, first, the dimensions of the Athol Forest, a Scotch haunt of the wild deer, that our readers may see, that this is not the same sport with deer-shooting, in the "tame and hedge-bound counties" of the South of Britain. "The forest," says our author, "is forty miles long by eighteen broad ; of which thirty thousand imperial acres are devoted to grouse ; fifty thousand partly to grouse, and partly to deer ; and there are reserved solely for deer-stalking fifty-two

thousand imperial acres." Truly a sport, that might be named to the prairie hunter without exciting more than a smile !

" The anxiety attending this sport must be as intense as the pursuit is laborious. After climbing for hours the mountain side, with the torrent thundering down the granite crags above him, and fearful chasms beneath him, the stalker, with his glass, at length descries, in some remote valley, a herd too distant for the naked eye. He now descends into the tremendous glen beneath, fords the stream, wades the morass, and, by a circuitous route, threads the most intricate ravines to avoid giving the deer the wind. Having arrived near the brow of the hill, on the other side of which he believes them to be, he approaches on hands and knees, or rather vermicularly, and his attendant, with a spare rifle, does the same. A moment of painful suspense ensues. He may be within shot of the herd, or they may be many miles distant, for he has not had a glimpse of them since he first discovered them an hour ago. His videttes, on the distant hills, have hitherto telegraphed no signal of his proximity to deer ; but now a white handkerchief is raised, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken. With redoubled caution he crawls breathlessly along, till the antlers appear ; another moment and he has a view of the herd ; they are within distance. He selects a hart with well-tipped, wide-spreading horns. Still on the ground, and resting his rifle on the heather, he takes a cool aim. His victim, shot through the heart, leaps in the air and dies. The rest of the herd bound away ; a ball from another barrel follows ; the ' smack ' is distinctly heard ; and the glass tells, that another noble hart must fall, for the herd has paused, and the hinds are licking his wound. They again seek safety in flight ; but their companion cannot keep pace with them. He has changed his course ; the dogs are slipped and put upon the scent, and are out of sight in a moment. The stalker follows ; he again climbs a considerable way up the heights ; he applies the telescope, but nothing of life can he behold, except his few followers upon the knolls around him. With his ear to the ground he listens, and, amidst the roar of innumerable torrents, faintly hears the dogs baying the quarry, but sees them not ; he moves on from hill to hill toward the sound, and eventually another shot makes the hart his own."

Here is another picture of the same diversion from Colquhoun.

" There is no sport, which more calls into play the sports-



man's pluck, and endurance of fatigue. He first climbs to the ridge of the hill, where he is at once seen by the hawk-eyed driver, who has taken his station near the foot, or on the opposite brow, and marked, with his glass, every herd at feed or rest on the face below. As soon as he has selected one, he attempts to drive it up the hill toward the sportsman, either by hallowing, or showing himself; at the same time giving warning, by the manner of his hallow, which way they are likely to take. The sportsman must be thoroughly acquainted with all the passes, or have some person with him who is; and, running from one 'snib' to another, in obedience to the signal below, catch sight of the horns of the herd, as with serpentine ascent they wind their crazy way. From the zigzag manner in which they often come up, it is very difficult to make sure which pass will be the favored one; and I have been within a few hundred yards of the antlers, when a prolonged shout from below has warned me, that I had an almost perpendicular shoulder of the hill to breast at my utmost speed before I could hope to obtain the desired shot. If the wind is at all high, so determined are the deer to face it, that, unless there are a great number of drivers, one herd after another may take the wrong direction; but if the day is favorable, with only a light breeze, a knowing driver or two will generally manage to send them up to the rifle. When the deer have selected their pass, should you be within fair distance, with both barrels cocked, beware of making the slightest motion, *especially of the head*, until you mean to fire. Even when perfectly in view, if you lie flat and do not move, the herd are almost sure to pass. One or two hinds generally take the lead. The fine old harts, if there are any in the herd, often come next; but sometimes, if very fat and lazy, they lag in the rear. When the first few hinds have fairly passed, the rest are sure to follow, until their line is broken, and their motions quickened by a double volley from the rifle. When stalking, last September, in Glenartney Forest, by the kind permission of the noble owner, I had as fine a chance, as man could wish, spoiled by the scarcely audible whimper of a dog. I was placed in a most advantageous spot, within near distance of the pass. Presently an old hind came picking her stately steps, like a lady of the old school ushering her company to the dining-room. Next her came a careless two-year old hart, looking very anxious to get forward, and perfectly regardless of danger. All was now safe. I felt sure of my shot; when, horror of horrors! a slight whimper was heard. The old hind listened, halted, and then turned short around upon the young hart, who instantly followed her example, and the whole herd ran helter-skelter down the hill."

It may be worth while to glance for a moment, while upon this subject, at the deer of this country. The elk and the moose, both vastly superior to the transatlantic species, and once the inhabitants of this whole country north of the Chesapeake, have been mostly driven, the former to its home in the north, and the latter beyond the Mississippi; though occasionally the elk is still found eastward of the great valley, and moose are killed on the frontier of Maine and Canada. The red deer (*cervus Virginiensis*, of naturalists), known to the hunter from the St. Lawrence to the Orinoco, has been latterly driven from most of the Eastern States westward. This species, which, we should premise, is similar to its representative, the red deer of the British Isles, (and scarce any species of game quadrupeds are common to both countries,) is spotted as a fawn, loses its white during the autumn, and in winter inclines to gray.

