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SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS  
OF  
FLY-FISHING,  
IN  
NORTHUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND, AND  
WESTMORLAND.

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BY  
STEPHEN OLIVER, THE YOUNGER, *provid.*  
OF ALDWARK, IN COM. EBOR.

*William A. Chatto*



LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

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1834.

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C. Whittingham, Toaks Court, Chancery Lane.



SH 439

C 53

CLARISSIMO VIRO  
DOMINO CHRISTOPHERO NORTH,  
PISCATORI, POETÆ, CRITICO ;  
CALAMO, TAM PISCATORIO QUAM SCRIPTORIO,  
APPRIME PERITO,  
FUSTE (Hibernicè, *shillelah*) FORMIDABILI,  
SCIPIONE (Anglicè, *crutch*) TREMENDO ;  
HOC QUALECUNQUE OPUSCULUM  
D. D. D.  
STEPHANUS OLIVERUS.

347286

To man made for labour, due intervals of relaxation are no less necessary, than sleep is to the body when exhausted by watching ; and truly unhappy may that mortal be reckoned, to whom nothing affords amusement. He who is exhausted by the more weighty labours, has the greatest need of rest ; but rest, not tempered with pleasure, becomes torpid insensibility. The principal reward of labour, which the Creator has granted to man, is leisure with enjoyment ; and mortals generally exert their utmost efforts to obtain it. *Reflections on the Study of Nature, translated from the Latin of Linnæus by Sir J. E. Smith.*

## A DAY IN COQUETDALE.



“There’s mony a ane has siller ore,  
That finds it downa make him smile;  
There’s mony a ane has gowden store,  
Wha wears a heavy heart the while.  
It’s guid, sometimes, to stay an’ toil;  
It’s guid, sometimes, to wander free;  
Folk loup the dyke when there’s nae stile;—  
Sae aff to Coquet-side wi’ me.”—R. ROXBY.

*The Fisher’s Garland for 1832.*

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TOWARDS the end of July, or the beginning of August, I have for some years past been

accustomed to take a trip into Roxburghshire, to spend a few weeks with a friend; and as I travel at my leisure, I always enjoy a few days' fishing by the way. Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Weldon Bridge, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet; sometimes I take up my quarters with honest Sandy Macgregor, at the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, to enjoy a few days' fishing in the Glen and the Till; and occasionally I drive up to Yetholm to have a day's sport in the Bowmont, with that patriarch of gypsies and prince of fishers, old Will Faa; as good a fly-fisher as is to be met with between Berwick and Dumfries, in which tract of country are to be found some of the best anglers in the kingdom.

There are not many trout streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river on the whole more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may undoubtedly

take larger trouts at Driffield, and from streams more secluded bring home a heavier creel; but for a week's fair fishing, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, the Coquet is perhaps surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory, and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, "clear as diamond spark," present in their course every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill.

Last year I took my usual route, intending to spend a day or two in Coquetdale, accompanied by a friend, an amateur, both fishing and of sketching, but more expert at taking a view than taking a trout. We were approaching the village where we intended to stop, when my companion's attention was arrested by a striking object, and immediately his sketch book was out. "Pull up a few minutes, Oliver," said he; "look at that gibbet—did you ever see any thing

so picturesque! A raven, too—the very type, the beau-ideal of ‘der Rabenstein,’ which is introduced with such powerful effect in the German drama. There is only a subject wanting to render the coup d’œil complete.

Upon looking in the direction pointed out by my friend, there certainly did appear something like a gibbet at a short distance across the moor, with a jackdaw or a crow cutting a few odd capers on the cross-beam. “Did you ever see any thing like it, Oliver,” continued my friend, “a real gibbet, and on that lonely spot! I suppose some poor traveller has lost his life there, and that is the gibbet of his murderer. I have a capital thought!—It is only a short mile to where we put up, I shall try to persuade the hostler to come out with me to-morrow, and just hang himself up by the arms for half an hour, till I complete a sketch from the living model. My friend Hatchwell will engrave the *thing*—the particulars of the

murder I can pick up at the inn, and ‘ whip them up in my own style,’ as Yorick says, and, *presto*, there is a tale of the ‘ fashionably terrific’ at once. The whole subject is as plainly before me as if, like Coleridge, I had been dreaming about it. Describe the murderer as a fine, strapping, hawk-nosed, black-whiskered fellow, the very beau ideal of one of Eastlake’s banditti; make a whey-faced, sentimental girl in love with him, and let her be found one morning dead at the gibbet foot. I shall send it with the illustration to the ———, that Phoenix of Annuals, where it may serve as a pendant to one of my Lord Bombast’s pieces of sentimental horror, or as a foil to bring out the refined beauties that are so ingeniously concealed in the fascinating productions of Lady Lyrick.”

“ My dear Burrell, not a word more of this nonsense; say nothing to the hostler, unless you wish to make us a standing jest to every angler that visits the place. Get

done with your sketch, raven and all, write your tale where you like, only tell no more of it here." The sketch book was now closed, and in the course of a few minutes we were at the door of the Black Bull's Head, where the landlord was standing ready to receive us.

*Landlord.* Good day, Sir, good day—you are welcome back to this part of the country. The guard of the Wellington told us that you would be here at one, and you are very punctual to your time. I hope you have been well since you were last in Coquetdale—I am glad to see you again at the Black Bull's Head.

*Oliver.* Thank you, Mr. Burn, thank you: how are all my old fishing acquaintances in this part of the country,—how is my friend the Vicar?

*Landlord.* O, he's bravely, Sir; still fishing away and talking about it as much as ever, but just catching as few trout as before. He called with Mr. Bell only half an hour



since, to inquire if you had arrived,—but he was rather out of humor. He had been out at the water early this morning—thinking to surprise you with what he had taken, I suspect—and the de'il a thing did he catch, but half a dozen bits o' trouts not bigger than my thumb.

*Oliver.* Do you know whereabouts he was?—I should have thought from the rain we had yesterday, that this would have been a most favourable morning for fishing.

*Landlord.* He was almost as high up as Rothbury, and he fished down to Weldon—but never could mortal man, except himself, expect to catch fish with such a flee as he had on.

*Oliver.* What sort of fly did he use?

*Landlord.* You beat me there. The old gentleman is very fanciful about his flees, and thinks there is not a man in the country-side that can dress one like him. But sic a flee as he had on this morning!—it was enough to flay all the fish in Coquet. A great bunch of feathers, that would hardly

go into this pint pot here, and more like a pee-wit than aught else. There were trouts to be taken too, by folk that could go handier about it, for Jamie Hall, the tailor, who was out at the same time, brought home about two dozen of as fine trouts as I would wish to catch. But Jamie is a capital fly-fisher, and seldom returns with a toom creel.

*Burrell.* Pray, what gibbet is that upon the moor, landlord?

*Landlord.* Gibbet, Sir?—I know of no gibbet in this county but that at Elsdon, which is twenty long miles off.

*Burrell.* Surely you cannot but know of the gibbet on the left on crossing the moor, and scarcely a mile from your own door?

*Landlord.* O, I understand what you mean now. That is the starting post for our races, and the cross-piece, which made you take it for a gibbet, is to hang a pair of butcher's scales on to weigh the jockeys in. Did you see a corby or a jackdaw fluttering about the top as you passed?

*Burrell.* We did observe a large black

bird flapping his wings upon the cross-piece, but I took it to be a raven.

*Landlord.* It will be nothing better than a corby crow. Hostler, tell the lad there is another crow down at the starting post. One of our lads made a few springes out of an old cow-tail, and set them, with a dead rabbit, on the top of the starting post, and he has caught five crows to-day already.

*Oliver.* Shall I bespeak the hostler for you, Burrell, that you may complete your sketch from the living model? Do start after dinner, and “whip up” those particulars in your own style! Do introduce your “fine, strapping, hawk-nosed, black-whiskered fellow” *hanging*, in a butcher’s scale, previous to starting for a leather plate.

*Burrell.* Bespeak the dinner if you please—but no more of the hostler, “an thou lovest me.” In future, I shall close my sketch book against all “striking” objects.

*Oliver.* Is dinner preparing, Mr. Burn?

*Landlord.* It is, Sir, and will be ready, to

a minute, at the time ordered by the guard—two o'clock. Your old fishing fare, he said; and there will be just a dish of hotch-potch, a piece of salmon, and a saddle of Cheviot mutton.

*Oliver.* The very thing! Is Mrs. Burn attending to the hotch-potch herself?

*Landlord.* That she is. Ever since you praised it so much she will scarcely let the girls shell the peas, or pare the turnips.

*Oliver.* We intend going out in the afternoon; and I expect we shall have some sport, as there is a gentle breeze of wind from the south-west, and the sky is rather cloudy. We will look over our tackle while dinner is preparing.—What kind of fly would you advise, Mr. Burn? you are an old angler in Coquet, and should know something of the tastes of its trouts.

*Landlord.* I think you had best try the black hackle and the midge-fly, first; and towards evening, if you have not sport to your liking with these, put on a red hackle;

and if you can catch fish with none of them, I can, for this time of the year, recommend nothing better. The red hackle is a great favourite, and not without reason, with our Coquetdale anglers. One of the best of them thus sings of it :

“ The black-flee is guid when it’s airly ;  
 The may-flee is deadly in spring ;  
 The midge-flee may do in fair weather ;  
 For foul sawmon roe is the king ;—  
 But let it be late or be airly,  
 The water be drumly or sma’,  
 Still up wi’ the bonny red-heckle,  
 The heckle that tackled them a’.”

You must get well up the stream, as far as Piper-haugh, and fish down to Weldon.

*Oliver.* We shall set out after dinner, and reach Piper-haugh about four o’clock. We shall be back in the evening, and sup at ten. I shall just write a note to the Vicar and Mr. Bell, inviting them to join us at supper time. Do you think we shall be favoured with their company ?

*Landlord.* I think I may venture to assure you of that. They are both at home, and know that you are expected.

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*Evening. Parlor of the Black Bull's Head.*  
*Decanters and glasses on the table. Present, the Rev. JAMES TODBURN, ANDREW BELL, RICHARD BURRELL, and STEPHEN OLIVER, Esqrs.*

*Oliver.* Now that we have drank the King, the Royal Family, and other standard toasts, I shall give you the Lord Lieutenant of the county—the Duke of Northumberland.

*All.* The Duke of Northumberland!

*Burrell.* He is a pleasant looking man, the Duke, but I should think rather too pale-faced to be an angler. Does he ever amuse himself with the rod, Mr. Todburn?

*Rev. J. T.* Not now, I believe, though he was once rather fond of the sport. But he was always better with the gun than the

rod, and could walk better than he could either shoot or fish.

*Burrell.* Indeed—I should never have taken his grace to have been much of a pedestrian.

*Rev. J. T.* Then you are mistaken. About twenty years ago I durst have matched him against the whole body of the aristocracy, and thrown the House of Commons into the bargain, either for an hour's breathing, or a long day's walk. From Alnwick to Alnmouth and back is ten miles; and when Earl Percy, he often performed this distance in two hours, merely as a walk before breakfast. The distance from Alnwick to Keilder Castle, on the western border of Northumberland, is upwards of forty miles of bad road, and over a hilly country, and he has frequently walked it on the 11th of August, with his gun over his shoulder and his shot-belts about him, and reached Keilder before dinner, and started next morning with the lark for the moors.

*Burrell.* He must have been a second Captain Barclay in those days: he should walk a little more now; he is growing too fat and listless. The Duchess is of pious and domestic habits, I understand—conducts a ladies' penny-a-week tract society in Alnwick, and has the finest breed of pigs in the kingdom.

*Bell.* You are out there. There may be some truth about the pigs; but as to the penny-a-week concern, some one has been hoaxing you, or perhaps you are treating us with a "slice of your own gammon." Allow me now to give a toast—it needs no long preface; but when the thing is in my mind, I must notice it. You have observed the Black Bull's Head, that swings so bravely at our landlord's door?—That is the crest of the Widdringtons, whose pennon has been unfurled in a hundred border forays: I shall give you their descendant, the Lord of the Manor, Riddell of Felton.

*All.* Riddell of Felton!



*Oliver.* Thank you for your toast, and its introduction, Mr. Bell. I knew not that the owner of Felton Hall, within whose ground I have so often fished, “tracked his parent stream” to so noble a source. Who has not heard of Widdrington, “that gallant squire?”

“For Wetharynton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be;  
For when both his leggis were hewyne in to,  
Yet he kneled and fought on his kne.”

