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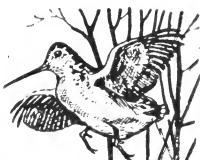


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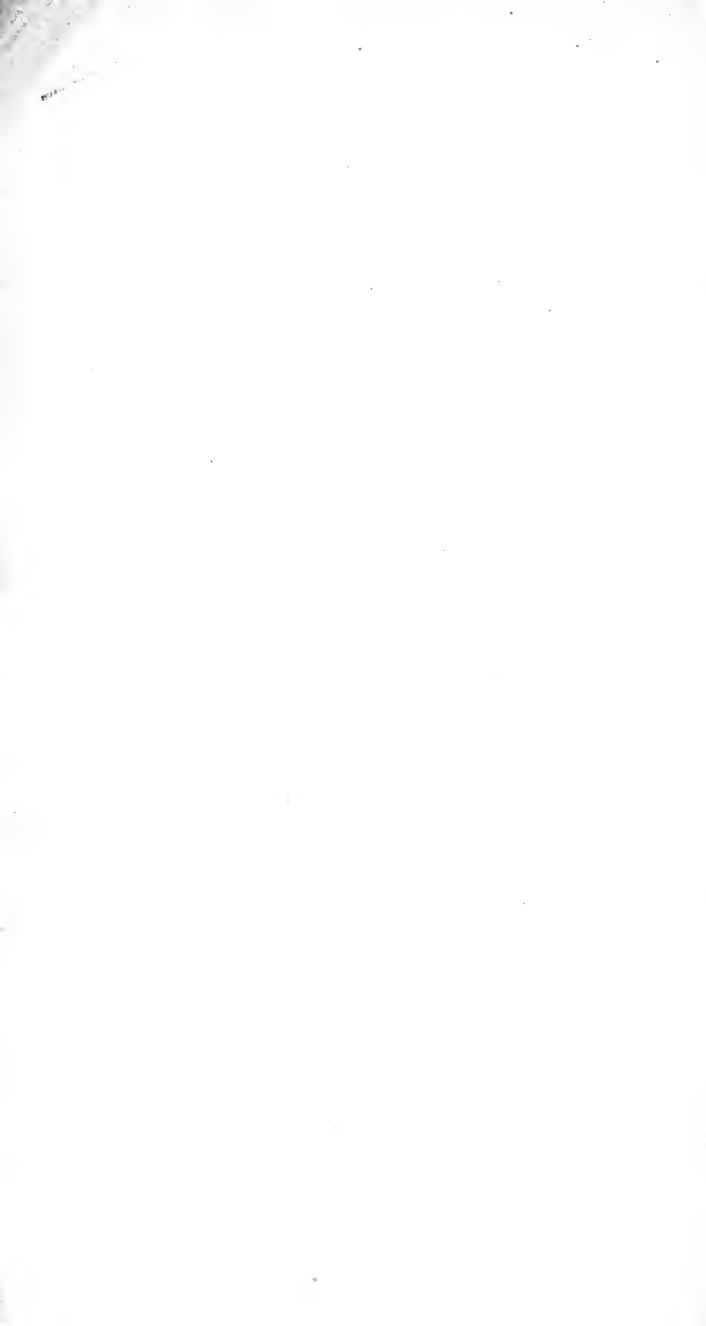
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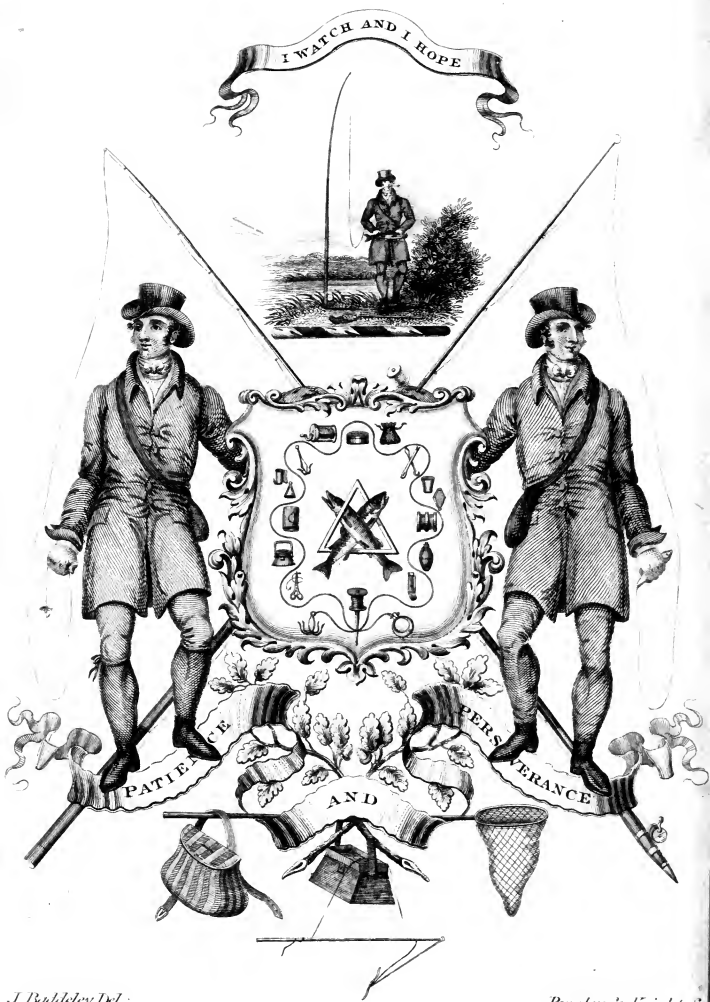
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Don Horter







THE
LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK,
OR
WALTONIAN CHRONICLE,
CONTAINING MUCH
ORIGINAL INFORMATION TO ANGLERS GENERALLY
COMBINED WITH NUMEROUS
AMUSING SONGS AND ANECDOTES
OF FISH AND FISHING,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.
TOGETHER
WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION
OF THE THAMES, FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO STAINES,
THE LEA FROM THE THAMES
TO HERTFORD, THE WANDLE, THE MOLE, THE WEY,
THE COLNE,
THE BRENT, THE RODING ; AND EVERY RIVER AND STREAM
WITHIN 20 MILES OF LONDON,
WORTH FISHING IN.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN BADDELEY,
63, COMPTON STREET, GOSWELL STREET,
And Sold by all Booksellers and Fishing Tackle Makers.

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DEDICATION.



TO MY MOST RESPECTED AND VALUED FRIEND,
CHARLES HOLLOWAY.



Friend Charles,

You and I have over and over again journeyed the darksome night and sunny day side by side ; we have drank from the murmuring brook, and ate the Anglers meal together, our angling propensities are reciprocal, your tackle has been mine, mine yours, no paltry selfish feeling has prevented us from enjoying to the full extent our piscatorial rambles ; I have tried your friendship by the most severe tests, it has remained pure and immoveably firm, you have kindly told me of my faults when alone, and encouraged me with your approbation when in the right. Permit me then, with feelings the most sincere, to dedicate this my rude at-

^A
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tempt to you, I know of none more fond of the delightful art, none more worthy of the name of a true Angler.

I flatter myself what is herein written will accord with your ideas in the main, but if any thing appears in opposition to your opinions, we will (God willing) argue the point in our usual way, while wandering some morning when the wind is Southerly to our favourite amusement and retirement.

Inclination I know you cannot lack, and that you may have health and prosperity to follow the joys of Angling for many, very many, years, is the earnest wish of

Yours, ever faithfully,

John Baddeley.

GOOD FRIENDS

AND

BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE.



My Fishing exploits commenced about the age of ten, at Hampstead Hall in Staffordshire, the seat of Wirley Birch, Esq, where I, by mere accident, succeeded in capturing some fine Perch with tackle of a very primitive description, and worms obtained from underneath a clod between each bite. This circumstance inoculated me, but soon after leaving Staffordshire, my native place, for London, I was prevented for some time following up a sport, the delights of which I was unable to forget. At length a friend told me of the success of several

persons who had been fishing for Barbel in the Thames, and described the fish as being generally many pounds weight, and as long as his arm, this information was immediately followed by preparing such tackle as we considered best calculated to cope with these tenants of the deep; we accordingly, full of expectation, proceeded to Twickenham, but failing to meet with a man and punt, were necessitated to undertake the navigation of the boat ourselves; it was in the month of June, the sun was shining brilliantly above us, and the water as clear as crystal, to these obstacles we were then insensible, and indifferent alike to the weather and the scoffing of some rude persons who witnessed our embarkation, we toiled for three or four hours before we were able to fix the punt, it was our intention to proceed upwards, but after passing round the aight 2 or 3 times, we abandoned the bark to the force of the stream,

which made many revolutions and then settled itself opposite the lawn of the Duchess of Buccleugh's, near Richmond, we there fastened it in the best manner we could and fished till evening, when upon counting our sport we found we had taken 99 Bleak. To describe our features next day would require the pencil of a Wilkie, our noses were completely skinned, and the backs of our hands remained sore for some time.

Frequently alone, and sometimes with my aforesaid friend, I continued to fish with various success, but under great disadvantages for want of proper instruction, till an incident, which I shall hereafter relate, introduced me to some of the best Anglers in London, and I have no hesitation in adding, in England, following up the sport with a spirit which almost amounted to enthusiasm, I became an Angler. Of

my abilities I leave others to judge, but in many years practice I have gained some knowledge, and what I have proved by experience I respectfully offer each Brother Bob, in hopes my ideas will meet with confirmation by the skilful, and give information to the novice.

J. B.

March 1st, 1834.

THE

LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK.



THE followers of Old Izaak Walton are thought by many to be insignificant characters, and they are subject to all sorts of jeers and insulting remarks; but those who smile at them and ridicule their amusement, cannot conceive half the pleasure attendant upon Angling, for, as Walton says, "A man must be born an Angler to thoroughly enjoy the Art."

It will be understood that I belong to that class in society who have not many days to spare, generally speaking, from business. Those situated as above are in the habit of communicating in the course of the week, and forming parties of three or four to meet on the Saturday evening, or early on Sunday morning, at a given time and spot, and so punctual have I known these appointments kept, that a party consisting of four have, notwithstanding they had to come a distance of, in some instances, two or three miles in

various directions, actually placed their hands on the same post, or their feet upon the same stone at the same instant, and so tenacious are they of their word in this respect, that any individual who does not keep his time correctly, and cannot give a good reason for his absence, is scouted as unworthy of confidence, but disappointment is a rare occurrence among us. Within a short period I have known several persons who previously cared little or nothing for breaking their promise, and who were naturally inattentive and dilatory, become, from associating with Anglers, remarkably punctual and assiduous, these notions imbibed, while following the recreation of Angling, have not been lost sight of in business, and have produced beneficial results to themselves and society at large.

Having so met, they cheerfully journey together to the appointed spot, say twelve or fourteen miles merrily, happily, and soberly, enlivening the road with details of their previous exploits, and delivering their various opinions as to the prospects of success in the day before them. These Anglers carry with them tackle, baits, and provisions, which render their progression much more difficult. But those who may have passed the vigour of life get a cast by the nearest conveyance, not being particular to a comfortable snooze in a stage waggon, if by that means they can get an hour or two sooner to their favourite swim. I have rode many miles by the above conveyance and snoozed comfortably to my journey's end without

harm, for owing to the march of intellect the carriers are not what they were in Henry IV's time.*

Some have their own conveyance, and to their credit be it said, they are always ready to give a tired Angler a cast home, although his jacket may be a little more threadbare, and his rod not so highly varnished. The London Angler does not require a servant to carry his fish and landing net, or to wade the water to land a fish, but trusts to his own dexterity for his success, that when he has taken a good fish he may enjoy all the glory.

Some may condemn the practice of fishing on a Sunday, but it is the only day many Anglers can spare to cleanse their lungs from the infectious air they have breathed in confinement during six days, and without which purification, (I can speak confidently as to myself,) would carry on a miserable and painful existence.

Bishop Hurley has declared there is no harm in pursuing innocent sport and pastime on a Sunday, and does not the pleasure of contemplating the broad book of nature create reflection scarcely inferior to those produced by the sacred volume, whose precepts are so much abused.

Those who have, through interest, access to preserved spots, though comparatively ignorant of the art, may take fish in these preserves, but let them try in open waters where skill alone will avail, then, in competition with the London Angler, they will have

* See Shakspeare's Henry IV. part 1st.

no chance. I have no hesitation in asserting that a London Angler can take Salmon and Trout in any river in Great Britain as easily as he can take Trout, Dace, and Chub in the rivers near London, and any one sceptical on this score may, if inclined, soon satisfy himself.

Rain, wind, or weather form no impediment to him, calculating what may be unfavourable to day may to morrow be to their advantage, neither can he know the state of the water he intends fishing in, for it frequently happens that after walking fifteen nay even twenty miles he finds the water out of order, these disappointments he is quite prepared to meet, enduring it with a philosophy, he, by the sneers of some is not thought to possess. Quantity is not his object, a brace or two of Jack or Trout, or a dish of Chub, Roach, or Dace will satisfy his utmost desires, uninterrupted sport, a cheerful company, fresh air and exercise renovate him and prepare him for the ensuing duties of the week.

I alluded at the commencement of this introduction to an incident that introduced me to some of the best Anglers in London, I will now explain that event. Business called me to Guildford, and hearing of the Trout fishing to be obtained near Leatherhead, I made that place in my way home, intending to try my luck there. In the afternoon, I walked by the river side to reconnoitre, where I met with an old fly-fisher from London; being unacquainted with the localities of the stream, I asked several questions concerning it, and received from him much friendly information, and

by appointment enjoyed his society in the evening, at the Inn, where he introduced me to some of his angling friends from town. It afterwards happened that I had the pleasure of meeting these Gents in London very frequently, and also again at Leatherhead; a serious illness prevented my continuing to enjoy their company for many weeks; upon my approaching convalescence, I began to think of them, and by way of amusement penned the following verses, which I ultimately was persuaded to sing in their society.

—o—

LEATHERHEAD ONE MORNING.

(TUNE.) “*Johnny Cope.*”

1.

Tommy, Dickey, Charley, and Crooks
 All got ready with line and hooks
 To go and fish the river and brooks,
 At Leatherhead one morning.
 They places book'd by the Dorking stage,
 To go by the mail they'd not engage,
 With Davy and Johnny a war to wage,
 With fishes there that morning.

2.

When met together at breakfast time,
 To eat and drink they thought no crime,

LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK,

The rolls, butter, and ham were prime,
 After fishing all that morning.
Their appetites were very keen,
They ate with a relish both fat and lean,
For nearly all of them had been
 Out since three that morning.

3.

Then away they trudg'd in merry mood,
The wind was fair, the water good,
While some among the alders stood
 To try their luck that morning.
Some fish at bottom and some at top,
And every now and then they'd stop,
To take from the bottle a little drop,
 To cheer them up that morning.

4.

There was Tommy with his little legs,
Splash'd about among the sedges,
For he had a pair of Johnny Clegs
 To keep out the wet that morning.
He has a true and honest heart,
And if distress a tear should start,
He is always found to do his part,
 To help his friend in the morning.

5

There's Dick who every body knows,
Has a curious knack to rub his nose,
And like a *chro-no-meter* goes

To bottom fish in the morning.
His fishing dress being very neat,
And his tackle always so complete,
There's very few that can him beat,
By the Farm in the morning.

6.

Old Davy tried his choicest flies,*
Before he found the fish would rise,
At length caught some of fairish size,
At Leatherhead that morning.

With a fly he'll kill both Trout and Dace,
And tell a tale with merry face,
And walk for ever, if you'll go his pace,
To fishing in the morning.

7.

Frank came and tried with a worm about,
In hopes to play the devil with the Trout,
He hook'd and got one fairly out
Of the river Mole that morning.

* Alas, poor Yorick.

He cock'd his hat and raised his crest,
He clenched his fist and smote his breast,
And swore he was the very best
Of Fishers there that morning.

8.

George came, though weighing 16 stone,
(He dearly loves his dog and gun)
To fish or shoot, he'd walk or run,
At mid-day, night, or morning.
His corduroys fit him so tight,
In jolly hearts he takes delight,
Though Yorkshire, he's no Yorkshire bite
When fishing in the morning.

9.

Crooks is English every inch,
From fishing he will never flinch,
He'll flourish his stick and turn a winch,
To fight or fish in the morning.
He'll rig his *pals** with noisy fun,
And from his grog he'll never run,
Till his face is as red as the rising Sun,
When he goes out in the morning.

* Companions.

10.

Harry fished with his Canary flies,
The Trout and Dace he did surprise,
Hit or miss he always tries

Every way in the morning.

With bits of cloth to make a knat,
And a coil of hair stuff'd in his hat,
He'll kill any fish, from whale to sprat,
So he says in the morning.

11.

Johnny with his broad brim'd tile,
He look'd a very curious file,
The daisies and grass he did revile,
That caught his flies that morning.

He perseveres without a sigh,
And every likely way he'll try,
And stand the *hazard of the die*,

As Shakespeare said one morning.

12.

One man he walk'd down in the dark,
Somehow he thought it was no lark,
To go all round Prince Cobourg's Park,
For the nearest way that morning.

LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK,

And when he got to Leatherhead,
He was so tir'd he swore and said,
He was more fit to go to bed,
Than go to fish that morning.

13.

Charley, who sings "My village fair,"
Or helps to chaunt "Begone dull care,"
But now he'll not find Mary there,
At Leatherhead in the morning.
In peace he takes so much delight,
He ne'er was known to snarl or fight,
Content if he can get a bite,
While fishing in the morning.

14.

They fish'd till they could see no more,
And caught of Trout and Dace a store,
But all were tir'd when they gave o'er,
And as hungry as in the morning.
And when return'd at eve to dine,
Not one among them did decline,
But all declared it was as fine,
As the breakfast there that morning.

15.

But in high glee they now regale,
With social glass and Lipscomb's ale,*
The joke goes round and merry tale,
 Until they thought of morning.
They call'd the bill, each paid his part,
Each thought of home with cheerful heart,
And now they are prepared to start,
 To get to town by morning.

16.

In angling there's a mighty charm,
An Angler's heart is always warm,
Oh! may they never come to harm,
 When they go out in the morning.
And he that wont an angling go,
In wet or dry, in frost or snow,
Can ne'er the joys of Anglers know,
 When they go out in the morning.

I would here observe, the above was written upon characters, but from motives of delicacy, the real names are omitted, which circumstance greatly detracts from what little merit there might have been attached to it; as this song created some merriment, I was induced to try again, and still meeting with encourage-

* Lipscomb keeps the Running Horse, at Leatherhead, a civil, worthy fellow, and where a real Angler will be completely at home.

ment, my attempts in this way became rather numerous, and at the repeated solicitations of my friends, I have ventured to publish them but hope the reader will not be too severe in his criticism, as they were written hastily, in what few moments I had to spare, at the conclusion of my daily avocation.



BOBBERS' LAW.

There is rule or law practised by the London Anglers, particularly those who fish in the Lea, which is that of waiting for any of their party that may drop in the rear, it arose from the following circumstance :

Some years since several Anglers were proceeding on a trolling excursion to a favourite spot at some distance from London, up the Lea river, when it happened that one of them, without being observed by the rest, loitered behind, and his absence was not discovered till they had travelled a considerable way ; they waited in hopes their companion would overtake them, but his not coming up, they halloo'd and called him by name, but received no answer, alarmed for his safety, they retraced their steps, when to their utter astonishment and horror, they found him quite dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and robbed of every thing he possessed ; it is supposed he staid behind for a natural purpose, and was attacked and murdered while in a defenceless position. Since this lamentable occurrence, if an Angler has occasion to stop, he has only to call out the word, " Law," and the whole party wait till it is convenient to continue the journey.

FISH

Contained in the Waters near London.

THE STICKLEBACK, BARNSTICKLE,
OR SHARPLING

Is the very smallest of all fishes, with by far the longest names, of no use* but to amuse and inoculate little boys with a desire to become anglers (in summer) - but what he is good for, or where he goes to in winter, I cannot tell, neither could our Father Izaak.



THE MINNOW.

SONG—MICHAEL MINNOW.

(TUNE.) “*Over the Water to Charley.*”

1.

Mike Minnow one day with his sweetheart walk'd out,
Thro' Islington to the New River,
He lov'd his dear Mary, but she'd often pout,

* Some Anglers use it as a bait for Perch or Trout, but it can only be considered as a make-shift.

And went with him seldom or never.
 In a box he had gentles, he'd worms in a pot,
 And of Cloves got a quartern at starting ;
 A walking-stick rod in his right hand he'd got,
 And under his left was Miss Martin.

Tol de rol fal de ral, disaster and woe,
 Misfortune quite grievous to mention,
 Mike Minnow he lost Miss Martin you know,
 By not paying her proper attention.

2.

When near to the Sluice-house, Mike Minnow said dear,
 How delightfully pleasant's the weather,
 Suppose we now take a pint of mild beer,
 On the bench we can sit down together ;
 Then over the rails I will put out my rod,
 And catch a few Roach for our dinner,
 Miss Martin she gave an assenting nod,
 Which mightily pleased Michael Minnow.

Tol de rol, &c.

3.

With his rod held straight out, at his float he did stare,
 While swimming along very steady,
 When Mary said Michael, what is that there
 Which hangs out of your pocket my heady ;
 To know what she meant he was not at a loss,
 For he felt what was twisting and wriggling ;

Oh! says he, that's a lob-worm crept out of the moss
Which I have brought with me for sniggling.

Tol de rol, &c.

4.

He caught a few Roach, and was pleased at the sight,
Thinks he to himself, it's now certain,
If I catch a few more I shall make it all right,
And I shall be wed to Miss Martin.
But she from his side had wandered away,
He put down his rod for to hail her,
When despair seized his frame as the waiter did say
Miss Martin's a kissing a tailor.

Tol de rol, &c.

5.

His hair stood on end, and he trembled with rage,
And to take her away he was wishing,
When she said Mr. Minnow, pray Sir don't engage,
You'd much better go mind your fishing;
He called her false hearted, and heaved a deep sigh,
And said she'd soon hear of a burying,
He took up his rod, but some one passing by
Had hook'd on his line a Red Herring.

Tol de rol, &c.

6.

He met Peter Pike and told him his grief,
That Miss Martin was gone with a dandy,

Says Peter then look to your rod for relief
And here take a drop of my brandy,
You know I'm an old one, now mind what I say,
And when out to fish you are strolling,
Leave your sweetheart at home till some other day,
Or else never think about trolling.

Tol de rol, &c.

The Minnow being the smallest of all fishes of any consequence to the angler, has no scales, the back darkish, and the sides white and silvery, with a shade of purple; this fish, when in season, is very beautiful, and is considered equal in taste to any of the finny race. If fried with eggs and crumbs of bread, first taking out the gut, and clipping off the heads and tails, they make a most excellent dish. When full grown, in some rivers they are 3 inches and more in length, and are a thick broad fish for their size; you may fish for them with two or three hooks on your line, they should be very small, and baited with a small piece of red worm, but they will bite at every bait, and feed at almost any depth below midwater. The Minnows in the river Ravensborne, near Southend in Kent, are the largest I have ever seen. This fish is a most excellent bait for every fish of prey, but in warm weather they are very difficult to keep alive.

THE GUDGEON.

—o—

SONG—GABRIEL GUDGEON.

(TUNE.) “*Soldier gave me one pound.*”

1.

Gabriel Gudgeon was a fisherman,
Some people called him flat
When he declared he lik'd to catch
Roach and Dace and that.
One day he went to Twickenham,
Thro' Brentford was his route,
With 'Titus Ticklebat he took
A punt to fix it out.

You may think you have a real friend,
In summer's sunny hour,
But if you'd prove him to the end,
Just try him in a show'r.

2.

Their system was economy,
I mean not to affront,
But Anglers are but simpletons
In managing a punt.
And so it proved ; for many hours
They toiled, tho' hot the sun,

The perspiration down them ran,
Before their job was done.

You may, &c.

3.

Their shade was on the water,
The sun was hot behind,
Says Titus unto Gabriel
This is just unto my mind,
The scenery's so beautiful,
I could sit here for a week.
They of fish at eve had ninety-nine,
And all of them were Bleak.

You may, &c.

4.

Now Twickenham most people know
Is not far from Richmond town,
When up the river they would go,
Why they got further down.
Round and round they pushed the boat,
At last got bump ashore ;
When Titus turned his tail about
And swore he'd have no more.

You may, &c.

5.

'Twas not the first time Gabriel
Had been left in the lurch,
For they'd been before to try to catch
Trout and Pike and Perch.
He met a Richmond waterman
And gave him half-a-crown
To take the punt home, while he made
His way to London town.

You may, &c.

6.

He got home quite late at night,
As you may well suppose,
He'd two great blisters on his feet,
The skin was off his nose.
He told his tale and shew'd his fish,
Got laugh'd at for his pains,
He began to think he had been fool'd,
Tho' he had all the gains.

You may, &c.

7.

Home in a coach rode Titus,
And laughed at Gabriel's woes ;
Ask'd for some fish, and laugh'd the more
When he saw Gabriel's nose.

When shall we go again said he,
I should like to go once more,
Said Gabriel not with me indeed,
I've been deceived before.

You may, &c.

8.

Now Mr. Titus Ticklebat
I wish to tell you plain,
A chance to serve me as you've done
Will never come again.
He who leaves his friend in trouble
And does otherwise deceive,
In my opinion don't deserve.
To have a friend to leave.

You may, &c.

This fish is excelled by none of the fresh water tribe for its excellent taste and nutritious qualities. Most of the rivers near London are well supplied with them. They spawn about May, and once more during the summer, about which time they are to be met with on the scoures and shallows, and remain there till the cold weather and sour weeds drive them to deep water. They afford much sport to the young angler, being easily taken with a small red worm at bottom (on the shallows in summer, and deep water as the weather gets cold.) It is of a silvery color, with dappled spots of black. They are a well formed fish, and are leather

mouthed, and, if well hooked, rarely get off. No. 9 or 10 hook is a good size to take these fish with.

Many dozen Gudgeons are taken daily during the season in the Lea and Thames; in the latter river by means of a punt, which can be obtained at any of the villages on the banks of that river, but more particularly about Twickenham, Teddington, Kingston, Ditton, Hampton, Shepperton, and so on to Staines. In the Lea they are taken from the banks, large rakes being kept at the subscription houses for the accommodation of the anglers. A rake is indispensibly necessary in angling for these fish, which must be used every quarter of an hour. I have been greatly amused in witnessing the swarms of boys perched upon the rails of the New River, near Sadler's Wells, and at the various arches on that river near Islington. There twenty in a row are as intent as the most experienced angler, occasionally catching a little fish, when he is instantly surrounded by his associates, who are loud in their praise of his dexterity.