To open the entire book of American deer-shooting would be out of our power, as well as encroach too much on our limits; it has become mostly the property of the professional *hunter*, and as such we choose to dismiss it very briefly. Deer are never run down in this country, as in the old, and a dog is never slipped upon them by the practised deer-slayer, unless in case of an ineffective shot. In place of the double-barrelled detonant rifle of Mr. Scrope, the western hunter contents himself with a weapon of an older date; he loves to pick his flint in his moments of leisure, and a sight elsewhere than over the muzzle would strangely perplex his aim. His other equipments are in keeping; a pouch for balls, a knapsack, a tinder-box, a deerskin cap and dress, and he is ready for a quarter's campaign in the wilderness. His person is strangely *one* with his pursuits; a frame unyielding as his weapon, hair grizzly and short, that not a lock may stray before his eye, features harsh, and brown as the furze he treads, — these make the true hunter of the West, the original of Hawkeye and of Irving's Beatte. Thus formed and equipped, our hero is not alone the deer-slayer; but the bison and the elk, if his march is far enough to the West, fall before his murderous aim; the bear also, if his course leads him by the confluence of the great lakes; and the otter and the beaver, in the thousand streams that rally, in the hills around him, for their journey to the queen of waters; while the prairie hen escapes not his deadly fire, nor that noblest of feathered game, the wild turkey of the West, which neither England

nor the whole East can match, but which now, alas, is yielding to the progress of civilization, and, with the deer, will soon be beyond the reach of the hunter's aim for ever.

Fox-hunting is peculiarly English ; the Scotch books do not so much as mention it. "But," says the English author, who knows not the high enthusiasm, the unyielding perseverance, the stern anxiety, to be succeeded by the burning flush of triumph, in the deer-stalking of the North, "Fox-hunting is the most exciting of all sports. It is the truly noble sport." And yet the full enjoyment of it is dependent altogether upon the agency of the huntsmen, the whipper-in, and the humble earth-stopper. In short, the English fox hunt is the most *made up* of all sports. First, the fox must be bestowed in a burrow fortified by stone coping, to insure his tranquillity from all foes, in his seasons of rest. Next, a pack of hounds, under the constant regimen of a huntsman, must be dieted for an effective run. Even the horses must be taught their course of action, and a bevy of crimson-coated esquires, half of whom are no riders, must be sought out to give zest to the diversion. The earth-stopper must have been deputed the preceding night to exclude the fox from his earths ; the huntsman must turn the hounds into cover, (he alone being competent, and holding the entire mastership *de facto*, the owner contenting himself with the *de jure*) ; the whipper-in must next be ready for all truant followers, and, with a dexterity he alone possesses,

"let his lash

Bite to the quick, till howling they return."

Two hours of a bright summer's morning pass away with the preliminaries necessary to a good run ; and it is, perhaps, ten o'clock when the fox breaks cover, that is, leaves the wood, and the cry, "Broke away ! tallyho !" rings along the field, the signal for the start. Then away break youngster and veteran, on brown and dapple-gray ; and away skims the fox, a thousand feet in advance, and a score of howling hounds in his track. In three hours' time, perhaps, the race is done, the *mort* is sounded "who-ooop !" and unless some rider has been peculiarly fortunate, the huntsman himself has the honor of the "brush." For half an hour, the laggards straggle up, one panting with fatigue, another besmeared with mire, and another to tell of a companion fast in the morass, and all, only to see the "woodland green, stained

with the purple dye." Thence flock hounds, hunters, all, to a smoking dinner, which, after all, to the true English gentleman, we fancy, is the most exhilarating part of the sport.

Turn we here, awhile, to see in what standing the fox is held with us. Itself needs not to be cared for, by any surveillance of its breeding ; it seems fully capable of transmitting its virtues to posterity for a long season to come. As we have already intimated of all quadrupeds, our fox (*Canis fulvus*) is found to be different, as the classification implies, from the British (*Canis vulpes*) ; but the difference is probably very slight. The fox-hound in this country, is generally far inferior to the English, from the manner in which it is kept. The instances of dogs among us, who will run down a full-grown fox, are somewhat rare. Nor are there many genuine hounds retained for this sport ; for it is found rather more difficult to bring a fox to extremities among the rocks and glens of New England, with half a dozen dogs, and no huntsman to keep them to the track, than with the advantages of the English flats, added to the very essential one of effectually shutting the fox from his earths. Hence the gun or the rifle is an indispensable appendage to this class of our sportsmen ; and even thus equipped, it requires much prudence, and an intimate knowledge of localities, so to place themselves as to intercept the run of the fox, in order to a fair shot. Further, such objects of general persecution are no man's property ; they are equally exposed to the death *slot* of any man's dog ; and it is sad satisfaction to find the object of one's sport, tediously followed up for two or three hours, butchered by a laborer with the edge of his spade. The farmer's boy, too, may be on the alert, his quick ear detecting the cry of the hounds for miles, and a crack of the old musket may sound the *mort* with a vengeance. The farmer himself rallies his youthful buoyancy to defend himself from the attacks of Reynard, and is perhaps foremost in the destruction of this depredator. His method is unsportsmanlike, yet sure, and emblematic of his character. He cautiously observes, upon the fall of the early autumn snows, the footprints of his foe, till, fully assured of his passing at certain points, he chooses a still, clear morning, upon which the scent lies well, and putting his dog (a single one) upon the track, he waits for his appearance at the expected point. The bark of the hound is his only guide, and, with aching ears, he hears

it die away in the distance, as the fox leads his pursuer far from his old haunts. Then comes the trial of the hunter's patience. Is the cold piercing? still he must wait. Have the clouds blackened over the sky, assailing him with merciless blasts? he must wait. Does he hear the report of a gun far away on the supposed route of Reynard? yet he waits; soon again the encouraging voice of his favorite rings over the hills; louder and louder grows the cry; he forgets his fatigue; soon the nearest cover rustles with a tread; the fox is far in advance; the musket is brought to an eye that never flinches; the unsuspecting victim dashes up the ascent upon which stands our yeoman, nor scents him until nearly opposite; he looks up a moment, and bounds like a deer, but too late; a charge of buckshot from the old piece, dated in Seventy-six, is a sure quietus, and Reynard lies in his death-pang.