*Bell.* One might suppose that you had been born in Coquetdale, you are so ready with the “Hyntyng of the Chyviot.”—But I should like now to hear a little of your fishing. I suspect that you have returned with an empty creel, or we should have heard something of your exploits before this; for anglers are not accustomed to be silent on their success. I should like to see your take—a couple of thorney-backs, perch *par courtesie*; half a dozen minnows, and an eel; but not a single trout, except the dozen

which you would buy in coming home, to save yourselves from being laughed at.

*Oliver.* Thorney-backs and minnows!—I should like much to catch a few of your *trouts*. But you shall see. Waiter, let the hostler bring up that hamper of trouts and the pike which we caught this afternoon. A pike—it is a halbert of a fish—a very weaver's beam!

*Enter* HOSTLER, *with a tolerably well filled basket of trouts and a pike.*

*Bell.* Well done! These are something better than thorney-backs, after all. I dare say you have nearly a stone and a half of trouts here, and some of them really prime ones. You have been lucky in hooking the skeggers to-day; if you continue as you have begun you will rouse the jealousy of your brother anglers.

*Oliver.* Skeggers! Why surely you do not call those fine trouts, of from two to

three pounds weight, skeggers? I do not think there is a single skegger amongst them.

*Bell.* There you are wrong—and prove that you are better acquainted with Izaak Walton than with the trouts of the Coquet, notwithstanding the numerous visits you have paid to this part of the country. The trout which Walton describes as the samlet, or skegger, is the small brandling trout of the Coquet; but the trout which we here call the skegger is a large one, almost like a bull trout, and the name is derived from an old word, “to skug”—to seek covert or shelter; for these trouts are mostly found under the shadow of a bank or projecting rock, and they are by some called alder or alter trouts, in consequence of their haunting the roots of alder trees, that grow by the side of the stream. Since I have alluded to etymologies, I must go one step farther to notice that “skug” is most probably derived from the Mæso-Gothic

“Skygda,” to shadow or cover; and that the mountain Skiddaw, in Cumberland, probably owes its name to the same source. Skygd-dha—the dark shadow—is admirably expressive of its character when seen from the foot of Withop, before the sun has illumined its south-western side, and when its dark shade is extended over the vale of Derwent.—But what a famous pike you have caught; I have seldom seen such a one taken in this part of the country. What weight is he?

*Oliver.* Ten pounds three ounces; length from eye to fork, two feet seven inches and three sixteenths, by the exciseman’s rod.

*Rev. J. T.* That is not a Coquet-bred fish; he must have escaped from some pond or loch during the late rains. Pray where did you take him?

*Oliver.* In the deep pool a little above Brinkburn. I observed him lying at his ease near the surface of the water, and tried him first with a small trout, which he would

not look at. I then put on an artificial frog with a double snap, which I had among my baits, and he seized it in a moment. I struck as soon as he turned, and luckily hooked him; and directly that he felt himself pricked, swoop! he was off like a whale. I let him have about forty yards of line, though not too gently, before I attempted to check him. I then was obliged to put my tackle to the test, as he was likely to gain, had I allowed him more line, a rocky part of the stream. When I found that my tackle would hold him, I began to wind him gently back, and had got him, after a good deal of manœuvring, within twenty yards of the end of the rod, when off he went again. He repeated this three or four times, growing weaker every sweep he took, till at last I got so far master of him as to draw him to the shore, where Burrell landed him with a gaff.

*Rev. J. T.* But how did you come by the trouts? I was out myself this morning, and

only caught half a dozen which were scarcely worth bringing home; and yet I ought to know something of Coquet, and I am persuaded that you could not have more suitable flies, for I always make my own.

*Oliver.* We began at Piper-haugh, and fished down to Weldon Bridge. At first we had only indifferent success till we tried a fly recommended by our landlord, the red-hackle, and afterwards we had no reason to complain. We got the greatest number between Brinkburn and Weldon. At the commencement I was inclined to blame my friend Burrell for our want of success; for the trout is a *sly fish*, that appears to be instinctively aware of the danger that awaits him when a *scientific* angler is in company, and carefully keeps himself out of harm's way.

*Burrell.* You *practical* anglers always claim the privilege of laughing at the novice, until he perceives that your pretended mystery is a mere bag of smoke, and becomes

as wise as one of yourselves. You have been winding a long reel about that pike, Oliver, but you do not relate the most interesting part of the feat—that the fish at one period of the contest had the better of the angler. I was a short distance up the stream, attending to my own sport, when I heard a loud splash, and on running towards the place, there was this simple fisherman floundering about in the water, holding his rod with both hands, and the pike making off with him, when I luckily dragged him out. In strict justice, the merit of taking the pike belongs to me.

*Oliver.* I do not deny it. I only wish that you had made a little more haste, and not laughed quite so loudly.

*Burrell.* Who could help laughing?—And then the hubbub and the loud ha! ha! brought out the miller's wife to see if any of her live stock had fallen into the water; and when she found that it was neither calf nor pig, she sent down—kind, motherly

old dame—to offer the poor gentleman who had got such a ducking a change of her husband's clothes. Had you only accepted the offer, you had made me your bondman for ever. I think I see you in the honest miller's corduroy small-clothes, rig-and-furrow stockings, and grey coat, of the cut of the last century, with white metal buttons about the size of a crown piece. Dominie Samson in all his glory!

*Oliver.* You are really excellent at a sketch, Burrell. You are “whipping it up” in your own style. Put the bottle about, Mr. Bell, and favour us with a song, if you please.

*Bell.* Willingly—I am too bad a singer to require much inviting. Singers, whether good or bad, should only annoy a company once; either by their obstinacy in refusing to sing, or by their miserable performance. My subject must be about fishing, I suppose; and though my “Piscatory Eclogues” are neither choice nor numerous, you shall have one such as it is.



## THE FISHERS' CALL.

THE moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,  
 And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell ;  
 Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,  
 And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.

Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

O what can the joys of the angler excell,  
 As he follows the stream in its course through the dell !  
 Where ev'ry wild flower is blooming in pride,  
 And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.

Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,  
 In spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,  
 By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,  
 O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.

Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie,  
 Like the fall of a rose-leaf we'll throw the light fly ;  
 Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,  
 We'll load well our creels and hie merrily home.

Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

*Oliver.* Thank you, Mr. Bell—a good subject, and a good song. Your toast, if you please.

*Bell.* All honest anglers.

*All.* All honest anglers!

*Burrell.* That will comprehend pretty nearly all the brethren of the rod and line, “the present company excepted,” as civil people say. What Pinkerton, with his usual modesty, has said of collecting old coins: “it is a most innocent pursuit, and such as never engaged the attention of a bad man,” belongs more justly to angling. There is not a single angler to be found in the Newgate Calendar.

*Rev. J. T.* I am much inclined to agree with you, Mr. Burrell, though I hardly know whether you are speaking in jest or in earnest. We have had some most amiable men, and of great talent, in our own time passionately fond of angling—Dr. Paley, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir Humphrey Davy, for instance. The former, though a dig-

nified clergyman, and better known from his moral and theological writings than from his fishing exploits, preferred, like his great exemplar, Dr. Nowell, to have his portrait taken with a fishing rod over his shoulder rather than with a book in his hand.

*Oliver.* I have not unfrequently noticed in my fishing excursions that you often meet with *old* men who are anglers, either for the sake of amusement, or who have adopted the pursuit as being at once a source of profit and pleasure.

*Rev. J. T.* I am convinced that angling is greatly conducive both to health and longevity. It cannot have been from mere accident, or from their having originally stronger stamina than other mortals, that so many persons who have been anglers have lived to an age far exceeding the ordinary term of human existence. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased activity to the vital principle of the air; their exercise, regular, without

being violent; and that composure of mind—so necessary to the perfect health of the body—to which angling so materially contributes, must all have had an influence on their physical constitution, the effect of which is perceived in the protracted duration of their lives. Henry Jenkins,—who lived to the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, and who boasted, when giving evidence in a court of justice to a fact of one hundred and twenty years' date, that he could *dub* a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire,—continued angling for more than a century after the greater number of those who were born at the same time were mouldering in their graves. What mighty changes and revolutions in his own country did this man live to see! He saw the Abbot of Fountains in his dignity and power; and he saw him and his brethren driven from the abbey like proscribed outcasts, whom it was dangerous to pity, and almost criminal to harbour. He saw Roman Catholics burning Protes-

tants, and Protestants hanging and beheading Roman Catholics, each party declaring what they did was for conscience sake and a love of religion, and that they were only barbarously cruel in order to be strictly just. He saw a degraded, fawning, people prostrating themselves at the feet of a cold-blooded pedant, insensible alike to the lessons of virtue and to the voice of honour, who, in return for their grovelling adulation, set his foot upon their necks. He saw the son of this imbecile monarch first loaded with praises like a demi-god, then spurned like a false idol, and finally executed like a traitor. He saw Essex put to death by the queen who loved him; Stafford abandoned and sacrificed by the king whose views he had too earnestly promoted; and Charles himself executed amidst the cheers of a mob who were loudest in their expressions of joy at his coronation: a memorable warning, both to those who court the smiles of princes, and to those who are puffed up with the breath of

popular applause. But I am forgetting my old anglers in my chapter of human inconsistencies;—to return. Dr. Nowell was a most indefatigable angler, allotting a tenth part of his time to his favourite recreation, and giving a tenth part of his income, and nearly all the fish he caught, to the poor. He lived to the age of ninety-five, having neither his eyesight, his hearing, nor his memory impaired. Walton himself, that

“sage benign,  
Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverent watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine,”

lived to upwards of ninety; Henry Mackenzie died in January, 1831, aged eighty-six; and the Rev. H. C., who resided a short distance from here, and had been an angler from his youth, continued to fish after he was upwards of eighty; and I could mention several others who are upwards of seventy, and still continue in their “frosty,

but kindly," old age to fish by the side of those streams—associated in their minds with a hundred pleasing recollections—where first the love of angling and of Nature was impressed upon their youthful hearts, which time has deepened and confirmed, and which death only can efface. It must, however, be observed that the oldest anglers have been remarkable for their temperance, and for the quiet, even, tenor of their lives. They were not much exposed to struggle with the rough currents of human life, which often prematurely exhaust the best and noblest of our kind, but were either placed in that happy mediocrity which affords an easy competence, or were born and educated in that condition which is little disturbed by imaginary evils, and knows few wants but such as may be easily supplied.

*Oliver.* Walton alludes to the fishing exploits of Mark Antony and Cleopatra; and Sir H. Davy, in his *Salmonia*, claims Trajan as an angler. To the number of royal and

imperial fishermen may be added his late majesty George the Fourth. Angling has not, however, been much in repute among the rulers of the earth, for there is no "royal road" to the art any more than there is to geometry. The servants of a king may stock a pond with fish, but it is beyond their skill to make them bite when majesty wishes to enjoy an hour's amusement in angling. Fish have no idea of the distinguished honour of being hooked and whisked out of their native element by the hand of a king; and they are no more ambitious of seizing a monarch's bait than a clown's. They are so shockingly deficient in courtly politeness, that though a king be anxiously waiting for a bite, they never offer even to nibble until it perfectly suits their own pleasure. Looking at these circumstances, we need not wonder that angling has never been much celebrated as a royal pastime.

*Burrell.* Walton's instance of Antony's angling is very ill chosen, for the passage in



Plutarch wherein it is mentioned shows it to have been altogether a pitiful exhibition. Think of an *angler* employing divers to hook his fish on—this was indeed imperial angling! I think I see the “world’s great master,” when in the pride of his heart he had pulled up a prime large fish, and found it to be a dried haddock, which Cleopatra, who had found out the secret of his success, had bribed the divers to put on. Notwithstanding George the Fourth’s splendid book of flies, which a few years ago was exhibited at the maker’s, to the great admiration of cockney anglers, the fishing excursions on Virginia water were little calculated to afford amusement to a genuine disciple of the rod and line—at least in the way of angling. It was yet pleasant sometimes to see a pike landed to the sound of soft music, while the lord in waiting, having his hands covered with a pair of French gloves, worked himself into a state of gentle perspiration in trying to get the hook out of the pike’s mouth,

without having a finger snapped off by the sharp-toothed water-wolf.

*Bell.* Sir Humphrey Davy has mentioned Nelson as being an ardent fly-fisher, and so fond of the sport, that he continued to angle after he had lost his right arm. To the list of eminent characters who have been lovers of angling let me add the name

“Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain side,”—

Robert Burns. Among the living worthies of the present age, who have not yet arrived at the full maturity of fame—

“True, perfect, fame springs only from the grave  
Of him whose deeds and worth it consecrates”—

the Ettrick Shepherd may be noticed as an expert angler; and Professor Wilson,—as I have heard from one who has fished with him,—is one of the best fly-fishers that ever threw a line in the Tweed. Wordsworth also is an angler, and I fancy that in many

of his poems may be traced images which have reference to, or have been suggested by, the delightful art of angling. When I think of his description, in the *Excursion*, of the trouts, which a boy has caught, laid on a blue slate-stone, I almost fancy that I see them in reality, as I have seen them so often. The colours of a newly caught trout are never seen to such advantage as when the fish is displayed on a smooth wet slate. Cooper, the next time he paints trout, may take a hint from Wordsworth.