At the tackle shops, near the above place, willow wands are sold for the use of these young Piscators. Equipped with a penny float and hair line, a farthing rod and halfpennyworth of blood-worms, he feels quite as proud and is as happy as the lordling who may have paid pounds to Martin Kelly for Irish hooks and Irish tackle, particularly if he is lucky enough to possess a jar or can to keep his fish alive in. (See Frontispiece.)

This place is the nursery for London Anglers, in

fact, many of the best anglers of this day made their debüt as above, and under similar circumstances.

These fish are an excellent bait for Pike or Perch, either alive or dead.

—o—

THE BLEAK.

SONG.—BILLY BLEAK.*

(TUNE.) "*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

1.

A tender parent had a lad,
 She fear'd somehow his ways were bad,
 And she an inclination had,
 That he should be an angler.
 Near Lea Bridge, twenty years ago,
 One night while walking with her beau
 She made a slip and you must know,
 Bill's father was an angler.

Winches, reels, and lines and hooks,
 Trolling rods and sniggling crooks,
 Gut and float and tackle books,
 For Billy Bleak the angler.

* This and the Leatherhead song lose all their point by the names being unavoidably omitted.

2.

To keep him from lewd women's charms,
She sent him to the Penton Arms,*
And this she thought would end her qualms,
While he learned to be an Angler.
He heard them talking with delight
Of fishing and what fish would bite,
Thinks he to himself 'twill be all right,
I'll be a fisher from this night.
He wink'd his eye and gave a nod,
I've a bran new fishing rod,
And I think, or it's very odd
If I am not an Angler.

Winches, &c.

3.

He call'd for pen and ink, and wrote
To his tailor for a fishing coat,
And said I'll be a man of note,
As I'm a jolly Angler.
His watchmaker a watch should make,
That no appointment he might break.
Captains' biscuits he would take,
And snuff to keep him wide awake.

* Barron Street, Pentonville, where the Waltonian Society is held.

He bought a bran new tackle case,
 And fishing boots so tight to lace,
 Thro' wet and mud to run and race,
 To be first among the Anglers.

Winches, &c.

4.

His gentle box and Minnow can
 Were made him by a famous man,
 No one could find fault with the plan,
 If he was an Angler.
 A handsome fishing knife was made,
 And further to encourage trade,
 A fancy brooch he'd have he said,
 And chased thereon a small Jack's head.
 He said, and gave his pipe a puff,
 When he'd caught a fish that was large enough,
 He'd give it somebody to stuff,
 Just like a jolly Angler.

Winches, &c.

5.

At Lea bridge he his money paid,
 And on the ground his tackle laid,
 While he the balls of ground-bait made,
 As should a jolly Angler.
 'Twas wet, he could not get a fin,
 He thought to himself it was no sin

As he was wet outside to wet the in,
So he took a hearty swig of gin,
I don't know how it came about,
He must have been a stupid lout,
For he fell in the river, and couldn't get out,
And there was an end of the Angler.

Winches, &c.

6.

His mother thought at first 'twas chaff,
And tried to pass it with a laugh,
But when she read his epitaph,
She sigh'd for the loss of her Angler.
She took a dram, and wip'd her eye,
And said it was no use to cry,
But now and then would heave a sigh
For the loss of her son the Angler.
I had almost forgot to state
What was on his coffin plate,
'Twas a lamentation for the fate
Of this unlucky Angler.

Winches, &c.

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THE BLEAK.

The Bleak is a small lively fish, much resembling the sprat, he is very restless, feeding alike at top and

bottom. They spawn in May, and are always in season, except at that time. Fine tackle and small hooks are necessary to take these fish; you may have three or four hooks on at once, either as flies or baited. They are well tasted, and are not particular as to their feeding, taking either gentles, paste, or worms: they are a good bait for large trout when used as a spinning bait, and for Jack in a thick water. Many Bleak are taken in the Thames and Lea by whipping with a small black gnat or the natural house fly. They are excellent practice for the young fly fisher. The largest I ever saw was taken at Cheshunt, in the Lea, September 16th, 1832; it was 7½ inches long.

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THE LOACH.

The Loach is nearly the color of the Gudgeon, but darker, and longer in proportion to the thickness; it is barbed and wattled like the Barbel, and feeds close to the bottom; he is found in small rivulets, and is easily taken with a bit of red worm, which may be put before him without disturbing him from the bottom, of which he almost appears to form a part from his color. They are sweet food and are recommended to sick persons as extremely nourishing; they are slimy and without scales, and are a good bait, especially for Eels. I have taken four or five dozen at a time in the waste water stream of Large's Mill, Southend, Kent.

THE ROACH.

Roach breed in large quantities, and are, in the neighbourhood of London, very numerous, perhaps more than any other fish, therefore it happens that the unskilful will often succeed in taking them; but if they find them biting so fine as scarcely to agitate the float, they will never take a fin, while the skilful Angler will kill a good dish, although the water may be clear and low.

In Roach fishing in particular, I think the London Anglers may challenge all the Kingdom for superiority. The excellence of their tackle and practice, and their general judgment, defy all competition; it is not an unfrequent occurrence for a single rod and line to take, in a few hours, from twenty to thirty pounds weight.

Roach are very pretty fish when in season, have small mouths and their teeth in their throats, as have Chub, Dace, Barbel, Bream, Gudgeons, &c. They spawn about May or June (uninfluenced by the season) The color and appearance of all fresh water fish depend upon the state of the water they are taken from, as after the rivers become thick from rain, &c. the fish are pale and apparently out of condition, but they recover their brightness after they have lain awhile. The brighter the water, the finer the appearance of all fish.

The river Roach are superior to the pond, as indeed are all other fish; they delight in deep running water and well shaded holes with a sandy bottom, in summer

they frequent shallow places, hiding among weeds ; but about September the weeds rot, and they retire to the deeps ; then commences the Roach Angler's harvest.

The season for Roach fishing in the Thames, begins about the end of August, and continues much longer than it is pleasant, except to a thoroughbred Angler, about this time the weeds become disagreeable to their palate, and they leave them. 'This happens sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry. 'The fishermen on the Thames are constantly on the watch to sweep them away with nets, but great numbers escape to the deeps, which in many places are staked to preserve the fish.

Single hair lines are mostly in use by the London Anglers, and these are of so good a quality, that they, with ease, can kill the heaviest Roach. (An old New River Angler, caught a Roach at the Rack Bridge, New River, weighing 2lbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. with a single hair line.) I must differ from them in this respect, as I cannot possibly be brought to believe that fish can distinguish between fine gut and single hair ; it is true, I am almost alone in my opinion as the objections to gut are numerous, some asserting that gut beads in the water, that the stiffness will always be an impediment, however fine stained or pliant, it is contended that the pliancy of single hair greatly increases the success. It is my opinion that single hair has no advantage over fine gut, and never can believe that fish can tell the difference, perhaps I may be wrong.

Broxbourne, on the Lea, is much frequented by Roach Anglers, and good sport is obtained here in the season. The Crown, at the bridge, is kept by the Messrs. Wants who rent the water, which house is frequented by many excellent Roach Anglers.

The finer you fish for Roach the greater will be your success; small floats, small hooks and shot must be used, fish near the bottom occasionally varying the depth, should the fish leave off biting. Bottom fishing is often interrupted by the presence of some fish of prey; in this case, a bait thrown in for him will often remove the difficulty.

The weight of your tackle must be suited to the force of the stream, fishing always as light as possible. The ground bait should be either soaked bread and bran, or flour and bran, pitching in every now and then a small piece. A mouthful of chewed bread occasionally scattered about in a still hole will attract the fish.

Hooks, No. 10 and 11. baits, gentles, red worms, greaves, and paste made of the finest bread, and worked in the palm of your hand till stiff and glutinous, this must be made with clean hands, or it will not do; this is a winter bait. Fish as fine and as far off as you can: plumb the depth without disturbing the water, and when you have ascertained the bottom, and fixed upon a spot, throw in your ground-bait gently and hope for success. I would always advise the Angler, to use as little line as circumstances will allow, between the float and the point of the rod, especially in Roach

fishing, and where you do not expect other fish, a running line may be dispensed with, you can then strike much more certain. Roach are likewise taken without a float; this manner of fishing is only to be practised with a very short stiff light rod, and a swan shot placed on the line about six inches from the hook, letting the shot touch the bottom, then gradually raising it to the required depth: this way is generally practised round the piles of bridges, and from wood work, or from a barge or boat. In the above manner a Brother Bob, at the Rye House in old Shepherd's time, once caught so many Roach against the piles of the bridge, that the old man, seeing them lying on the bottom of a barge that was moored close by, expressed his fears lest some unfair method had been used to take them, never having seen this way of fishing before. My companion sat astride one of the beams of the bridge, that projects over the water, and many of the finest fish were lost, by his not being able to use a landing net.

To reach some of the best swins in the Lea, a rod twenty or twenty-four feet long is requisite, made of the lightest materials, so that it is straight and strikes true.



THE DACE.

The Dace resembles the Roach very much, but the scales are smaller, and fins not red, and in make not

so wide; they are met with in most rivers near London in great quantities, and afford the Angler much amusement; they are caught at bottom in the Thames and Lea, &c. in common with the Roach, and are a game and powerful fish for their size; the haunts of the Dace are gravelly, sandy, or clayey bottoms, and deep holes that are shaded; in hot weather they are found on shallows, and are best taken with an artificial fly, or whipping with a single gentle or grasshopper on your hook; they spawn in March, and are best about Michaelmas, and on till February; though Dace are often caught with a float with Roach, they are not altogether float fish; fish for Dace about two inches from the bottom, use a ground bait made with bread and bran, or two or three handfuls of flour, with a quart of bran moistened with water; I prefer the flour to bread, being easier made, and sinks better, but many prefer bread and bran; Dace are taken in great quantities of a very good size at Drayton and in the Wandle, between the town and Thames, and upon all the shallows in the Thames, between Kew and Staines bridge; they are a good bait for Pike, and are taken with a red worm, gentles, and greaves; in the Thames the fishermen use bran and clay, mixed with greaves, pounded very fine, and scalded, pouring the water in which they are soaked over the bran; the Dace at Leatherhead in Surrey are very large, and in the Lewisham stream they are most excellent, in fact the Dace here are superior in quality to any I ever saw.

Dace in mill streams are mostly met with near the top part of the mill head : they are a brisker fish than the Roach, and having a larger mouth, you may use a No. 9, hook ; they are very good eating.

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SONG.—YOUNG BEGINNERS.

(TUNE.) “ *Now let's away to the Wedding.*”

1.

Richard Roach, Daniel Dace, Barney Bream
 Had purchased, of tackle a store.
 And amongst them was poor Mike Minnow,
 Whose story I've told you before ;
 Bob Bleak too was one of the party,
 A 'prentice h'd not long been bound,
 I believe he's a distant relation
 Of that Billy Bleak that was drowned.

Some people do sneer at us Anglers,
 And call us all this, that, and t'other,
 But they cannot say we are wranglers,
 But live, as should brother and brother.

2.

It was settled, next week they would go out,
 Each prayed that time fast might run on,
 To leave toil and sorrow behind them,
 In smoaky and dirty London.

Dan Dace took his mother's best saucepan,
That his greaves might be soft and well boiled,
For this master Dan got a hiding,
For his mother's new saucepan was spoiled,
Some people, &c.

3.

A bag that might carry his rod in,
Dan made from two sleeves of a coat,
He got sixpence for going an errand,
And bought him a porcupine float.
A box that once held paste blacking,
A pen'worth of gentles contained,
And he said he would take his umbrella,
To sit underneath if it rained.
Some people, &c.

4.

Barney's father was one of Reid's draymen,
He stole to the stables one day,
And tugged at the tail of a dray horse,
And tore a good handful away,
His mother boiled him some bacon,
And filled a quart bottle with pease,
And 'tis certain he's not the first bobber,
That has made a good dinner on these.
Some people, &c.

5.

They melted the tea-spoons for plummet,
And cut the lead windows for shot,
And on Saturday night about seven,
They every thing ready had got.
They merrily trudged till near Enfield,
There laid in a stack for a snore,
By sleep very soon overtaken,
They woke not till very near four.

Some people, &c.

6.

The river was reached they got ready,
Each picked for himself a prime nook,
But the very first swim, Barney Bream
Cried, blow me I've lost my gut book.
Richard got fast to a bramble,
And Daniel got hold of a post,
But to crown their misfortunes and crosses,
Discovered their grub was all lost.

Some people, &c.

7.

By hunger and thirst overtaken,
They studied what was to be done,
When Richard thought of the hay stack,
And called out as sure as a gun,

When we were disturbed by the farmer,
Our provision was left in the stack,
And no doubt but he or his joskins,
Will eat it before we get back.

Some people, &c.

8.

Bob Bleak put his hand in his pocket,
But sixpence was all it contained,*
With this money he purchased some porter,
Amongst five it was very soon drained,
Dan stood twirling his new umbrella,
Ah now I've a thought, cried Bob Bleak,
Suppose we leave that with the landlord
In pawn for some meat till next week.

Some people, &c.

9.

The landlord, a good sort of fellow,
Their sorrowful talk overheard,
Consented at once to relieve them
And trust to their honor and word ;
He was paid as I am told well and truly,
For honesty 's best in the end,
And may every way weary bobber,
Meet just such a landlord and friend.

Some people, &c.

* So determined were the rest to be fishermen, that they spent every farthing in tackle, &c. never dreaming of refreshment,

THE CHUB.

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CHARLEY CHUB AND THE PUNT PROPRIETOR.

(TUNE.) “ *Ye Zephyrs gay.*”

1.

Charley Chub, Esq. a citizen,
 Lived very near to Pudding lane,
 And every summer went a week,
 By the Thames at Ditton to remain.
 He gave his 'prentice half-a-crown,
 To be a steady boy.
 And mind the shop, while he went down
 His fishing to enjoy.

With rod and line and hook,
 By river, pond or brook,
 Strange things we fishers see.

2.

He as a man of substance was
 Allow'd to be in every sense ;
 He'd a large amount in banker's hands,
 As many pounds as some had pence.
 His person portly as a butt
 Prov'd how he liv'd full well,

And how he did enjoy himself
I am about to tell,

With rod, &c.

3.

He to the Swan at Ditton drove,
And call'd aloud for Bob, the groom,
Meanwhile a chubby chambermaid
Trip'd before him to his room ;
Said he, send for a fisherman,
Get supper in a trice,
A duck, a fowl, or pigeon pie,
I am not over nice.

With rod, &c.

4.

The man soon came, and made his bow,
I hope, Sir, you are well, said he ;
Yes, Joe, I'm very well, said Chub,
Now hold your tongue, and list to me ;
Get lots of bait, your punt well cleaned,
And ope' that tackle chest,
And look out for to-morrow's sport
What you consider best.

With rod &c.

5.

He rang the bell, the waiter came,
 I want some brandy and some wine,
 And something nice prepare for me
 For lunch till I have time to dine ;
 And fisherman exact at six,
 Be at my chamber-door,
 Myself to-morrow I'll enjoy,
 If I never did before.

With rod, &c.

6.

True to his time old Chub was wak'd,
 He was fidgetty to be afloat,
 And waiter, ostler, fisherman,
 Convey'd provision to the boat.
 The pole that mark'd the pitch was near'd,
 (Old Chub this custom blames*)
 But he soon was seated in his chair
 Upon the mighty Thames.

With rod, &c.

7.

Awhile he fished, the fisherman
 At length called out, Sir, I've a bite,

* It is well known to Thames Anglers that the punt owners fix a pole in the best pitches, in expectation of customers, they having received a communication to that effect. Old Chub thinks it ought to be first come, first served.

I've miss'd him, but I think my bait
Was not fix'd exactly right.

The deuce a bite, says Chub, have I
Perceived to move my line,
I feel quite faint, so fisherman
Give me a glass of wine.

With rod, &c.

8.

Another and another glass
Chub took, and then he took a snack,
And when the sun grew warm above,
He took a little nap.

The moment that his eye lids clos'd,
The man cried, strike, Sir, strike ;
Chub woke, and in a pucker struck,
You never saw the like.

With rod, &c.

9.

His bait renew'd, he tried again,
But 'twas in vain for him to try ;
And thirsty Chub requested Joe
To hand a glass, for he was dry ;
And then he dozed, which Joe perceived,
Called aloud, a bite again,
Chub woke, and struck, but as before
His striking was in vain.

With rod, &c.

10.

So often foil'd, Chub rous'd himself,
 Thinks he that same fishing spark,
 I more than half suspect with me
 Is playing off a lark.
 But when asleep I fall again,
 I'll doze with one eye ope',
 It's very strange if Charley Chub,
 With this Gudgeon cannot cope.

With rod, &c.

11.

Chub nodded, Joe was wide awake,
 And to the well he slyly went,
 And on Chub's line a Barbel hook'd,
 But one eye was intent.
 Says Chub you do it very well,
 Upon my word you do,
 Put me on shore, and Master Joe
 I'll come no more with you.

With rod, &c.

The Chub evidently derives his name from his make, he, however, can boast of numerous other names, as Nob, Botling, Cheven, Chavenden, &c. When in season they are handsome, having broad scales and a thick bold looking head, Small Chub, Roach, and Dace resemble each other so much, that

old and experienced Anglers are often deceived as to the identity, so much so, that in a company of acknowledged Anglers there has been various opinions. The Chub and Dace are the most difficult to distinguish, but the points to be observed are (in the Chub), a larger mouth, broader head, thicker lips, and the scales immediately behind the head larger, and distinctly marked, and the general make of the fish rounder, and the throw of the Mouth larger and not so forward as the Dace, the roe is the best part to eat. They are in the finest condition from October till the end of April or beginning of May. The Chub spawn about the beginning of May, sooner or later, and are sickly, rough, and out of condition for some time after, but they will take flies greedily, all fish soon after spawning are unhealthy, and should not be taken. They are fished for in the same manner as Roach, but, of course, with stronger tackle, and when you expect large fish use a running line, although an Angler of the Lea caught one 6lbs. with a single hair tight line. Their baits are gentles, paste, and greaves, the latter must be the whitest piece you can get, they will also take worms, some use colored paste in imitation of Salmon roe, but of this I have no opinion, never having heard much in its favour. Wasp maggots are most excellent bait, cheshire cheese, pith from the back bone of an ox, and bullocks brains are likewise considered equally good bait. The latter may be good under some circumstances, but it is not so pleasant to angle with as the

former.* The Chub having a large mouth, you should fish with No. 7 or 8 hook, keep off the water, and when you have taken a good fish, which will generally alarm his companions. I should recommend you to go to another swim for a while, after throwing in a little ground bait; it is not a bad plan to fix on two or three spots, and fish them alternately if you can prudently leave, Chub being very shy.

Where you find Chub once you will find them again; hence the old proverb, "Once a Chub hole, always a Chub hole."

They are also taken in the summer by whipping and dipping, the former with a stiff rod and a large fly in imitation of a wasp, bee, grasshopper, cockchaffer, &c, and by dipping with a stout rod and short line, trying under bushes and banks, keeping always off the water, with a natural bait, cockchaffer, humble bee, &c. Their haunts are holes shaded with trees, under hollow banks, or in any deep shady place, sometimes among weeds in deep water where there is a stream. The Mole about Esher, the Colne, near Harefield, and Drayton, the Lea, in most of its fisheries, and the Thames produce many Chub. I have taken Chub near five pounds at Esher Copper Mills, and in the Spring of 1832, two friends took 1cwt. at Harefield Broadwater, in the Colne.

The Chub is in temper much like a pig, for if you want him to go one way, pull him the contrary, and you will generally accomplish your object.

* Chub are sometimes taken with Minnows, and frequently when trolling with the gorge hook in this way. I have seen them take their own species.

THE BREAM.

The Bream is a broad thin fish, often compared to a pair of bellows, he is very bony, and but little esteemed as food, he is of the Roach make, but twice as broad in proportion, a small sucking-mouth, head large, and forked tail, they frequent deep water in quiet parts. When the Bream bite, they very frequently cause the float to lay flat on the surface of the water; this would, of itself, be sufficient to convince the Angler that his bait should swim some distance from the bottom, the fish could then take it with altering his horizontal position.

The Bream spawn about July, and are in best season just before. Their best baits are paste, gentles, wasp grubs, and red worms, a strong hook, No. 9. He is a strong fish when first hooked, but after the first turn or two you may land him without much trouble, use a ground bait of clay and bran, grains, &c. thrown in some time before you fish.

Dagenham Breach, a large piece of water belonging to Mr. Fry has numerous Bream, but of their quality I cannot speak favourably, they have a sickly unhealthy appearance, and when taken void a black matter just like ink, arising from the soil on which they feed. The Roach, Perch, &c. here, are all bad tasted.

Bream are found also in the Brent, between Hanwell and Brentford, in the Mole and Wey at Wey-

bridge, but very few in the 'Thames and Lea. Some fine Bream are taken in the Thames, near Walton bridge, occasionally, and in the docks they run to an enormous size.

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THE CARP.

SONG.—KATE CARP.

(TUNE.) “*Last Week I took a Wife.*”

In the deep near Richmond town,
 Kate Carp had took her station,
 A flood had brought her down
 From the Wey in emigration.
 She found a mate, this finny pair
 Rear'd many a brood with caution,
 As Carps are crafty every where,
 These had of course a portion.

List! Oh! list! to me,
 And as my tale is running,
 You shall hear a tragedy,
 Of a Carp that was so cunning.

2.

One morn she rous'd her fry,
 And thought they look'd much thinner,
 But told them by and bye,
 They would find a hearty dinner.

Last night while swimming near the shore,
 I overheard two boatmen
 Say they must be awake at four,
 And have a punt afloat then.

List, &c.

3.

By my craft and here they come,
 Now mind and pay attention,
 If safe you'd reach your home,
 To every thing I mention.
 If your Sire had taken my advice,
 We need not now deplore him,
 He was hook'd, and kill'd and in a trice
 Away an Angler bore him.

List, &c.

4.

He in tippling took delight,
 Which caus'd us for to garble;
 He'd been drinking over night
 With that ugly beast Ben Barbel.
 A gentle swallowed, up he went,
 Oh! dreadful situation,
 And deeply I his loss lament,
 But you'r my consolation,

List, &c.

5.

See the ground-baits coming down,
Now mind my little chickens,
There's two above from town,
We shall find some pretty pickings.
This bait you see's put loosely on,
This Angler is a stranger,
You may take the gentles one by one,
In him there is no danger.

List, &c,

6.

This tackle new and rough,
Of cobblers' wax the hook smells,
The shot too bright enough,
And a flopping float which us tells.
Despite his glaring rod and line,
He has no pow'r to harm us,
If tackle always did thus shine,
The baits would only charm us.

List, &c.

7.

Oh! heavens, that other face,
That's he that kill'd your father,
See the Barbel going a-pace,
We're all in danger rather.

So neat and crafty is that line,
Go near it and you're undone,
It had been well for me and mine,
If he had ne'er left London.

List, &c.

8.

For twenty years or more,
(I wish old Nick had claim'd him,)
Those specks he's always wore,
So spectacles we named him.
The slaughter that I've seen him make
Among each finny neighbour,
'Twould make the stoutest of us quake
To see how he did labour.

List, &c.

9.

Unperceived the Anglers chang'd
Their rods, their swims, and places ;
Their baits are fresh arranged,
Which altered much their cases.
Kate thought full surely all was right,
But fate that day had book'd her,
She bit, that bite was her last bite,
For old spectacles had hook'd her.

List, &c.

10.

Up and down, and round about
 She swam, 'twas unavailing,
 She her last advice shriek'd out,
 While her fry in tears were wailing.
 I die, said she, but you are taught,
 If here you longer tarry,
 You certainly will all be caught,
 For old specks will catch old Harry.

List, &c.

The Carp is the most crafty of fresh water fish, originally a foreigner, has a fleshy palate and leather mouth, a strong, broad, large scale, the fins blackish; when stewed with red wine, they are considered very good; they spawn several times a year, but principally about May, and are in best season just before; their haunts are in the deepest parts of rivers, where there is a gentle stream, with a marly or muddy bottom; your rod must be long and strong, ditto your line, hook, No. 8; use a ground-bait made of grains, bullock's blood, broken worms, bran, and clay thrown in some hours before you begin to angle, approach the water as slowly and silently as possible, and keep out of sight, or you might as well be at home; when you have a bite, strike immediately. Let an Angler be in possession of ever so large a stock of patience, he will need it all in fishing for Carp; their sagacity and cunning can only be compared to the fox, nor is patience

and perseverance alone necessary, for when you have hooked a large fish, all your judgment will be required to land him; swimming steadily to whatever part of the water he is disposed for, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary, nor is it well to oppose him, only holding tolerably tight against him, he will try every means to disengage himself; if in a river, he will sometimes make a steady course to the opposite bank and then back under your feet, then up and down, taking every advantage of weeds, posts, &c. and when you consider him subdued he will start again as fresh as ever; I need not say a tight line is almost useless in angling for large Carp.

Bream, Carp, and Tench angling are nearly similar, only that Carp are more cunning, for in the Portmore park, near Weybridge, Surrey, I was contesting for nearly an hour with a large Carp, and in spite of my utmost endeavours, we were obliged to part, he broke me. The Carp in this river are the most beautiful of the kind, excelling all I have seen. Many fine Carp are taken in the Horse and Groom Fishery, Lea bridge, about April, also at Beresford's water below. Many ponds near London contain fine Carp, (Oatlands, Wanstead, Hampstead, &c.)

THE TENCH.

SONG.—TIMOTHY TENCH.

(TUNE.) “*Miss Worgman's Hornpipe.*”

1.

'Twas the latter end of August,
 When Timmy Tench walk'd out,
 His head was full of fishing,
 For he'd read Izaak Walton ;
 Along the famed Lea river
 He meant to take a rout ;
 And readily to reach the spot,
 Slept over-night at Dalston.
 I will let each Angler see,
 A bobber true I mean to be,
 And what is more than that, said he,
 Despise each poacher shabby,
 For I have rods, and lines, and hooks,
 And better than them all, odd zooks,
 I've got leave to fish the “crooks”
 Not far from Waltham Abbey.