Beside the ordinary red fox, there lives in the North, as, indeed, in the same latitudes of the other continent, the white fox (*C. lagopus*), the black (*C. argentatus*), the crossed fox (*C. decussatus*), and, peculiar to the West, bordering the Pacific, the *Canis velox*, a small animal, of amazing speed.

In noticing the next quadruped, important in English sports of the day (*lepus*), we are troubled to establish its identity with any American species, as also to point out the just distinction. It is more than probable, that we have not in this country the true English hare; although a rabbit of superior size, — perhaps a *hybrid* of the *L. cuniculus*, common in all our woods, — with the white hare of the North, frequently occurs, and is well worthy the attention of sportsmen. Hare-coursing, as once practised in England, during the time of Queen Elizabeth, has been almost entirely discarded, and the greyhound is no longer the favorite he once was with the English gentleman. "Hare hunting and shooting," says our Doncaster friend, who has assumed the *nom de guerre* of Martingale, "is still practised by the respectable class of farmers. The field of sportsmen is not so numerous as in fox-hunting. Nevertheless, so far as mere *hunting* goes, there is more diversion in the one than in the other; and the riding is less desperate, less dangerous, and less bursting." Somerville's portrait of the race is accurate for the modern diversion. With us, a thousand rabbits are snared, where one is shot. Their strange instinct of returning to their

forms, made familiar to all by a couple of lines in "The Deserted Village," —

"as the hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from which at first he flew," —

renders it easy to obtain a shot, where there is a possibility of finding their first retreat. But the thick underbrush in which the rabbit conceals himself during the day, through the wooded parts of New England, renders the shooting of them a more difficult matter than would at first be supposed. They feed during the night; of course the best trail is offered very early in the morning.

The hare has been known for many ages. Pliny says, that the flesh of the hare, properly cooked, causes sleep; and that those, who partake of that favorite dish, look fair and lovely for a week afterwards. And that it was a favorite with the Romans, we have the testimony, first, of Martial, *Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus*; and next, of Flaccus, — rather equivocal, it is true, without the context, — *secundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos*. Charles Lamb, too, in one of his later whimses addressed to an unknown country friend, who had favored him with a basket of game, says, the birds he is barely thankful for; "but a hare roasted hard and brown, with gravy and melted butter!" — he has even learned to prefer to his *quondam* favorite, pig.

Such is the whole mammalian order of British game, if we except the mole and the rat, objects treated of in the works before us, but hardly worth a remark (in a country where they live and multiply unnoticed) when compared with the bison, the bear, the panther, the raccoon, the opossum, (*marsupialia, spec. didelphis*, peculiar to America, and an object of pursuit in the South,) with innumerable lesser animals, which live and die in our forests. These all, as belonging to the professional hunter, we pass by; but shall make bold to digress from the books before us, to pay a passing tribute to a small though deserving animal, of no inconsiderable importance to American sportsmen.

We refer to the American squirrel (*Sciurus*), of which the species are not well distinguished.\* Black and gray in color, they vary in weight from twenty to fifty ounces. Their cun-

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\* *Vulpinus, Cinereus, Carolinensis*, embrace all to which we may refer.

ning and agility are proverbial. Hence it is impossible to effect any thing in pursuit of them, without a well-trained dog ; the terrier is perhaps the best. Their meat is delicious ; although for the sportsman, as we have remarked, this is a secondary affair. The excitement of the pursuit and capture is unsurpassed by that of almost any forest game. On the first approach of danger, which he apprehends with astonishing precision, the squirrel betakes himself to instant flight ; over rock, bush, and brier, he is gone, before the bark of the faithful attendant has announced his proximity. With indefatigable zeal, Tray scents every stump, rock, and trunk, till bounding away with the trail, and a ringing voice, he leaves the shooter to follow as fast as his double-barrel and morning walk will permit. Meantime the game is resting in imagined security, just where some aged oak-limb joins the parent trunk, hoar with a century of years. But Tray is most likely true to his nose, and is even now circling the tree to make sure of his victim. Yet have we seen a right worthy dog balked even then of his prey, and the tree-puss scamper down the trunk (careful to keep out of sight) within a foot of where the terrier sat, eyeful as the guard of the golden fleece.

But other methods of escape are resorted to, when the bark has brought the sportsman to the spot ; and, if he be an inexperienced gunner, he may look over the tree from top to bottom, and discover never a trace of his game. Ten to one, he attempts to call off his dog ; but, if the same be properly instructed, he will find it a very difficult matter. The affair begins to excite his curiosity, and he renews his gaze more perseveringly than before ; he catches a glimpse of a gray tuft, which may be moss, or, though he barely hazards the idea, a part of his cinereous prey. He walks around the tree with his eye upon the object, — still nothing but the tuft ! If his reason here be not drowned in the passion of the sport, he will find that the object of vision has been changing its *locale*, in a most singular unison with his own movements. He creeps around more stealthily ; and there, fifty feet above him, hugging the bark with wanton ease, lo, the object of the morning's pursuit. No sooner seen, however, than gone. Then comes the trial of artifice, and skill, and experience. The sportsman must either be ready to snap at a second's warning, and at great disadvantage, or he must lure the squirrel into sight, or he must crack away at

the mere tuft of his tail. The farmer's boy will hang his coat upon a bush, and march to the opposite side of the tree, choosing the surer method of outwitting the wizard ; the practised shooter may perhaps bring him down by the first mode ; and we have seen those so intoxicated with excitement, or so uninitiated in the sport, as to waste their powder on a mere line of fur ! Such is squirrel-shooting now-a-days, in southern New-England woods. Their number, in other quarters of the country, institutes what may be better called slaughter, than sport. 'T is a small animal to tell so long a story of ; yet the measured tone of the foot-fall on the dry leaf, the ceaseless murmur of brooklets, the hoarse sigh of the winds, just making the tops of old oaks nod, the loud, full ring of the terrier's bark, breaking solemn silence by a hundred echoes, the unearthly yell of the owl, with the loneliness, and yet the delightful converse with Nature in the green and living things around, — these all, as belonging to the sport we note, conspire to make it one of the most exhilarating character.