*The Rev. J. T.* This talk of eminent and talented men who have been anglers brings to my recollection the name of Hill, the learned tailor, whom Spence, in a little volume printed at Strawberry Hill, has compared to that "helluo librorum," Magliabecchi. Hill initiated into the mysteries of fly-fishing a young scholar, who, in return, taught him Greek; one of the finest instances of mutual instruction that ever came to my knowledge. Emerson, the mathematician,

was also a fly-fisher; and I have fished in the Tees with an old angler who acquired his knowledge of algebra and the art of dressing and throwing a fly from the eccentric geometer of Hurworth.\* Dr. Birch, formerly Secretary to the Royal Society, was a lover of angling; and Dr. Wollaston and Sir Humphrey Davy in our own times are instances of men of the highest philosophic attainments finding pleasure in the exercise of the rod and line.

*Burrell.* I am inclined to think the three last named were amateurs rather than proficient in fly-fishing. Dr. Birch was evidently *known* to the fish, or he would not have taken such pains to disguise himself like the stump of an old tree when angling. Of Dr. Wollaston's fly-fishing acquirements I know nothing more than what Sir Humphrey Davy reports; and that is not much,

\* Hurworth, a pleasant village, in the church-yard of which Emerson is buried, is about three miles S.E. of Darlington.

beyond the fact of his using Indian rubber with a slit in it to straighten the gut on which his hooks were tied. Sir Humphrey himself, I suspect, was only great as an angler among F.R.S'S. Among the accomplished anglers of Tweedside and the Highland Lochs he was only, as I have heard, President of the Royal Society; rather ingenious in devising improvements in angling than skilful in catching fish.

*Oliver.* Dr. Johnson has stated, that though there is mention of *aucupium* and *piscatio* in the writings of the ancients, they seem to have been no more considered as diversions than agriculture, or any other manual labour. Is the Doctor's opinion well founded think you, Mr. Todburn?

*Rev. J. T.* I think not; for though fishing, as an amusement, might not interest the ancients so much as it does our countrymen of the present day, yet it was undoubtedly practised by them as a recreation, as Plutarch's notice of Antony's fishing, and the

frequent representations, in the paintings on the walls of the houses at Pompeii, of persons angling, sufficiently prove; and though I am not aware of Sir Humphrey Davy's authority for describing Trajan as an angler, I have no doubt of the fact. Pliny, indeed, in his Natural History, makes no allusion to fishing as an amusement; yet Oppian, who lived little more than a century later, wrote a book expressly on the art, which we cannot suppose to have been composed for those who fished for a living. He treats wholly of sea-fishing, and never alludes to that branch of the art now exclusively distinguished under the name of angling. We, however, learn from his book that snap hooks were then known, and that scented pastes were sometimes used as bait. Hooks were also armed with wire as at present, and live baits occasionally employed; and when a dead fish was made use of, a plummet of lead was put into its mouth, in order to produce a motion similar to that of

a live one, in the same manner as is now done with spinning baits. Fly-fishing is first mentioned by Aelian, who flourished A.D. 225, about twenty years later than Oppian. In the fifteenth book of his History of Animals, he says, that a fish of varied color is taken in the river Austræum, between Beroe and Thessalonica. This fish, the name of which, he says, is to be learnt from the Macedonian inhabitants, I conceive to have been a species of trout. He also describes a kind of fly which frequents the river, and is called by the natives “*ἰππερον*,” which may be translated “the bristle-tail,” a name by which the several species of hair-tailed ephemeræ, or May-flies, are still known in many parts of England. Aelian then proceeds to relate, that as this fly is greedily preyed on by the above mentioned fish, the skilful fisherman dresses an imitation of it on his hook, forming the body of purple-colored wool, and adding two yellow feathers of a cock’s hackle for

wings. This ancient description of the mode of dressing an artificial fly has been overlooked by all modern writers on angling; and many persons, not being aware of the passage, have supposed fly-fishing to be of comparatively modern invention. No express mention of the trout occurs in this author, for the fish described by him as the "Trocta" is evidently of another species, and might be mistaken for the pike, were we not informed that it frequents the sea. Ausonius mentions two species of fish, the Salar and the Fario, which are evidently the burn and the salmon trout of modern times; and though he takes no notice of angling with a fly, he describes a scene of river fishing with a rod and a float in the language of poetry and truth.\* We also learn from him that boys used then to fish for bleak in the Moselle, as they do now for minnows in the streams of our own country. These instances, I think, will be sufficient to show the in-

\* Ausonii Mosella, v. 240—265.



correctness of Dr. Johnson's opinion, which, on subjects connected with field sports, is not to be received as infallible. I am convinced, that though the ancients might not be such proficient in the art of angling as the moderns, they were well acquainted with many things which are considered as modern improvements in the art of fishing. Besides their knowledge of the snap-hook, pastes, and of the utility of enclosing a fish from another water, when using the basket-net, they were not ignorant of the contrivance of the swivel-hook to facilitate the motion of the spinning bait.

*Oliver.* You were acquainted with Thomas Bewick, I believe, Mr. Bell,—was he an angler?

*Bell.* Certainly he was. With his love of hills and streams, green fields, and trees, and flowers, and of all the beautiful animals which run, and swim, and fly,—

“ ——— fair creatures! to whom Heaven  
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given” —

how could he be otherwise? In one of his angling excursions in Cumberland, and in the Western Highlands of Scotland, he made many of those sketches which were afterwards introduced as tail-pieces in the *Quadrupeds and British Birds*, and which are so forcibly stamped with the impress of genius and truth. If ever an artist deserved the name of "pupil of Nature," it was Bewick. In the *History of Quadrupeds*, look at the antelope bounding across the plain; the chamois goat pendant on the cliff; the kyloe-ox, the wild boar, the cur and the greyhound-fox; the shepherd's dog, the mastiff, the dalmatian, and the setter, and you see the very image of the living animal. In his *British Birds* we perceive the same faculty of truly depicting animal form and expression, exercised in even a higher degree than in the former work. The hawks appear ready in a moment to pounce upon a small bird, should it appear; and the owls are the very perfection of feathered philosophers,

grave, sober-looking birds, which "shun the eye of garish day," and the very shake of whose heads would be pregnant with deep meaning. You almost expect to hear the pert magpie chatter, and the raven croak; to see the linnet flit, or the "water-waggy" move his tail. Then for faithful sketches of character and scenery, occasionally heightened by a touch of sarcastic humor or moral sentiment, what can exceed his tail-pieces? To instance only a few which I at this moment can call to mind. The blind old man quietly smoking his pipe, with his youthful guide, who cannot read, or does not see the direction, "Keep on this side," on the point of leading him to a part of the stream where he will probably be up to the middle at the first step; while the little dog looks anxiously, from the first stepping-stone of the right crossing, towards the erring pair. An excellent example of the old saying, "Wha's to guide the leaders?" The great snow-man, with two coals for eyes, a stick

in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth, which a parcel of boys have built up, and at which an astonished horse is gazing, with "Esto perpetua," at the bottom of the cut. The monument to commemorate some "complete victory," but which now serves as a rubbing post to a jackass that is seen scratching his rump against one of its corners. An old woman's gingerbread stall besprinkled by a cow on a windy day, while an elderly gentleman, who receives a few drops of the same shower, puts up his umbrella, thinking it to be rain. The full-fed old Puritan hanging his half-starved cat,

"Because she killed the Lord's own mouse  
Upon the sabbath day."

It is much to be regretted by every lover of Natural History, and by anglers in particular, that Bewick did not live to finish his long projected work on fishes, which is certainly much wanted.

*Oliver.* Our landlord has a neat little

volume of "Fishers' Garlands," one of which is printed every year by some gentleman in Newcastle for private distribution,—some of the vignettes remind me strongly of Bewick's tail-pieces.

*Bell.* So they well may, for several of designs for the early numbers were furnished by him. There is one which was finished but never published, that is quite a curiosity in its way. I had an impression, but a collector of Bewick's works—collectors of every description, whether of books, prints, coins, or taxes, are all importunate fellows, and will bear no denial—begged it so pressingly, that I was obliged to give it to him to get rid of his teasing. In the centre of the cut, and rather in the back ground, a rude stone column, like Percy's cross, on the road between here and Wooler, marks the scene of former strife, and points out the spot where the warrior sleeps in his narrow cell. In the front, a gentle stream is flowing peaceably by,

"No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along its wild and willowed shore,"

but an Englishman and a Scotchman are engaged in an “amica contentio,” trying which can farthest project a parabola—is not that the curve described by spouting fluids, Mr. Todburn?—into the stream. But as we are to meet at Weldon Bridge to-morrow morning at five, I think you and I had better be moving, Mr. Todburn. Just this parting glass—“pleasant dreams and slumbers light.” [*Exeunt omnes.*]



## GLEANINGS IN GLENDALE.



Rura mihi et rigui placent in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.—VIRGIL.

'Midst woodland vales where clear the streamlet flows,  
Free from ambition, let me find repose.

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So much has been already well written on  
the pleasures and advantages to be derived  
from angling, as to render it almost impos-

sible to add any thing new and interesting on these heads. He who would inquire, and attempt to explain, *why* such pleasures are experienced, must trace the cause and relation of our perceptions and feelings, and unfold the hitherto inexplicable sympathies of the human heart. The running of clear streams, the blooming of flowers, the greenness and freshness of woods and meadows, the wild melody of birds, the solitude of dells and mountains, and the vast expanse of the clear blue sky illumined by the glorious sun, speak at once to the heart in a language not to be misunderstood, but never to be interpreted. The feelings excited by the contemplation of such objects can never be explained. Man's thoughts in such a moment become refined and elevated ; he feels the influence of nature, and the impulse is that of worship in its truest and simplest form—the pure, ardent, yet speechless adoration of the heart. How light is the step and how buoyant the spirits of the “ honest



angler" as he wends his way across the meadows at the first blush of morning, when there is fragrance in every breeze and melody in every wood ! The murmur of the stream, as he follows his silent sport, induces meditation ; and under the shade of a projecting rock or a spreading tree, he enjoys his meal with a relish which no artificial accompaniments can procure.

Small retailers of second-hand wit are fond of laughing at their own humour, in reminding the angler of what Doctor Johnson is reported to have said of fly-fishing : " a rod and a line, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." This piece of pleasantry may be readily excused, and may pass with other witty sayings ascribed to Doctor Johnson for as much as it is worth. There is no profession, however honorable and useful, of which much more bitter things have not been said ; and a jest may always be allowed on that which is only followed as a recreation, though sometimes a trifler may be met

with who talks about it as if it were the serious business of his life. The Doctor's imperfect sight would always be a hindrance to his becoming an expert angler, even had he felt an inclination to the sport; and this defect of vision, his insensibility to melody,—for he could scarcely distinguish one tune from another,—and his confirmed habits of town life, rendered him indifferent and insensible to the charms of the country, which have so powerful an influence on the angler's pleasures. Conversation and argument, in which he excelled, the sharp encounter of wits, the discussion of principles of criticism and morals, were his delight; and, while he drank his dozen dishes of tea, to display his stores of knowledge or confute an opponent, was to him the summit of earthly enjoyment. It is not however likely that Doctor Johnson in reality thought meanly of angling as an amusement, for it was at his instigation that the Rev. Moses Brown published, in 1750, an edition of Walton and Cotton's "Com-

plete Angler," which had been many years out of print.

The malignant scoffer Wolcott, better known as Peter Pindar,—whose *feeling* character may be guessed at from his desire to have his portrait introduced among the murderers of the old musician Rizzio, in Opie's picture,—had a tender heart towards the "gentle trout," as may be gathered from his "Ballade to a Fish of the Brooke," wherein he thus sings:

“ Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish,  
 And when an angler, for his dish,  
     Through gluttony's vile sin,  
 Attempts,—a wretch,—to pull thee out,  
 God give thee strength, O gentle trout,  
     To pull the raskall IN.”

This is just what might be expected from such a character: a great display of affected sympathy for a "gentle trout,"—which indulges his gluttony in feeding on his yet gentler brother, the frog,—with as much of real rancour towards man in the shape of an

angler. He would spare the fish, which is in truth little less voracious than the pike, and drown the man :—"The mercies of the wicked are cruel."