CHOR.—At bottom or a bait to trip,
 To sniggle, ledger, rove or dip,
 By Minnow, spinning, trolling, whipping
 He became an Angler.

2.

He took an early breakfast,
And soon was in the road,
He jump'd upon the Hertford coach,
 And reach'd the spot in no time,
Said he, I'm told this crooked place
Is with fish well stow'd,
And if I get a pound or two
 I won't forget to shine.
Dissolve gum ivy in oil of spike,
Therewith anoint your bait for Pike,
(Walton says,) or something like,
 I've done so with a Gudgeon ;
I here and there will cast my bait,
And if a run ten minutes wait,
I'll have a fish as sure as fate,
 Before that home I'm trudging.

At bottom, &c.

3.

Far and near he cast his bait,
At last he felt a tug ;
His line ran out for 20 yards,
 Before it made a stop ;
He open'd wide his eyes and mouth,
And made a curious mug,

LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK,

For he'd seen the fish that took his bait

When very near the top ;

Now anxiously his heart did beat,

Indeed, says he, this is a treat,

Then on the ground he took his seat,

Awaiting the time to strike.

When thro' the mist, the day was dull,

By turning round he saw a bull,

Not far off, stare at him full,

And roaring, leap a dyke.

At bottom, &c.

4.

He had no time to hesitate,

So up he pick'd his rod,

By the stream there stood a tree,

He clim'd it like a cat,

The fish he plung'd about,

The bull tore up many a clod,

Between the bull and fish he scarcely

Knew what to be at ;

The bull bang'd the tree with all his might

But Tim the tree and fish held tight,

Sure he was in as sad a plight

As any one could wish to be.

Again the tree received a bump

Which broke it off close to the stump,

Then in the river it went plump,

And with it Timothy.

At bottom, &c.

5

As on the river lay the tree,

And nearly half across,

To wade the water, Timothy

Soon made up his mind,

Said he, it's no use staying here

To ride this wooden horse,

If over I might kill my fish

And leave my foe behind.

'Twas difficult to reach the shore,

The disappointed bull did roar,

But he car'd not now he was o'er,

Awhile the fish did flounder,

But when subdued he ope'd his jaws,

With wonder Tim awhile did pause,

For staring surely he'd good cause,

The fish was a ten pounder.

At bottom, &c.

6.

He pack'd it in some sedges

And placed it at his back,

Alexander of his conquests
 Surely never felt more proud
 Than did this honest Angler
 When he had kill'd his Jack,
 Tho' he'd been bother'd by a bull,
 His spirits where not cow'd ;
 From that day forward he has been
 An Angler true as e'er was seen,
 Despising every thing that's mean,
 But most of all a poacher.
 He grieves that trimmers slyly placed,
 An Angler's name some have disgraced,
 But from him they are always chased
 As rascally encroachers.

At bottom, &c.

The haunts of the Tench are nearly the same as the Carp; they are said to be possessed of healing qualities, and that fish of prey will not meddle with them; I have made every enquiry, and have heard of no instance where Tench have been taken by Jack, Perch, &c., the experiment having been made, by some friends, and the baits were always found free from laceration. With regard to their healing qualities, it is generally believed that wounded fish are benefited by rubbing against the Tench, the slime on his body acting as a balsam to their wounds, this may or may not be true, I leave the naturalist to decide.

They spawn in July, and are in season about Sept.

and continue till they spawn again ; bait as for Carp, with the addition of a well scoured lob-worm ; fish at bottom, hook No. 8 or 9, follow the same directions as for Carp, and you cannot be wrong. The Tench like muddy water better than clean, and breed better in pits and ponds than rivers, they will live in mud, and are sometimes found so thick and ugly as to be disagreeable to look at, they have been known to take the shape of a hole, where they must have been fixed for many years.

Although they breed best in pits and ponds, still a river Tench is a beautiful fish, he has a handsome eye and small smooth scales, tinged with gold, and their fins are of a dark slate colour, are thick and large ; they are a strong fish, but nothing like so crafty as the Carp. When you take them from muddy places, put them in water for a day or two, and they will improve ; like the Carp, they are tenacious of life, and may be carried to almost any distance in a wet cloth. They are excellent eating, especially when taken from a stream, and dressed the same as Carp.

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THE PERCH.

SONG.—THE PATRIOT PERCH.

(TUNE.) “ *Katty o’ Linch.* ”

1.

Now let us suppose brute creatures could speak,
 And plain English too, or I should puzzled be,
 Knowing but little of Latin or Greek,
 Or French, its all of it gibberish to me ;

'Twas on a Spring morning,
Just as 'twas dawning,
When I wandered as free and as light as the wind,
By a clear purpling river,
Where I would be ever,
When this little ditty came into my mind.

'Twas on, &c.

2.

In thought, an old otter came by with his prize,
A Trout which you all know, if real, would grieve me sore,
No wonder, cried I, that I can't get a rise,
You grizzly old poacher let me see your face no more,
Indeed but you will Sir,
I will never keep still Sir,
I have sworn that the fishes shall die one and all,
For the keeper that sad he,
Killed my poor grand-daddy,
And my father and mother both fell by his ball.

'Twas on, &c.

3.

Away then he stole thro' the reeds to his den,
While I, wondering, walked on my way by the river,
Astonished at what I had seen there and then,
I heard a shrill voice say, I'll love you for ever.
'Twas an amorous Perch,
I found upon search,

Was talking aloud to a female, his cousin,
 That old otter, he said,
 Shall die ere we wed,
 Or I'll fall in defence of my kin and my chosen,
 'Twas on, &c.

4.

An old fish in a hole heard his saying with pride,
 Replied, my brave son, in thy spirit I glory,
 That fin on your back, and those bars on your side,
 Are honours of which none but I know the story ;
 In the time of the gods,
 When art conquered odds,
 A Perch choked an otter, who presently died,
 The gods then decreed,
 For this daring deed,
 To all Perch their strange fins and the bars on their side.
 'Twas on, &c.

5.

Since the gods condescended to notice us Perch,
 Said the lusty young lover to her of his choosing,
 For this blood thirsty otter I'll instantly search,
 And die, though my life in the cause I am loosing ;
 'Twas no sooner said,
 But away then he fled,
 The otter was met always ready for battle ;
 He opened his jaws,

Neither wished for a pause,
 In his throat the Perch stuck, while the otter's teeth rattle.
 'Twas on, &c.

6.

Nearly choked, the old otter flew he knew not where,
 He climbed up the bank which I was then nearing,
 He lay down exhausted, but dreadful his stare,
 When he saw the keen spear of my fly rod uprearing,
 Foul traitor, said I,
 'Tis now you must die,
 In his old poaching heart the spike was soon hidden ;
 His death struggle thrust out
 The Perch from his snout,
 Quite surprised to find from his foe to be ridden.
 'Twas on, &c.

7.

Could I for a moment forbear to assist
 This Patriot Perch that had acted so bravely,
 So taking him up from the ground in my fist,
 Cried, bold heart, true Anglers can never act knavely.
 He swam not much hurt,
 When freed from the dirt,
 His lov'd one and kindred throug'd round him carressing,
 And for this daring deed,
 All fishes agreed
 To vote him their thanks along with their blessing.
 'Twas on, &c.

Perch is a bold, saucy, pert, looking fish, caring little about anything on land or water, not even the tyrant Pike, he will swim, in fact, where he pleases in spite of him, and if he should attempt to harm him, he will erect his peculiar back fin in defiance, although he falls a victim to his temerity; they are a restless, bold biting fish, taking the bait in right earnest, if they mean to feed at all, and if you are careful not to strike too soon you may take many of them at the same standing.

This should always be borne in mind when angling for Perch, as they swim in shoals, and if one should start away, the others would follow him, not so much out of respect for his company, but because they are perhaps jealous he may have some motive for leaving them, they have no brotherly love, for if one is in distress, the others will assuredly attack him; they will pull him by the tail, and I have known several instances where two have been taken at the same time this way; I once saw in the Lea, above the powder mills at Waltham Abbey, a Perch about a pound, seize another by the tail, a friend of mine had hooked and held him some time; they will start at anything thrown in the water, I have taken them while whipping for Dace with a small red palmer. Perch breed in ponds as well as rivers, they like clear, swift streams, that are moderately deep, under hollow banks, by the side of wood work, bridges, and old stumps of trees; they spawn about March, sooner or later as the season may be mild, or the locality of the stream may influence them. They bite best in cloudy weather, particularly

if there is a breeze; your tackle need not be over fine, and you may put two hooks on your line; angle at six or eight inches from the bottom if with a float, but in my opinion, the best way is to rove without one, having shot enough to sink your bait, and no more; if you bait with a live minnow, perhaps a float is best, but otherwise I prefer roving without a float. Minnows Loaches, small lobs, marsh worms, brandlings, red worms, and gentles are the baits; if you use a Minnow, hook by the nose, as a Perch cannot take his bait crossways like a Pike; when you rove, cast your bait gently between weeds, under roots, banks, about piles and bridges, you will soon distinguish a bite, give a little time and the fish is yours, if fishing with proper tackle (that is strong enough.) Perch are not often taken in the winter in any quantity, yet some are taken of a large size when trolling; the river Perch are a very handsome fish, differing much from most of the finny tribe, they are hog backed, and have a particular fin on the back, which they erect, and this renders them very formidable, it being armed with strong sharp bones, they have very red fins, their tail is also red, small hard scales, with dark bars down their sides, which are of a grey olive colour. A few worms occasionally thrown in where you know there are Perch, may induce them to feed; always have a superior worm on your hook, this is the only ground-bait of any use in Perch fishing.

THE BARBEL.

SONG.—BENJAMIN BARBEL.

(TUNE.) “*My bonnie bra’ John Highland Man.*”

1.

Near Kingston was Ben Barbel spawn’d,
 The angling art he long had scor’nd,
 He knew full well each fisherman,
 Their favourite ways and every plan,
 Among the piles of the bridge he found a hole,
 And very seldom from it stole,
 Except to sup on the whitest greaves,
 That floated to the scour along the waves.

I will not say this tale is true,
 As it came to me, I’ll tell it to you,
 ‘Twas before the old bridge was pull’d down,
 That join’d Hampton wick to Kingston Town.

2.

Ben never took his nightly round,
 When he heard above a netting sound,
 Then snug at home he would repose,
 In safety cock’d his sneering nose ;
 He drank large draughts of heavy wet,
 Of course the choicest he could get,
 He weigh’d 15lb. at 5 years old,
 His tail was strong and his heart was bold.

I will, &c.

3.

Says Ben in conceit I am no fool.
I've a precious good mind to keep a school,
And teach young fishes how to come on,
Examples set and lessons to con,
At all events I can but try.
Kit Carp I think will send his fry,
When my mind is known sure all will come,
To Kingston bridge Gymnasium.

I will, &c.

4.

But above all I'll teach what will most avail,
To use with a grace their fins and tail,
To lie in the current as well as the deep,
And free from slaughtering nets to keep,
To patiently wait till Anglers tire,
Tho' they with hunger should expire,
And ne'er to touch a baited line,
When the hooks are gone each fish may dine.

I will, &c.

5.

The school was formed, Kit Carps fry came.
On a broad pile was chalk'd this name,
Benjamin Barbel's academy,
On the best of instruction you may rely,
Ben flourish'd, but soon grew full of pride
And out a fuddling often hied,

Till his winking eyes and ruby snout,
Shew'd the liquor was in and the wit was out.

I will, &c.

6.

From his school one day at a guzzling den,
Bad news was brought to drunken Ben,
The grating saw and hammers clink,
Alarm'd him altho' full of drink,
He flounder'd out to know the cause,
And a sight beheld that made him pause,
For his scholars' school and all was gone,
To make room for a bridge of stone.

I will, &c.

7.

He raved and roar'd, but all in vain,
He ne'er could form a school again,
And his little usher, Peter Perch,
Set up for himself, and left him in the lurch,
He glump'd and sulk'd, but all too late,
He saw, but could not brave his fate,
So swallow'd a hook, despair'd and died,
'Twas piscatorial suicide.

I will, &c.

8.

The wooden bridge, the Barbel's pride,
Is carried away and their holes destroy'd,
No more the Angler seeks the swim,
'Tis gone thro' architectural whim,

And the Puntmen say that near the post,
Where Benjamin lived is seen a ghost,
A spect'ral fish with glaring eyes,
And fiendish look all sport destroys.

I will, &c.

The Barbel is a strong game obstinate fish, and affords good sport when hooked, they are met with in all the deeps in the Thames, and in the Lea as far as the Weir, below the Crown at Broxbourne, but higher up the Lea than Ponder's End they are rarely taken, it may be in consequence of their not being fished for, or places baited, or proper swims made. It is very certain that enormous large Barbel are in the waters about Waltham Abbey and on to Broxbourne. I have heard, that in the year 1831, Messrs. Wants caused to be turned in the Broxbourne water a vast number of Barbel obtained from the Thames, but I never heard that any had been taken.

Barbel fishing commences about May in the Lea, and June in the Thames, and continues till August and September, they are a coarse, bony fish, their roe acts as an emetic and cathartic. I have known many persons made very ill by eating the roe of this fish unwittingly, therefore, I would advise all Anglers to caution their friends against eating it. Barbel spawn about the end of April or beginning of May, and are less affected by spawning than any other fish.

They frequent gravelly rising ground, and in the

Summer, the deeps and strong current near Weir's bridges, among the piles, &c. They are a strange feeding fish, for at times they feed greedily and may be taken in great quantities, but at others they defy every means that can be used to capture them.

Their baits are lob-worms, gentles, and greaves, particularly clean and fresh. They are a leather-mouthed fish, with thick gristly lips, and have barbs from their mouth, from which circumstance they may have derived their name, they are something in shape like a Gudgeon, but more hog-backed, with small regular scales.

A winch is indispensably necessary when angling for Barbel, with a running line, strong gut, and well tempered hooks,

The Barbel swims in the Thames are principally in the deeps, and the particular pitches well known to the punt proprietors, who claim these as their property, and take especial care during the Barbel season to have a pole fixed in one or two places in the deeps near which they reside, to accommodate their particular customers. Barbel feed close to the bottom, and are very frequently taken foul by their rubbing against the bait as it lies on the bottom.

A friend of mine (Mr. James Brady) while ledger fishing at Teddington near the Tumbling Bay in October, 1833, took a Barbel about a pound and a half, with an artificial black fly in his mouth; this fish was taken with greaves, the fly was fixed in the fishes lip just as though it had rose at it, and my

friend feels assured that the fish took the fly in the regular way, while some person was whipping for Dace.

Another friend (Mr. Benjamin Fowler) some years ago near the Armoury Mills, Waltham Abbey, took a Barbel about 5lbs. while trolling for Jack, with a Gudgeon, the bait was gorged in the same way as would a Jack. This will appear a most singular circumstance, but the gentleman who took the fish, as well as others who witnessed the fact are now living, and well known to most of the river Lea Anglers, and their veracity may be fully relied on.

Barbel should be angled for with strong tackle, either with ledger line or with a float, the first mentioned way is generally practised where the current is too strong for a float to live, you should have an oval shaped perforated lead of sufficient weight to sink and lie on the ground, about a yard of gut and a No. 6 or 7 hook, or larger if you expect large fish, about a foot from the hook, place a shot firmly on the gut, and above the lead another about a foot distance, the lead will then move on the gut from shot to shot, this enables you to feel a bite without the lead being moved from the bottom; when the Barbel are on the feed, you cannot mistake a bite, for the rod will be moved pretty perceptibly, strike hard and be cautious, for you will have your work to do; hold as hard against him as the strength of your tackle will allow, keep him at play as much as possible, and take every advantage, for he will often

make steadily off to some favourite hole, never rising from the bottom, but run straight a-head till you are broke, in consequence of having no more line to give him, he strikes the line with his tail, and being so very powerful, often succeeds in breaking your hold; when he runs as above stated, your only plan is to follow him with the boat.

I prefer, when Ledger fishing, a piece of clay ground bait, worked on a hollow piece of bone or ivory, placed in lieu of lead, on the piece of bone there should be fixed some pins sticking out all round, this prevents the clay from being washed off, and I have been more successful this way than any other; this is called the clay ledger.

Another way to angle for Barbel is the same as for Roach and Dace, but this being finer fishing you are more likely to get broke, unless you are a skilful Angler, and then it is rare sport. Barbel are obstinate to a degree, I held one when fishing for Roach and Dace at Hampton for 20 minutes, without the least appearance of a move, but at last he started as before described, and before the boat could be loosed, I was broke.

Ground bait with clay, bran, and greaves broke very fine before they are scalded; take care to have large white pieces for your hook, you cannot well use too much ground bait.

Break up the greaves with a hammer, select the whitest pieces for your hook, then pound the rest as fine as powder with a large pestle and mortar. One

pound of greaves well pounded for ground bait, will go as far as three but indifferently broken, besides, if large pieces are thrown in, the fish have no inducement to feed on your baited hook in preference to what lies on the bottom, your bait should always be a tit bit, compared to the ground bait, which is only intended to attract and keep the fish together.

An old brother of the angle and myself had a rare day's sport at Lady Youngs, we caught more than three of us could carry, they were not over large, but very game, and we often had one on each of our lines at the same time, crossing each other while playing them; this was from the bank, and my friend was broke at least twenty times, his tackle having been kept some time by him, had become rotten, this was an excellent spot, but a flood one Winter broke the banks and destroyed the swim.

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THE RUFF.

Is a fish much resembling the small Perch, but not so handsome, having a curious rough shaped head, they are well tasted and easily taken by a small red worm, they are not very numerous, but in the Brent, at the back of Colonel Clitheroe's, I have taken at times a good fry.

THE RUDD.

Rudd are not often met with by the London Angler, being not very numerous in the waters within their reach ; they are fished for as for Roach, and are in make something between a Bream and Roach, with a touch of the Carp about the head.



THE MILLER'S THUMB.

Is of no use to the Angler, and easily known by his great head, which has given him also the name of the Bull-head.



THE EEL.

Eels are found in all the rivers near London and are much esteemed for their taste, the clearer and purer the water, the finer their taste and quality ; they are so well known that a description is unnecessary.

I will here mention, I am convinced that the long disputed point of the generation of Eels can be no longer doubted, for if any Angler will take the trouble to open an Eel about April or May, he will find, upon close inspection, the small Eels knotted together in a soft white substance, I was shown this by Brown the boatman, of Kingston, and am convinced of the fact. Eels are taken by night lines

baited with lobbs or small fish. They are also taken by sniggling.

This is performed by procuring a very stout line (plaited silk is the best) about three or four yards is quite enough, this is held in the left hand, at the end of which tie a common sized stocking needle, from the eye end to the centre, this done, half the needle will be bare, the line issuing, as it were, out of the centre of the needle; this is called a sniggle; you must likewise have a crook, this is a small rod about four feet long, with a brass joint, similar to a hinge, it should move smoothly but stiffly, from this joint there should be about a foot of hard wood or whalebone, terminating in a sharp point, this is for the purpose of conveying the baited sniggle to the hole or blow, as it is called; get some large lob worms, well scoured, and run the head of the needle into the worm, about the middle, passing the whole of the needle up to the head of the worm; the point of your crook must then be entered about the knot on the worm, for the purpose of conveying it as your judgment may direct, in such a manner that the head of the worm may be presented first to the eel. Thus prepared, you will then direct your bait to such places as are likely to contain Eels, as under clods or hollow banks, roots of trees, and about old wood work, they are likewise taken out of the bed of the river, where the soil is of a soft nature, and are met with in what is termed a blow, which is distinguished by a small aperture in the soil, usually about the size of a shilling;

when an Eel takes your bait, he draws the worm off the sniggle, this is called a take off; give him a little time to feed, then tug the line, the needle will be fixed across his throat, get him out by gentle means, rather than force, for he will hold round any thing rather than quit his haunt. This way is best performed between the months of April and July, when the water is low and bright, and, in my opinion, certainly the most successful and only pleasant way of taking Eels with a rod and line.

Eels are sometimes taken by bottom fishing, but when this has happened to me, I have always considered (as Pat says,) that I gained a loss; most of the Lea fishers are excellent snigglers, and, by a practical lesson, will readily instruct any true Brother Bob in an hour. I may here observe, the lightest hand will make the best sniggler.

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THE PIKE.

SONG.—PETER PIKE.

(TUNE.) “*With a Helmet on his Brow.*”

1.

Not long ago there lived
 A man called Peter Pike,
 Who dearly lov'd to troll for Jack,
 In river, pond, or dyke.

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He was the pal and friend
Of honest Tommy Trout,
They o'er a social glass agreed
To have a fishing bout.

Not long ago there lived
A man called Peter Pike,
Who dearly lov'd to troll for Jack
In river, pond, or dyke,

2.

Now Peter never let
Any likely time go by
For he'd been a troller thirty years
Or nearly, man and boy.
His baits he ready had
In a cistern, made of lead,
And his tackle always was look'd out
Before he went to bed.

Not long, &c.

3.

His time he always kept
As near as near could be.
And Peter had his jacket on
Just as the clock struck three.
He gently ope'd the door,
When up came Tommy Trout,

He shook him kindly by the hand,
Then away they started out.

Not long, &c.

4.

It rained and blowed quite hard,
But they cared the devil a bit,
Said Peter we're both tough and strong,
And more, we are used to it.
They trudged an easy pace,
Till Tottenham cross they pass'd
When Tommy said to Peter Pike
The rain has ceased at last.

Not long, &c.

5.

When near to Ponder's-end
They heard a mighty splash,
And looking forth, they saw two men
A net in the water dash.
Now Peter in a rage
Was going to call out,
But he very gently was kept back
By cautious Tommy Trout.

Not long, &c.

6.

Behind this hedge we'll stand
Till they are passing by,
And then I'll gently lend a hand,
With them our strength to try ;
I do not like to fight,
But poaching I detest,
Yes, I know very well, said Peter Pike,
That you will do your best.

Not long, &c.

7.

By this time the netters came
To where they lay concealed,
Peter put his tackle on the ground,
Then off his jacket peeled,
He on them made a rush,
Tom Trout was not behind,
They fought away like devils,
Till the poachers they resigned,

Not long, &c.

8.

Peter took his fishing knife
And cut up their spacious net,
He hack'd and chop'd full half an hour,
He was in such a pet.

He borrowed an old saw
From a lock-man that he knew,
He worked till he blistered both his hands,
But he cut their poles in two.

Not long, &c.

9.

He fill'd them full of hooks,
Then drove them in a hole,
And may this ever be the fate
Of every plunging pole.
Then success to Peter Pike,
And his friend, Tommy Trout.
And may every poaching rascal get,
As these were, well served out.

Not long, &c.

The Pike is called the tyrant of the fresh water, and, except Carp, is the longest lived of all fishes; he seizes indiscriminately every moving thing in the water, and they will frequently take their own species, young geese, ducks, &c. and I have known an instance in Staffordshire, of one hanging to the foot of a youth when bathing, till he was taken, and Mr. Cox Brooks, an experienced Troller, and a well known Angler of the Lea, once was witness to a Jack taking a lark; some men were practising what is called daring for larks, with an artificial hawk, near Cobmead, by Waltham Abbey, and the lark was so frightened that

he fell in the water, and was instantly taken by a Pike; one a very short time since, was taken by a friend of mine, which only weighed 2lbs, and upon opening it, a full grown water rat was found in his belly, he is in fact a fresh water shark; they are a solitary fish, and always found alone, except when near spawning time, then they are met with in pairs; Pike grow to an unlimited size, some say to 70lbs.

They commence spawning about March, going out of the rivers into creeks and ditches, and to the edges of ponds, and among weeds for that purpose; they are in season from Michaelmas, till near their spawning time.

The Pike being a ravenously disposed fish, seizes his bait with a sudden jerk, and which will be easily felt, but Anglers are often deceived by fancying the jerking occasioned by the hook striking a weed, this will be easily known by your tightening your line; I should advise the Troller always to run the risk of being wrong in that respect, rather than snatching the bait out of the mouth of the fish by any impetuosity; when a fish takes your bait he will frequently run off with it for some distance, then, if he stops, you should wait about ten minutes, or till he moves again, which may be almost immediately, in this case do not interrupt him, but ease out your line with as little check as possible, as he may settle again, then wait as above, but if he should, after about 5 or 6 minutes, move slowly off, shaking the line, then tighten, and he is yours, if you manage him properly; I am of opinion

that a small check is quite sufficient to fasten your hook if the fish has gorged the bait.

Your rod for Pike fishing should be about 16 feet, (but some prefer it longer) stout, but as light as possible, with upright rings that the line may run glibly through, these rings should be large; your line should be plaited or twisted silk, (the former is the best, as that will not kink) not too coarse, but of a good quality; your hook should be always proportioned to the bait-fish, not too rank or too small, and leaded so as to sink the bait readily to the bottom; the best shaped lead for gorge hooks is flat and oval, something like the shape of a Bleak, the hooks pointing as it were from the nose downwards; some are of opinion that the hook, when baited with a Gudgeon, should turn up to the eyes, the size of the hook proportioned to the bait-fish.

As gimp is indispensibly necessary in Jack fishing, (and some use it for Perch, made very fine) you should have it of the best quality; excellent gimp may be procured at any of the tackle shops, choose that which looks clean, round, and regular, and good gimp may be known by drawing a little of the wire off, which will display a good substance of silk, and the wire will be very fine; the size of gimp depends much upon the fancy of the Troller, but fine gimp of the quality before described will hold a heavy fish.

Instead of a winch for trolling, I prefer a hand runner, these are generally made so as to hold about thirty or forty yards of line, holding this in your left hand, you can gather up your line much quicker than

a winch, it is useful while waiting for a fish feeding, as you can stick it in the ground, taking care to fasten it so as the line will easily run off.

Pike frequent deep, heavy, sedgy water, and the still places about bridges, weirs, &c. among weeds, but to give a proper description as to where Pike are found would almost be impossible, further than as before stated; their haunts are various in different rivers, there are particular places in every river containing Pike, where they will be always taken, more or less.