Grouse, pheasant, pigeon, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, and wild-fowl shooting, make up the sum of the feathered hunter's diversion in Britain. Of these, the pigeon and the varieties of the sea-fowl, alone dwell with us under similar name and aspect. True, we have the quail, partridge, woodcock, and snipe ; but the caprice with which these names have been bestowed in different quarters, renders it difficult to identify our own species with their transatlantic namesakes. The English pheasant is wholly unknown to us, and the nearest family connexion is perhaps the turkey. Several attempts have been made to naturalize it, but, so far as we have learned, they have all failed. The grouse, of the order *Tetrao*, embracing three species on British ground, is the grand object of the fowler's diversion. The capercallie (*T. urogallus*) is confined to the mountainous districts of Scotland, as also the next in importance, the black fowl (*T. tetrix*). But the red grouse (*T. Scoticus*), by far the most numerous, and peculiar to the British Isles, abounds on every moor, and draws to else untenanted heaths, thousands of every rank and order. The morning of the twelfth of August ushers in the shooting season ; the moor fowl have bred, and fattened for months, undisturbed save by the poacher. Every approach to the grounds has been throned for days ;



the Houses, upper and lower, have disgorged their wearied voters, on a new *game*; university men, and literary fledglings of King Williams; cockneys of every stamp; they who have perturbed each basin and loch unavailingly for months, and the bettor upon heats at Derby; — all have taken their station at the moor taverns, —

“Probably some isolated tavern, ‘old as the hills.’ The place, humble in character, has been the immemorial resort of sportsmen in August, although, during the rest of the year, sometimes many months elapse ere a customer, save some itinerant salesman calling for his mug of beer, ‘darkens the door.’ There he will find all the keepers, and poachers, and young men from the country round assembled, amounting in the whole to not more than some eight or ten persons, each anxious to display his knowledge of the number and localities of the broods, but each differing, wide as the poles asunder, in his statement, except on four points, on which all agree, viz. that the hatching season has been finer than was ever known before! — that the broods are larger and more numerous than were ever counted before! that the birds are heavier and stronger than were ever seen before! — and that they will, on the following day, lie better, and afford more sport than they ever did on any opening day before! . . . . They manage to breakfast at three, (calculating the time by their watches, and not by the house clock, which may have a way of going peculiar to itself,) and to be on the ground before four, as the greatest number of birds are killed between four and six. If the moor is strictly preserved, and no guns are expected but their own, they determine not to disturb the birds until seven or eight, since birds lie better during the day when not disturbed early in the morning. . . . . The morning dawns, — the morning of the Twelfth, — and ‘heavily with mists comes on the day.’ The occupiers of benches and chairs are first on the alert, — the landlady is called, — breakfast is prepared, — the dogs are looked at, — all is tumult, noise, and confusion; — reckless must he be that can rest longer in bed; — the ‘cootie moorcocks crouselly crow,’ little fearing that many a bold mountaineer amongst them must, ere night, be

‘whistled down with a slug in his wing!’

The dram-flasks are filled, — the sandwiches cut, — some provision is made for the dogs, — the shot-belts are buckled on, — a multitude of other matters are arranged, and orders given. Next is heard the howling and yelping of dogs, — the cracking of whips, — the snapping of locks, — the charging, and flashing, and firing

of guns, — and every other note of preparation! The march is sounded and away they wend, — an emulous band, each endeavouring to eclipse the other in the number and size of birds killed. On that day there is a universal scramble for game; almost every person, who carries a gun, then strives to fill his bird-bag, to the exclusion of every other object, — regardless for a while of companionship, or personal comfort, or of the ‘savage grandeur’ of the scene before him, and indifferent whether an undeviating level bound his view, or whether

“ ‘Lakes and mountains around him gleam misty and wide!’ ”

Better still is Wilson’s picture of the disappointed cockney, “who boasts of his acquaintance with London gun-makers, and talks of his feats in the shooting galleries.”

“He is out of training and cannot walk. His equipment is incomplete. His pivots are choked up. His caps will not fit. His wadding and cartridges are cut for a gun of very different gauge. His dogs, never having seen any other winged game than partridges and pheasants, will not point grouse; they are wild, not being any longer under the eye of the keeper; one of them scours the country half a mile in advance, and the other will not suffer a bird that can be put up to remain on the ground; on being thrashed, one of them turns sulky, and the other dashes away full cry after sheep. Birds are wild, and the shooter has no shot larger than No. 5. His shoes are thin, and cling to his feet like so much whit-leather. It is excessively hot, he is overladen with shot, and his India-rubber gaiters will not absorb the perspiration, nor suffer it to evaporate; his stockings are consequently soaked with wet. His hat is heavy, — it will neither resist wet, nor is it ventilated. He is, when the sun shines, half roasted, and, when clouded, half starved; or he is lightly clothed, and caught in a thunder-shower. He wears thin stockings, and is foot-sore. He is lost in the mist, for the want of a guide, a pocket-compass, or a previous *intimate* knowledge of the localities, and inadvertently becomes a trespasser, when a glorious row ensues, ending, perhaps, in a struggle for the encroacher’s fowling-piece!”

The grouse has kindred with us; such as the partridge of the North, and the pheasant of the South (*T. umbellus*); also the prairie hen, or pinnated grouse (*T. Cupido*); but how differently treated from the inhabitant of the Scotch muirland! Subject is our partridge to persecution at all hours, from the time it is a nestling, to sober maturity; and,

as if the implements of the fowler were not sufficiently destructive, the farmer's boy stretches his bush fence by the road over their forest walks, snaring them by the hundred. As the cold of December approaches, the opportunities of the gunner are better ; but the game grows shy as the season advances, and the number actually shot in New England is, we presume, far less than that of the victims upon British sporting ground.