In the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, Lord Byron, in a fit of spleen, says of "good old father Walton :"

"The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet  
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

In a note upon these lines, his Lordship calls him "a sentimental savage," pronounces angling to be the "cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of sports;" and by way of a climax roundly declares, that "no angler can be a good man." "*Quot homines tot sententiæ*" is as true now as in the days of Terence, and people are likely to differ about the mode of breaking the ends of their eggs until the end of time. The criminal identity of punning and pocket-picking has not yet been acknowledged in the statute book, though maintained by that memorable critic,

John Dennis; and though Lord Byron has asserted that "no angler can be a good man," it is likely to be long ere the dictum becomes an axiom in morals. Tastes differ very materially, and every one is apt to judge favorably of the amusement which he is partial to; but, on general grounds, it may be safely concluded that angling is at least as innocent as dog-fighting; not quite so cold as swimming until the exhibitor gets an ague; and much less stupid than pistol shooting. In answer to the assertion, that "no angler can be a good man," it were an easy matter to produce a list of anglers from the age of Queen Elizabeth to the present time, who have been distinguished for the blameless integrity of their lives, and who have displayed as much virtue as, perhaps, our frail nature will allow. But it is needless to attempt seriously to answer a charge which is best refuted by its own extravagance.

Walton's quaintness is by many consi-

dered the characteristic of the age in which he wrote, and by some esteemed as an excellence which enhances the value of his work, by affording us at the same time an idea of the manners of the period and of the writer's character. It is like the old stamped binding of a good old book, giving additional interest to that which is in itself valuable. His old age, at once cheerful and vigorous, no "honest angler" will consider as a reproach, but on the contrary will revere as an honor, and regard as a blessing "entailed on temperance and a mind at ease." When his Lordship speaks of an angler, "thinking only of his dish of fish," he shows how little he was acquainted with an angler's feelings. The observation, that "a single *bite* is worth more to him than the scenery around," is rather in the style of a prospect hunter, who is ever on the look out for picturesque beauties, and who admires them as they appear capable of affording materials for the composition of a striking picture. The angler's

admiration of the scenery which surrounds him proceeds from a higher source. He admires not the winding stream, the rocky cliff, the waving trees, and the distant mountain, as a connoisseur does a production of art. The angler's pleasure in the midst of such scenes is direct and involuntary; it proceeds not from the suggestion of acquired taste, but is the impulse of feeling;—it comes without seeking, and the effect is at once gladdening and irresistible.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the question of cruelty in the use of bait, which is therefore left to be settled by some tender person after he has solved the knotty point respecting the right of man to use horses in running the mail ten miles an hour; to pluck live geese to make himself a downy bed; or to eject the harmless *natives* from their pearly domiciles, and then commit them, before they have recovered from their amazement, to that general lock-up, his stomach, not so much to assuage the cravings of hunger as to create

an appetite. There is however one part of the note alluded to which demands especial notice. It is an exception taken by a friend of his Lordship's against the general cruelty of anglers in favor of an acquaintance of his own—a truly humane and sentimental man, and doubtless one of the pathetic school; whose pupils can whine over a dead jackass while they leave an aged mother to starve, and can mourn for the neglected violet while they send their natural children to the work-house.\* The singular testimony in favor of this “delicate-minded creature's” humanity is as follows: “One of the best men I ever knew;—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton.” This is a striking instance of the inconsistencies which men fall into when they declaim

\* See the confessions of the sentimental philanthropist, Rousseau.



against cruelty without possessing a grain more of feeling than those whom they censure. This "delicate-minded creature" we may suppose to have been, if not a gentleman, at least a man of property, and not a person who fished for his living; a consideration which will always excuse a great deal of every-day cruelty; for the maxim, "qui facit per alium facit per se," does not hold, it would appear, in the procuring and preparation of food; and a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who has fined or sent to prison a poor drayman, upon whom a wife and six children are dependant, for flogging a restive horse, sits down with a clear conscience to dine off crimped cod and lobster sauce, the former of which has been cut up alive by the fisherman, and the latter boiled alive by his cook. But to return to our "humane" angler.—How delicately sensitive must have been the feelings which prompted him to spare the buzzing insect of an hour! But, as perfection itself is,

“ Imperfect in this naughty world of ours,”

this “ delicate-minded creature’s” humanity was not universal ; *trouts*, it would seem, had no share in his tender mercies—no ;—*flies* only were the objects of his refined sympathy, and *trouts* might be *hooked* and *played with* in their agony before being landed, without in the least exciting his compassion. Humane, delicate-minded, and consistent man, he would indeed be “ incapable of the extravagancies of I. Walton !” The nauseous, loathsome cant of mock humanity, which first trifles with conscience and then assumes the right to delude the world, has seldom gone beyond this specimen of a delicate-minded angler, whose tender feelings caused him to use *painted flies* when he angled for *living fish*. Had he angled for *painted trouts* too, his humanity would have been complete, and his character then might have stood without reproach, and claimed to future ages the admiration of the world.

“ *Ita facillime  
Sine invidia laudem invenias, et amicos pares.*”

Thus had he honor gain'd without a shade,  
And through the land friends like himself had made.

Should matrimonial, or any other business  
or pleasure, lead the angler

“ In Spring's sweet prime, or summer weather,”

to the neighbourhood of Wooler, which, as a certain legal luminary well knows, is on the direct road to Coldstream, let him by all means, if not too much hurried, stay a few days at the Tankerville Arms; one of the best inns, with the best of landlords, in the north of England. The Till, the Glen, and Wooler Burn, which are in the immediate neighbourhood, are all good trout streams, and seldom fail to afford the angler who is skilful in his art, excellent sport. That no one, however, may give himself unnecessary trouble, the regular water-thrasher is respectfully warned off, as his active labors will be only thrown away. The trouts in those

streams are not to be had by knocking them on the head with a cod-hook, feathered like an arrow to give greater certainty to the blow. If an angler of this stamp is, notwithstanding, determined on fishing, let him amuse himself in bobbing for eels at the mill-tail above Wooler bridge, where his labor will be less and his reward greater.

A visit to Chillingham Castle, to see the wild cattle, ought not to be omitted when in the neighbourhood, as the distance from Wooler is only six miles. It is unnecessary to describe the form of those beautiful animals here, for a single glance at Bewick's admirable engraving of the Chillingham bull will give a more perfect idea of it than a dozen pages of dull description. Though they are generally shy, and retreat on the appearance of strangers, running off to a considerable distance and then facing suddenly about, yet they ought never to be approached but in company with the keeper, otherwise the curious observer may happen to be put in great bodily fear, even

though he should escape without bodily harm. Mr. ———, an *active* member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, nearly fell a martyr to his love of science in September last. He had advanced near the herd for the purpose of making some particular observations, when a gruff, grisly-fronted, sharp-horned bull, offended at the intrusion, turned upon the inquisitive naturalist, and coursed him over the park “in gallant style,” as they say at Melton-Mowbray, and was gaining ground, when the chase ran to earth in a conduit adjoining the park wall. It may be as well to add here, by way of a caution, that the ford over the Till above Chatton is at all times not very good, and when the water is high, dangerous; therefore no “*jolly* anglers,” when they

“Have dined off a haunch, and drank deep of old wine,”\*

should attempt it, unless they are prepared for either fate:—to land safe, at the expense

\* “Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.”

of merely a good ducking; or to be fished up in a salmon net, somewhere about Tillmouth, a fortnight after. The dangerous character of the Till as a “deadly water,” is expressed in the following old lines, which every gentleman should call to mind before he puts his horse to the ford in a flood :

“ Tweed says to Till,  
 ‘ What gars ye rin sae still ?’—  
 ‘ Sae still as I rin, and sae fast as ye gae,  
 Where ye drown ae man, I drown twae.’ ”

Should the angler be fond of antiquarian researches, let him, some clear sun-shiny day when the fish will not bite, ascend the curious hill near Wooler, called the Yevering Bell, and make his own observations on the ancient remains still existing on its summit, and form his own conjectures as to their former design and the people by whom they were erected. When fishing up Wooler Burn, it will also be worth his while to walk across the country from Langley ford to the Druidical remains a few miles west of Ilderton.

Glendale is a part of the country to which I am exceedingly partial, and where I delight to spend a week or two in the summer season. Here have I often arose to follow the windings of the stream, ere the sun's morning rays had dispersed the mist which hung round the brow of Cheviot, and often lingered at eve till his last beams had ceased to gild its top, walking homeward in solitude,

“ When night had wrapt the world in spectred gloom,  
And silence listened to the beetle's horn.”

Many a pleasant hour have I passed in this neighbourhood, winding up the amusements of the day with a friendly “crack” over a bottle of wine or a tumbler of toddy, with a few brethren of the angle at the “Cottage” at night. The following is a brief report of one of those meetings — “piscatoribus sacrum” — which was held there about two summers ago.

[*Parlor of the Tankerville Arms, looking into the garden. Present, Mr. WILLIAM REED and Mr. RICHARD RODDAM, Northumbrians, and S. O. Waiter "clearing away," and preparing to draw the window curtains.*]

*Reed.* Stop, Jemmy, stop—what are you about—are you going to shut daylight out before you bring candlelight in? I never can abide to see the glimmer of a candle till daylight be fairly done. We can see to talk for an hour yet. What are you going to drink, Mr. Oliver?

*Oliver.* What you please; it rests with you and Roddam.

*Roddam.* I shall take a tumbler of toddy to keep the fish down—besides, I was for two hours up to my knees in the Glen to-day; and I want something warmer than a glass of cold washy wine, to drive the blood to my toe ends again.



*Reed.* One might suppose that you ate fish and waded every day, Richie; for warm weather or cold, you still keep to toddy. A tumbler will warm your nose as well as your feet—and, to speak truth, it looks rather red and cold-like. Anglers should never have long noses—they are so liable to get a dip in the cold water when their owners are seeking for cad-bait. You will have been often on your knees to-day, I suspect.

*Roddam.* Only once, and that was when I tumbled over the style in coming home. I have not used a cad-bait for this month past, when an old ewe of mine died, and has since supplied me with gentles, which I think the fish take equally as well as the cad-bait. But what makes your own nose so high colored, Mr. Reed?

*Reed.* Something else than cold water. But, as we appear somewhat alike to-night, I do not care if I join you. Mr. Oliver, will you take a tumbler with us?

*Oliver.* With all my heart. Jemmy, tell

your master to send in some of his best small-still whisky—of the same kind as that which he filled my flask with this morning—and bring in a light and hot water when you return.

*Reed.* South country folks are always friends to the candle-maker; they are never easy till they see a pair of blinking candles on the table, and the curtains drawn, even though there should be a streak of bonny clouds in the west, enough to make a sorrowful heart glad with looking at them.—O, I see what you mean now. That would be an excellent box to keep gentles in, if the rolls of dirty weed were thrown away. You should carry a few baits occasionally among your cigars, if it were only to try whether the trouts liked the flavor or not. I dare say it would prove as tempting as some of the old scents formerly in such repute.

*Oliver.* The gentles might be all the better for it, but the flavor of the Havannahs would not be improved. Though I cannot help

laughing at the angler who places his chief reliance on his scents, and who expects to catch many fish by “a pleasing titillation of their olfactory nerves,”—as the advertisement, recommending cephalic snuff for the hooping cough, has it,—yet I think it likely that fish are partial to certain scents; though at the same time I very much question whether the odors generally recommended by the learned in such matters will induce trouts to swallow the bait. Beau Nasty, who rubs himself with musk or civet before he goes to a party, would not relish either of those odoriferous substances with his sandwich or his wine. Cats are fond of the smell of mint, yet they do not, like some of their elderly owners, prefer its infusion for breakfast; and a lady’s dainty-fed lap-dog delights to roll himself on the putrid carrion which he will not eat. About six years ago a communication was made to the Royal Society, by Thomas Bell, Esq. F.L.S. respecting a gland under the lower jaw of the

crocodile and alligator, which secretes an unctuous substance, of a strong musky scent. Mr. Bell is of opinion that this secretion acts as a bait to lure the fish, on which the alligator and crocodile feed, within their reach.

*Reed.* I fully agree with you on this subject. If a man cannot catch fish without using scent, he will never catch them with it. If trouts are not hungry, it is not a "gilliegaupy of a callant," as James Hogg says, throwing a scented bait who is likely to take them.

*Roddam.* Speaking of scents puts me in mind of a gentleman that was staying here on a visit about a twelvemonth ago. He was a great angler in his way, and had a large book of flies as finely bound as Lady ——'s prayer-book, and half a dozen little bottles containing different kinds of scent to tempt the trouts with. He was eager to get the marrow of a heron's thigh-bone, and Jemmy the waiter, who supplied him with

half a pound of goose-grease, under the name of his favorite ointment, received half a sovereign in return for the valuable present.