When you have supplied yourself with rod, line, and hooks, as advised, get a Dace, Roach, or Gudgeon about five or six inches long; take a baiting needle, a little longer than the fish, and only sufficiently strong to pass through the fish conveniently, with a hook at the end, so contrived as not to be much thicker than the needle, or it will not easily pass through the bait; take your gorge hook, with about a foot of fine gimp attached, and looped at the end; hook this on the needle, then pass it through the fish, from the mouth to the tail; tie the tail fast to the gimp with a small piece of thread, tight yet neat as possible, then fix this to your line. Proceed to the river, and casting your bait as lightly as possible, where your judgment best directs, letting the bait sink to the bottom, then raising it, and so till you feel a knock.* I have said upright rings are best for a trolling rod

* A term used by Trollers.

principally on the upper joints, two on the top, one on the next, one on the two next, and one on each of the remaining joints, will be sufficient, those on the bottom joints about the size of a sixpence in diameter, but of course those towards the top must be smaller in proportion. To throw a baited gorge hook properly can only be accomplished by assiduity and practice, I will endeavour to describe the best method: take your rod in your right hand, place the but against the top part of your right thigh, you will soon find at what distance you have the best command of the rod in holding it; some Anglers wear a patch of leather buttoned on in the front, to prevent the rod wearing a hole by repeated friction; I had intended to make myself a patch of this description, with a turned socket or saucer of a piece of light durable wood attached to the leather, this will allow the rod to work easily, and keep it in one position, and prevent the unpleasant soreness which often occurs after a long day's trolling. Unwind as much line from your hand runner as will reach the spot you intend to cast your bait to, in coils about a yard in circumference, hanging from the fingers on the left hand, near the runner, letting as much of the line from the top to the bait out as will be easily commanded, if you have more you will strike the bait against the bank, or it will fall in the water before you can give it a sufficient impetus to reach the place you intended to try, throwing your bait under your rod, a little inclined to your left hand; when it is brought back to the extent of the line, cast it forward to the intended destination,

letting the loose line from your left hand out regularly, and without checking your bait, or it will fall slap on the water, you must not cast your bait with a sudden jerk, but gently at first, increasing the force, till your bait shall have reached two-thirds of its distance, then lowering your rod, at the same time gradually slackening your force; when fishing near shore, a very short line, suited of course to the depth of the water, will be sufficient; in trolling always try close in shore first; your line will be kept in check by your right hand, which will grasp the line and rod, regulating the distance and length of line required. It will require much practice before the Angler can cast his bait to a certainty, and let it fall in the water properly; I have seen some of the old Trollers of the Lea cast a bait to an incalculable nicety, the same falling into the water so as scarcely to disturb it in the smoothest part, altho' thrown to an immense distance, in fact their dexterity is truly admirable, and they are certainly second to none in this particular.

Live bait fishing is another way, and a very killing way it is, so much so that I think it little better than a walking Trimmer, however there are some that prefer this method to the gorge bait; as it is easy to get acquainted with the method I need not here describe it.

Trolling is certainly a very sportsmanlike way of Jack fishing, and requires considerable practice to arrive at perfection and is certainly, from the exercise used, most conducive to health.

As the best Roach Anglers are those that fish the

Lea, so the Trollers of that river cannot be excelled by any Anglers in the kingdom, if they can be equalled. A novice in trolling will sometimes be lucky where the expert will not; at the first attempt I made, I killed a Pike above 7lbs. but this was not without some difficulty, being obliged to drag for nearly an hour to clear the weeds, in a heavy rain. This happened in Want's water, at Broxbourne; the next fish I killed was about the same weight, at the Rye house, a short time after. Skill cannot always command success, but perseverance will do wonders; a telescope landing hook stick, the hook of stout wire, is necessary to land the Pike.

The waters about London contain many fine Pike, but they are not so numerous in the Lea as they were formerly, owing to there being more Trollers, or perhaps to there being more Poachers, but the Lea will always contain Pike, in spite of all the enemies to fair angling; the quantity of pools, bays, creeks, ditches, &c. and the supply from preserved waters, tend much to keep up the stock.

THE TROUT.

SONG.—TOM TROUT.

(TUNE.) “*Harry Bluff.*”

1.

Tom Trout when a boy ran from school to his home
To ask for permission a fishing to roam,

With a straight willow wand, penny float, and hair line,
Forth to the New River his course did incline,
With delight in his eye as he baited his hook,
Success crowned his efforts, some Gudgeons he took,
And his playmates all said when around him they ran
To look at the fish he had put in his can
That he was a good little Angler.

That he was, &c.

2.

To manhood advancing, tho' slender his frame,
Izaak Walton to follow his wish was the same,
Contented at heart, his wants were but few
When the broad book of nature was ope'd to his view,
More choice now his baits, rod, taper and fine,
Chub and Roach he could kill with a single hair line,
He look'd forward with hope for the fortunate time,
When by trolling to kill some good jack in their prime,
For he wish'd to become a good Angler.

For he wished, &c.

3.

Matured he became an Angler complete,
With Cotton in fly fishing he could compete,
Dress a fly, tie a hook, judge of water or wind,
Of success not too sanguine, if unlucky resigned,
Young Anglers ne'er asked information in vain,

For he knew very well it was hard to obtain,
Respected he lived, moderation his plan,
Altogether we scarcely shall see such a man,
For he was indeed a true Angler.

For he was indeed, &c.

The largest Trout I ever killed, I took in the Lea, at Waltham Abbey, 20th May, 1821, by spinning the Minnow, this was also the first Trout I ever saw; the circumstances attendant upon killing this fish was very remarkable; I was taking some refreshment in one of the cottages near the Armoury Mills, from the back of which the Tumbling Bay could be distinctly seen, and proceeding to adjust my tackle, which being completed, I baited with a fine white Minnow, on moderate thick gut, and five No. 9 hooks; I never spun a Minnow before.

When ready, I said to the cottager that a Trout was waiting for me in the Bay that length, putting my right arm out, and my left on the seam of my coat on the shoulder. I was laughed at, and laughed myself, but set out with a light heart, though certainly not expecting what followed; 100 yards brought me to the side of the Pool I cast my bait in; and was highly pleased with the manner of its playing. Some one being closer than I considered proper, I said in a joke, keep back, you'll frighten the fish. The second throw I hooked a Trout, which proved just the length, to half an inch, I had pointed out on my arm.

I was more than an hour playing him; he was killed in every sense of the word, for he was so exhausted, that he lay any way in the water I chose to drag him.

I should not have been so long, but my landing-net being small, and the handle not more than two feet, I was obliged to get a piece of willow stick tied to the end, to make it long enough to reach the water, the bank being very high; this was the gamest Trout I ever saw; he leaped three times out of the water a yard high, and repeatedly visited every part of the Pool, but my tackle being good, and having at that time an unaccountable stock of self-possession, I succeeded in capturing the most beautiful Trout an Angler can imagine: ten persons supped off it, and it ate quite as well as it looked.

There may appear a little of the Munchausen in this, but the fact is as I have stated; my wife witnessed the whole affair, and I can tell the reader I was not a little proud on that account; several other persons now living at Waltham Abbey witnessed it also. Not that I consider the taking of a Trout that size with minnow-tackle a wonderful affair, as several much larger have been taken, and one in the Pool below by Mrs. Astley; but my saying one was waiting for me, and taking it the length I had described, together with its being the first Trout I recollect seeing, and the first I ever took, that has induced me to relate the adventure as somewhat singular.

Trout are the most beautiful, as well as the best

eating, of the fresh water tribe: the game they evince, on being hooked, afford great sport to the Angler, especially to the fly-fisher. To take Trout with an artificial fly by whipping, is considered the extreme point of excellence in the Angling art, especially if you can dress a fly yourself.

The reader, if he be a fisher, need not be told that they are very scarce in the neighbourhood of London, their excellence contributing to make them so. Within thirty miles of town there are many fine Trout streams, but they are all enclosed, or private property, with very few exceptions.

The Wandle, in Surry, the Mole, the Cray, the Darent, the Colne, the Hog Mill River, &c. contain many fish; the Lea, the Gade, the Rib, the Bourne, &c. but to attempt to wet a line, without permission from the proprietor, is abomination.

Trout, contrary to all other fresh-water fish, spawn in the cold months—some in October, and others in November and December; this is owing to the difference of the waters they inhabit, subject to the influence of the seasons, the same fish, in the same streams, not always spawning at the same time, it being regulated accordingly as the season may be—mild or otherwise; generally speaking, they may be fished for in April, but are better in season as the summer advances.

The fish in the Ravensborne are generally in season early in May, while those in the Colne are often as black as your hat; they take worms, minnows, gentles, and flies, natural and artificial, but worms are

best in the spring ; minnows are the best bait for large Trout.

No ground bait is necessary, except when angling with a float with gentles ; then a handful cast in above your float may entice the fish to feed. When angling with a worm, I recommend a well scoured marsh, or small lob worm, in preference to a brandling : put this on a hook, No. 6, with a stout gut bottom, and a single swan shot, about a foot above the hook, to sink your bait ; you then may approach the water ; I should say, that a stoutish fly-rod, rigged with a winch and fly-line, is best calculated for casting a worm. I have before cautioned the Angler not to expose himself to the view of the fish more than he can possibly help ; but in Trout fishing it is indispensably necessary that you should be as invisible as possible ; the limpid nature of the water they inhabit renders the least movement perceptible to these lynx-eyed water greyhounds ; therefore approach the water as cautious as possible, cast your bait under stumps, hollow banks in deep eddies, swift deep currents, and on the gravelly sharps. If the water be a little thick, worm angling may do wonders ; but I should never think of angling with a worm, except when the woody nature of the banks rendered casting a fly impossible ; in fact, though you may sometimes make interest for a day's fishing, the worm is strictly prohibited, it not being considered exactly sportsman-like ; and often has worm-fishing prevented the Angler from obtaining a second day's permission.

You will soon distinguish a bite ; at the second tug,

strike, and take him down the stream; the nature of your tackle will almost secure you the fish, (unless he be a monster,) if you use any thing like judgment.

Float-fishing is generally practised in holes and eddies, or gentle gravelly deeps. A No. 8 hook, fine gut line, and shotted to the current, the bait touching the bottom; put three or four gentles on your hook. When you have a bite, let your float sink about a foot, then strike; some prefer striking immediately, but the tender nature of a Trout's mouth makes me rather wait a moment, than run the chance of losing him, by striking too soon; in whipping it is different; you must then have at him when he rises, or not at all.

Minnow fishing for Trout is with a live Minnow hooked through the upper lip, and a float to swim him, with shot sufficient to keep your bait about midwater, or rather lower; when he bites, give him a little more time than before, and then strike sharp.

Minnow spinning is best performed by tying five No. 8 hooks on stout gut; tie shank to shank at the end of the gut, one about an inch up the gut, another an inch higher, and one between the two on the opposite side of the gut, that is, between the two top-most hooks; there will then be two on one side, and three on the other; stick the end hook of the three through both the lips of the Minnow, the other through the back, and the third through the tail, bending the tail back a little before you put in the last hook, that the fish may spin; there will then be

three hooks in the bait, and two out: it was with this tackle I took my first Trout, and I have killed many others in the same way. If you wish to use a Bleak, which is very successful in the Tumbling Bays up the Thames, your hooks must be a little larger, and further apart, to suit the fish cast in your bait, to deep swift water weirs, bays, mill tails, sluices, &c., and if fortunate, be as cool and collected, as he is strong and impetuous. Trout are caught in great numbers, when the water is a little coloured, by dipping with the natural May and other flies; but this is such a skulking, lazy, unsportsmanlike way of fishing, that I never practice it without being ashamed of myself, and heartily wish every body else was of the same opinion. I have seen, under the above circumstance, in a free water, and where the true sportsman would often kill a brace or two of good fish, about a dozen yokels with a pole and a bit of rope, a great coarse hook, with a hat full of May flies, kill ten or twelve fish each in no time, and afterwards kick them about in mere wantonness. In the May fly time the Trout rise boldly; and as they lie for days in the same hole, they easily fall a prey to poachers, who, by grouping or tickling, take them with their hands. I was obliged to witness a performance of this description, at Leatherhead:—Two persons had been whipping unsuccessful, and meeting an acknowledged otter of the place, sent to the village for a can of ale, and requested him to go into the water, and procure them some fish. I am sorry

to say, he was too successful; they had all the appearance of being Anglers, but I was much pleased to find they were worthless pretenders. I have seen a beautiful Trout flung at the thick skull of these blackguards, and split to pieces upon his impenetrable cranium; I heartily wished that some magical means could convert the fish into a hard missile, by way of punishment to this two-legged otter.

—o—

I NOW COME TO THE BEST PART OF THE SPORT, WHIPPING WITH AN ARTIFICIAL FLY.

This mode is certainly, by many degrees, the most pleasant and sportsmanlike way of Angling; not that I consider it half so difficult to attain, as many writers would have you believe. I do not at all agree with those who pretend that a fly should be made to such a nicety, although the size should be regulated by the depth, colour, or magnitude of the stream. Now, then, for the greatest mystery: it is not in the inconceivable nicety of the fly, but the manner of casting it, not at the thin end of the line, but at the thick end of the rod. The rod in length must be suited to the width of the water, light and taper at the top, the play commencing about two-thirds down, and increasing upwards; not that the bottom of the rod should be like a poker, it

should ply in proportion to its thickness; a small rod will not give sufficient impetus to a long line, nor will a long powerful rod cast a short line lightly.

The winch should be a multiplying one, more in diameter than in length; if you have a multiplying winch, purchase a good one, and take as much care of it as you do your watch; many excellent fish have been lost by having a rickety winch, a common winch is better than a bad multiplier. Every time you return from fishing, see that your winch is screwed tight, and it will last for years—a stich in time saves nine; keep it slightly oiled, and in a leather bag.

Your line must be taper from the winch gradually to the fly, or, at least, the six or eight yards next your gut length, should be taper; the small end should be near the size of the thickest end of your gut bottom, a taper gut bottom being as indispensably necessary as a taper running line; this is done by sorting the lengths of gut, and tying them accordingly.

Your running line should not be twisted too hard, nor too loose: if too loose, the line will hold water, and if too tight, will, if you hook a weed, or fix your fly on any unlucky obstruction, oblige you to pull it away by force, and twirl in fifty 10,000 corkscrews, (as an old friend of mine would say) it should likewise be smooth and even. Your gut length should be taper, as before stated, and about two or three yards long, the lengths tied, but not whipped, these whippings being totally useless. I have been often annoyed by the fish rising at these dark whippings, in

preference to my fly; this has happened to others, as well as myself.

Your flies should be neatly made, and upon Nos. 9, 10, or 11 hooks, according to the size of the fish you expect to take, and the brightness of the stream; in cloudy water, a larger fly may be used with success.

I am not of opinion that such an extraordinary quantity of flies are necessary; on the contrary, half a dozen varieties are quite sufficient: in fact, I know a gentleman (a respected old acquaintance), that can make and throw a fly with any compeer that only uses red, black, grey or grizzle, and these not winged flies, but hackles or palmers; in fact, my friend positively asserts, that he can take as many fish with these as when his book was crammed with all the hues of the rainbow; and I must say, I am decidedly of his opinion, I think palmers certainly preferable to winged flies. The red hackle with peacock herle, do. with gold twist, black hackle with ostrich herle, do. with silver twist, the grizzle, or grey hackle, and the sooty dun or blue, dubbed with a little blue rabbit fur; the above varied with yellow, or scarlet silk, will answer all the purposes of any fly fisher. At least this is my opinion, but many excellent fly fishers would still wish this art to be shrouded in all the long prevailing nonsensical complication, some asserting that a certain fly on such a day of the month, in such a stream, at such an hour, will alone take fish; and at two hours after, another fly, most minutely described, is the only one that will do

any good; in half an hour, 3 minutes, and 5 seconds, there will be a necessity for another change, which must be made with all the accustomed nicety of shade and size. It is all quackery and nonsense. Throw a light line, keep out of sight as much as possible, use some of the few flies above recommended, and in any stream in England, at some part of the day, if the fish are inclined to rise at all, you may kill Dace, Chub, and Trout, as well as though you had all the tackle that was ever made to choose from.

I repeat, it is not at the extremity of your line, but at the but-end of your rod, there lies all the mystery.

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SONG.—MY PAL AND I.

(TUNE). “*Sporting Song in my Spouse and I.*”

1.

When a May morning breaks o'er a dew spangled soil,
 Ere cheerful the rustic starts forward to toil,
 I'm off to some Trout stream with my pal health to court,
 Where it ripples so bright, and where oft we've had sport,
 With fly rods so taper and hackles so fine,
 O'er each likely spot we throw a light line,
 Then we mark where they rise, when one's fated to die,
 We bag it, then onward trudge my pal and I.

My pal, &c.

2.

The wealthy and great, with their horses and hounds,
May ride break neck hunters, o'er other men's grounds,
They by races and chaces to ruin are brought,
For my part I never could fancy such sport,
Did gaming or wenching ere bring mortal good,
Don't they frequently end in broil, battles and blood,
Let them seek the swift stream, kill a Trout with a fly,
And the'll be as happy as my pal and I,

My pal, &c.

3.

When returning at eve from a cheerful spent day,
To some angling friends we then merrily stray,
Relating each pleasure, telling where we were cross'd,
How this fish was hooked and how that fish was lost,
Encircled by friendship, we have no other wish
Save this by fair angling to kill the most fish,
We drink healths to all, shake hands, bid good bye,
Then homewards contented, trudge my pal and I.

My pal, &c.

Throwing a fly neat and clean, is the perfection of fly fishing. To arrive at this perfection, the beginner should choose a rod, as advised before, according to the stream he is likely to angle in: let the but be as thick as he can grasp easily, and hold conveniently; let the winch be placed firmly on the rod, as near the

end of the but as possible, and if it could be at the end of the spear, so much the better, your hand-hold being the fulcrum, or point of balance. If you had a long stick, or any other lengthened substance, to carry a distance, you would imperceptibly find the centre, for the purpose of carrying it easier; until this is done, you cannot carry it comfortably, neither can a fly rod and line be used so dexterously as when the weight of the line and the length of the rod is balanced as much as possible; this can only be accomplished, by placing the winch as near the extremity of the but as you can.

When all is prepared, your gut length looped on your line, and your hackle trimmed, take it between the finger and thumb of your left hand; hold your rod easily, but firmly, and make a sweep a little over your left shoulder, to get your line well back; this is the principal thing to be acquired; unless you can get the line well and clean behind you, you never will make a good throw. If you return your fly too soon, you will snap it off, and if too late, it will fall on the ground, or fasten on some shrub, or butter-cup, and endanger the breaking of your rod; at least, it will give you a tramp in the grass to disengage it. This cannot be avoided always by the most experienced Angler, but the novice will be often perplexed with these mishaps: there is a peculiar feeling which the fisher must learn to judge, when the fly is sufficiently back to be returned; this should not be done with a jerk, but brought gradually forward;

and as your line passes over the stream, your force should increase, stopping rather suddenly, and lowering the point of your rod a little.

When you have a rise, give a sudden light twitch; and if you succeed in hooking your fish, your best way is to walk backwards as fast as possible*, so as to keep your line on the stretch, and take your fish down stream. This, from the nature of the ground you stand on, cannot always be done; then you must with your left hand draw up your slack line, laying hold of it near the winch, and by holding it in coils, you may give it out again, if the fish should be refractory.

Your landing net should be light, and made of silk, the meshes about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square, about 12 inches over, and 18 deep; I find a light brass ring answers best, the net being whipped on with small whipcord; my net is not more than 10 inches over, and I have landed many a good fish without any difficulty; it is screwed to a telescope landing net stick; in three joints, and altogether about 4 or 5 feet long; when the net is off, I have a screw cap at the end, which keeps it from sliding out; this I find useful, light, and portable, the thickest joint not being more than an inch in diameter.

* An excellent fly fisher, now no more, told me, that returning once from Leatherhead much fatigued, he went early to bed, and in the course of the night, he, in imagination, was fighting his battles over again, and fancying he had hooked a good fish, he, as was his practice, began moving back, and this retrograde movement was so rapid, that his wife was actually driven out of bed; and when she awoke him, which was not done without some difficulty, he was highly displeased at being interrupted in his sport.

In landing a fish, of whatever description, do it tail first; do not lift it out of the water up in the air, but drag it to the water's edge, holding the handle in a perpendicular direction.

When you have left off fishing, and taken off your gut length, pass your line a few times in the air, to clear it from the water.

If you would make your own flies, take every opportunity to see one made, and by perseverance, and a little practical instruction, you will learn more than could be obtained from a volume written on the subject.

Stained gut is, perhaps, better than when in its natural colour: this may be done by putting a few drops of good ink into a tea cup full of water a little warm, or the shavings or sawings of old oak timber, soaked in water; put in your gut, and when coloured to your mind, dry it, and pass each length through a bit of cloth, or rag, slightly greased with tallow.

Use light well-tempered hooks for fly fishing, with sharp points; the Irish hooks are certainly very good, and I like the shape of the bend, but I think they would be better, if they had a little of the kirby twist.

The foregoing observations on Angling are such as I have found to succeed, and are practised by many others with equal success; but all that has or will be written on the subject, will never make a man an Angler, unless possessed of hope, patience, and perseverance, and a true love of the Art; but

BEAR IN MIND!

That, however delightful Angling may be, it ceases to be rational, when used otherwise than as mere recreation.

Let the beauties of nature dispose thee to thoughts and reflection, and by strictly adhering to the golden rule, of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you; deserve the name of a True Waltonian.

—o—

SAM SALMON AND THE SAINT.

(TUNE.) “*Dumble dum deary.*”

1.

It happen'd once upon a time,
 'Twas when the Trout were in their prime,
 Sam Salmon would to Watford go,
 For a fish or two to have a throw.

Wet or weary,
 Dry or dreary,
 Merrily still should Anglers be.

2.

One pal was sick and could not roam,
 Another must stay with wife at home,
 Says Sam pray never go again,
 You're only milksop fishermen,

Wet, &c.

3.

I'll go alone, I'll not be baulk'd,
He merrily off one Sunday walk'd,
He found the fish were on the rise,
And soon rigg'd out a brace of flies.

Wet, &c.

4.

Sam threw a fly so neat and clean,
To drop, 'twas scarcely to be seen,
'Most every throw he hook'd a fish,
Till he had kill'd a handsome dish,

Wet, &c.

5.

The countrymen that passed that way,
To have a look at Sam would say,
One among the rest lean'd o'er a gate,
And thus to Sam began to prate.

Wet, &c.

6.

You ne'er can hope for heaven's bliss,
This day warn't made for sport like this,
From such vile deeds do pray refrain,
Nor in this wickedness remain.

Wet, &c.

7.

Sam put his thumb upon his nose,
Saying you're a Saint now I suppose,
Find somewhere else to pitch your gammon,
You'll get no good with Samuel Salmon.

Wet, &c.

8.

The day grew hot the fish grew shy,
So Samuel put his tackle by,
Into the shade he did retreat,
To enjoy his meal of bread and meat.

Wet, &c.

9.

Refresh'd again did Samuel rove,
Along the mead into the grove,
Each plant and shrub he did admire,
The drooping fox-glove and the brier.

Wet, &c.

10.

Their beauties he did contemplate,
And thought that natures works were great,
When through a parting in a bush,
He saw what almost made him blush.

Wet, &c.

11.

He stood, and gazing with surprise,
Exclaim'd can I believe my eyes,
I surely see two persons there,
A male and female I declare.

Wet, &c.

12.

Sam found one was his preaching friend,
And shouted loudly to this end,
This day warn't made for sport like this,
I see you there now doing *amiss*.

Wet, &c.

13.

I hate your cursed hypocrisy,
There'a nothing like blunt honesty,
We all are somewhat prone to evil,
But a seeming Saint oft proves a devil.

Wet &c.

14.

So that's your way, now this is mine,
I'll ne'er give up my rod and line,
And while I fish and contemplate.
You may preach on and fornicate.

Wet, &c.

RIVERS.



THE THAMES.

The concluding remark in the title-page of Taylor's *Work on Angling*, says, that "there are insignificant little pamphlets treating on Angling in the Thames, and New River, and streams of like consequence about London," the word *consequence* printed in Italics, by way of sneer. I must say, if he meant to sneer at the Thames, he deserved a good ducking in it, and wrote in perfect ignorance of the fish therein contained, there being within 14 miles of London twenty-four different sorts of fresh-water fish to be taken in this noble river.

The Thames, being not only the largest river near London, but the largest in the kingdom, must stand first on the list; it matters little to the London Angler where it rises or whither it flows, my business being only to describe it where it may be interesting to the fisherman. At the starlings of all the bridges, fish are sometimes taken, and from the banks and wharfs, but the tide and the increased navigation render this fishing very unpleasant, and it is now nearly confined to Battersea and Putney bridges, at which places boats may be procured for the purpose; above Hammersmith bridge

there are some good holes near the banks, and on to Kew bridge, above which there is a good deep hole, and, when the tide serves, many good Roach are caught; at the back of Brentford town, in a field called Old England, there is good, deep water, and steady swims, and Barbel, Roach, Dace, and Chub are caught; opposite Isleworth church is a deep hole, called, by Anglers in the neighbourhood, the Barbel hole, this is a famous place in the Barbel season; many London fishers call this Prideux's Folly, an Angler of that name having frequented this spot so often; when, from the state of the weather or water, success was perfectly hopeless. Along the barge path, and on to Richmond bridge are several good swims, and near the bridge are fine shallows for whipping for Dace; above the bridge there are capital deep swims, and much sport may be expected in the season; the shallows on to Twickenham deeps will afford sport to the fly fisher. Twickenham deeps are much resorted to, and good sport often met with; near Teddington lock there is good angling, but the willow bed about a mile above, called the Trowlock, is a most capital spot, this can only be approached by a boat, which may be had of a fisherman named Mace, living in a hut better than half a mile on the London side of Kingston bridge, he will boat you over, find you clay, and bring you back again for sixpence.* Kingston has been long famous

* He will also provide you with beer and breakfast, but the latter is certainly very homely.

for large Barbel, but since the old bridge has been removed, the fish have been disturbed; on the tow path above Kingston bridge, are fine Roach deeps, and good swims, and in the meadows on the Surrey side, opposite, there is a chance by dipping. The Swan at Ditton is a house much frequented by Anglers, and the punt proprietors reap a good harvest in fine weather; Ditton Deepes contain many fish. The water gallery near Hampton Court bridge is a famous place above which there is good fishing; at the tumbling bay, for Barbel, and in the meadows to the right there are many good swims, one in particular, known as Lady Young's hole, has afforded me much sport; from this swim, and others in the meadows, I once, in company with an old friend and Brother Bob, took more Barbel than we could carry, although assisted by a third person, we were very glad to leave some of our sport at Brentford. Hampton Deepes are well known as famous for Roach and Barbel pitches; in Hampton meadows there is capital bank fishing for Roach in the Winter; on towards Sunbury there are many places that will repay the Angler for his time and patience, and at Walton bridge there is excellent Barbel fishing; Roach, Dace, and Bream are also taken below the bridge, where there resides a person of the name of Rogerson, who will provide you with a punt, and other accommodation if required; from the banks and osier beds opposite his house there is very good Chub fishing, and many of these Loggerheads are taken.