As grouse-shooting is at the head of British gun sports, woodcocks\* may be reckoned of prime importance to the American shooter. Not that other game is inferior in size, in flavor, or in difficulty of attainment, — for this latter, paradoxical as it may seem, adds much to the interest of all fowling diversions, — but because, from its size and habits, it, more than any other, escapes the notice of the professed hunter, and the snares of the school-boy, — the American poacher. The woodcock, as well as the snipe, from their migratory habits, are, in some measure, beyond the protection of legislative enactment ; “but,” says the Oakleigh Code, “the killing them out of season is declared unsportsmanlike,” and the declaration seems to have passed *nem. con.* into all the force and rigor of a law. The same is not true as regards the unfortunate migrator to our shores. The country squire shoots him by moonlight, when, in early spring, he woos his mate ; and the farming lad pelts him with stones in his day-dream, till night comes to him for ever. Yet, as we have said, the woodcock is more fortunate than his “fellow tenants of the air,” and through our corn and potato fields, in the middle of August, a well-taught pointer, twenty yards before the gun, will give “snap shots” in abundance. The woodcock of the continent of Europe is said to be larger than our own ; how it compares with the English we are unable to say ; probably it is the same. The springer, or spaniel, is, if we may trust Martingale, the favorite dog for woodcock shooting. We quote from him ; —

“The best dogs to be employed on these occasions are springers ; low in height, with long, bushy stems, and large, drooping ears. It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance, which these little creatures display in

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\* Ord. *Grallæ*. Fam. *Longirostres*. Gen. *Scolopax*.

hunting, provided they have been well trained. They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards, and should never give mouth. It is surprising, too, how readily they meet the wishes of their master. The encouraging expressions, 'Seek 'em, Sprightly,' — 'Go along, Tom,' — 'Find 'em out, Rover,' — 'Good dogs,' — are constantly responded to by these untiring creatures with renewed activity. Not an inch of ground escapes them; whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to raise it. A very superior dog of this description has been known to sell for thirty guineas, — a fact, which presents sufficient proof of the estimation in which the little springer is held for the purpose. On some occasions the pointer is used instead of the spaniel; a small bell is then attached to his neck, by the sound of which in a close covert, his position can be ascertained. When the sound ceases, he is pointing at his game, and the shooter, of course, prepared for the anticipated rise. The practice, however, of using pointers, is objectionable, as wood hunting spoils them for the open field or moor. When a bird is flushed, the cry is uttered by the assistants, 'Mark, — Cock;' — bang goes the fowling-piece, and the echoes of the wood, as the mottled favorite falls, dance merrily to the sprightly tune of the sportsman's heart, who, as he secures his prize, feels reanimated for further exertion."

Partridge, quail, and wild-pigeon shooting, are the subjects of interesting chapters in the works before us, but we must deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting them to our readers. The methods of taking them with the gun, are not materially different from those employed in shooting the quail and pigeon with us; — with this exception, that the English method is more regular and successful, inasmuch as they meet with no fearful competitors of the mesh and snare. Seasons, too, are set apart; parks, and heaths, and woodlands are sedulously guarded from every encroachment; and such is the disposition of grounds, of copse, and hedge, and hill, that a stanch dog, on whose education months of toil have been lavished, will present game at the very muzzle of the piece. Compare the English wall-bound park, with ash and oak that have fattened on the soil for centuries, beneath which, in hazels uncropped by the mower, the pheasant, the partridge, and the quail breed unmolested, — its wilderness of pines, where the wood-dove makes his annual visitings, — its marsh, fed by rills conducted by human artifice from distant mountains, for the snipe and woodcock to feed upon, — its game-keeper, and

ranger, to destroy, in the season of their breeding, the hawk, the weasel, and the ferret, — compare this, we say, with the shooting-ground of the New England sportsman, — here a morass impenetrable, — there a wild wood, but hewn upon for its strongest timber, and broken speedily by a clearing, leading away to mountainous ledges, and all overrun by scores of trappers, the popping urchin, the school-boy sportsman, and a hundred “whelps of low degree,” — and we understand how “The Honorable Augustus Frederick Fitz-Fulk, at the Battue of the Marquis of So and So, killed, with his own gun alone, the astonishing number of seventy-five head !”

Wood-pigeon shooting has, and still does, afford considerable diversion to our Eastern sportsmen ; but it encourages him little for lying hours of a cool autumn morning in the thick underbrush, waiting the approach of cooing mates, to find them offered at his door plucked, and ready for the spit, at a mere trifle the dozen. Yet, to such an extent is the amateur gunner circumvented by the artifices of the trapper. So is it with the quail, as with the partridge and the pigeon ; the boy that can reach to the muzzle of his father’s musket, bangs away from under the lee of a wall into the centre of a covey ; or, piping their silver whistle, he draws the unsuspecting brood within reach of his murderous volley, and spits them for a holyday dinner.

Wild-fowl shooting is regarded, as would appear from the following adventure of Colquhoun’s boyhood, with more favor than with us.