*Reed.* He was certainly one of the strangest anglers I ever met with, and one of the easiest pleased. If he happened to catch three or four small trouts that would hardly serve for supper to a cat, he was the happiest man alive, and kept running about like a hen with egg, showing them to every one that he knew. The first time I saw him at work was one burning hot day, just about noon, when there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air stirring. He had his hat off, and was making his line sweep across the water as if he was thrashing for a wager. He had on his line a large salmon hook, dressed with silk, peacock's feathers, and tinsel, to about the size of a king-fisher, to imitate, as he said, the large dragon-fly. He had read somewhere that such was a likely fly for large fish, and he was trying to hook a few whitlings—he was about as likely to catch cod.

*Oliver.* What is your opinion of the whitling, for which the Till is so famous, Mr. Reed? Is it a distinct species of the genus *Salmo*, or a cross, as some have supposed, between the salmon and the trout?

*Reed.* I am inclined to believe it to be a distinct species, and cannot admit that it is the produce of a salmon and a trout; for if this opinion were correct, we might naturally expect to meet with similar fish in every river which is frequented both by the salmon and the trout. Many people, who have never seen the whitling, suppose it to be so named from the light color of its flesh, which is in reality much higher colored than that of the largest common trouts caught in the same stream. It has probably obtained the name from its light silvery appearance, and from its having no red or dark spots on its sides, as other trouts have.

*Roddam.* I have heard that it had been decided by experiment in the neighbourhood of Carlisle that the whitling was actually a young salmon. Several, it is said, were put

into a pond, and, when examined about a year after, had all the appearances of salmon.

*Reed.* I have heard so too; and I have heard old Jamie How say, and stoutly swear to it, that he put a horse-hair into the Piper's well, and that it turned to an eel; but until these "interesting facts," as the newspaper folks say, are confirmed by stronger evidence, I must continue to doubt their correctness.

*Oliver.* Is the whitling taken in any other streams in this part of the country except the Till?

*Reed.* Not in Northumberland, that I am aware of; but it is caught in the Whitadder, a small river which runs into the Tweed a few miles below Tillmouth, on the opposite side. The whitling is also taken in several of the rivers on the south-western border of Scotland; in the Liddel, the Esk, the Annan, and the Nith, as well as in the Eden below Carlisle. In Dumfriesshire they are mostly called herlings, and in Cumberland whittens. Farther north, in the

rivers of Aberdeen and Perthshire, they are called phinocs, or finnock. Several persons have supposed the whitling to be a young salmon, but this opinion is as little supported by conclusive facts as that which declares them to be produced between a salmon and a trout. The young of the several species of the salmon genus, to speak in sober truth, are not easily distinguished; and I am inclined to think that there are few persons—notwithstanding that there are many who make great pretensions—who know much respecting the habits of the salmon tribe. One person, who professes to be well acquainted with the habits of the salmon, states that the clean fish which enter the rivers between February and August continue there until after spawning time, which is, according to the weather, from the 1st of November to the latter end of January, thus making them continue in the fresh water from twelve to five months. Another person, who has possessed similar oppor-



tunities of making observations, declares that the salmon is properly a sea fish, passing eleven months out of twelve in the sea, and that when it is only a week from the salt water it becomes sickly and out of condition. One practical fisherman states, that at whatever time salmon ascend a river they never return till they have spawned ; another gives to this statement a flat contradiction, and declares that he has as frequently in summer observed them descending the river as going up. One gentleman volunteers an opinion that stake nets at the mouth of a river are a great cause of diminishing the breed of salmon, and recommends their prohibition ; and he is directly contradicted by half a dozen witnesses, who affirm that such nets are of all others least likely to injure the breed of salmon, as they only take fish which are in perfect season, and neither intercept spawning fish nor destroy the young fry. In the midst of such conflicting evidence it is impossible not to come to the conclusion,

that, with respect to the habits of the salmon, there is in reality very little known. I was a good deal surprised to perceive it stated\* with so much confidence that the salmon—which breeds in our rivers, and is caught in them during every month in the year, except when fishing is prohibited—is decidedly a sea fish, and resides eleven months out of twelve in the sea. Confident assertion is much easier than proof, and I should meet this latter statement by a simple denial, leaving the person who made it to establish his dictum by something like fact and observation, rather than by a new definition of the word *river*, which makes it improper to speak of the Thames at London, the Ouse at Selby, and the Tyne at Newcastle, as *rivers*. What should we think of the person who should maintain, in opposition to the evidence of both sense and experience, that the cuckoo, the swallow, and the nightin-

\* By Dr. Fleming, Evidence before the Committee on the Salmon Fisheries.

gale were not British birds, though all these birds continue a shorter time in our island than, it is probable, the salmon does in our rivers?

*Oliver.* Whitlings are indeed fine fish, but they are rather more dainty in their tastes, and do not bite so freely as the common burn trout.

*Reed.* That may be because they are neither so plentiful, nor at all times in the river; for they certainly visit the sea, as is proved by their sometimes having the sea-louse on them, like the salmon, on their return to fresh water. I was out yesterday morning below Ford, and out of seven that I caught, there were only two that were less than fourteen inches, and each of these measured a foot.

*Oliver.* What sort of fly did you use, and at what time were you out?

*Reed.* I cannot very well tell you the name of the fly, though south country anglers would most probably call it the grey

drake. I shall, however, inform you how it was made. The hook was one of the smallest of the sort which we here call gilse-hooks; I made the body of a kind of silk trimming, called floss, of a dull, willow-green color, mixed with a little brown crulling; it was ribbed with bright brown silk, and the wings were formed of dappled feather of a silver pheasant; the whisk consisted of three black hairs from the tail of a shepherd's dog. When the water is rather discolored, as it was yesterday, I never find any fly do more execution. I reached the water side a little before six in the morning, and I fished till nine o'clock.

*Oliver.* What sort of fly do you prefer when the water is clear?

*Reed.* I then form the body of brown floss, mixed with a little bear's fur of a darker shade, and wrap it with dark purple, or lake-colored silk; the wings are formed of the yellowish-brown feathers of a dotterel, with the whisk as in the other, and some-

times none. Those two flies, with a trifling alteration in the size of the hook and in the dubbing, will serve for most other trouts as well as the whitling—indeed with them and the red hackle, I kill more fish than with all my other flies put together.

*Oliver.* Do you not think that there is a good deal of trifling in most books on angling on the subject of dressing flies? A person who has never seen a fly dressed is about as likely to learn to dance a hornpipe as to learn to dress a fly by book—and when the operation has been once observed, all written directions are mere waste paper. You may teach a boy in ten minutes how to make a wooden whistle from a slender branch of plane-tree or willow, provided you let him see you at work; but an intelligent man shall not be able, after half a day's study, to form the thing from a mere account of the process upon paper. Most of our teachers of the art of angling are too fond of dilating upon that which their books can give only an

imperfect idea of, while they are comparatively silent on subjects which are really useful and interesting. Among all the books that have appeared on the subject of angling, I would not give one of them a place in my travelling trunk, except old father Walton—and him I value, not from his instructing an angler how to fish, but from the purity and beauty of his reflections and observations, which may teach all men whose minds are not insensible to the charms of Nature, how to enjoy them.

*Reed.* I entirely agree with you. The introduction of the dubbing-bag generally acts as a composer, even upon the most wake-rife student, who is anxious to read himself into a “complete angler,” and to sally forth to the streams a perfect adept in the “mysteries of the rod and line,” warranted to kill the first throw. Flies natural often interrupt our repose, but the long-winded, trifling description of flies artificial is very apt to set us to sleep; and the

sum total only serves to prove a fact which the teachers appear not indisposed to conceal—that hungry trouts are not very particular in their selection of flies, but will rise at such whose original type is not to be found either on earth or in air. The direction, generally given in most books on angling, to beat the bushes by the side of a stream for the purpose of seeing what kind of flies are abroad, is also a piece of information, which, for any use that it is of, might be dispensed with. Let the knowing theorist make the experiment some morning or afternoon in the months of June or July, by beating the bushes with the stock of his rod, and, buzz! a thousand flies are on the wing, of at least a dozen different shapes and hues. Well, he has beat the bushes according to the rule—what has he to do next? Does his guide inform him which to select—which at that hour are playing at the surface of the stream, or which, for the purpose of depositing their eggs, are then seeking the shade of the trees

and bushes? He does no such thing, but leaves his pupil, after telling him how he may raise a host of flies, to put one on his hook according to his own judgment—which is, in other words, telling him how on a small scale he may produce a little “sound and fury signifying nothing,” unless he should happen to rouse a nest of wasps, which perhaps may teach him a lesson that will render him cautious in beating the bushes again. Walton has observed with great truth and humor, “that whereas it is said by many that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an *almanack*, and no surer.” This passage, which stands in the preface, where it is apt to be overlooked, should be diligently noted by the speculative angler, who thinks to become master of his art by diligent study rather than by practice and experience.



*Oliver.* I am thoroughly convinced of the folly of laying down precise rules for the color of the fly to be used at particular times and seasons, as I have often failed, even in likely weather, to take trout with a fly highly recommended in books as being proper for that particular time, and have succeeded to the height of my wishes on trying another, which the same authorities informed me was only adapted for a season several months earlier or later. After all that has been said and sung on the subject of angling, I am confident that much more depends on the disposition of the trout to take the bait than on any fancied excellence in the fly to tempt the fish to seize it as a dainty:—a knowledge of the places where fish are likely to haunt, and a dexterous management of the rod and fly perform the rest. An indifferent angler may catch many trouts when they are inclined to feed; and the most expert and observant will often fail, even in obtaining a rise, although using the most likely flies and the finest tackle, when they are

not so disposed. Beyond two or three facts, we are almost wholly ignorant of the habits of the trout. We know that, generally, when the day is either very warm or very cold for the season, and that when the wind is in the north and east, or in any point between these two, trout will rarely bite, either at sunk bait or fly; and this is about the whole of what is positively known respecting that state of the weather which has an influence on their feeding. It has more than once happened, that I have fished the same water on two days of the same degree of temperature, and similarly cloudy or clear, with the wind in the same quarter, using the same flies and tackle, and being on both days equally diligent, and yet on one I have caught a stone and a half of trout, and on the other scarcely so many—and those from chance rises—as would cover the bottom of my creel.

*Reed.* I have often made a similar observation, and have sometimes walked for miles, on, to all appearance, a most favorable day,

fishing the best places in the stream without success ; when suddenly, without any sensible change in the weather, and at a time when I least expected it, the fish would begin to bite, and I have caught trout almost as fast as perch in a pool at the foot of a mill-race. With respect to the color of flies suited to a certain time of day, I know nothing better than the directions contained in the rhyme:—

“ A brown-red fly at morning grey,  
 A darker dun in clearer day ;  
 When summer rains have swelled the flood  
 The hackle red and worm are good ;  
 At eve, when twilight shades prevail,  
 Try the hackle white and snail.  
 Be mindful aye your fly to throw  
 Light as falls the flakey snow.”

Some writers on angling, who profess to teach the art with as much precision as a village dominie does the rule of three, direct the novice when he has taken a trout\* to

\* This piece of advice first occurs in the “Treatyse of fyskyng wyth an Angle,” in the book of St. Albans.

examine his stomach to see what kind of flies he has been feeding on, and to put on his artificial fly accordingly. My advice is: continue to fish with the fly which you have succeeded with, and when the fish refuse to take it, you may then, if you please, examine the stomach of one which you have caught. But even this is a very questionable guide, as fish will not unfrequently rise at an artificial fly of quite a different shade to those that are playing on the water, and on which they have been previously feeding. I have often known a red hackle or a dun fly take trouts when they would not look at either the artificial or the natural May fly, though hundreds of the latter were at the same time skimming the surface of the stream.

*Oliver.* As we are upon the subject of dressing flies, allow me to ask what sort of material you prefer as dubbing—silk or wool?