On to Shepperton the water runs sharp, and a good Trout is very often taken here ; but Shepperton deeps perhaps are the most famous in the Thames, they are fished by the oldest and most expert Thames Anglers, and from their being staked, and naturally protected, there are always fish to be met with here, added to which, the ground bait thrown in so frequently entices the fish to this spot to feed, this operates in all the other deeps as an attraction. From Shepperton to Weybridge at the mouth of the Wey, there are to be met with fish of every description, and at the tumbling bay, opposite the village of Weybridge, there are always good Trout to be met with in the season ; and as you travel the river banks upwards, towards Chertsey and Staines you will soon be able to discover where you may wet a line with a chance of success. Indeed the Thames from Teddington upwards is nearly of the same character, viz : a tumbling bay and lock, and then when the river becomes too sharp for navigation, another lock and tumbling bay.

The London Angler is now brought considerably above twenty miles, and, if acquainted with the localities of the river up to Hampton, may safely start any distance and expect success.

THE RODING

Enters the Thames at Barking Creek, and runs by Ilford to Wanstead Park, near the Park is the Red House, where the Angler will find good accomodation, near this house is Wanstead Bridge, which is about the first open spot for the Angler on the river, here the Angler will find good sport at times, from this place the water takes a winding course to the Old Mill House on the Woodford Road, near this spot an Angler named Edwards, not long since, took a Pike weighed 12lb.; above this is Woodford Bridge, upwards from the bridge the water belongs to Mr. Watson, and I would recommend the Angler to ask permission of this gentleman before he begins fishing, he resides near.

From Woodford Bridge, by the Cascade to Chigwell Hall Bridge the water winds, and is a famous place for Jack and Perch, there are many deep holes in which the Angler will find good sport, from this place to Loughton Bridge, the water is of the same character, by Abridge at the Mill there is good fishing, and all the way to Ongar, where the Angler will be repaid for coming the distance, particularly if he happens to be there when the water is in order, the Roding, like the Mole and Wey, being easily affected by rain, at the last named spot an Angler that I know took eleven Jack in one day's fishing, the Jack in this river do not run very large in general, and are a long made fish, but eat well.

The Roding is a very uneven river, and in summer very often dry in many places, but there are others that are broad and deep, and of some extent, and in many places strictly preserved, so that in the time of a flood the fish are driven out into the open spots, so it is that this river is always well supplied with fish.

—o—

CHUB FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

Once an Angler repaired with his fishing tackle to the Roding, accompanied by a New Policeman, off duty; this Angler was not very famous for his attention to his companions when the river was in sight, so, giving his friend the Policeman some general instructions, he left him to himself; the Officer had never been out before on similar duty, and fished without success for several hours, but meeting his companion, he found him more successful, he had taken some good fish with a fly; I'll try a fly too, said the Policeman, what fly shall I use? a Blue-bottle, nothing better, replied the Angler; this was done, after a good deal of trouble in catching one; he placed it on his hook, and acted as he observed his friend do, after several trials, he hooked a large Chub, which floundered about in an alarming manner; he shouted to his friend for help and assistance, but before it could arrive, the Policeman had taken his truncheon from his pocket, and, still roaring out for help, was striking away with all his might; he had knocked off the fish from his hook with his staff, and beat the head to pieces, thinking, perhaps, in the anxiety of the moment, that he was belabouring a Calthorpe Street traitor.

THE LEA.

SONG.—THE LEA, THE LEA.

(TUNE.) “*The Sea, the Sea.*”

1.

The Lea, the Lea, the roving Lea,
Few Anglers know its worth like me,
With many a mark, and many a bound
It runneth the level marshes round.
O'er bay it rolls, o'er sharp it flies,
Or in a still deep silent lies.
When by the Lea, when by the Lea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the hills above and thy stream below,
Delighted wheresoever I go;
If a flood should come, and o'erwhelm thy deep,
No matter, no matter, I'll still by thee keep.

No matter, &c.

2.

On thy banks Oh how I love to bide,
And view thy rippling course with pride,
Ere the fluttering lark arising soon,
To whistle aloft his merry tune,
And leave the fisher pleased below
To find a south-west wind doth blow.

I never left thy sedgy shore
 But I loved the old Lea more and more,
 And back I came to its banks to rest,
 And there my truant fault confessed ;
 And thou will ever be dear to me,
 For I was born, was born by the river Lea.

For I was, &c.

3.

The wind blew light on the hazy morn
 O'er the Lea the hour that I was born,
 The Perch he bristled, the Barbel rolled,
 And the Carp displayed his side of gold,
 The Pike and Trout were sporting wild
 Alarm'd at the birth of the fishing child.
 I've lived since then midst joy and strife
 Full thirty summers an angling life,
 With a crown to spend, and time to range,
 And I never have sighed or wished for change,
 And while I have health and strength to be
 On thy banks, I'll fish, I'll fish my favorite Lea.

On thy banks, &c.

The river Lea enters the Thames at Blackwall, running past Stratford and Bow, the tide flowing up to Temple Mills, about which, and at Bromley and Old Ford there is good fishing at times, but the nature of the banks and the tide makes it very disagreeable. The white house water above Old Ford is a subscription water, and the first on the Lea from

London, there are in this water, Jack, Perch, Barbel, and most fresh water fish. Beresford the proprietor is a civil quiet man and a sportsman, and his water being so near town can be reached in a short time; there is some excellent fishing here in the seasons; he has a large family and deserves encouragement. Lockers are kept here as at the Horse and Groom, with rakes for Gudgeon fishing, which is much practised in this water, and with great success.

The amount of the annual subscription is 10s. 6d. and the Angler paying this will be shown the water by Beresford or his lads, you may likewise be accommodated with a day's angling by paying 1s.

Next, above is the Horse and Groom water, formerly Sparrey's, now Snowden's, this water, from its being also near London is much frequented, it is a most excellent water, and contains every variety of fresh water fish, many Jack are taken yearly, and also fine Carp from the swim called Clark's ditch, Salmon were formerly taken here, when coming up from the Thames to spawn, but latterly, owing to the numerous obstructions they cannot get up but with great difficulty, however, I understand many have been seen here, as also at the beforementioned water. Is there any Angler who has never heard of Lea bridge? I should think not, in London at all events, for among the subscribers to this water, may be reckoned some of the oldest and best fishers of the day. The subscribers here are numerons besides, day tickets may be obtained to bottom fish

only. In all cases where day tickets are allowed, Jack fishing is not permitted.

The number of piscatorial disciples frequenting this place is astonishing, on a fine day what a forest of rods may be seen, in truth the interruption occasioned thereby is quite unpleasant to the veteran Angler, but they generally put off their visits till these butterflies are in cooler weather enjoying their segars in town.

This place is the rendezvous for Lea fishers in general, many that belong to subscription waters some miles above, frequent here to meet their old friends. Quantities of Gudgeon are taken here in the season, and rakes are kept for Gudgeon fishing, but they are principally private property. There are also lockers in the house where any Angler renting one, may deposit his tackle, &c. and keep the key.

Up the river past High Hill Ferry is a deep piece of water, and likely to contain fish, but it is so often screened by the net, that not much chance is left for the Angler, about a quarter of a mile above the wooden bridge, commences *Hughes'* water, here the Angler may take fish above and below the house, you will here meet with good accomodation, the best part of this water breaks off at the point opposite the half mile marsh, from this point up to the house the Angler will occasionally find Jack, Chub, &c.; it is likewise a good spot for snigging, the pool near the house is a famous place for Perch, on account of its old stumps and piles, the water above the house

combines several small streams up to Francis Weir, which is the extent of Hughes's water; next above is what was called Bannister's (now Ford's) water, it contains many fine swims for Barbel, particular at the holes known to old Anglers, by the names of Cooper and Tutons, this water is not famous for winter fishing it being swift and deep, and contains but few places where Jack will lay.

Above this Water is Wicks's, commonly known as Cook's Ferry: this Water, being further from town, is more select; several old Anglers belong to it, and many a famous day's sport is recorded as having taken place here. This is a subscription water, and most Anglers acknowledge this to be a general good water for all descriptions of fish. The old wooden house, occupied by Matthew Cook, has been pulled down.

Near Old Cook's ferry, Benjamin Wicks,
Has turn'd the wooden house to bricks.

In the part of the water, near the pool, are some famous Barbel swims; above the house the water is more quiet, and famous for its sports, containing many good Jack. In the month of February, Mr. Frank Rowdon took three Jack, weighing 31 lbs.

—o—

LABOUR IN VAIN.

Most of the Fishers in the Lea know Flanders weir, or old Shurry's water; in this part of the river an Angler had been loving about without success, although he had tried all he knew,

while his companion, having pitched upon the right swim, had pretty good luck. About twenty or thirty yards below him, the unsuccessful Fisher observed several good fish floundering about, and upon a close inspection concluded them to be Barbel, at all events they were fish of a good size, so he hastened round to the spot, and prepared to fish for them; he tried all his skill, but no luck, the fish still floundering, the bait was renewed, the depth altered, still no luck.—In this manner he tried for an hour or two, when his attention was directed to his friend above, who had seen him employed, and, knowing the cause of his bad luck, could contain himself no longer, but bursting out into an immoderate fit of laughter, thus addressed the unlucky one; 'What, old fellow, won't they bite, can't you nibble 'em?' 'why no,' says the other, 'I've tried all I know, but to no purpose.' 'Then come here,' says the lucky one, 'and I will tell you the reason.' Anxious to know what prevented his sport, he hastened to his friend, and wondered what he was about, as by the time he reached the spot, he had relinquished his rod, and seemed to be pulling up an Eel line, but to his great astonishment he saw a good sized Barbel make its appearance; this was pitched on the grass; another, then another followed it, to the number of five or six; in an instant the cause was apparent, the successful fisher had fastened his fish as he took them, to a stout line, by the gills, and put them in the river, for the purpose of keeping them alive, and they had floated down to where they were seen plunging about, and the Angler had been wasting his skill and patience to take those very fish that were fast to a line.

—o—

A RUN WITH A CAT.

Every Troller must know the value of a good bait, and how difficult at times it is to get them ready to your hand. Baits are kept at the various fishing houses on the Lea, but in order to have the

picking of the store, one of the fishers hastened suddenly forward, there happened to be only one in the supply what an Angler calls a pretty bait, the rest were much too small ; this bait the first in advance secured, put his rod together, baited his hook, reared his rod against the house, and pitched his baited hook on the tiles.

His companions deprecated the monopoly, when they found he had possessed the only bait worth having, and determined to get possession of it if possible, but this proved impracticable, as the first, suspecting their plan, kept a close watch upon them. A sudden exclamation from the servant girl outside called the attention of the Anglers, who all rushed to the door, when they discovered, to the confusion of the owner of the rod left as aforesaid that a large tom cat had taken his handsome bait, hook, and all ; away bounced the Tabby, the rod was dashed to the ground and broken, the line run out to its full length, twisted and wound round every gooseberry bush ; every hole in the paling, every hedge was threadled, till the line became quite tight, and winding in so many directions that Rosamond's silken clew was a fool to it ; the cat, when he could run no further, bounced, tacked, and jumped till he broke the line, and then ran off at full speed ; the owner of the rod, after trying in vain to unravel the line, abandoned it as hopeless ; thus a selfish disposition was justly punished.

Shurry's water is next, so called from an old man of that name, residing at the wooden house by the river, near Chingford church ; this water is considered by many old Anglers to be very good, containing numerous fish of almost every description ; from the stop by the osier bed to the pool near the house there are many good swims, and the pool frequently contains a good Trout or two ; above to the mill stream is good deep water for Chub, Roach, Jack, &c. ; up

the mill stream are many swims of a good character, and good whipping and dipping in the summer; at the top of this stream is the famous Barbel swim.* Above this water is Austin George's mill, about which there is very good angling, at the mill tail, running into the Barge river, and the stream diverging from the Barge river to supply this mill; along this part, which is deep and broad, there is good fish and excellent Chub and Roach; this part is convenient for whipping from the towing path, when the wind is at your back. All along the old river to Chingford there is excellent cover for Jack, and the bottom fisher will likewise find some excellent holes for Chub, Roach, &c. From the extremity of this water, which is about 200 yards above Chingford bridge, to within one meadow of what is called the King's Head pool, is rented by Mr. Thomas, a gentleman always willing to oblige his friends with a day's angling.

From this, past the Silk Mills, towards the Armory Works, is what is called the Crooks, from its being such a crooked place, which is in the possession of Government: this water turns, twists, and winds in a manner different to any other part of the Lea, and

* It is often necessary, to secure this swim for a day's fishing, to go down over night, and sit by your basket till day light; this has been done as early as 11 o'Clock at night, and the fortunate occupiers are obliged to witness the disappointment of their fellow fishermen, as this spot cannot be fished by more than two, unless from the opposite side, and then only with a very long rod.

contains many holes, or shops (as they are called) for Jack, and those too of a tolerable size. Upwards towards Waltham Abbey are the works before named, about which there is excellent fishing, and at the bays there are always some good Trout; in fact the fish hereabouts, of every sort, are mostly large, the Barbel and Chub in particular, are enormous.

The deep, broad piece of water near Cobmead, which is situated opposite to the towing path, between the Armory Mills and Waltham, is a beautiful piece of water, and, from its breadth and magnitude, is certainly the best piece in the whole river, but unfortunately for Anglers generally, this favorite place is in the occupation of Government, from below this mill to above the Powder Works at Waltham Abbey. Formerly this piece of water was open, and many an excellent day's sport has been experienced here; some of the old ones can tell wonders of this spot, it is now strictly preserved; you may certainly now and then obtain permission from some official person of consequence, connected with the Board of Ordnance, but then you are so bothered by an officious little old man called Timmy Bates, that it has become more unpleasant than otherwise: nevertheless here and about the Powder Works, there is fine fishing, particularly at Newton's pool in the last named works. About a hundred yards above the Powder Mills, the Government water ends, at a place called Thorogood sluice; upwards to a white post, a short distance on this side the bay called King's weir, the water belongs to a

Mr. Weston, and is a subscription water; this piece would certainly, if not so exposed to poachers, be one of a superior character; the subscribers are mostly veterans and good fishermen, but the sport has sadly fallen off lately from the above circumstance; and this water is influenced in a great degree by the uncertainty of the water, in consequence of the supply being held back, or suffered to run down, as the navigation may require; it is generally a swift stream, and adapted to fly fishing; there are Jack, Trout, and most other fish; the Barbel here may be said to live without interruption, as they seldom or never are taken by angling. Next above this fishery is the famous Broxbourne water, lately belonging to Mrs. Scorer, but now held by her sons, the Messrs. Wants; they are very civil and attentive to their customers, and deserving of encouragement; the entertainment at the house is such as will give satisfaction to every bobber, and the humble pedestrian will here find as kind a welcome as the more wealthy one, with Prad and Stanhope. You may fish this water by putting up at the house; the Roach fishers who frequent here may challenge all others, the quantity taken during the season is extraordinary. Fresh water fish of every sort are to be met with here, and trolling is not particularly restricted; to enumerate the many fine swims would be almost impossible, suffice it to say they are deep, steady, and very numerous. This water ends at the pool, about half a mile above the house, called Carthagenia weir; as you go up the river, there is a

stream to the left, running to supply Broxbourne mill, that contains good fish; a short distance farther on will bring you to a wooden public house, kept by a young man named Page, which was very lonely, but latterly, a flour mill has been built at the weir close by; this water may be fished by any one taking refreshment at Page's house, who is a very quiet, inoffensive young man, and deserves to be encouraged, as he has been a most dutiful son; the fare here will indeed be found to be very homely, but the prompt and cleanly manner, and also the civility accompanying it, makes up for many deficiencies of a more comfortable nature.

The water above the house is deep and broad and contains fine Jack; the Oak tree field is about half a mile upwards from the house opposite the tow path, and is famous for Roach in the winter; this water, on to the weir near Crane's lock, at the end of the river Stort, is now subscription water, at 10s 6d. per annum, each subscriber; this is the last subscription water on the Lea, and well worth belonging to by those who have leisure to go the distance. At the weir there is always a good Trout or two taken in the season, and in the water above to the King's Arms, near the Rye house, beyond this, there is good fishing, and above the bridge near the house there is often a Trout or two.*

* In July, 1830, Mr. Richard Britton took a famous Trout, weighing $7\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. with a black hackle and silver twist; the same day, or the evening previous,

A FOOLISH FISHER.

Two Anglers passing down the towing path, opposite the Rye House, near Hoddesden, observed a brother Bob fishing on the other side, he was known to one of the party, who called to him, 'there you are, I see, making good the old saying about Anglers, "a rod and line with a fool at one end, and a worm at the other."' The fisher was rather angry, and began to expostulate with the speaker for this abusive expression, who replied that he was not at all out of order, and Mr. Grimaldi must certainly acknowledge it. It was old Joe Grimaldi the Clown, who, forgetting his profession at the moment, did not see the joke.

This water (formerly Sheppard's) now belongs to a Mr. Webb, and contains fish of every description, of good size and quality; near the bridge there is good Roach angling and some fine Perch; up the meadow to the right, facing the house, is famous for trolling, and many good Chub swims; at the top there is a deep hole, called October hole, famous for its winter sport. This house, like the Crown at Broxbourne, is not a subscription house, but you are permitted to angle by putting up at the house; the attention here is every thing that can be required, and a more beautiful spot no Angler would desire; the charges here are altogether reasonable,³ the marshes about these houses of the Lea are, in the winter, resorted to by numerous snipes, and if the Angler is disappointed

he caught, with the same fly, a quantity of fine Chub, some of which weighed from 3 to 4lbs. and none less than one; in fact, his sport filled a large hamper, and he astonished his envious brothers of the angle in town.

in the colour of the water, may, if a shot, find amusement with his gun.

The river upward on to Ware and Hertford, not being rented or preserved, with the exception of a few places is open to the depredation of the poacher, but the London Angler need not wish to go higher than the Rye, unless he can make interest to fish the preserves of some gentlemen who have private water in that part of the Lea. About Hertford, Ware, and in its way to Bedfordshire, where it rises, there are several tributary streams in which there is good Trout fishing, but get good leave before you attempt to wet a line, or you may get into hot water.

A FISHING INVITATION.

A good old Angler, whom many must have noticed, in the neighbourhood of Broxbourne, with a ruddy complexion, short in stature, and generally wearing a rough blue apron, (which gave him the appearance of a fishmonger rather than an Angler,) with a tolerably long rod, was once invited by a friend to angle in his fish pond, which was accepted, from the assurance given that there were plenty of fish therein; full of hope, our old friend journeyed to the spot, within a few miles of town; his host welcomed him kindly, and desired he would put his rod together, while he prepared to shew him his grounds and introduce him to the water; nothing behind in complying with this request, our fisher was soon ready, and so was his friend to accompany him; they took a circuitous route through the shrubbery, then suddenly stopping at a round pool or pond about 12 feet over, the worthy guide pointed this out as his fish pond, desiring him to commence, and wishing him success; you may judge of the disappointment and looks of the Angler, he put out his long rod, which reached

6 or 8 feet over the opposite bank ; however there was no complaining, our Angler did venture to ask if he had any other pond, but was answered in the negative, but continued his friend there is plenty of fish here. The rod was shortened, and the fishing commenced, and very soon a fish was taken (a Perch about 3 oz.) then another, till when summoned to dinner, our Angler had taken 35 fish, the first being the largest, he communicated his success to his host, and was astonished at his exclaiming, ' Why bless me you have taken them all but one, I had 3 dozen put in about a fortnight ago.' Indeed, said the fisherman, then I'll have him before I eat a bit, he added, as I shall then have taken all the fish, we can sit as long as you like and enjoy ourselves.



THE NEW RIVER.

SONG.—ANGLING PERPLEXITIES.

(TUNE.) "*My ain kind Dearie, Oh!*"

1.

That patience is a virtue great,
There's few here will deny it,
Perplexing things I can relate
That greatly tend to try it.
The Angler that was never crost
Must be a lucky creature,

And he that ne'er his patience lost

A perfect Job by nature.

Then thro' this life let's watch and hope

With patient perseverance,

Thus may we with misfortune cope.

And angle many a year hence.

2.

You get an order from a friend,

From his *friend's friend* he brought it,

With merry heart your steps you bend,

You are half way ere you thought it.

With wond'rous expectation big,

You pace tho' fast, made faster,

Till you find your letter not worth a fig,

For the place has another master.

Then through, &c.

3.

You fish a many miles from home,

And have ill luck attend you,

Till tired at night you think of some

Conveyance to befriend you ;

You wearily the road approach,

Your spirits are departing,

When just as you can see the coach

You find it full and starting.

Then through &c.

4.

You a bargain make with Tom or Tim
To meet at four next morning,
To go and fish some favorite swim,
All disappointment scorning.
True to your time you stump about
In the cold, two hours to warm you.
Then find yourself a pal without,
He don't come, nor send to inform you.

Then through, &c.

5.

Your fishing boots for many a day
Have stood all sorts of weather,
No matter smooth or rough the way,
They have stoutly kept together ;
You always thought them water-proof,
Thro' them no wet ere started,
But when wanted most the heel comes off,
And the sole from uppers parted.

Then through, &c.

6.

You boldly o'er some meadows stride,
Your rod unpacked and jointed,
Your baits look'd out, your winch applied,
Floats, line, and hooks are wanted ;

Each pocket is searched o'er in vain,
When a sudden thought reminds you
Your tackle case you have let remain
Some twenty miles behind you.

Then through, &c.

7.

You hook a fish of many pounds,
He struggles with you rarely,
Aloft, above the stream he bounds,
Your line will hold him barely ;
Till tired out he quiet lies,
You ask some one to land him,
'Tis roughly done, again he flies
And breaks you 'fore you hand him.

Then through, &c.

8.

You know from long continued rains
The rivers are o'erflowing
For many weeks, and think 'tis vain
Out fishing to going ;
Till told that in a certain place
The water is in order,
You start, and find it oft the case
All mud and all disorder.

Then through, &c.

9.

You know that often these mishaps
Do disappoint us fishers,
But we can better bear them perhaps
Than our evil wishers.
Vexations come in many forms,
True Anglers never heed them,
Through life's rough swim of many storms
Philosophy will lead them.

Then through, &c.

Sir Hugh Middleton little thought of what consequence this stream would be to the London Angler, when he contrived to supply the Metropolis with this necessary article to human existence and health, this river even now is the admiration of men of science, from its flowing gently from near Ware in Hertfordshire to Islington, its numerous and extraordinary windings for the purpose of regulating the speed of the current, renders it very picturesque and beautiful, it is brought to the very highest part of the Metropolis, and must have been a great blessing to the inhabitants when supplied plentifully through its refreshing channel.

This river from its head to its rise is nearly the same width, and is accessible almost in every part to the fisher.

Near Sadler's Wells in the Summer months it is positively besieged, every bridge and wall being

crowded with piscatorial pupils. The coffin wall at Islington is considered a crack spot, and in truth there is often a good Perch or Chub taken.

An old Angler (Mr. Brooks) once fished up the body of a man with single hair and succeeded in landing it near the New River Head.

From Islington to Newington and Hornsey the river winds amazingly, and the deep water at the back of Canonbury house, where there is a bathing place in Summer, some good Roach, &c. are taken, onward to what is called High Bank, near the Sluice House, at the Sluice House, and at all the bridges towards Hornsey. In fishing this river the bridges are generally the best places, the banks, being open, afford little shelter either to the fish or the Angler; from Hornsey to Clay Hill, near Tottenham, thence to Southgate, then to the left of Edmonton, on to Enfield, Forty Hill, and Bull's Cross; through Theobald's Park, to Cheshunt, Wormley, Broxbourne, and Hoddesden, to Stanstead and Ware. Near Bull's Cross, and at the back of Cheshunt, there is good fishing, but the ease with which the river can be netted often disappoints the Angler.

The Angler that fishes the New River should use remarkably fine tackle, which can be done without difficulty, owing to the smooth and gentle nature of the stream, nevertheless many a good day's sport can be boasted of by the New River Angler. Chub and Dace are taken by whipping with a dub fly, in imitation of a wasp or bee.

The best way to fish this water is to try in various places, and when the fish go off the feed try another spot, and so on, returning again to the first.

To be initiated as a New River Angler, rise an hour before daylight, in the month of March or April, and walk to the Jolly Butchers at Wood Green, near Hornsey, and there breakfast, and ten to one you will be able to find an expert New River fisher, from whom, if he be a Waltonian, you may depend upon receiving the whole art and mystery, and he will put you in possession of facts, that will in a short time enable you (if you have angling at heart) to give a good account of yourself, and by being satisfied with your sport, encourage you to explore this pretty river further.

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THE BRENT.

The Brent enters the Thames at Brentford, where it is joined with the Grand Junction Canal. There are places, however, that are remnants of the old river, which are accessible to the Angler; one just above the first lock from the bridge, on the right from Brentford, in which there are good Roach, Perch, and Bream; this water is short, and soon joins the Canal above. In the Canal there are fine Gudgeons, good Jack, Perch, Ruff, &c. About half a mile higher, at the back of Col. Cletheroe's, is a deep-shaded part of the old river, where there are Bream,

Chub, Tench, and Ruff. Upwards, about the Iron bridge, the Canal is broad, and contains good Jack, &c. Further up, towards Hanwell, there is a fine deep part of the old river, winding and bending with fine good holes: at the upper part was formerly a mill, and the old wood work harbours the Perch, which are very large, some having been taken 3 or 4lbs. Just above here the Canal branches off towards Southall, the Old Brent passing through Hanwell by Hanwell Church, on to Brent side and Twyford, between which and Wilsden, the Paddington Canal crosses it again; this Canal, from Paddington Hill, joins the Grand Junction, and contains good Jack, Perch, Bream, Roach, &c.; and about the wharfs, bridges, &c. the Angler may experience good sport.