“My first attempts at shooting were in pursuit of wild-fowl, when quite a boy ; and I still consider it superior to any other sport. In those early days, however, I had no idea to what perfection a retriever might be trained ; if the dog took the water well, and was close-mouthed, I expected no more. As I was always obliged to lead him by my side, he often spoiled my best chances, either by showing himself, or hampering me when crawling over difficult ground. I was at last so disgusted with these incumbrances, that I generally dispensed with their services, and trusted to my own resources to recover the killed and wounded. The consequence was, that the greater portion of the latter always escaped ; and, unless the wind was favorable, not a few of the former were drifted away. On one occasion I was foolish enough to swim a hundred yards into the loch, in the mid-

dle of winter, after a golden-eye, and had some difficulty in regaining the land. I had watched it for some time, and at last succeeded in getting to the nearest point on the shore. The golden-eye, however, was diving a long shot off, as these shy birds not unfrequently do; without once considering that the wind was blowing strong from the shore, I fired, and the bird dropped dead. To my great chagrin, it was blown rapidly out into the rough water. What was to be done? Had it been able to make the slightest effort to escape, I would have allowed it; but there it lay, still as a stone. So, throwing off my shooting jacket and shoes, I plunged in, waded up to the neck, and struck out for my prey. By the time I reached the bird, it had floated fully a hundred yards; but getting its leg between my teeth, I wheeled about for the land. My difficulties now began, for the waves were very high, and dashed right into my face. Several times during my slow progress I determined to leave the golden-eye to its fate; and as often braced myself up again, unwilling to have so cold a bath for nothing. At last I reached the shore, got into calm water, and, after sounding once or twice, struck ground, and reached *terra firma* with my prize, the leg of which I had nearly bitten through during my exertions. It was an intensely cold day about the end of December, with frequent snow showers; and had the golden-eye not been the most valued of the diving race, I should never have made such a fool of myself."

Privileged decoys, within whose precincts it is a penal offence to fire a gun, protect the thousand varieties of the web-footed tribe on British shores. Yet what would avail Lieutenant Colonel Hawker's accuracy of aim, his punt, his mudboards, his setting-pole, his stanchion-guns, blazing by night, in comparison with those amphibious bipeds, which throng the little coast-indenting inlets of our shores, paddling a one-oared skiff, and bearing a huge shoulder-piece, whose recoil would throw a man of less than extraordinary nerve, a full yard from his footing?

The London gun, the London cartridge, the London "treble-sealed," and the London "Instructions," must be aided by the London "certificate," too, before they will enable the American sportsman at all to compete with the American poacher. Sporting is one of those dear prerogatives of birth, which the Englishman respects in others, and glories in for himself. But so soon as the clay-walls of hereditary distinction become mined by searching reform, the game of air, field, and water lose almost entirely their distinctions of

season, and of owner. Hence, all laws for the due protection of game must be somewhat despotic in their nature, since they must deny the privilege to the greater number, for the sake of ample security to the less. And hence, it is probable, that no legislative enactment will ever render us sportsmen by profession. Lands with us being divided into small tracts, subject entirely to the control of individual holders, no tacit agreements upon times or methods of capture can ever generally obtain. But we would suggest in behalf of zealous sportsmen, and the interests of small landholders themselves, that they (the landholders) scrupulously guard their estates, large or small, against the encroachments of all vagrants of the snare or seine, and secure a safe retreat for fish or fowl within their grounds. Thus they will enjoy the privilege of occasional pastime, or, what will more encourage the method, they can sell privileges to the town sportsman, securing to themselves the full worth of the preserve, at the same time that they offer new inducements to the shooter. By these simple means, a stock of game will be preserved in the country, whose value will constantly increase the resources of the landholder, while a new and beautiful pastime will supplant, it may be hoped, the thousand dissipating pursuits of the metropolis.

A large portion of the books before us, as well as the entire one of Walton, is devoted to angling; which practice of "casting angles into the brook," is, as would seem, of no very recent date, since the prophet Isaiah makes mention of them, and Shakspeare puts them *in the mouth* of the Egyptian queen.

" My bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony."

We have lingered so long over the shooting details of our authors, that we shall be obliged to despatch more briefly than we could wish, salmon and trout, perch, and eels. Walton, Wotton, Wallaston, and Wilson, (an alliterative quartette,) have given a dignity to the angling craft, which we trust will long survive; nor should we forget in this matter the distinguished author of "*Salmonia*." In this art, as in shooting, the large private lakes and well-stocked ponds of English gentlemen offer such opportunities for minute and constant observation and assiduous practice, that it far out-

strips in nicety any thing akin thereto, to which we can lay claim. Still, as here, their finest fish love best, the wild, romping brooks, that gurgle through the wildest passes, and offer their tribute, unchecked by opposing, uncouth barriers, to their parent waters.

English angling divides itself into fly-fishing, float-fishing, and trolling; the first, employed chiefly in the capture of trout and salmon; the second method, for perch, roach, carp, eels, and the like; and the third, for pike, eels, and sometimes the lake trout.

Salmon fishing is first in English angling, both as regards the excellence of the captive, and the sport of the capture. They are taken chiefly on their ascent to the spawning ground, and being now protected to a great extent from the *leisterer*, large numbers are captured annually with the fly. Yet how poor an exchange, this taper rod, with its sixty yards of line, and huge brown hackle, for the simple wire sieve, with which the American leisterer, at the river rapids, with dripping garments, nets them by scores! The weight and habits of this fish, as described by naturalists, seem to be the same with those belonging to the occupant of British waters; and they are doubtless near of kin, if not of the same family. Wilson enters into a long and tedious discussion, — relieved, however, at intervals, by his irresistible comicalities, — to establish the identity of the *paw* with young salmon. Our sportsmen have probably not observed enough, nor our fishermen thought enough, to have distressing anxieties on this point; if, however, they have done so, we beg leave to refer them to the observations of Mr. Shaw, as recorded in the Edinburgh book, where the matter is apparently set at rest. *Apropos* to this subject, we may mention the naming of young shad (*clupea*) by our inland fishermen with many and unlike appellatives; and may further hazard the remark, that, if these mammoth herring should ever incline to disport in British waters, the fly-fisher would open a new leaf in his book, and a new order be made immortal with the angling craft.