*Reed.* Silk ravellings generally, mixed, as occasion requires, with camel's hair, various

kinds of fur, and the stripping, or whirl, of a grouse or cock's hackle, ostrich, and various other feathers. I occasionally use a little dyed wool, which is best got from the carpet manufacturers, but I seldom use it by itself, as silk works cleaner, makes a neater body, and does not absorb so much moisture. A large fly, when the body is formed chiefly of wool, soon becomes heavy from the water which it takes up, rendering it difficult to be thrown lightly; and whenever the fly in smooth water makes a considerable eddy on the surface, it can scarcely be expected that a trout will rise readily at that which has scared him, and which his fright has caused him to examine more closely, and thus to suspect the cheat. To cast lightly and truly to the spot where you wish the fly to alight, constitutes the chief excellence of the fly-fisher; and as this is only to be acquired by practice, a day's exercise with the rod is worth more than a month's study. Indeed the attempt to teach the art of angling by pre-

cept, from the first cutting of the rod to the crimping and dressing of the fish, is only so much time thrown away—save in the last particulars, which yet belong more properly to the department of Mrs. Glasse and Mrs. Rundal. For creating a love of angling in those who have seldom thrown a line, and who pant, like the thirsting hart, for the running waters, no book can for a moment stand in competition with good old Izaak Walton's and several more recent writers, who have adopted a more methodical plan of conveying their instructions, are never read, because they attempt to teach by dull fallacious rules that which can only be acquired by practice. Had the author of the "Natural History of Selborne" been an angler, and published an edition of Walton enriched with his own observations, he would have left little to be desired.

*Oliver.* Do you know any precise standard for the length of a perfect rod?

*Reed.* Do I know any precise standard

for the breadth of a perfect trout stream?—  
No: I use a rod suitable to the breadth of the water I fish in, and my own power of casting; and however broad the stream, whether fishing for salmon or trout, I never use one more than fifteen feet long, with which I can throw more accurately the same length of line that I can with a rod three feet longer. Whenever I see a gentleman dressed in fashionable angling costume—a broad-brimmed straw hat, new short-lapped coat, caoutchouc boots, and a dirty-looking broad-striped shirt—angling with an eighteen feet rod in a stream that he might stride over, I set him down at once as a novice, fresh from Cockneyshire and a perusal of “Walton’s Complete Angler,” which, perchance, he carries in his creel, where it is in little danger of being soiled by any fish he may catch. With respect to lines and hooks; the former should always be as fine as possible, consistent with strength, more especially the foot line, which I think should be dyed of a bluish green shade, and may serve for all

states of the water, whether clear or discolored, for in the latter case it will not be so readily perceived as to render a change of color necessary. The chief excellence of a hook is to be of a proper temper, neither so brittle as to break when the fish is struck, nor so soft as to straighten with a dead pull. Though I mostly use Carlisle hooks, as being most readily obtained in this part of the country, I occasionally try a Kirby or a Limerick, and if they be equally well tempered, one is equally as good as another for holding fish, so far as my observation extends. For the purpose of dying my feathers and dubbing when required, I use saffron, anatto, onion peelings, verdigris, Brazil wood, indigo, and red cloth, with a small portion of alum and copperas to fix the dye; and from these I can produce all the necessary shades of green, yellow, blue, red, orange, and brown.—Are you sleeping, Roddam?

*Roddam.* Only till you are done with the dubbing-bag, and your description of flies, which operate on me in the same manner



as on others ;—master or student, I think they must act as a composer upon all, except him who keeps himself awake by the exercise of his own tongue or fingers.

*Reed.* Then I shall have done if you will give us a song by the way of keeping us awake, and driving away all thoughts of the manufacturing branch of angling.

*Oliver.* I am obliged to you, Mr. Reed, for your information, and as you are not inclined to say anything more on the subject of an angler's tackle, I cordially second your motion for Roddam to give us a song. But had we not better have a fresh supply of whiskey and boiling water first ?

*Reed.* I think so, for my tumbler is empty, and Richie never sings well dry-lipped—

“ The bonny lavrock sips the dew,  
And mends his cheerful sang.”

*Roddam.* You must be content with a country stave, Mr. Oliver—Moore's melodies must not be looked for among the hills, which indeed they would as little accord

with as a gentleman in a court dress herding  
sheep on Cheviot.

### THE ANGLER'S INVITATION.

THE wild bull his covert in Chillingham wood  
Has left, and now browses the daisy-strewed plain ;  
The May-fly and swallow are skimming the flood,  
And sweet in the hedge blooms the hawthorn again ;  
The young lambs are skipping on Cheviot's broad mountain,  
The heather springs green upon Whitsun-bank side ;  
The streams are as clear as the limestone-rock fountain,  
And sweet is the palm blossom's scent where they glide.

O leave for a while the dull smoke of the city ;  
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,  
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,  
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky.  
Sons of pleasure, come view the sweet primroses springing,  
Leave the scene where the light figurantè whirls round ;  
Come, list to the lark in the blue ether singing,  
Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound.

The glad trout is roaming in every clear stream,  
And the gilse and the salmon now drink the May flood ;  
Then, anglers, be up with the sun's early beam,  
Let your flies be in trim and your tackle be good ;  
In Till there's good store of fat trouts to be won,—  
Let your skill load your creels as you wander along,—  
And at night, as you tell of the feats you have done,  
Cheer your talk with a cup of good wine and a song.

*Reed.* Well sung, my brave heather-bred lad! Here's health to you—long may you live to sing the charms of your own native hills and pleasant streams, and oft may I be present to hear you! When I hear such a song as this, I feel as if spring was reviving in me, and think no place on earth so pleasant as our own country side, where man and boy I have fished its bonny streams for more than fifty years!

*Oliver.* Health to you, Roddam, and thanks for your song, which you must be so kind as to favor me with a copy of before I leave Glendale.

*Roddam.* Much obliged to you both. If my song pleases, Mr. Reed, it is owing to yourself—it was from you that I first derived my love of Nature and a country life. It was you who first taught me to dress a fly and catch a trout; in your company I first ascended to the top of Cheviot; it was you who first pointed out to me the beauty of the wild flowers that grow in the woods and by

the side of streams, and who first said to me, in the language of Wordsworth :

“ Hark ! how blithe the throstle sings,  
 And he is no mean preacher,  
 Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let Nature be your teacher.

“ She has a mine of ready wealth,  
 Our minds and hearts to bless ;  
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.”

*Reed.* For the real enjoyment of life, there is no place like the country. That mode of existence which some people consider the perfection of town life,—rising at noon, a lounge at a club-house, a ride in the park, dinner at seven in the evening, a visit to the opera, and afterwards play at some fashionable gaming-house till three or four in the morning,—squares as little with my notion of the true enjoyment of life, as a fopling’s “good *morning*,” at four in the afternoon, corresponds with my idea of the time of the day. But my opinions on these subjects are

old-fashioned, and such as only become an old countryman, who feels a pleasure to dwell in the old house where his fathers lived before him; and who thinks it better that he and his should be cultivators of the earth and keepers of cattle for themselves and fellow-countrymen, than spinners of twist and weavers of calico,—worse than being hewers of wood and drawers of water,—for all the world.

*Oliver.* When you were in London in September last, did you visit any of the fishing-tackle maker's shops, Mr. Reed, and did you take a day's fishing in the neighbourhood?

*Reed.* I did both—and I must confess that such flies and such tackle I never saw before. It is a pity that the rivers near London afford so little worthy of employing them. I was out one day at the river Lea, which to me seemed little better than a great mill dam, winding its sluggish way through a marshy flat, and affording the chance of

catching a dozen perch or roach in a long day's fishing, with perhaps as many pike in a week. I also tried the river Colne, but from the success—or rather the want of it—which I met with on both occasions, I should be tempted, were I to become a resident in London, to abandon angling entirely, and console myself with thinking on “the days o' lang syne.” Float-fishing for roach or barbel in the Thames has also no charms for me; my old tastes and habits are too deeply rooted to allow of my being conveniently transplanted to a punt to enjoy a six hours' fishing bout under the arch of a bridge, or by the side of a jetty. Those, however, who are accustomed to it, and who have never known better fishing, may perhaps feel as much pleasure in watching their floats sink from a bite as I do in throwing a fly, and drawing the bright trouts out of the Glen and the Till—though I can scarcely think so either. There *is* some difference in the feeling with which a man follows the

moor-cock on the fell, and slinks after sparrows in the hedge—although he may shoot the latter with a double-barrelled Manton, while he brings down the mountain-bird with an old flint-and-steel. Give me the clear streams of my native county, and my own home-made tackle, and let who will fish, with their well varnished rods and silken lines, in the Thames, the Colne, and the Lea. One day, when I was out at Hampton Court, I saw such a specimen of Thames angling as I shall not readily forget. A great stout man, with top boots on, and his waistcoat loose for the purpose of displaying his frill, was seated on a chair in a flat bottomed boat moored in the middle of the river, *angling*, as he was pleased to call it. The butt-end of the rod was under his toe, and he enjoyed the intervals of a bite—which, I presume, was like an angel's visit—in reading a newspaper and smoking his pipe, occasionally cooling his mouth with a draught of porter; recreation pleasant enough, but

no more like angling, as I understand the word, than a drink of Thames water from the reservoir near Chelsea is like quenching your thirst from the living spring as it gushes pure and sparkling from the rock.— I think we had better be stirring now, Richie, lest the thought of colder water and thirst tempts us to take a glass more toddy than we may be thankful for in the morning. “Be merry and wise” is a good rule, but sometimes ill to keep.

Anglers all, good night, good night!  
 Sweet be your sleep and sound;  
 Be early up with the morning light,  
 Ere the dew hath left the ground.

*(All retire, singing.)*





## AN ANGLING TOUR AMONG THE HILLS.



Come with me where dark hills rise,  
Towering, cloud-capt, to the skies ;  
In whose clefts and on whose breast  
The lordly eagle builds his nest ;  
At whose bases smooth lakes lie,  
Reflecting mountain, cloud, and sky.  
Come where rapid streamlets flow,  
Making music as they go,  
In cadence loud—yet sweet to him  
Who loves in dells at twilight dim  
To walk, and view the fading light  
Changing to the gloom of night.

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IN the height of summer, when the shade-  
fishers fall asleep as they dape for trout by

the side of streams in the level country, let the angler betake himself to the hills of Cumberland and Westmorland, where the sun's warm rays are tempered by the clouds and vapors which are attracted by the summit of the mountains, down whose craggy sides a hundred sparkling rills are leaping, which uniting as they descend, flow in a calmer and deeper current through the vale below;—like the tide of human passion, clear, rapid, and impetuous in youth, but growing calmer, deeper, darker, and more dangerous in age.

The South-country angler who proposes to take his pleasure among the hills—those of the North would hardly be tempted to leave their own “bonny streams and braes” for the sake of fly-fishing southward—should make his way to York as he most conveniently can, either by the mail, post-coach, or in his own carriage. At York let him dismiss his retinue, and forward to Kendal his travelling trunk, containing merely a change of dress, with a few extra shirts and Words-

worth's poems, excepting the volume which he will constantly carry in his pocket. With his angling dress, let him assume the character of a plain, single-minded man, who for a while laying aside the artificial distinctions of society, is willing to pass amongst his fellow men at his own intrinsic value.

The angler's dress had best consist of a plain brown or dark green coat, cut something in the style of a shooting jacket, but without such an abundance of pockets; trowsers of a color best suited to resist the stains of mud and clay; thin lamb's-wool stockings—never walk in cotton ones—a pair of stout walking shoes, and a pair of short gaiters, which will be found especially useful in crossing a heathery fell with here and there a patch of spongy bog. An extra shirt and pair of stockings, neatly packed in oilskin, should always be carried in the creel when the angler is likely to be a few days absent from the place where he has left, or forwarded his luggage. Should

he, however, have no wish to incommode himself with the charge of a travelling trunk, but to wander free and careless, as fancy may direct, he may very comfortably make the tour of England equipped as above, only that in attending church—a duty which no “honest angler” will neglect—he may not, should he be a young man, make so fashionable an appearance as he might otherwise desire. But this is of small import; for if the angler be blessed with a good person, and of easy manner, the ladies, who have wonderful discernment in these matters, will quickly become sensible of his merits, notwithstanding his worsted stockings and thick shoes, which latter, from being frequently greased, may not admit of a high polish. If he be hard favored, and rather awkward in scraping his shoes, pulling off his hat, and taking a pinch of snuff—I have known several excellent anglers and truly worthy men so—the plainness of his dress will cause him to be less observed. Winifred Jenkins


was no longer shocked at the rent in Clinker's small-clothes when she perceived how fair a skin he showed beneath.

The angler's coat and trowsers should be of cloth, not too thick and heavy, for if they be the sooner wet they will be the sooner dry. Water-proof velveteens, fustians, and mole-skins—rat-catchers' costume—ought never to be worn by the angler; for should he have to swim a mile or two on any occasion—when overtaken by the tide on Duddon sands, for instance, or across Bassenthwaite or Ullswater, to save going six miles about—he would find them a serious weight when once thoroughly saturated with water; and should he have a stone of fish in his creel, it would be safest not to make the attempt. An elderly gentleman of the Kitchiner school, now sitting at my elbow, who knows the "Peptic Precepts" better than he does his catechism—which he has long since forgotten, except a phrase or two which he sometimes quotes as St. Paul, in religious

company—suggests the propriety of anglers wearing *cork* jackets, which, if strapped under the shoulders, would enable the wearer to visit any part of a lake, where, in warm weather, with an umbrella over his head, he might enjoy his sport, cool and comfortable, as if in a “sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice.” The same gentleman thinks that a bottle of Reading sauce, a box of “peptic pills,” and a portable frying-pan ought to form part of every angler’s traveling equipage. Having merely noticed these recommendations of the worthy member of the “Eating-made-easy” club, I leave it to those who may feel so inclined, to avail themselves of the above hints.