The Brent passes Hendon and Finchley, after which it ceases to be of much consequence as a river; it is rather slow in its course, and subject to the influence of the seasons, as much as the Roding, which river it much resembles. In summer there is frequently no stream, and the fish in the holes are easily snared by poachers.

I have been told by several old Anglers, that this river was famous for its good fishing, but it has fallen off in their estimation latterly; nevertheless, I am of opinion that the Angler would be repaid for his time by giving it a fair trial, as in many parts the water is deep, and cannot be drained off, and it is so well protected by stumps, trees, banks, &c. that there must be good fish taken occasionally.

THE KNUCKLE OF HAM.

Two Irishmen and a Yorkshireman, well known Anglers, and all tailors, started full of expectation towards a famed spot in the North Road, long before day light they were on their way, and arrived at the appointed place; but, either meeting with the water out of order, or from some other cause, they, without staying for refreshment, turned round on their way back to London, and when within a few miles of that place they unanimously agreed to refresh, accordingly they retired to a road side public house and enjoyed to the full extent a draught of good ale. One of them old G—n went fast asleep, the other Pat knowing he (G.) had provided himself with something to eat (but his selfish disposition prevented him sharing it with his companions, opened his pocket to see what it was, when he exclaimed in a whisper: “By St. Patrick, there now, there’s a beautiful knuckle of ham
 “that thief of a Jemmy has saved to eat all alone, and wo’nt
 “we have it with our ale while he’s snoring away with his ugly
 “nose, its myself will begin, and George there’s a slice for you
 “now, and see there’s the taties the thief to hide them from his
 “cronies, its not so much for the knuckle as the pratees I’d care
 “at all, bad luck to the stingy spalpeen, cold taties the beauty
 “o’ the world.”

The bone was soon picked, and to compensate the weight, George suggested that Patrick should roll up a brick in the napkin and put it in Jemmy’s pocket—Pat no sooner heard this proposition than he exclaimed, “By the hookey that’s a capital idea
 “of yours, its myself will get a brick, keep him asleep while I
 “get it.” Patrick taking another swig at the ale, started to look for this commodity, but was unsuccessful in this, until he travelled nearly a mile from where he started, having at length procured one, he returned and found his countryman still in the arms of Morpheus, having carefully wrapped it in the napkin, they placed it in the pocket of their drowsy companion, and then with a shake of the shoulder, Pat exclaimed, “Jemmy you

“thief wake wid you now, and pay your part like a man, its
“myself would be off to get home.” Jemmy waked, but instinctively putting his hand upon his pocket seemed satisfied all was right. Arrived in town, they parted, each to his separate home, Jemmy, quite exhausted, sat down by the fire with a bump fit to break the chair bottom (a sure indication of extreme fatigue). “Well James,” exclaimed his wife, “what sport,” none, returned he—“but how did the bit of ham eat, I hope you relished “it,” “its just as you gave it me, said he,” pitching it into her lap, bless my heart, said she, what a bounce you have given my knee with the knuckle hone, will you have a bit now honey with the cup of tea that’s just ready?” unfolding the package, she with the greatest amazement exclaimed, “Why bless me husband here is a brick and not a bit of ham, how’s this man?” Jemmy, rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, after a pause to collect himself, “Hell sweat the pair of ’em, the rogues have eat my “beautiful ham, and put that dirty brick there to deceive me. I have carried it eight miles I am sure—I wondered what made me so tired.”



THE HOUNSLOW RIVER.

The Hounslow river is called the old river, which is a branch of the Colne that enters the Thames at Isleworth; at the mill it runs through Twickenham, under Hamworth Bridge, by Feltram, past the Powder Mill, over the Heath, through Longford, Harmondsworth, West Drayton, Cowley, to Uxbridge; this stream contains excellent fish, Trout, Jack, large Perch, Roach, &c. Near Lady Tolmach’s Park, I have seen a shoal of 20 or 30 Perch, some weighing full three pounds, this was in July. There were many

excellent places on Hounslow Heath, before it was so much inclosed. Near the Powder Mills, the Angler may have, upon a respectful application, permission for a day's fishing. From Isleworth to Hounslow, the water and land belongs to the Duke of Northumberland; and, as usual, the greater the man, the greater the difficulty to the Angler. At Longford there is good Roach fishing, and some Jack. It was here a friend of mine took a Jack with a lead plummet, while plumbing the depth for Roach; and, strange to say, his son took a Jack the same way, at the same place, if not at the same time; there is good fishing in this stream, till it joins the Colne at Uxbridge. The New, or King's River, runs nearly the same, branching off at Longford from the Old River, and runs through Bushy Park to the Thames.

TROUT SETTER.

A Butcher, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, was in possession of a Dog, who had lost, through his dare-devil exploits, an ear and an eye, his tail was also curtailed, although he was no cur, as his courage would prove, and his other faculties were in perfect order. The Dog was the Butcher's inseparable companion, and accompanied him wherever he went; their dispositions were similar, and they often wandered about the neighbourhood early in the morning, the Butcher riding a favourite Welsh Pony, more prized for his strength than his beauty; the Pony was if possible more attached to the Dog than the Dog to the Master.

The Butcher had observed that his Dog was, by natural inclination, fond of sporting, and encouraged him to a certain extent, for at one season of the year, the hares are to be found early at

the same spots, and although disturbed will return to lay at the exact place the next morning. The Dog had found the resting places of all the hares in the neighbourhood, and would make a dead set at them, till he received the word to put them up, which being done, he would then proceed to find another. In this manner the Butcher, the Dog, and the Pony nearly every morning amused themselves, till at last the Pony knew where to find the hares as well as the Dog. One morning the Dog was absent with one of the Butcher's men on business, to fetch some sheep home, the Master and Pony went by themselves the usual round, and the Butcher was surprised to find he was conveyed to the same spots, nor would his companion leave till he had dislodged the game, after which the nag regularly proceeded to find another hare; thus he discovered a quality in the Pony he was not aware of, and purposely confined Snap the next morning to put the Pony's abilities to a further test, when he found he acted exactly as before.

An annual coursing match took place about this season, and the Doctor, the Parson, the Lawyer, the Butcher, and several other gentlemen met at an inn to arrange where it should take place. The conversation turning upon the capabilities of the dogs to be engaged in the sport, the Butcher offered to lay a wager of a rump and dozen that his Pony would find more hares than any Dog they could bring; the Company thought at first he was in jest, but when they saw his earnest manner, and found his cash on the table to support his bet, they soon cried "done." and the wager was laid.

The Parson was a keen sportsman, and had really some good Dogs, but they were to be sure a little out of practice, he having been laid up with the gout. The Lawyer had been promised the use of a Dog belonging to a notorious poacher whom he had got through a scrape; and the Doctor had borrowed a none-such from one of his patients, at all events the Butcher and his Welshman would stand no chance.

The day and place of meeting being appointed, the Butcher, on

his Pony, was first on the spot, (having gone through a rehearsal the previous night) he was soon joined by the Lawyer, Doctor, Parson, and sundry lookers on. It was soon proved that the Dogs stood no chance with the Pony, who regularly walked up to the hares, to the surprise and admiration of the field: it immediately occurred to the Parson that if he could possess the Pony, he would be able to ride to his sport without the trouble of hunting with dogs, and offered to buy him of the Butcher, and, although the price set upon him was at first an obstacle, he ultimately purchased him at the price asked.

The coursing match had thinned the hares in the Pony's circuit very considerably, and the Parson and Pony were busy among the remainder till they were all exterminated. Day after day the Parson on the Pony went out, but returned empty, the Pony not having the benefit of his old friend Snap's instruction; till his master began to repent his bargain, and to accuse the Butcher of having taken him in. He had occasion to go some distance, and in his way obliged to cross a ford, the Pony having reached the middle, made a sudden stop, which sent the Parson head and heels, over the Pony's ears, into the stream, and with very great difficulty he escaped drowning, but assistance being at hand, he was helped out. The next time he met the Butcher he complained of his bargain, and indeed called it little short of swindling, this gave rise to such high words, that both the Doctor and Lawyer were likely to have a job. The Butcher contended, that, as the season was over, the Parson had no right to expect the Pony would act unsportsmanlike; 'that's not what I complain of,' says the Parson, 'I complain that he is a complete gib, I narrowly escaped drowning, by his pitching me over his head into the stream, when crossing the ford. 'Oh!' exclaimed the Butcher, 'I had forgot to tell you he is equally famous for finding Trout as hares, and no doubt he stood at one then.' 'Say no more,' says the Parson, 'if that's the case, I am satisfied; Trout fishing is quite as agreeable to me as coursing.'

THE COLNE.

The Colne falls into the Thames, runs through Staines, Staines Moor, Stanwell Moor, branches off through Iver, Delaford Park and Huntsmoor, Cowley, and Uxbridge Moors; through Uxbridge, in two streams, to Denham, and Denham Court—the former preserved by a Mr. Hamlet, the latter by Col. Wey; Harefield Moor, Speding's Copper Mills, Springwell, up to Mill End, preserved by Speddings, Rickmansworth, Rickmansworth Moor, by Dickenson's paper mill, to Cashiobury Park, the seat of the Earl of Essex.

TO-DAY'S ONE DAY, TO-MORROW'S ANOTHER.

Twelve o'Clock is not a bit too soon to start if you are going 14 or 16 miles, and would be there by day-light; at this time three thorough bobbbers met at Hyde Park Corner, journeying towards Watford; Wilks, Jinks, and Spynks. Wilks had a dog, not a sporting dog, but one that he fancied, and he was really a rum one, for a rat. This dog, like his master, was as lively as a bird, when on a fishing journey, and usually run over seven times as much ground as necessary; this dog, in one of his round-about rambles, ran a thorn in his foot, then came yelping to his master, but neither he nor his companions could extricate it, being then dark. 'Never mind it, Carlo,' said Wilks, 'Mr. Jinks will hold your four legs, while Mr. Spynks opens my basket at my back, and I'll carry you, poor fellow: ' accordingly Carlo was put back downwards, in Wilks's basket. 'I like your calling a cur like that, by a fine sporting name,' said Jinks; 'what do you mean by

cur,' retorted Mr. Wilks, 'that dog is just to my fancy, and no name is too good, so I'll carry him there and back, if he cannot walk; that dog, Mr. Jinks, has never been unfaithful to me, I wish I could say as much of mankind; many's the long journey we've had together, and many a service he has done me, and I say and will prove it, this dog at my back is entitled to the good wishes of all true Anglers. I remember the first time I went out fishing, I left my rod for a short time by the river-side, when on my return I found him contesting with a countryman who wanted to take up my rod as there was a fish on the line attached; he defended my property like a hero, and from that time I have encouraged him. It would take me a day to tell all his qualities: he will land a fish without displacing a scale, he will fetch me clay, keep the cattle from eating my ground bait, watch, and warn me of danger, if, overcome by heat I slumber awhile, so pray now, Mr. Jinks, don't abuse my dog because he don't happen to be good looking, and recollect the old proverb, "a good horse is never bad coloured."' They trudged on till they came to the 14 mile stone, when, it growing light, Wicks contrived to get the thorn out of the dog's foot, for which he expressed his gratitude by all kinds of strange and extravagant motions.

Upon reaching the water they commenced angling, but with little success till the evening, when they all agreed to go higher up the stream, where the fish were more numerous; they had not been long there, when the keeper made his appearance with the usual 'good evening gentlemen, any sport, I suppose you know you are trespassing,' 'Why not exactly,' said Spinks, 'whom does this water belong,' 'To the Earl of ———, and I must get you to leave off fishing.' The party however, after conversing awhile endeavoured to kindle something like good nature in the keeper, and ultimately, by drawing their purse strings, and receiving an invitation to join their company at the inn that evening, he granted them permission to continue their sport; when night put an end to their amusement, they repaired to the inn as agreed upon' where they were speedily joined by the keeper, who eat and drank

with them till a late hour, (of course free of expense) and on his departure they made the bargain among themselves to try their luck in the morning; accordingly at day-break they were at the river side, and soon captured a brace or two of fine Trout; not long after Mr. keeper made his appearance, with two helpers, and pulling some papers from his pocket, desired to know the names of the Anglers; this not a little surprised them, but from his determined manner they found he was serious. "Your names gentlemen, if you please." "Oh!" said Spinks, "my name is O'I homas," "Very well, you are warned off, take this notice," (filling one up) and having gone through the same ceremony with the other two, he left them, with an assurance that, unless they left off fishing, they must take the consequences; the Anglers thought the entertainment and half-crown given the keeper the over night would have ensured his indulgence for an hour in the morning, but he hinted that the half-crown was for yesterday, and that day being ended, so was their fishing.

The whole of the water between Uxbridge Moor and Rickmansworth, (except that belonging to the freeholders) is strictly preserved, to the left of Rickmansworth, from Uxbridge, is the Loudwater Stream, which is also preserved. The Colne is generally a swift stream, but it has places where there is excellent Pike fishing; the Trout are large and excellent, but the water being so strictly preserved, the Angler is shut out, unless by interest; there are, it is true, some small spots in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, where you may fish, but it is purchased dearly, by your being obliged to pay for the fish you kill.

AN ORDER UNEXPECTED.

In jolly old Parr's time (the landlord of "The Trout," at Yewsley,) some angling friends paid a visit to his house, which place they reached about 3 in the afternoon. Towards evening the party, with the landlord, sat down to cribbage, a game mine host was passionately fond of, it was the intention of his guests to stay a day or two, and pleased with this idea, the old man was merry in the extreme.

'Do as you like,' said he, 'remember I only charge one night's lodging if you stay a week.'—In the midst of their conversation, another party arrived, but these were of a very different character, all feather and tackle, all bounce and bluster, the ale was bad, the wine worse, in fact, these would-be-fishermen seemed to think, the more fault they found the more gentlemanly they appeared. Old Parr soon saw they were coxcombs and treated them as such—while boasting of their superior knowledge in the art of angling, the veterans discovered their skill to be very superficial. But to be friendly, invited them to the game, which was refused with contempt.

The game being ended, Old Parr drank, 'Success for the morrow,' when he and his party retired to rest.

The room in which the real Anglers slept was close to that of the other party, and they not being nice about disturbing any one, talked loudly of where they were going, in fact they went through a complete rehearsal of the next day's intention. One of the real Anglers could not sleep for their noise, and being fond of a joke, formed an idea to disappoint them, accordingly stealing softly to Old Parr's door communicated his plan, who promised his assistance, this Angler long before day-light awoke his friends and informed them of his scheme, which mightily pleased them. By the aid of a rush light they were soon dressed, and

then crept softly out, in doing which their eye caught a letter open, and lying in the window sill, which read as follows :

“ Dear Sir,

“ Permit the bearer, Mr. Simpson and friends

“ to angle in your stream, and you will oblige,

“ Yours, &c.”

Mr.—————

This unexpected discovery gave them additional opportunities for a joke, and one of the party exclaimed, ‘ I am Mr. Simpson,’ and immediately placed this important document in his pocket.— They now prepared to depart, but before they did so, they proceeded to double lock the chamber door of the unsocial party; this done they were soon in sight of the river—the man on the watch appeared with ‘ Good morning Gentlemen, you are early, but not so much so at this time of the year;’ ‘ What, you expected us, did you?’ Oh yes! master told me to be on the watch to show you the river.—‘ Do you know Mr. Simpson? was the inquiry, why not till I saw you, grinned the man, master don’t know you neither Sir, but he told me he had received a letter about you and some friends who were to be here this morning fishing.’ ‘ Well, give our compliments to your master, here is the letter and something for yourself,’—‘ Thank you Gentlemen,’ was the reply, ‘ this is the water down to yon tree, about a half a mile and upwards to that gate, in the back stream there is some excellent fish, and I wish you sport Gentlemen;’ meanwhile the party left at Old Parr’s did not awake till late, owing to the previous night’s revelry, when they found the door fast, they stormed, rung the bell, and made the house shake again, but Old Parr, true to his promise, directed that no attention should be paid till it was impossible to avoid it. One of them at last succeeded in getting out of the window, then the key was found and the door opened; they were all highly incensed at their imprisonment, and after having indulged in not a few hard words, paid their bill and took their departure, first telling Old Parr they should take

care never to come to his house again, a resolution, which by the by, mightily pleased the old man. When they had nearly reached the water, one of them said, 'Bob have you the order all right,' 'O yes! in my book, but let's see,' the book was searched over and over again, but, of course, no order was found, at length he suddenly recollected his having laid it on the window ledge, this added fresh fuel to their already irritated feelings, and grumbling, they retraced their steps, but no order was to be found or heard of. It was then resolved to make themselves known, as no doubt the Miller had received notice of their coming down, and accordingly they made for the mill. It was ten o'clock ere they reached the destined place, and entering the premises with much assurance, disclosed their business to the man the Anglers had encountered in the morning.

The leader of the party, with great self-sufficiency declared himself to be Mr. Simpson—the man shrugged and grinned, then scratched his head, muttered, 'Master did tell me about you Sir, and here he comes,' the Miller seeing a party on his premises, hastened to meet them. 'Good morning Gentlemen, your business.' 'Oh! we are come to fish, my name is Simpson' said the foremost. 'Why Gentlemen, I certainly did expect Mr. Simpson, and have received a letter to that effect, and he has been here since day-light, and this is his letter of introduction,' producing the order,—'take care of the dog, and Jack show these persons off my premises.' At the sight of their own order they were dumbfounded, and before they could recover their surprise, the Miller had disappeared. Jack hinted about the dog, conducted them to the gate, exclaiming, good bye Mr. Simpson, what took place among them may be conceived but not described, I have heard, they quarreled all the way to town.

In the afternoon Parr's old friends returned to his house with good sport, told their adventure and spent a merry evening.

The "Trout" at Yewsley, in Old Parr's time, was a house of entertainment to the true Angler (See

Anecdote, page 136) This old man was as glad to see the face of a London Angler, as he was that of his own brother : he has often declared that the happiest moments of his life were those he spent when associating with the fishermen who frequented his house ; but he is gone to his long home, so is old Mrs. Parr ; their son now keeps the " Trout," nothing behind them in welcoming the true fisherman, but the water they rented is gone [into other hands, i. e. (Mrs Usterson, Temple Bar) : her subscribers pay two guineas per annum. This water commences near the water called Thorney Broad, on to Drayton Mill, and contains good fish of every description. Through Drayton, on to Colnbrook, and the Thames, the Angler will find many spots to exercise his skill with success.

The Grand Junction Canal joins the Colne, near Uxbridge, on to Harefield Broad Water, Rickmansworth, and Watford, in which it is intersected by the Colne in several places ; about a mile and a half above Uxbridge, there is a famous place for Perch.

At Rejslip there is a reservoir belonging to the Canal ; this water is between Pinner and Uxbridge, about three miles from that Canal, to the right of the town ; it contains fine and numerous Pike and Perch. There is a punt for the use of those who fish at this spot, first, of course, obtaining an order from the proper quarter.

THE DARENT.

This beautiful little stream enters the Thames at Dartford Creek, passing the latter town, the village of Darent, Horton Kirby, Farningham, Eynesford, Shoreham, Otford, and to Riverhead, where it rises. This stream is decidedly a Trout stream, and contains many fish of large and fine character, and runs through many parks and preserves; there are but few places where you may wet a line with safety; you may certainly get a day now and then in the neighbourhood of Farningham, upon application to the land-owners and millers at Eynesford, in the estate of the late Sir Thomas Dyke; you might, with little difficulty, obtain permission to whip the stream for a day, but, unfortunately, this gentleman has paid the debt of nature, and his successor, I am told, (but hope without foundation,) is not disposed to act so kindly to the bobbers.

The Plough at Eynesford is a good house to put up at. At the lower part of the stream there are some fine Gudgeons and Dace, Roach, &c. The largest Gudgeons I ever saw were taken in the neighbourhood of Dartford.

FIXING THE GLASS AT THE SEVEN MILE STONE IN THE DOVER ROAD.

Two brothers of the angle, whom I shall designate by the familiar appellation of Charley and Jem, were bravely stretching their legs towards Shooter's hill, on a fishing excursion in Kent

last summer; when, warm and thirsty with the dust they had picked up on Blackheath, they, by mutual consent, were desirous of taking a glass of ale, and being then opposite the 7 mile stone, they observed a small house called the "Fox under the Hill," which they entered, and gave their order; meanwhile Charley, whose cravat was somewhat deranged, owing to the heat of the weather, (he being rather neat in his person,) espied a little looking glass, value about 1s. but placed in such a situation as to be perfectly useless; therefore, for the better arrangement of his dress, he placed it in the hands of his friend Jem, to hold while he performed his toilet. It appears the landlord had seen them employed as he passed the window, and informed the wife, who, opening the door of the apartment, exclaimed "yes they have," and rushing across the room, snatched the glass out of their hands, saying "I don't allow that, I don't allow any body to meddle with my property; it (the glass) did very well where it was, and if it did not, you had no business to take it down." Charley, who is known to be of a quiet disposition, replied to this boisterous attack somewhat in the following way, "My good woman, you need not alarm yourself about the safety of your glass, I dare say we are able to pay the full amount of the injury we are likely to do it, and if you are not more civil and accommodating to your customers, few will trouble you or your house for either glass or ale." Whether they partook of the latter I won't say, but they instantly left, though not without an observation from Jem to the husband, advising him to shut up his house or get another wife, and, above all, to fasten or fix up his valuable glass, to prevent a similar liberty being taken with it. To this observation the man made some surly reply, and our friends proceeded on their journey, which was much enlivened by recounting this adventure; when they returned the following day, Jem resolved to make the enquiry "if they had fixed the glass," being determined to annoy this pair of crabs as much as possible. Seeing the old man outside the door, he advanced quickly towards him, and commenced with "I say old man, have you fastened your

glass." The old fellow, putting his hand to his forehead to render his vision more perfect, soon found out who it was addressed him and, dashing down his spade, roared out with an oath, "you'd better make your lucky, or I'll be the death of you; you are one of those chaps I seed with the patrol the other night for robbing an hen roost." His old wife, hearing the noise, soon made her appearance, and vented forth her abuse upon the Angler till she was nearly choaked with rage. This only produced laughter on the part of Charley and his friend, who journied on.

Some few days after, Jem, in the way of business, had occasion to send a workman into Kent, and requested him to deliver a message for him at the ale house, describing the place, for which service he would give him a pot of ale, this was readily agreed to, the house was easily found, and the parlor entered, the pot of ale was brought, and this enquiry made, "before I pay you, and lest I should forget, I've got a question to ax you, pray have you fixed your glass." This was enough, "what's that to you, what you are some of them 'ere thieves, are you. Here Bob," calling her husband, "here's some of these chaps come again; you're come here to thieve summut, we don't want none of your custom, so be off," by this time Bob was by her side, and, understanding the enquiry about the glass, roared out "The sooner you're off the better, and you may tell that long un not to come here again, or I'll do for him." The poor fellow was dumb-founded, little expecting that a simple question would produce such a storm, and after many attempts to explain, he at last got to say "I don't see why you should abuse me in this manner, I was told to ax you a civil question, and I an't done anything to you," this expostulation produced no other effect than a continuation of the abuse, and the man was glad to retreat as well as he could, wondering why a simple question ("pray have you fixed your glass,") should produce such abuse, and grumbling proceeded on his journey.

Not long after this, a gentleman, a commercial traveller, was about departing from town into Kent, and Jem told him if he was fond of good ale, to call at this house, and he would find some of an

excellent quality, with obliging accommodation, but, to secure the best sort, he must, when giving his order, say "have you fixed your glass," this he was made to believe was the pass word for the best tap; being fond of a drop of good ale, he passed all the houses on the road he had been accustomed to call at, and pulled up at the "Fox under the Hill," and calling out to the landlady, the old woman appeared, "a glass of ale, the best," this order was soon complied with, and just as the traveller was taking it from the old woman's hand, he recollected he had not made any mention of the glass, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! I had forgot, is this the best ale, I ought to have asked if you have fixed the glass," the words were no sooner uttered than the contents of the glass was in the enquirer's face.

The irritable disposition of this couple had been made known to the angling friends of Jem and Charley, and every one who passed into Kent, gave them a call to enquire about the glass. It appears at the time our traveller passed they were greatly excited, having had several enquiries about the glass in the course of the day. Upon the above gentleman's return to town, he was loud in his abuse of the parties at the house opposite the 7 mile stone, but when he was informed of the cause of his reception he laughed heartily, and promised every time he went that way, to enquire about the glass.

There is scarcely a coachman or carter on the road who does not stop occasionally to enquire "if the glass is yet fixed," and the old, rude couple must either alter their disposition or leave their house, and perhaps then "Monsieur Tonson" will come again.



THE CRAY.

This little river is nearer London than the Darent by about three miles, also a decided Trout stream;

in fact, there are no fish but Trout and Eels to be met with till below Crayford. It runs from or near Paul's Cray, by St. Mary Cray and Foots Cray, North Cray, Bexley, and Crayford, to the Thames.

At St. Mary Cray it runs through the estate of Lord Sidney; at Foots Cray you may fish in the meadow on the right of the road near the bridge, by pulling up at the "7 Stars," kept by Mr. Edmonds, who has succeeded old Mr. Coppenger; you can also fish from the garden of this house in the Mill head of Mr. Woodfall, the paper maker, on the meadows on the other side the road. Below this mill the stream runs through Lord Bexley's property, and Mr. Benson's, by the late Lord Londonderry's. The whole of this river is private property, and leave must be obtained before you can wet a line, but in some places you are not permitted, on any account, to fish; the Trout are small, but of a fine quality.

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THE RAVENSBOURNE.

SONG.—JACK AND CHARLEY.

(TUNE.) "*The Landing of Royal Charley.*"

1.

Once eight or ten good fishermen
Made up their minds that early,

They to Southend their steps would bend
To meet there Jack and Charley ;
While some from town by coach went down,
Prepar'd to fish there fairly,
And rise next morn, at early dawn
To welcome Jack and Charley.
Once eight, &c.

2.

One lucky wight went over night
To Brixton town 'tis clearly,
I heard him say he'd be half way
And get to Southend early ;
But a sorry tale of hill and dale
He told them how he drear'ly,
Thro' mud and mire his legs did tire
Ere he met Jack and Charley.
Once eight, &c.

3.

Sure it is sweet a pal to meet
At his fixed time, or nearly,
And they all met, a social set
Like these are seen but rarely ;
The landlord there I can declare,
Tho' some may think him surly,

From his cock's head pulled hackles red,
To give to Jack and Charley.