*Salmo eriox*, commonly called the *Bull trout*, ranks next to the Linnæan *Salmo salar*. This we understand to be identical with the famed *finsters* of Waquoit Bay; and there are those, to our honor be it spoken, who can so successfully administer the *coup de grace* to these, as to vie in bulk of pannier with the wiliest smuggler of drag-net or seine. Wil-



son mentions yet another sea trout, — *Salmo trutta*, — the name almost universally given, though erroneously, to our common brook trout. We are not aware that two distinct species have been identified upon our coast. The common trout, — the trout *par eminence* of all disciples of Walton, — the *Salmo fario* of Linnæus, and the *Salmo fontinalis* of Dr. Mitchell, — is frequent with us. Yet, alas, the mill privileges of the day have driven them from many of their finest haunts; and it is only here and there, that a truant brook, noiseless in meadow, babbling through bush and over rock, gathering its way-side tributaries, lispings from green weeds, growing in depth and blackness,

“Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
Loitering in glassy pool,”

yet shows its myriads of “spotted fry.” But not alone are we indebted to him whom the “sounding mill-stream” haunts like a passion, for the destruction of this chief of American water sports. The farmer’s boy, in spring time and summer, builds his little brush wood seine across the brook, and scoops out hollows in the sand, where, in the drought of summer, he finds a pebbly basin, perturbed with scores of fins. The worm and the fly are both used in their *lawful* capture; the latter perhaps the more unfrequently. Thomson’s rules for trout-fishing are good, and are familiar. We quote from Wilson, a page or more, which will give a fair idea of the general tone of his instructions, and may be of advantage to the trout-catcher. At all events it will amuse.

“The largest trout are usually killed by trolling or spinning with paw or minnow, and it is a matter of great science to raise and hook, and of equal skill to ‘play’ and complete the capture of one of these giant fishes. We never ourselves had the good fortune to slay a very large fresh water trout of the common kind, but we certainly think, that those of lakes and rivers are stronger and more tenacious of life, when under the angler’s hands, than sea trout of the same dimensions. The feelings of these two beings, when hooked, differ somewhat in the same degree as did those of Wellington and Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. A gentleman (?) having stated his belief, that the Duke was ‘surprised’ on that momentous occasion, Professor Wilson (the author of fly fish, p. 232) replied, with his accustomed readiness, that the Duke might indeed have been ‘surprised,’ but assur-

edly Napo'leon was '*astonished.*' So it is with the subjects of our somewhat discursive exposition. A sea trout, when first he feels the barb, is so exceedingly astonished, that he flings himself repeatedly head foremost into the air, and flounders about upon or near the surface of the water, in a most lively, versatile manner (as the delighted angler deems), but then he soon succumbs to fate, and after a few more impetuous bounds, and fine, vivacious, unsuccessful splashes, a well-sized fish may very speedily be drawn to land. But your river trout, even your simple two-pounder, though much *surprised*, is also greatly enraged, and will make repeated runs in every direction, rather than run ashore; he will take, perhaps a single spring or so, as if to ascertain exactly what has happened; he will dig his way towards 'the bottom of the nether world'; he will try the diagonal dimensions of a deep and sombre pool; he will go helter-skelter down a rocky rapid; he will run continuously along a lengthened, smooth expanse, and make a mighty flourish with his tail at the end of it; he will seek to hide himself (and break the line, even of the imperial guard) among the tangled roots of old, fantastic trees, or will sneak beneath gloomy, overhanging banks, like a 'demn'd damp, disagreeable body,' ashamed of being seen. It may easily be conceived, that, with this pertinacity and determination of character, the capture of a large river trout is by no means easy; and it often happens, that, in spite of all the angler's art, the said trout is seen waddling away, with his tongue in one cheek and the fly in the other, while the line, like a 'knotless thread,' comes sneaking back towards its master, who takes off his hat, not so much to salute the departing fish, as to make room for the sudden elongation of his own ears, which are sure to assert their prerogative on such occasions. But let him replace his beaver, and not despond, nor utter a single hasty or discordant word (whether it begin with *a*, *b*, *c*, or *d*—; the last the worst of all); rather remembering the advice of old Markham, already quoted, 'with pleased sufferance to amend errors, and think mischances instructions to better carefulness.'

"The most generally approved method of casting for trouts, is to throw the fly across and rather a little up than down the stream, and then to bring it sweepingly across and downwards. We have not seldom found it a good plan to throw above and beyond any large stone toward the middle of the river, to allow the fly to sink several inches under water, and then to drag them pretty rapidly toward ourself, and close by the lower side of the stone. Good fish often lie thereabouts, and they seem to take your flies for some kind of eatable aquatics, which are about to conceal themselves beneath that stony covering. We

have killed many a good trout, too, just by throwing our flies high and dry upon the stone itself, and then allowing the wind or the weight of the line to drop them floatingly upon the surface. But there is, in truth, no end to the variety of pleasing small manœuvres by which the finny tribes may be successfully entrapped; and we intentionally refrain from mentioning them, that the reader may experience the greater pleasure of deeming himself a discoverer, when he finds them out himself. Besides, it would be about as easy to tell an attorney all the various modes of catching clients, as to teach an angler each device by which he may entangle trouts."

The lake trout (*Salmo ferox*) is somewhat of a rarity over ten pounds' weight on the other side of the water, though with us it is a small lift. Throughout the thousand lakes that gem the "great interior," they have revelled long, and we rejoice in the assurance, that they will revel for centuries to come. What says Professor Wilson, or his fun-loving brother, to a veritable *Salmo ferox* of a hundred and twenty pounds' weight, in the bright, glad waters of Huron? Yet to this enormous size do they actually attain in our Western lakes. Their flavor and external appearance vary considerably with the waters they inhabit.

Of other fish marshalled by the veteran Scotch angler upon his pages, —

"The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;  
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled;  
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold;  
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains," —

beside innumerable lesser ones, — char, minnows, dace, — few are of much importance to the Western sportsman, if we except the perch and pike. The eel is taken in general with the spear and 'pots'; and the others, beside being in themselves inconsiderable, are netted in great numbers, in the early spring, by whoever has a will so to do.

The carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) of England is nearly identical with the American *Cyprinus teres*, vulgarly termed the *sucker*. And it would seem, that their flesh is in much higher esteem abroad, than with us. The golden fish, as well as the brook minnow and the chub, are of this order.

Perch abound in New England, and are caught, as also from British waters, by means of the worm and float. It is chiefly the sport of school-boys. The pike is a prized fish;

he escapes, to a great extent, the ravages of the netter, nor can he be hedged in the brook ; still, in common with every other object of the sportman's pursuit, he falls a secure prey to the vigilant hostility of the country lad ; since he is by the waters at all hours, nor cares for a wetting of a stormy day, or an empty pannier in the sunshine ; and, in the winter season, has but to cut his holes in the ice, — one, two, or forty, — and directly he has the finest pike of the pond.

Two methods of capturing pickerel in the British waters are subjects of dispute, as to the sportsmanship involved ; the one with the snap-line and dead bait, the other with the live bait. In the former case the fish is secured by the barb of the hook so effectually as to be lifted ashore by it ; in the other mode, the landing net is made use of, which, we may here remark, is always in the hands of the English angler. And this accounts (that is, the absence of the net) in some measure for our want of success with the fly, inasmuch as the light tackle, which is essential to an adroit “ cast,” is not sufficient to lift the fish from the water ; and the heavy tackle, which does suffice for this, is of course too bungling to practise any material deception upon so wily a fish, as the trout.

The smaller fish, to which we have referred, abound, and, together with the perch and pike, conspire to make agreeable an afternoon's idlesse on the bosom of one of those fairy lakes, which, though they be not christened with the romantic euphony of Lochs *Ta, Craig, Ness, and Awe*, possess equal charms within and around, and are scattered like pearl-drops all over the surface of New England. On an August day, when every element was sleeping, the trees not breaking their picturesque line upon the sky by the faintest motion, — the water placid, — nothing stirring save the summer bird, peeping and leaping by the shore, and the gauze-winged fly, —

*Τὸν λάλον λαλόεσσα, τὸν εἰλάτερον ἃ πετρόεσσα  
Τὸν ξένον ἃ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά, —*

on such a day, ere yet it was fairly broke into the sky, have we paddled a rolling canoe into the centre of one of these same fairy water-spots, and angled the live-long day, with no companions but the tall hills climbing round, and the old gray

tree trunks, stretching through their dark and heavy foliage, and we wished no better. Though nothing save the minnow and roach played about our hook till night, yet we found it, withal, "a rest to the mind, a cheerer of spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."

We have thus noted what we conceived to be of general interest in the works before us, from their connexion with sports in this country; of which latter we have by no means attempted a full summary, or a very accurate account, but only such observations as occurred to us in a survey of sporting across the waters.

The mechanical appearance of these volumes is elegant in the extreme. What book would not the pencil of Dickes, of Aiken, of Sanderson, and the graver of Branston make elegant? Yet the popularity of such volumes must be limited here; there is too much apathy in regard to sporting matters, notwithstanding our opportunities have been, and are, so great. Scarce an enactment, which bears any resemblance to a game law, is in force in any of the States; with the game it is a constant strife for life, and with the *gamesters* a strife for giving the leaden death. Though admirers of true sporting, we are no friends to indiscriminate slaughter. Though we cannot subscribe to the prejudices of those who totally reject the pursuit of winged game, yet, with the similar caprice of Thomson, can "twitch the barbed hook" deep into the delicately formed jaw of the golden-scaled swimmer, still we abjure the spirit that destroys at all seasons, and by all methods; and it is perhaps well, that our equal privileges, by inviting to this, should soon put out of reach the power to do violence to every feeling of humanity by entire extermination.

We like sporting as a healthful pastime, drawing away by its fascinations from pursuits neither innocent nor manly. We like it, because it encourages to a love and a study of nature in her every aspect. We like it as a generous relaxation for the faculties, exhausted by the cares of business, or study; and because, more than any other, it refreshes and invigorates the physical powers, by the glow which the excitement of the hunter, the angler, or the fowler, diffuses over the whole frame, stimulating to increased activity every

vital function, and thus insuring and confirming that best of mere temporal blessings, — Health ;

Ἐγεία, πρεσβίστα μακάρων.

ART. IV. — *The Monthly Review*. Vols. I. and II. for 1842. London, Old Bailey : G. Henderson.

"WHO reads an American book?" Some lieges of her Britannic majesty, it seems, do so now-a-days, without being aware of the fact.

The editor of the English "Monthly Review," whoever he may be, is, we doubt not, a strictly honest person, as be- seems his gentle vocation. But he is cruelly imposed upon by some of his correspondents, who get his money for con- tributions, which they take from our pages, and of which he, being unfortunately not a reader of the "North Ameri- can Review," does not detect the source. Possibly his publisher's residence in the Old Bailey exposes him to the practices of ill-disposed neighbours. He should look care- fully at parcels received from over the way.

In the "Monthly Review" for March, 1842, the four- teenth article, on the "Italian Historians," is a reprint of the paper on that subject in our forty-eighth volume. Some of our introductory matter is omitted, the piece, as it stands in the "Monthly," beginning with the fifth line of our page 333. Two paragraphs are omitted, occupying our pages 335 and 336, and two at the close of our remarks. With these exceptions, our essay is copied, with scarcely a verbal alteration.

The next Number of the "Monthly," contains a piece (Art. II.) on the "Correspondence of Dr. Bentley," of which the first three pages are the three closing pages of ours on the same subject six years ago, with only a slight transpo- sition. (Compare "North American Review," XLIII. 493-495, with "Monthly Review," for 1842, I. 446-448.) The only difference of any consequence is, that, referring to Bishop Monk's sketch of Bentley's domestic character, we said, "Did our limits permit, we would extract the passage."