The angler having his lines and flies in proper order and safely stowed in his creel, his jointed rod provided with a belt, that in a long walk he may sling it like a rifle, and himself supplied with a good stick, into the end of which a large hook may be screwed and a gaff thus formed, may now take his

place by the coach which runs three times a week from York to Middleham. Leaving the coach at Masham, a clean little market town, about eight miles from Middleham, he can try a cast in the Eure, where he perhaps may succeed in catching a grayling, a species of the salmo, which is sometimes taken in this neighbourhood. About five miles north-west of Masham stand the ruins of Jerveaux Abbey, which, about twenty years ago, were cleared by order of the noble owner, the late Earl of Aylesbury, of the mass of rubbish that blocked up every avenue, and overtopped the remaining walls. These ruins, though much more dilapidated than those of Fountains, are still highly interesting to the traveller who loves to survey such venerable monuments of ancient piety and art; and not less so from their being but seldom visited by fashionable tourists, who hurry from cave to hill, and from minster to abbey, not that they are sensible of the mystic charm, which the

contemplation of such objects conveys to the heart which thrills, like a minstrel's harp, to the touch of nature, but because such places are talked about; and they would pass the most lovely spot in the island, without the least sensation of pleasure and without a remark, were it not for a sort of guide-post notice in the book which they frame their route by, which seems to say—“ Admire here.” In the church, the cloisters, or the chapter-house, the broad hard stone, sculptured with a simple cross, marks the final resting-place of the monk; whose name the worn-out letters, unfaithful to their charge, no longer reveal to the stranger who stands upon his grave. The sparrow builds in the corbels of the arch which rose above the high altar; the ivy crawls where the crucifix stood; and the once well-trodden floor of the buttery-hatch, where the poor and the pilgrim received their accustomed dole, is now covered with grass. The form and structure of society



have also undergone a mighty change. The simple rustic and artizan of former times— ere steam-engines were known, or steam-presses introduced to scatter the seeds of equivocal knowledge—repeated from their hearts the paternoster which they could not read, and enjoyed the comfort of a full meal; while their descendants, the parish-paid laborer, the sickly cotton-spinner, and the weaver of flimsy calico, have their physical wants compensated by a plentiful banquet of mental entertainment; and who with empty stomachs, the great sharpeners of wit, store their minds with “useful knowledge” from the Republican, the Destructive, the Gauntlet, and a host of penny manuals of wisdom and science—twopenny trash is at a hundred per cent discount—whose titles it might weary Lord ——,\* ore rotundo, to recount.

\* Let the reader fill up the blank with the name of any Lord of great intellect and little feeling, who is fond of spouting on the advantage of cultivating the mind,—

From East Witton, a village about a mile above Jerveaux, a view is obtained of Wensley-dale, one of the most delightful in England. Looking up the dale from an eminence a little above Cover Bridge, on the Richmond road, the prospect on a summer evening is one of the finest that can be imagined; and never did the sunny pencil of Turner, even when dipped in its loveliest hues, trace a landscape surpassing the scene which here presents itself to the enraptured eye. In the fore ground is seen the Eure gently flowing through green pastures, pleasingly diversified with hedge rows and trees, where sheep and cattle are feeding. On each side the ground rises at first with a gentle ascent, gradually becoming more steep in the distance, where it is marked with a bold and varied outline. About a mile up the dale, to the left, is seen Middle-

cramming it with "facts," which, even if all were of useful kind, would stand too thick to be productive,—while he would allow the heart to lie fallow.

ham, built on the slope of a hill, with the dark ruins of the old castle frowning, "in grim repose," over the low, stone-roofed houses, and rendered more impressive from the deepened shadow which the walls cast in the declining sun. Behind the town rises Middleham Moor, and on the opposite side, to the right, appear the perpendicular crags, known by the name of Leyburn Schale, or Shawl, as the word is most commonly pronounced. Farther up the dale, Bolton Castle is seen rearing its top above a knoll which partly obscures it; and the prospect to the west is bounded by the hills which rise above Askrigg, and which become higher and more rugged as the dale narrows. On a summer eve, when the sky is a cloudless expanse of purest blue, except where the sun's declining rays have tinged with their mellow lustre a mass of clouds in the west; when the earth seems rejoicing in her beauty, and the balmy air is like the breath of flowers; when all Nature, animate and in-

animate, appears to feel the heavenly influence of the hour, who can behold such a scene without exclaiming: "Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of THY Glory!"

"Time was when field and watery cove  
 With modulated echoes rang,  
 While choirs of fervent angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove;  
 ————— such holy rite,  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimier transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam,  
 The shadow, and the peace supreme!"

WORDSWORTH.

Middleham and Leyburn, quiet old country towns, whose population is not greater than it was three hundred years ago, present a striking contrast to those hot-beds of vice and wretchedness, which, under the influence of the manufacturing system, have sprung up during the last half century with the rapidity of an excrescence, which swells as the body, whose disease gives it birth, declines. Those

two pleasant retired towns retain much of what may be supposed to have been the character of the olden time. The people are remarkable for the simplicity of their manners, and their civil demeanor to strangers, unlike those of a district about forty miles south, where there is “a tone of defiance in every voice, and an air of fierceness in every countenance.”\* The houses of the poorer classes are clean, their fare simple, and their apparel plain, without having that sordid appearance—as if soiled with the smoke and grease of a cotton factory—which is seen in the neighbourhood of large towns. Middleham and Leyburn still retain their ancient market crosses, which afford a presumption that fanatic zeal had not been so prevalent in this district at the time of the Reformation as in some other parts of the country. The upper part of the Middleham cross, which is fitted to a stone shaft, is, both transverse and

\* Whitaker's Loidis and Elmete.

upright, of iron, formed at the extremities like a cross botonnee; while that of Leyburn is of more simple structure, and wholly of stone. Proceeding up the dale, either from Leyburn, by way of Wensley and Bolton Park, or from Middleham, over the moor—the latter being the most preferable road for the pedestrian, as so fine a prospect is obtained from the top of the moor—we arrive at Askrigg, after viewing the fall of the Eure at Aysgarth, about three miles below. In the neighbourhood of Askrigg are several interesting water-falls, the most remarkable of which are Mill-gill, Whitfield, and Harrow-force. The latter in particular is extremely grand, the stream dashing in one foaming sheet over a ledge of rocks ninety-three feet high, and then flowing through a narrow ravine, bounded on each side by dark masses of rock, which extend about a quarter of a mile below the fall.

Leaving Askrigg for Sedbergh, the road lies for about half way by the side of the

Eure till on arriving at Thwaite Bridge; about a mile from which it enters Garsdale, and continues nearly to Sedbergh by the side of a rocky stream, which enters the river Lune about a mile to the south-west of that town. In proceeding down Garsdale, the principal stream which runs through it, as well as the various small becks which join it, afford frequent opportunities to the angler of enjoying an hour's sport, should he feel disposed to make a cast in descending the dale.

In fishing the mountain streams of Cumberland and Westmorland, the angler can scarcely have his tackle too fine; for although tolerably large trouts, of from two to four pounds weight be sometimes taken, they are not in general so large as those caught in rivers which flow through a more level district, and whose banks, being composed of a looser and richer soil, afford a more abundant supply of food in the shape of grubs, snails, and worms. Those streams,

also, which traverse a hilly district are not so much infested with weeds as those of the plains, and which frequently endanger the angler's tackle as much as the weight of a trout. A single stout hair for the end and drop-fly will in most places be sufficiently strong; and in deep pools, where larger trout may be expected to rise, and where the stream flows rather rapidly with a ruffled surface, thus requiring stronger tackle, fine gut should be used in preference to a link of two or three hairs. Where the water is clear and shallow, more than two flies should never be used, with the dropper about two feet and a half or three feet from the end fly. A red hackle used as a dropper, with a small dun-fly on the stretcher—the wings of the feather of a dotterel's wing, and the body formed of brown mohair with a little dark green floss, and ribbed with brown silk—will in general do execution in moderately warm and clear weather. A darker fly, with the wings formed of the feather of a starling,



or a bald coot, and the body of camel's hair and a little dark red floss, will also be found of service when the day is rather bright and the water clear. From May to July the small yellow May-fly is in season; and during the same period the grey-drake may also be used with advantage. In addition to the above, the wren's tail, the grouse, and the dun hackle will be found to be the most serviceable flies for summer fishing in Cumberland and Westmorland, or indeed in any other part of England. Though it is impossible to lay down any precise rules for the use of flies which will prove at all times correct, it is to be observed that more trouts are killed with brown flies and hackles than with those of any other shade. The wren's tail may be formed of dark brown floss, with a little orange colored mohair, and the feather of a wren's tail, or the stripping of the feather of a dotterel's wing. The grouse hackle, which, as well as the above, is without wings, is formed of dark olive-colored floss, and the

brown-red feather of a grouse ; and the dun hackle may be made of leaden colored floss, the light combings from a blue greyhound's neck, and the feather of a pea-fowl, a starling, or a bald coot. When the water is rather discolored from rain, or ruffled by a breeze, larger flies may be used, and need not be thrown so lightly as when it is smooth and clear. When the day is rather cool, and the fish do not rise well, the flies may be allowed to sink a little ; and at such times a half hackle, with a gentle on the point of the hook, will be very likely to afford the angler sport. When the day is warm, and the water smooth and clear, the fly should fall on its surface as gently as thistle down ; for the lightest substance then is apt to form a sensible circle on the water, while its transparency better enables the fish to examine any object whose sudden descent might render them suspicious.

After a shower, when the water begins to clear, bottom fishing with a brandling worm,

towards the lower end of pools where the water shallows, and in broad parts of the stream where it runs with a gentle current, will frequently succeed ; but should a couple of eels be taken at the commencement, the angler ought to immediately shift his ground, for he need not expect to catch trout where eels have assembled, as they' invariably drive the former away. The angler should fish with his face to the sun, that his rod may not cast too great a shadow on the water, and down the stream, that he may have less chance of meeting with those trouts which his previous attempts have rendered shy, and caused to ascend towards its source. When a fish has seized the fly, let the angler strike lightly and nimbly as soon as he turns to descend. No trout, whether great or small, should be allowed to run out a considerable length of line too freely, as the object of giving a trout line—which is to gradually exhaust his strength in running it off—is thus defeated. In allowing a fish

line, the angler ought to be guided by the nature of the stream in which he is fishing. Where a trout, by running out much line, is likely to gain a rapid part of the stream, or the covert of a shelving rock whose edge will be apt to cut the line, he should be held with rather a firm hand, and the strength of the tackle be tried before he acquires a double chance of escape. On some days apparently favorable for fly-fishing, no trout will rise in the shallow parts of a stream, nor in their accustomed feeding places. On such occasions the middle and deeper parts of the water should be diligently fished; and if the stream be too broad, or a pool too long to allow the angler to throw so far, let him wade till the water is within a hair's breadth of his waistcoat pockets, should he be enabled by thus cooling his lower extremities, to cast his fly to the right spot.

Persons who are rather *hypped*, and have a terror of apoplexy should they get wet feet,

and such as expect to be carried off by a galloping consumption should they tumble over head and ears into a "peerless pool of living water," ought never to attempt fly-fishing. It is not a recreation fitted for their temperament; for as fly-fishers, who are not unfrequently exposed to the risk of wet feet and a wet jacket, their sensations must often be like those of a gouty old gentleman in a country dance, who follows the "mazy pleasure" under the apprehension that some active lady or gentleman who *cuts* high will be alighting, after one of their lofty bounds, on his tender toe.