Once eight, &c.

4.

Arranged around the stream and ground
These eight or ten were surely
The miller bold began to scold
At first, and look'd quite queerly ;
And there and then he told his men
To start them without parley,
For he thought that Swing, and all his gang
Were come with Jack and Charley.

Once eight, &c.

5.

This angling troop formed many a group,
'Twould have made a picture surely,
For stout and tall and short and small,
But all fair Anglers purely,
Each heart was gay, they fished all day,
And such a day comes rarely,
Waltonians true, this jovial few
Were friends of Jack and Charley.

Once eight, &c.

GULLIVER AND MUNCHAUSEN OVER-DONE.

I recollect once hearing a story of an Angler who said he once caught a Trout 8 or 9lbs, weight, and so completely killed it that, in his attempts to land the fish, he disengaged it from the hook; his own landing net being too small, he went a considerable distance to procure another, which occupied him nearly an hour; having borrowed one, he managed to scrape the fish out between the two nets.

Another Angler, who was also a Gunner, replied that he was once out with his pointer, giving him an airing, when he unexpectedly came upon some birds, which his dog of course stood to; the sportsman, the better to observe the dog's position on his return, hung his hat on his tail; so steady and staunch was the pointer that he remained firm, while his master went for his gun, a distance of three miles, returned, took up his hat, flushed his birds, and killed them all at one shot.

“Oh!” exclaimed the Trout fisher, “that's all my eye, I can't believe that.” “Why not,” returned the other, “that is unfair, I did not dispute your tale about the fish.”

This little stream runs from the neighbourhood of Bromley, in Kent, through Southend, Lewisham, and Deptford, to the Thames, and by nature well calculated to breed and preserve quantities of fish; but being so near a great population, it is much thinned by poaching, and other means. At the upper part of the stream, near Southend, on Mr. Cater's property, there are fine Trout; in fact, Trout are, more or less, to be met with all the way to Lewisham and Deptford. Near Southend there are two mills, for-

merly open water, but now leave must be obtained. I have taken some Roach and Dace, as fine as can be imagined, about 1 lb. weight. From Southend to Catford Bridge the stream runs rapid, and were it preserved, would be second to none for its excellent Trout. From Catford Bridge, to the back of the church, there is a footpath by the side of the river; this path has been lately attempted to be stopped up, but without success at present, and I hope it never will, as, independent of its being close to the stream for a considerable distance is a most beautiful walk, by turning off just before you come to Lee's lime-kilns at Loompit Hill, up a narrow walk called Love Lane, there is one of the most beautiful views near London. Sitting on the stile by the tile-kilns, on the left, you have an extensive view of the Thames and shipping, Greenwich Park, and town of Deptford, and up to London itself; but on the right the scene is quite of a different character, extremely beautiful, rural, and picturesque, over a great extent of country, with Lewisham church among the trees, and the river meandering in the valley. Near the church, in the meadows below the bridge, there are some deep holes containing fine Roach. At the late Armory Mills, below Lewisham bridge, in the Plough meadow, Mill pond, and Back water, there are fine Dace, Roach, Perch, &c. and on to the water works; some good fish are often taken. Altogether, this stream, if left alone, would, from the natural feed and wholesome character of the water, produce the best fish, and

the greatest quantity, of any stream of the same size I know*.

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THE WANDLE.

This beautiful clear stream rises near Croydon, and passes by Waddon mill, Beddington Park, and Carshalton, where it is joined by another stream, which rises from numerous springs in the neighbourhood, passing under Hackbridge, and on to Mitcham, Merton, and Wandsworth, to the Thames. Near Hackbridge, on the common, there is free fishing, and some good fish are met with in the spring, but in this river there are but few free places, the fish are fine and large. Below Merton, there are Jack, Roach, and Dace; at the copper mills at Garrat, there is exceeding fine bottom fishing for Roach, Dace, &c.; and at Wandsworth there is famous Dace fishing, particularly with a fly, just above Watney flour mills.

I have known several dozens of Dace taken in a day by whipping. A friend of mine tells me, that in

* I once took, in the month of July, at Southend (In a hole known by the name of Ted Jones's hole, which is at the end of a row of cottages, just above the Green Man, one of the best swims in the river), 16 Dace and a Trout, upwards of 1 lb., the smallest Dace weighed half a pound; and a week after, 16 more Dace exactly the same weight, and a Trout of the same size. I took these with gentles, and a float and fine gut. In the same river, one Easter, I hooked a Trout full 4lbs. I had seen a fish, and tried with spinning tackle, but it being faulty, I lost the fish; this was just above Catford mill.

the Wandle there are no May flies, and I do not recollect ever to have seen any. In the upper part of the stream, there are only Trout and Eels.

A FALSE ALARM.

Near the village of Carshalton in Surrey, there is a beautiful Trout stream, which is strictly preserved, it is private property; there is but a foot path passing through. To this place two bobbers stole a march early one June morning before the dawn of day, and, taking their stand behind a tree, commenced business successfully; presently they heard a footstep along the gravel path, and, concluding it to be the keeper, crouched down in the grass; the footstep reached the spot opposite where the Anglers lay, and a voice exclaimed "this won't do," and, after a pause again exclaimed "this won't do;" the Anglers whispered each other "'tis the keeper!" again and louder "this won't do I say, 2 and a half or 3 gone tonight at least, this must not be carried on any longer," the fishers were about to rise, but the voice proceeded, "and last night those other devils to keep me out, but I must and will put a stop to this, one last night, and two here to-night, they can't live if these goings on are not stopped," the anxiety of the piscators may easily be imagined; the footsteps were again heard, and the voice thus continued, "Sal will cry her eyes out when I only take home 10s. 6d. to keep her and the young uns all the week, what a drunken fool I am." The footsteps then gradually died away, and the fishers breathed again.

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THE HOGSMILL RIVER.

This river, so called from a mill near Kingston of that name, it rises at Ewell, by Epsom, and runs near Talworth Court and Malden, to Kingston and the

Thames: this stream at the upper part is a Trout stream, but not much calculated for fly fishing, being encumbered with wood; the owners of the water and land were not disposed to grant permission to the Angler, but there has lately been a change in the proprietors, and the present owners are more indulgent. Near the Thames there are white fish, about Hog's Mill and at Kingston you will find good Dace, &c.

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THE MOLE.

This curious irregular river is so called in consequence of its passing through the earth for a considerable distance in the neighbourhood of Boxhill, Surry.

It runs past Riegate, Dorking, Boxhill, and Leatherhead, on through Stoke, Cobham, and Esher, to the Thames, which it enters in a divided stream at Moulsey.

AN UNEXPECTED BITE.

An Angler fishing in the Mole, near the Copper mills, was much annoyed by a countryman, who was in the river, feeling or groping for the large Chub that hide, when the water is low, under the roots of the numerous willows and alders that grow on the banks at the above spot.

A sudden exclamation and violent splashing called the fisher's attention to where he observed the poacher scrambling up the bank with something in his arms; he soon stood on the margin of the river, and roared out to a companion, who had a gun, on the opposite side. "Oh! Jack, Jack, look here," (holding up an otter) "shoot him, shoot him, you devil, shoot him I say."

In feeling up the holes for the fish, the otter had seized his hand, and in the agony of the moment he seemed to forget that the same shot which killed his enemy might probably deprive him of life also ; however, Jack did shoot, and killed the otter, without doing his friend the least injury, this man is now living in the neighbourhood.

In the neighbourhood of Dorking and Reigate there is good fishing for Perch, Tench, Dace, Jack, & Roach, and I have heard that there are Trout, but have never taken any. The character of this river is very curious, in some places it is deep & still, with very high overhanging banks, and in others rapid, and easily forded ; in the neighbourhood of Boxhill it is, in many places, quite still in summer, the above ground current being entirely stopped ; the Mole then grubs its way under Boxhill, the village of Mickleham, and re-appears about a quarter of a mile above Leatherhead bridge ; near Mickleham there are what are called by the country people, swallows, and in truth they are so as they swallow up every appearance of a running stream ; the water draining away entirely from these holes, vast quantities of fish are taken from the mud and flat slating stone which irregularly compose the bed of the river, between the cavities of which the water drains off ; the villagers watch the abatement of the current, and when the stream ceases to run, the water soon disappears through the bottom of the holes, and then a scramble for the fish commences (“ first come, first served,” but often might overcomes right.)

At Leatherhead bridge the Mole is again a considerable stream, and in this neighbourhood are many

Trout; below the bridge on the right the fishing is free till you reach Randall Park; there is excellent fly fishing in this neighbourhood. In the pool or mill head of Mr. Ellis's mill at Fetcham, within a few yards of the bank, you can perceive the water boiling out from the sand in several places sufficient to supply the mill; I am inclined to think this is an irruption of the waters of the Mole, but some say it is a spring head, independantly of the river, as the water is so hard no fish can exist in it; however it is very curious and well worth looking at. Below Randall park is the old mill hole, further down the devil's hole, and on by Steers's farm, past what is called the creek to Slyford mill. Below Steers's farm the water is heavy, and continues so through Cobham and on to Esher; I forgot to say that near the farm on the opposite side from Leatherhead, there is a famous hole, and many good Trout are taken by bottom fishing, also at the old mill hole on to the orchard at Steers's.

Near Slyford mill it is a Jack water; the Roach hereabouts in the winter are taken $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each very frequently. Very large Chub are taken in the Mole in the neighbourhood of the Copper mill at Esher, and in fact every other fish, excepting Trout, which cease to be numerous below Slyford, tho' you may take now and then a large one at the mill tails; on the other hand, Jack, Perch, and white fish are taken in great quantities, all the way to the Thames.

The Mole near Esher is protected naturally by banks, bushes, trees, &c. so that there will always be

good fishing, in spite of the enemies to fair angling. This river is a very uncertain one to fish, as it is so easily affected by rain, and thickens very soon, occasioned by the soil it runs over; before you leave London to fish this river, the best way is to make enquiry of some one who may have seen it, as to the color, and then to form your opinion according to the report and the state of the weather at the time. Near Moulsey one course of the stream turns Moulsey mill, the other runs by Ember Court, and this stream affords good fly fishing for Dace, Chub, &c. To enumerate the different spots between Moulsey and Leatherhead would be impossible; as Salter says, "they are easily found by observing where others have fished before."

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THE WEY.

This river is like the Mole as regards its being affected by the weather, and being further from town more caution should be used before proceeding to fish it; it takes its name from being the colour of wey.

In the neighbourhood of Byfleet there are many excellent Roach, Pike, and Eels, and down to Weybridge, passing through what is called Brooklands. There is no interruption to the Angler from Byfleet to the Thames at Weybridge, and excellent sport I have occasionally met with here

To the right of the wood bridge, over the river, there are so many excellent places for bottom fishing,

dipping, trolling, &c. that I cannot recollect half of them: the principal are about 100 yards above the bridge, and in many places on to Byfleet in the navigable part of the river below the bridge, at the old *Iron mill*, about half a mile up the road, on the Basingstoke Canal, in the park of Lord Portmore, and on to the mouth. I have had excellent Carp fishing in the park, at the fall, and have taken many Jack there with a gut line and a Minnow; I here take the opportunity of recommending to the notice of my Brothers of the Angle who may visit this place, the house of Mr. Todd, who formerly kept the Ship inn at this place, but who now keeps a very respectable retail beer shop, and to all those who are satisfied with accommodation in a homely way, he is a man well calculated to give satisfaction, besides this he is an Angler in every sense of the word, and has lived many years in the village, he possesses a thorough knowledge of the water, and is an agreeable companion.

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STILL WATERS & CANALS.

I am not fond of pond fishing, and I believe the London Anglers generally are of the same mind, but as many may wish for some information, I will say what I know, although I confess that my disposition to see something move, has prevented me knowing much of still water fishing. The Commercial, East,

and West India Docks, contain vast quantities of Perch, Bream, Rudd, Roach, &c. and an order to fish these places is not difficult to procure.

The Surrey Canal and Basin can be fished upon paying 1s. for a day ticket. The Paddington Canal has Bream, Jack, and Roach, so has the Regent's Canal. The ponds at Hampstead contain fine Perch and Carp.

The Croydon Canal and Reservoir on Sydenham Common produce good fish, I never could fancy the method I have heard described as practised in the docks, viz: that when you have held an eighteen feet rod by the butt upright, as high as you are able, your bait would be in the water and your float close to the top of your rod.

I have just heard that a new regulation has taken place as regards dock fishing, the Company mean to make subscription waters of the docks, and to have day subscribers at 2s. each.

TACKLE.



SONG.—BAMBOO AND HICKERY,

Or the Quarrel between the Fly Rod and Trolling Rod.

(TUNE) “*Mr. December.*”

1.

There was one day a Trolling Rod so puff'd with pride,
 That he look'd all about to find some one to sneer at,
 Then fix'd on a Fly Rod which hung by his side,
 And loudly began thus to jeer at—
 Mr. Hickery, please to keep further from me,
 You're so dirty, so mean, and so ugly;
 From such vulgar company I would be free,
 And enjoy myself here so cosy and snugly.
 When this happen'd and where,
 I don't exactly pretend to remember;
 But to make out a Chorus, suppose we declare
 That it happen'd soon after December.

2.

You were hanging one day at a pawnbroker's door,
 When my master, kind man, purely out of compassion,

Paid five shillings for you, I'm sure 'twas no more,
Then repair'd you according to fashion ;
New whipp'd and new ring'd, you looked quite spruce,
Your worm-eaten carcase with varnish was cover'd ;
Had he known you as I do, to be of no use,
Before he had bought you he sometime had hover'd.
When this, &c.

3.

Thro' his brown holland coat the Fly Rod heard him rail,
Then rattled each joint in a violent passion,
And was he not fast to a tenpenny nail,
He swore that Bamboo he would dash on.
You blackguard, you humbug, to talk thus to me,
Dont I know you and all your disgraces,
I'll remind you a little of your pedigree,
I'd sooner be burnt than with you change places.
When this, &c.

4.

In a bungling, slovenly, rod-maker's shop,
You together were put for four or five shillings ;
After this in the window for years you did stop,
Till a greenhorn to buy you was willing ;
He had read Salter's book, which taught him to troll,
He thought himself wonderf'ly clever,

'Twas lucky he did, or such a vile pole
 Might have hung in the window unnotic'd for ever.
 When this, &c.

5.

The first time you ventur'd to tackle a Jack,
 Two or three of your joints gave way in the centre,
 Your top and your but began for to crack,
 Till your Master no longer could venture ;
 You were pawn'd once yourself, and never fetch'd out,
 Altho' a small trifle had done it,
 The 'prentice not knowing what he was about,
 Took the rubbishing lot, and lent money upon it.
 When this, &c.

6.

You remain'd a pretender, so broken and patch'd,
 Till an unskilful hand undertook to repair you ;
 A new joint or two were also attach'd,
 Before any fisher would bear you ;
 A lying engraver, John Webster,* did trace
 On your but, this deceived my good master :
 He bought you, but Puppy, I'll spit in your face,
 And expose you to him to prevent a disaster.
 When this, &c.

7.

Bamboo not expecting such spirit in sticks,
 Mildly reply'd, Mr. Hickery's mistaken ;

* An old rod maker formerly of great repute.

'Tis true I've been guilty of many bad tricks,
 But each vice I've entirely forsaken ;
 Let's agree from this day that no anger shall pass,
 But each be to each as a brother,
 To fall out and quarrel is only a farce,
 With a half dozen of one and six of the other.
 When this, &c.

8.

Little Hick said, I own, if you wish to be friends,
 I'm not free from faults, as there's nothing perfection ;
 At every point, so our quarrel ends,
 In your offer I see no objection ;
 But when you broke out so fierce and so loud,
 I confess it put me on my mettle ;
 But as we have neither much cause to be proud,
 And we all of us know what the pot call'd the kettle.
 With this, &c.

RODS.

I would advise the Angler to procure a rod of about 2 feet 2 inches in the joint, this made of the best bamboo with various tops, for trolling, Roach, and Perch fishing ; and if he has a white cane joint or two extra, he will find it an advantage in Roach angling, being much lighter and stiffer, it will strike truer ; such a rod will go in your pocket, and be useful and portable.

In my remarks upon fly fishing, I have made some allusion to the length of a fly rod. I must here state, that a rod of five joints, something less than 12 feet long,

I have found to answer very well generally ; this is made of well seasoned hickery, and well fitted at the joints ; if the plug end of each joint is but very slightly tapered, and carefully fitted and ground in, there will be no occasion for whipping the joints together ; I have fished many years this way, and have always found my rod fast enough at the end of the longest day's sport. With regard to a rod being so much superior, by being as long as possible in the joints, I am decidedly not of that opinion. If a piece of wood could be procured the full length of the rod, of the same tenacity, straight grained, and free from knots, it would be all very well ; but this is quite impossible, besides the inconvenience to the London Angler, as regards carriage ; I have found a five-jointed rod, made as above, equal in utility to any rod I ever saw or used.

LANDING NET.

I have heard some persons deprecate the use of a landing net, saying it does not give the fish a chance ; for my part, I should like to know, if fishing from a high bank, how a good fish, when killed, is to be taken out of the water ; they are mighty honorable I dare say, but every credit is due to the Angler, who can rise, hook, and kill a good fish, keeping him clear from weeds and other impediments, till within reach of the landing net, and he deserves praise for not straining his rod or line, and risking the loss of the fish, by weighing him out. The landing net described in fly fishing (*see Trout*) will suit every purpose for bottom fishing, the large hook substitutes for the net in trolling ; some prefer a larger net than I have described, but the size be-

fore mentioned, I have always found quite large enough for all purposes.

TACKLE CASE.

For lines, hooks, &c. I would recommend one that will contain, in a compact and portable form, the whole of my necessary hooks, lines, floats, flies, for every description of Angling. I see no use in a reel; in my opinion, a line lays better, divested of the float, coiled up in a small circle, folded in neat wrappers of parchment, your gorge hooks run through leather loops, your floats the same, with thread, baiting needle, and disgorging, that, upon opening your book, you may lose no time, every moment being precious to the London Angler; your flies put in coils in a small light tin box, similar to a Sandwich box, and placed in the partitions generally allotted to the reel, I find answer well; this case be taken from the book, and placed in your side pocket, when fly fishing, for convenience; I have found this is very useful in wet weather.

FLOATS.

Small porcupine floats*, encompassed with cork, pared down to different sizes; some very little more than the quill itself, and some larger to swim a Minnow, I find the most useful, besides they wear so much longer; and if you should have the misfortune to tread upon them, it will be of little consequence, as they will sustain no injury.

* See floats.

GUT.

Good gut may be known by being round, even, and transparent; when making it into

LINES.

Cut off the imperfect parts, and soak it in luke-warm water for ten minutes; then take hold of one end in your left hand with the thumb and forefinger, the length hanging towards the right; take another length, place it in the same thumb and finger, the length laying to the left; place it at the top of the first length, leaving as much as will make one knot, by passing it from you; and under the first length, making one knot, draw it tight; then turn it over; repeat the process; the knots will be some distance from each other, one single curl encompassing each length; then draw them together tight, and nip the surplus ends off with a pen-knife on your thumb nail; I have found this to be the best way of making a gut or hair line.

THE KING'S HORSES' TAILS.

The last time the King went in state to open Parliament, among the many who were present to witness the procession, was a respectable Brother of the Angle; his appearance was a fine specimen of the old English Gentleman of the present period, and his loyalty to his Sovereign was never disputed: he was standing so as to have a complete view of the whole cavalcade; immediately the beautiful cream coloured horses in his Majesty's carriage made their appearance, with their long flowing tails, his eye was fixed on them, and continued so till they had passed from his sight; "What superior, splendid, single hair," he exclaimed (his thoughts turning to his favourite amusement) the grandeur

around was lost to him : he said loud enough to be overheard, " I would not mind if I never were to see the King again, if I could have a good pull at those horse's tails."

A lady and gentleman standing close by, the lady observed, " Did you hear what that old gentleman said ; what can he want to pull the horses' tails for ? " " Why my dear, I don't know, (putting on a grave look) but I suspect there's something treasonable meant." " No doubt," answered the lady, and they cautiously retired.

A SEAT

For hottom fishing about 16 inches high, as described in the sketch, will be found very convenient, never sit on the ground.

HOOKS.

The best kirby hooks I give the preference to, and am, after many trials, decidedly of opinion that they are calculated to answer every description of Angling, their shape being best suited to hit a fish, and to hold him when hooked ; always try them well between the thumb and finger before tying, and you will save many mishaps.

PLUMMET.

Either the thin rolled plummet, or the one with a loop and bit of cork, will answer equally well ; keep one or two in your waistcoat pocket, in case of an accident ; besides, nothing is so annoying as to be bored in the midst of sport with the frequent solicitation of—" Please to lend me your plummet."

SHOT

Of various sizes keep in a small screw box, with one

or two large swan shot, for occasional service ; if you would avoid much vexation, split them yourself, and procure, if possible, the old lead shot ; these are easily placed on the line with your teeth, the improved shot being too hard to fix on with ease, even with a pair of plyers, which, by the by, some prefer, but I would advise you to condense your apparatus as much as possible.

CAPS

Of various sizes, in a small box, similar to the one for shot: in this it will be found very useful to keep a piece of Indian rubber, for the purpose of drawing the line between, which will immediately straighten it, this is a great advantage to the fly fisher.

WAXED SILK

Of two sizes ; the one for tying hooks, the other stronger, to repair a fracture, which may occur to the most careful. I should also recommend some fine

WAXED TWINE,

For should an accident happen to your rod, you may make such repairs then and there as will answer for the day's fishing: there are few Anglers who do not possess ingenuity enough to amend a fracture of this description, till he can get it repaired properly by a rod maker. I have always found that these repairs are much cheaper in the end, if given to a proper person, as the time you lose in doing the thing incompletely, is worth more than the money paid for the repairs done properly.

SHOTTING LINE.

In shotting your line, place one about eight inches

from the hook, the others about an inch apart, ten inches above the first ; the size of the shot must accord with the size of your line, that and the float always regulated by the strength, depth, &c. of the stream, and the kind of fish you are angling for.

RUNNING LINE

I have already described that a running line is necessary for Jack and fly fishing, but a fine running line of twisted silk will answer best for Barbel, Carp, and Chub.

GUT AND HAIR LINES

I keep in lengths of about four feet, which can be easily joined to suit your purpose, and two or three lengths of hair twisted, about the same size, will make a good top for either a single hair or fine gut bottom ; your line should always be as short as circumstances will allow.

CLEARING RING AND DRAG

Should always be in the possession of an Angler, the drag being useful in trolling and fly fishing, the clearing ring in bottom fishing. The clearing rings sold in the shops are not made properly, as the thin part is not half thin enough to go into the bend of the fastened hook, and the heavy part not weighty enough : the proper use of the clearing ring is for the purpose of, by suddenly dropping it down inside of the bend, to draw the hook out of what it may be fastened to, and at all events you will only lose the hook ; but the rings generally used are too thick to go into the bend, and they fret and rub the bottom of the line, and are very frequently useless :

the drags may do pretty well, but a great improvement may be made, the line usually attached is not half strong enough.

GENTLE BOX.

The best sort are those japanned, and of a moderate size, with an hinge or joint.

BAIT KETTLE

Should be commodious enough to keep your baits fresh and lively; but if a smaller one is used, attach a cord, and sink it in the River; this will keep them fresh.

BASKET AND PANNIER.

A pannier, with a strap for fly fishing, is preferable, as it keeps the fish better; but for bottom fishing, a rush basket is most useful; those made in the neighbourhood of Waltham Abbey are the best I have met with. For Jack fishing, a dark fustian haversack is more convenient than either.

MULTIPLYING WINCH

In fly fishing is indispensable; I have described this in my observations on Trout fishing: the same sort of winch will suit for every other purpose.

GROUND BAIT

Should be moderately stiff clay worked up with coarse bran and powdered greaves; the best way to mix it up is to clear away the grass, and treading on it with the heel of your boot till well mixed, it can then be easily

made into balls. Bread and bran is made by soaking stale bread in water, either cold or warm; then work it with your hands till stiff enough to hold together. Bread ground bait is mixed up the same way, but without the bran; flour and bran only make excellent ground bait, and sinks better than the former, which will require a stone enclosed to sink it.

BAITS FOR BOTTOM FISHING.

The necessary baits for fish of prey are mentioned in the description of those fish, but for bottom fishing the baits are lob worms, brandlings, marsh and red worms, gentles, &c., all which are procured at the tackte shops with such facility that it is scarcely worth while to keep them, but lobs I would advise you to keep by applying to any friends that have gardens or ground, where they may, after rain, readily supply you. Lobs are easily procured at night with a candle and lanthorn; you may keep them near your water but in a small tub or box, the damp of the place being necessary to support them alive and healthy; and when you would prepare them for angling, take out as many as you want, and put them to scour in moss or old coarse clothes, free from salt, in a brown pan, for a day or two.

Brandlings and red worms are kept together in the same way, but in a separate tub from the lobs, and scoured the same, gentles are so cheap, that it is needless to say much about them; they are easily bred, by hanging any animal substance to be fly-blown; when of a sufficient size, they will fall out into a pan of coarse sand, placed for that purpose. At the close of the year, get a jar, holding about a gallon, fill it three parts full of sand, and then fill it up with unscoured gentles, they

will soon work under the sand; cover over the top with brown paper, pass a pin through it about twelve times, to give them air, and keep it in a dry room, but not where there is a fire.

FISHING KNIFE

Should be about four or five inches in the blade, with a pick and tweezers; the pick answers well to untie a knot in your line. A knife, made by Coleman, opposite the Opera House, in the Haymarket, is the most useful I have seen; the blade is, when opened, secured by a spring, and, in my opinion, just what every Angler should possess.

BOOTS.

Those reaching the knee are the most serviceable, as they will serve to ford the river occasionally; and if well supplied with mutton suet, with a little bees' wax added thereto will turn water better than most other plans, if they get hard, rub them well before the fire with neatsfoot oil.

FISHING JACKET.

I prefer a dark or green colour, with inside pockets in the skirt, of a sufficient depth, that your rod may just go under your arm: two capacious outside pockets, and two breast pockets; it will necessarily be a tolerable length in the skirt, and, in appearance, not very conspicuous, and will hold every thing needful.

Mr. George Brearley, of No. 28, Northampton Street, King's Cross, makes a most excellent jacket of this de-

scription; in fact, he (being a fisherman) understands what is wanted.

DRAM FLASK.

A small wicker, or leather flask, to contain a choice drop of brandy will be found very useful, if you are thirsty, put a little in some water, it will prevent harm.

WATER-PROOF COVERING.

The most complete is a large silk shawl, of a dark colour: with this I have stood every rain that I have been exposed to while out a fishing, without being wet through; my method is, when the shawl is completely saturated, to wring it as dry as possible, by keeping under a hedge, or tree, during this process; my jacket has been damp, certainly, but that was all; I have never experienced much from wet weather. Though ridiculed for my appearance, many who have laughed have eventually followed my plan: a silk handkerchief placed before you answers, when walking, if the rain comes in front, and will effectually screen you; two or three pocket handkerchiefs will be found very useful.

SONG.—Izaak Walton was an Angler good.

(TUNE.) "*A famous Man was Robin Hood.*"

1.

Izaak Walton was an Angler good,
 He lived in fifteen ninety three,
 And ninety years he time withstood
 In peace, content, and harmony.

H 5

He was the father of our art,
He taught from practice what he knew,
From his good maxims few depart,
All Anglers sure will find them true.

Izaak Walton, &c.

2.

So excellent was his advice,
So true to nature every plan,
What he has written few despise,
For sure he was an honest man.
Let's angle with some angling friend,
Let's roam in peace with all mankind,
When tired at eve, a shilling spend
To cheer the heart and ease the mind.

Izaak Walton, &c.

3.

To some bleak hall we'll wend our way,
Or rest beneath some hawthorn hedge,
To hear a merry milk maid's lay,
Or in a cup each other pledge.
To tell a tale, some ballad sing,
To talk of sport in days gone by,
Sure these will true contentment bring,
Dispel each care, repress each sigh.

Izaak Walton, &c.

A FEW REMARKS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THE
ANGLER.

To preserve your health should be the first consideration: to benefit by exercise and fresh air, the Angler is induced to ramble with his rod and line by the pure stream.

A brave day's sport now and then gives a zest to Angling; but could you to a certainty bring home a basket of fish every time you went out, your fondness for the sport would cloy, and it would become tiresome, instead of amusing: it is not so with the freshness that prevails every where—it is ever renovating and acceptable.

With regard to wind, the south is most certainly the best, but after it has blown from any point a day or so, the fish will feed.

It is impossible at all times to avoid being wet, but at all times you can avoid being cold: all the mishaps which have come to my knowledge have arisen from imprudence, either in sitting with wet feet or clothes, or in a draught, while in a state of perspiration, or by drinking cold water while in that state. Therefore, take this advice, when you unavoidably get wet: keep your body warm by exercise; never, as you love the sport, sit in wet clothes or shoes; again, when you are in a perspiration, take a small glass of brandy, that is best, or gin or rum; the cooling effects of these have long been acknowledged.

Never get on a coach while in a state of perspiration, this is very bad; rather walk all night, if you are too late for the coach, especially in cool weather; if you get inside its all very well.

Many invite cold and illness, by giving way to a lowness of spirits at rain, or gloomy weather, cold, &c.;

when, by rallying against this depression, you may often throw off indisposition.

Several friends have declared to me, that they have started out with a bad cold, but with a determination to shake it off, and have succeeded.

Your boots or shoes should be sound and large enough, with thick soles, to resist the damp; and thick worsted socks in cold weather; always wear worsted, but thinner, in warm weather. Change your boots the very first opportunity, or, if they get wet, pull them off, dry your stockings as well as you can, and keep in motion until you have replaced them in a dry state on your feet again.

In summer, as your feet are more liable to blister, soap the outside of your stocking feet; this will prevent it, and you will journey comfortably.

An extra shirt, or waistcoat, or drawers, in cold weather, is not to be despised.

SONG.—TRUE ANGLERS.

(TUNE.) “*Hob a Nob.*”

1.

True Anglers, true Anglers for many miles round,
Wherever I've sought them, good fellows I've found,
And let them be neighbours, or let them be brothers,
To me a true bobber's more welcome than others,
With my rod while I roam, or my tackle put up,
Each weary piscator shall share my ale cup,
Then fill up each glass and be blithe while you may,
To-morrow lets fish, but be merry to day.

Then fill up, &c.

2.

When we hear the loud tempest the thunders hoarse rattle,
That mars all our sport, and sound like a battle,
Tho' to day's disappointment may cause us some sorrow,
The storm sure will better our luck on the morrow,
If there's mirth in our hearts, 'tis an Angler that shares,
If peril approach 'tis an Angler that dares.

Then fill up, &c.

3.

If annoyed in our sport by an insolent ranger,
Our companions in passtime stand by us in danger,
Committing no trespass, we care not for evil,
With right on our side we will combat the devil,
Then join hands and heart let the bands that combine,
Faith, honor, and friendship ne'er cease to entwine.

Then fill up, &c.

I recommend the Angler, wherever he may be, to bear in mind, that although he may have permission to fish in the water, he may be a trespasser on the land, to studiously avoid doing the farmer an injury. Let him carefully close every gate after him, for he should consider what dreadful damage may be done by cattle getting among the crops, by his imprudence; let him avoid making a gap, if possible, and if not, to repair it with his best ability: the slightest damage done to the crops or fences of the farmer, is an abuse of his generosity in allowing you to pass over his land. To this, and this only, do I attribute the reluctance evinced by many to grant leave to Anglers.

Consider that every moment is precious to the London Angler, and that any interruption, by requesting the loan of a plummet, or knife, &c., to say the least of it, is very annoying.

The actual necessaries of an Angler are not very numerous, or expensive; therefore arrange your tackle now and then, and replace whatever may be deficient.

SONG.—THE PORTSMOUTH WAGGON.

(TUNE.) “*Lord Ullin’s Daughter.*”

1.

Two Anglers set their baskets down,
Crying coachman we are undone,
Unless you’ll have this silver crown
To ride us up to London;
Two days along the river side,
We’ve fished till we are weary,
And if with you we cannot ride,
Must tramp the road so dreary.

2.

Out spoke the hardy coachman wight,
(While handing up a lady)
I fain would take your silver bright,
But I am full already;

The tired Anglers turned away,
The tiresome way to drag on,
For their only chance to ride that way,
Was, from Kingston by the waggon.

3.

The night was dark, on came a shower,
Their fish did them encumber,
They watched the mile stones thro' the hour,
To ascertain their number ;
At length they heard the tinkling bells,
And voices that were cheering,
For they were near to Seton Wells,*
The lanthorns were appearing.

4.

Now very soon a bargain made,
The waggoner was willing,
That they to town should be conveyed,
And only charged two shillings ;
He tied their hats up with a cord,
And if not quite so still, oh !
They slept as sound as any lord,
Upon his downy pillow.

5.

Tired as they were, no doubt they'd snore,
Just then the man said, ' Masters,

* Serbiton Wells, near Kingston.

Will you get out, our journey's o'er,"
And then untied their castors ;
' Wandsworth sure,' they waking cried,
And gathering up their tackle,
When, jumping down they there espied,
The Elephant and Castle.

6.

They thought they'd slept a little time,
'Twas four hours and a quarter,
They laid so very snug and prime,
No journey ere seemed shorter ;
They laughed to think they were deceived,
And to this hour they brag on,
How much by rest they were relieved,
In Prescott's Portsmouth waggon.

I have heard of some Anglers walking to the Rye House, fishing the whole day, and then walking back to London, doing the last fifteen miles in three hours : this I do not dispute, but must say, it was making a toil of pleasure ; three miles and a half an hour is a good holding pace, and the Angler that can do this for a distance of twenty miles, and home again, may fairly boast of going far and fast enough. Another thing I would recommend to the Angler's notice—the necessity of feeling assured that the bed he may sleep in is aired. Where the Angler cannot depend upon this, I would advise him to sleep in his stockings and drawers, and to take off the sheets, and sleep between the blankets, as the safest method ; many have had to complain of their having been put in damp beds. As a caution, nothing should

take precedence of this ; walk any distance, rather than put up at a house where they are careless of their beds.

Never be too prodigal of your ground bait, when there is no chance of your being supplied anew : throw it in up the stream above your float in small pieces, where the current is quiet, and the depth of your swim will be your guide ; if very deep, you must throw it in considerably above your swim, or it will be carried by the stream below your baited hook ; but if you have a good store, you cannot use well too much for Barbel, Roach, and Dace.

SONG.—THE MEANDERING RIVER.

(TUNE.) “ *Lass of Gowrie.* ”

1.

I turn'd away from fortune's frown,
And left the noisy busy town,
The pattering rain came sharply down
Yet I sought the meandering river.
A friendly wind dispers'd the showers,
The air perfum'd by blooming flowers,
That grew around the many bowers
Near the meandering river.

2.

The sporting Trout in glittering stream,
The beating heart at hope's fond dream,
The many real joys that gleam
By the meandering river.

To leave the treacherous world behind,
And here awhile contentment find,
'Scape favors meant or ills design'd,
And fish the meandering river.

3.

But all must have their share of woe,
Unceasing joys none ere can know,
Yet I'll be happy when I go
Near the meandering river.
'Twill not make less my lot of care
To sink beneath it in despair,
Yet awhile I can avoid it there,
And fish the meandering river.

In cold, windy weather, always prefer to angle under the wind where it is smooth (that is for float fishing). Let the wind be in what quarter it may, your success will be more likely by your fishing where the water is smooth, particularly for Roach, for if the water is ruffled by the wind or current, you will not be able to distinguish half the bites.

The Angler's success will be greatly increased by his attention to the weather, for bottom fishing and trolling, and indeed all sorts of fishing.

It often happen that the rivers are, from long continued dry weather, so low and clear, that to fish them would be utterly useless, particularly in the small streams; therefore it is necessary to observe in what direction the rain has fallen, and in what quantity; for a few hours' wet

will suffice to make some streams unfishable, while it will take many days to colour others.

The Wey and Mole are easily coloured, while the Colne is only affected by heavy rains. If the rain falls southerly, you must look south for the condition of the water, but if northerly, to the north, and so on.

Warm, quiet days in winter, and gloomy, rough days in summer, are to be preferred; the pot fisherman in the country never think of using their rough, clumsy tackle unless there has been a fall of rain sufficient to colour the rivers, and then, on its clearing a little, they will do wonders.

Thus consideration and attention will do half your work before you set out, but unless you attend to the state of the weather, you will lose many chances.

SONG.—THE SEASONS.

(TUNE.) “*Charley is my Darling.*”

1.

To angle I fancy, fancy, fancy,
 To angle I fancy in the Spring time of the year,
 So blithesomely I pace the dale,
 Without a care or fear.
 By brookside trying for a Trout,
 In the Spring time of the year.

To angle, &c.

2.

To angle I fancy, fancy, fancy,
 To angle I fancy in the Summer of the year,

'Neath spreading oak I rest awhile,
 From mid-day's heat severe,
 Then try with sniggle for an Eel,
 In the Summer of the year.
 To angle, &c.

3.

To angle I fancy, fancy, fancy,
 To angle I fancy in the Autumn of the year,
 For a Perch each morn I take my stand,
 By eddy, bridge, or weir,
 And envy no man's happiness,
 In the Autumn of the year.
 To angle, &c.

4.

To angle I fancy, fancy, fancy,
 To angle I fancy in Winter of the year,
 In trolling jovially I roam,
 Though cheerless scenes appear,
 Content and health both warm my heart,
 In the Winter of the year.
 To angle, &c.

I have before said that what may be unfavourable to-day, may to-morrow be otherwise, but I do not mean to say the Angler should dispense with the use of his eyes and hearing, but, taking every opportunity to enquire about the state of the water, and observing the weather, form his judgment accordingly.

A small, fine, half round file, to sharpen the point of your hook, will be found very handy.

When you have success, take proper care of your fish, by placing them cleanly in the basket, first laying some of the tall, flat rushes, which are to be met with on the banks of most waters, at the bottom, and occasionally between the fish, this will keep them fresh and cool ; if the weather is warm, put your basket in the shade, covering it with herbage that may be convenient.

In fly fishing I always use an old silk handkerchief, dipped in the river, and rolled round the fish, frequently in the course of the day, wetting it anew ; this plan will answer for Jack fishing.

Avoid the slovenly manner of packing your fish, practised by some,—that is, putting them in short, withered grass, all over dirt, and never more looking at them till they are bundled out of the basket, in a manner equally slovenly and careless.

If, in fly fishing, your hook should fasten to the opposite side, or you should be foiled in any other way, be patient, take time to consider the best plan to get released, go round if possible, perhaps you may ford the river ; at all events take into consideration the circumstances of your embarrassment, a little time spent in thought how to get over your difficulty, will more than half accomplish it, and save hours which would be required to repair the damage done by your impatience and violence.

In Trout fishing, especially with a fly, when you have hooked a good fish, he will often bounce out of the water two or three times, and if you are fishing over a bed of weeds, will work himself into them unless you are very careful. To avoid this, you must hold moderately tight

till you have got down the stream, and your line is nearly straight with the weeds, still holding on him to make him feel uncomfortable; by this method you will generally succeed, when if you were to pull across the stream you would either be broke or the fish lost; act in a similar manner with Jack and other large fish; after a little time the fish will feel uneasy by your constantly pulling, which will cause him to move, you must then take advantage of this; by his repeated skifting he will loosen himself so as to enable you to draw him out. In Roach fishing take the fish out of the swim to kill if possible, if not, shorten your rod by taking off the joints, till you have him at command, but do not let him flounder on the top longer than you can help.

When the water is thick the fish feed at the side, and even on the meadows, when the rivers overflow; at this time a red worm is best, in fact worms are the most killing bait in coloured or thick water.

When you arrive at any strange place, I would advise you to enquire what fish the river contains, then take a survey of the whole extent of water you have permission to fish, by these means you will be able to find the most likely spots: I have formerly, in my haste to commence, fished in the very worst part of the water, and ultimately returned home with an empty basket, which, by a previous view, I might have prevented.

If you are killing fish in a Roach swim, never rise up or stamp about so as to cause the ground to shake, as from the marshy nature of the banks of some rivers (particularly the Lea) you will easily do even by walking, in all cases walk as lightly as you can, and both in fly fishing and trolling, fish the near side of the river first, and at as great a distance as possible.

SONG.—MY ANGLING HOME.

(TUNE.) “*Oh my dear, my dear Adonis.*”

1.

Away from toilsome hurly burly,
 Uprising fresh some Summer morn,
 'Fore the sun, tho' e'er so early,
 With beams of gold announces dawn,
 To our pastime we proudly yet peacefully roam,
 And leave far behind us our Angling home.
 Then leave awhile life's hubble bubble,
 To seek the sport we think so rare,
 May Angling ne'er bring toil or trouble,
 To such hearts as now are here.

2.

When we meet, we meet in gladness,
 Then gaily pace the road along,
 Pressing onward free from sadness,
 Cheer'd by converse, tale, or song;
 Bright beams the eye when to the river come,
 For a time we've no thought of our Angling home.
 Then when we leave, &c.

3.

Up and let the lazy linger,
 Till the morn's best chance is o'er,

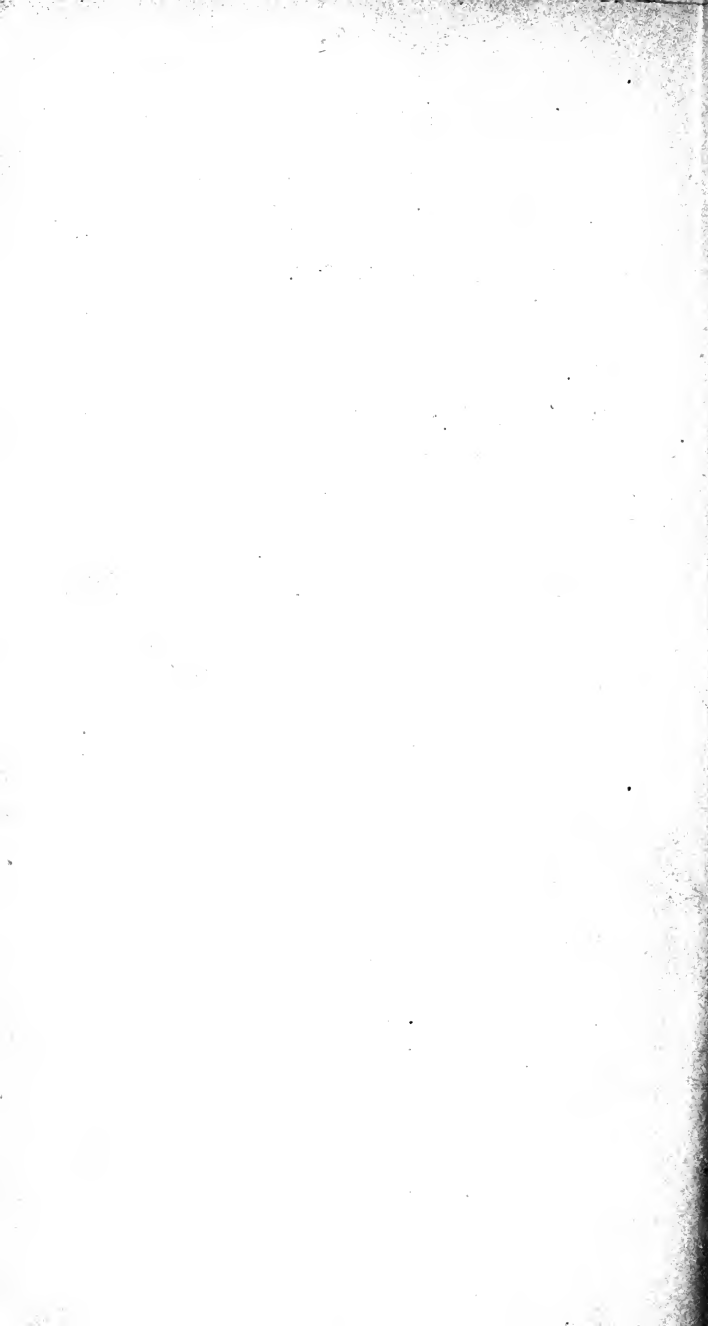
Let to us no scornful finger,
Deriding point our hopes to lower ;
We fish o'er each wave as it ripples in gloom,
Then joyful return to our Angling home.
Then when we leave, &c.

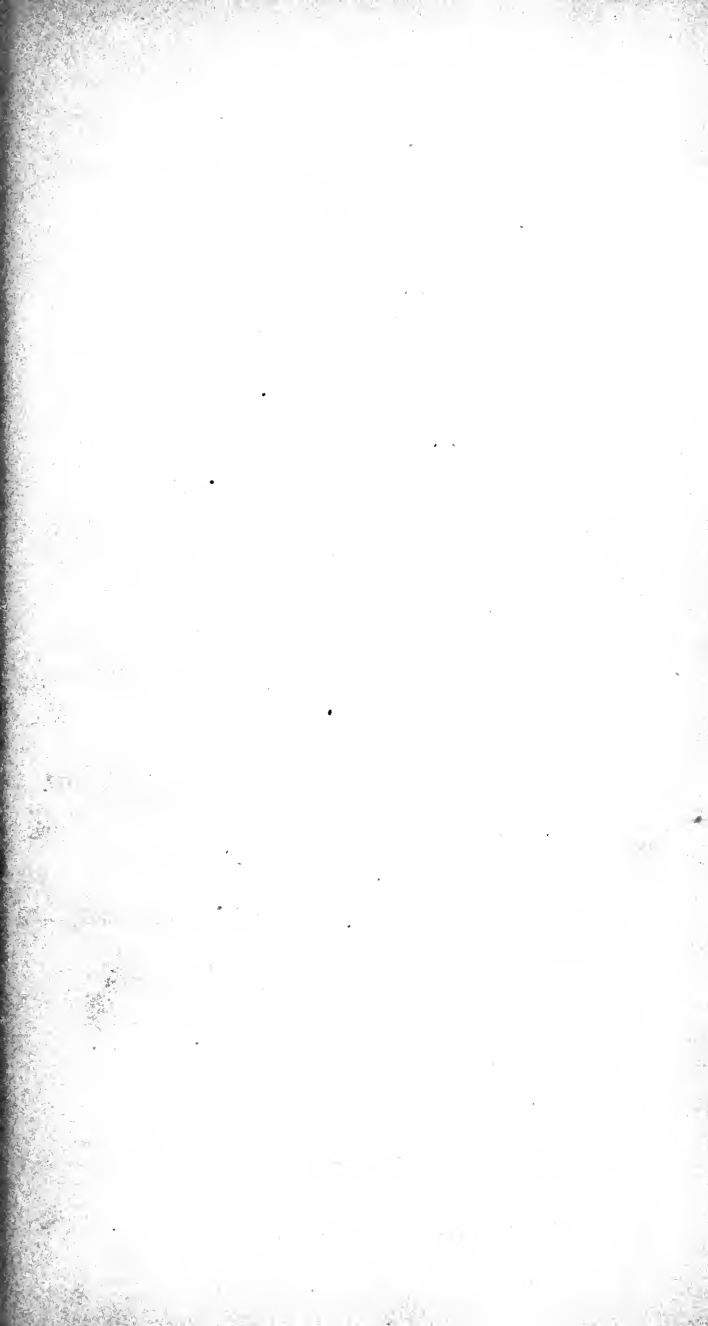
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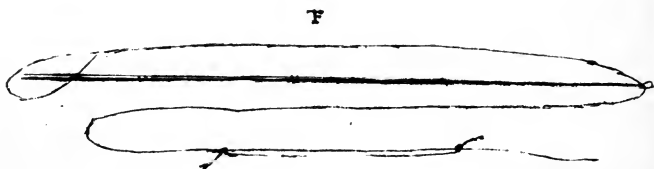
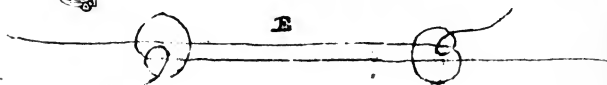
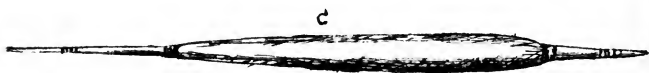
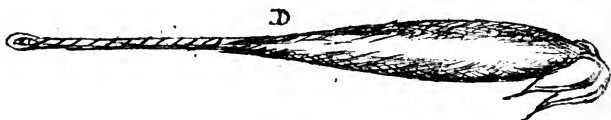
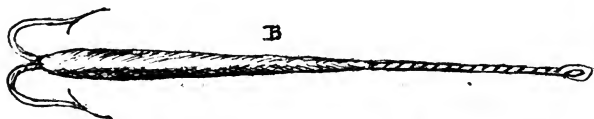
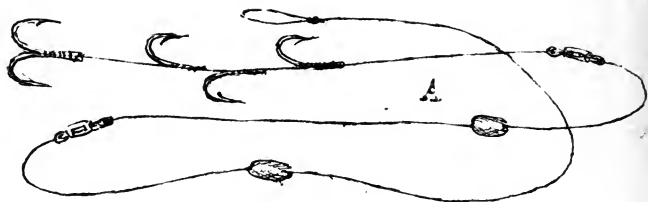
May no danger hover o'er us,
To fret the honest Angler's heart ;
May we live in health the life before us,
To fish in peace till we must part ;
But far very far be the day of our doom,
When we part from our friends and our Angling home.
Then when we leave, &c.

I have only now to crave the reader's patience for the errors he may have discovered, and hope that he has been amused, if not instructed.









EXPLANATION

TO THE

SKETCHES OF TACKLE.



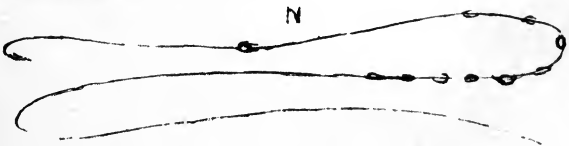
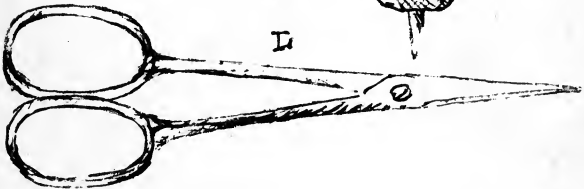
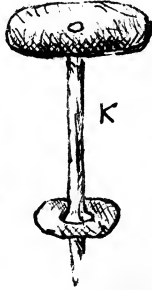
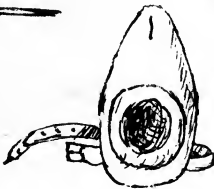
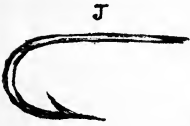
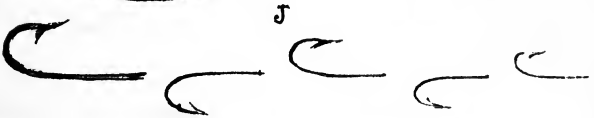
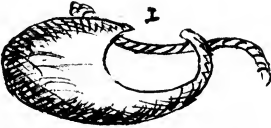
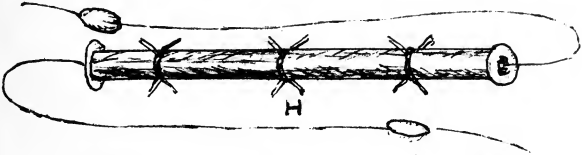
PLATE I.

- A, Minnow tackle.
- B B, Two views of Gorge Hook.
- C C, Floats.
- D, Shape of Fly Rod But, and where to fix the winch.
- E, Method of tying gut or hair.
- F, How to put your Roach line on your top with the knots of the line tight, previous to being drawn close together.

PLATE II.

- G, Disgorger made of a twig in an instant.
- H, Hollow bone for clay ledger, used in Barbel fishing.
- I I, Two views of clearing ring.
- J J, Hooks most useful as regards size.
- K K, Stool for bottom fishing, and patch for the thigh, used in trolling, the top part buttoned on your brace button.
- L, Shape of scissors, very useful in fly making or other purposes.
- M M, Leather rings with a brass part for line to run through, used in trolling.
- N, Line shotted.

It is not worth the Anglers while making his own Tackle, Rods, &c. these articles being made so well and sold so reasonable at all the Fishing Tackle Shops; but if for amusement or fancy, any one should feel disposed to tie his own lines or hooks, every angling material may be purchased with equal facility, at any of the Tackle Makers in London.







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