Sedbergh is a small, irregularly built market town, situated among the hills on the north-western boundary of Yorkshire. The moors and streams in the vicinity, which abound respectively with grouse and trout, render Sedbergh, though not in itself interesting, a convenient station during the season to the shooter and the angler. The river Lune, which flows about a mile west of the town, where it forms the boundary between

Yorkshire and Westmorland, is an excellent trout stream, and one of the most pleasant in this part of the country. Running for the most part over a rocky channel, and fed by mountain rills, its waters are remarkably pure and bright. Proceeding downwards from Sedbergh, the country becomes more fertile as you descend; and in the neighborhood of Middleton, Underley, and Kirkby Lonsdale, where the river winds through verdant meadows, with its rocky margin rendered still more beautiful from the overhanging trees, the scenery is in the highest degree interesting; worthy of the pencil of a Poussin or a Claude, and not to be excelled by many of the views which our artists travel post through Germany, France, and Italy to obtain, for the purpose of embellishing the vapid pages of a fashionable annual. "Far fetched and little worth," though an old saw, is not worn out; for every year presents us with some freakish composition—styled a view on the Rhine, the Seine, at Milan, or in Switzerland—which is far inferior in point

of natural beauty to many of the charming scenes yet undepicted of "our own, our native land." But the mere mechanical tracing in a picture of the Gothic ornaments in the front of a cathedral, or of the arabesque and stucco on the gable end of an old house, is a much easier task than the natural representation of a noble landscape whose chief features consist of the

" Sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains."

Ascending the Lune from Sedbergh, the dale narrows, and the country becomes more bleak and mountainous; while the rustic single-arched bridges, built of rude grey-stone, which here and there span the stream, form admirable studies for the artist who wishes to enrich his portfolio with sketches of the picturesque scenery of his own country. There is one in particular, a little above Burrow bridge, and nine miles from Sedbergh, which can scarcely fail to arrest the

notice of the traveller. It crosses the Lune at a place where its channel is contracted by opposite rocks, and where its waters hurry with noisy speed over a rocky and uneven bed. This bridge is without any rail or parapet, and so narrow as only to admit of one foot-passenger crossing at a time; and might be supposed to have been built only to afford sheep a passage from one hill side to another.

The Lune, both above and below Sedbergh, affords excellent fishing; and after the angler has sufficiently exercised his skill in this neighbourhood, let him proceed direct to Kendal, about ten miles west. Having supplied himself with clean linen from his luggage,—which was directed to be forwarded here from York,—let our tourist again send it forward to Jackson's, Queen's Head, Keswick; and after providing himself with a stock of brandling worms and gentles from any of the numerous tan-yards in Kendal, let him take his place by one of the Carlisle



coaches for Shap, sixteen miles north. That part of the road which lies over Shap Fells presents, even in the height of summer, a dreary appearance. The dark grey rocks which show their heads above the moor, are relieved by no cheerful verdure; and the heather which lies in patches upon the brown peat moss seems half-withered, and displays more of its dingy stalk than of its green top and purple flowers; while an occasional pool of dark-colored bog-water, collected in a hollow from which peats have been dug, contributes to render the scene still more cheerless.

About half a mile south of Shap, in a field to the right, may be seen a Druidical circle of large unhewn cobble-stones; the huge granite pebbles of an antediluvian world, which had been thrown upon those fells, smoothed and rounded by the attrition,

“ When o’er the highest hills the deluge past.”

A double line of similar stones, leading to the

above inclosure, were formerly to be seen by the side of the road, but within these last seven or eight years they have been broken up to form gate-posts, and many of the fragments may be observed built into the walls on each side of the turnpike. A continuation of similar stones, placed at considerable intervals, but still with an obvious design, is said to extend across the hills to the north-west; and stones of the same kind are to be seen to the south-east, by the side of the road between Shap and Orton. These directing stones,—if I may be allowed so to call them,—have probably served to indicate the situation of other places of Druidical worship or political assembly; for a line extended in the direction of those that lie to the north-west, would nearly intersect the Druidical inclosure which stands about two miles above Keswick, on the old Penrith road; and a continuation of the same line to the south-east, would, after passing near some tumuli to the eastward of Orton, nearly intersect the “Nine Stan-

dards," an assemblage of large stones on the boundary between Westmorland and Yorkshire, about five miles east of Kirkby Stephen, which are in all probability of Druidical erection.

Shap, which is one of the market-towns of Westmorland, consists of a line of houses, chiefly cottages, built at considerable intervals on each side of the road, and extending about a mile in length. The situation is elevated, and being unsheltered by any hills immediately near to it, is exposed to every wind that blows. The frequent rain, driven by the unmitigated force of the wind against the sides of the houses, causes a dampth to strike through the thickest walls, and makes it rather difficult to find a perfectly dry lodging-room in the comfortless inn where the coach stops. In the neighbourhood there is some tolerably good pasture, which has been reclaimed from the moor; and a few oats are cultivated, which only perfectly ripen and yield a good crop in hot and dry seasons,

when the lower lands are parched and burnt up. In a cold season, the scanty harvest never ripens, and a field of ill-grown oats of a withered green, may not unfrequently be seen standing in the middle of October and sometimes later.

About two miles from Shap, on a branch of the river Lowther, stand the ruins of Shap Abbey, a foundation of some consequence in a former age,—though far inferior in point of size and splendor to Kirkstal, Fountains, and Jerveaux,—for the prior was at different times summoned to attend the parliaments held by Edward the Second. The stream which flows past it affords good fishing, and the angler may follow its course downward until he arrives at Askham, a pleasant village about a mile west of Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale. Should the tourist feel desirous of viewing the interior of the castle, which is a modern Gothic mansion, something in the style of Eaton Hall though less florid, he

will not find any difficulty in gratifying his wishes, as the noble owner kindly allows all strangers who apply, to be shown through the different apartments. The drive through the park is delightful, and the entrance to the hall noble. From the north front the view is highly interesting; to the left are seen Saddleback and Helvellyn; Penrith, and the vale of the Eamont lie in front; and to the right appears Crossfell, dividing Westmorland from Cumberland.

About three miles from Askham lies Pooley bridge, at the foot of Ullswater, where there is a good inn, at which the tourist should take up his quarters for a day or two, for the purpose of visiting the lake. Though Ullswater as a whole cannot bear a comparison with Derwent lake at Keswick, or with Windermere, yet, towards its head, for the stern, simple, and lonely grandeur of its scenery, it exceeds them both. The rocks at each side rise abruptly from the water's edge, and rearing their dark heads high above

the lake, overlook it in gloomy silence, while their shadows cast upon the waters, communicate to them a darker hue. For exciting a sensation of the sublime none of the other lakes can equal this part of Ullswater. Derwent and Windermere, with their verdant isles and woody banks, are lovely on a clear day, either at morn, noon-tide, or eve; and the masses of rock at the head of Derwent, which appear to close the pass up Borrowdale, are grand and impressive; but when seen from the lake they fail, in consequence of their more remote distance, to excite those feelings, bordering upon awe, which are experienced in rowing near the towering cliffs that overlook the upper part of Ullswater. Should the tourist be paddling his light skiff on this part of the lake at the commencement of a thunder-storm, as once happened to the writer, let him directly lay in his oars, that nothing may divert his mind from the contemplation of the scene; composing himself

in the stern-sheets of the boat, with his eye bent on the dark thunder-cloud which hides the peak of Helvellyn, let him, amidst the conflict of the elements, wonder and adore.—The sombre canopy extends to the south; and now it approaches the lake, shrouding its waters as with a pall. See how the vivid lightning shoots across its dark surface, while, peal on peal, the thunder echoes among the mountains, with occasionally a tremendous crash, as if one of them were rent by “heaven’s artillery” from summit to base, and the smooth water heaves with a slight undulating motion, as if its bosom labored to give expression to a sigh.—At length the storm subsides.—The hollow muttering of the thunder is heard more faintly, and dies on the distant hills; a few large, heavy drops of rain now descend; a sudden gleam of sunshine breaks through the gloom; the clouds disperse; and the tops of the mountains, and the blue sky appear. The swallow now skims the lake in rapid flight; the

thrush resumes his note in Gowbarrow park ; and the wood-crowned rise of Dunmallet, at the foot of the lake, smiles in all the pride of summer sheen.

Ullswater contains a species of trout which very much resembles the char, and the inn-keeper at Pooley bridge, who generally rents the fishery, will stoutly maintain that they are the same, varying only from accidental circumstances, such as difference of water and food. However this may be, for on this point I should not like to hazard an opinion, they are potted and sold as char, and those persons must be endowed with refined palates who can perceive the difference ;—an angler who has been at the water side from five in the morning until nine, and who walks eight or ten miles before breakfast, I am satisfied, cannot. In a dam at the foot of the lake, great quantities of eels are taken ; and the trouts which are caught in the river Eamont are easily distinguished from those of the lake from which it runs.



The trouts of the Eamont are not generally large, but a score, each weighing from ten to twelve ounces, may sometimes be caught in a couple of hours between Pooley and Tirril when the water is rather high.

*Hound* fishing for pike upon the lakes is most amusing when there is a party, but affords little pleasure to the solitary angler who prefers to depend on the exercise of his rod, rather than to sit idle and see fish hooked by a species of chance-medley. The following is the mode of proceeding: a live bait, either a perch or a trout, with a short line from two to six feet long, is attached to a piece of light buoyant wood, or a bladder, which is then turned adrift upon the lake, to float according to the direction of the wind or current. The bait in its course down or across the lake is frequently seized by a pike, and the resistance of the wood or bladder, when he first attempts to make off with his prey, assists to strike the hook. Should the hook become firmly fixed, the

*hound* frequently disappears in the pike's attempts to descend, but after a short time, when the wearied captive has relaxed his efforts, again mounts to the surface. This alternate sinking and rising of the *hound* is frequent when the fish is large and strong; but in the end, the buoyancy of the former never fails to exhaust the pike, and to float triumphant with its prize. Sometimes a few extra yards of line are wound about the *hound*, as in a trimmer, which are run off by the pike after he has seized the bait. This is done from the mistaken notion of allowing the fish an opportunity of pouching the bait, the same as in narrow and shallow waters, where, at a short distance, he can find the shelter of a bank to gorge his prey in quiet. In *hound* fishing in a deep lake, where the line neither reaches the shore nor the bottom, this mode is not so likely to succeed as the former; for the chance of the hook—which should be a snap—striking him at the first plunge, when he is eager to

secure his prey, is greater than after he has carried it about twenty or thirty yards in his mouth ; 'and when, unless he be very hungry, a slight check may cause him to drop it ; in which case, he will seldom attempt to follow it downwards, though he will often make a second attempt when the bait retains its position near the surface.

In the Friends' burying ground at Tirril, between Pooley bridge and Penrith, is interred an unfortunate brother of the angle. Of this " pilgrim of nature,"—whose name was Charles Gough, and whose fate is described by Sir Walter Scott in the verses called " Helvellyn,"—a passing notice may not, perhaps, be misplaced here. He had been educated in the religious principles of the Quakers, but was expelled from the Society in consequence of his having joined a volunteer corps. He had been accustomed to visit Wytheburn, between Keswick and Ambleside, for the sake of angling ; and with the intention of proceeding there, he left a

public-house, in Patterdale at the head of Ullswater, where he had called for refreshment, on the 18th of April 1805. He wished to have had a guide to direct him over the hills, but as there was a general review that day at Penrith, he could not obtain one. He therefore proceeded on his journey without any other attendant than his spaniel bitch, expecting to be able to find the way by himself; but in this hope he was deceived, for he never reached Wytheburn. About an hour after he left the public-house, a quantity of hail fell, accompanied with a dense fog, which continued the remainder of the day. No account was heard of him for two months, when a shepherd passing near Red Tarn Crag, not far from Helvellyn, on the 20th of June, was attracted by the howling of a dog.—It was Mr. Gough's spaniel watching over the remains of her master.

“ Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain  
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lowly extended,  
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill fox and the raven away."

The shepherd immediately acquainted some of the inhabitants of the dale with what he had seen, who, on proceeding to the spot, found the skeleton lying at the foot of a precipitous crag, with the skull detached from it, and lying about seven yards off. His fishing-rod was at the top of the crag, and his small bundle was discovered about half way down. The flesh of the body was nearly consumed; probably by foxes, or wild birds, which haunt this part of the country, and prey on the carcasses of the sheep and lambs which die among the hills. The manner of his death is uncertain, though it appears most likely that he had lost his way, and fallen over the crag during the fog. Some persons however have imagined, that being exhausted with cold and fatigue,

he had resigned himself to sleep, and perished from the inclemency of the weather.

Near Eamont's stream, in his last narrow bed,  
 An angler sleeps. No sculptured lines relate  
 His name or birth; but whilst HELVELLYN'S read,  
 Shall live the mem'ry of his hapless fate.

Bidding farewell to Ullswater, a walk of four miles brings the tourist to the main road between Penrith and Keswick, which a coach travels daily, thus affording an opportunity of a ride to the latter town, should the walk from Pooley bridge, about sixteen miles, be thought too long. A few miles west of Penruddock the road enters the mountains. To the right rise Souter-fell and Saddleback; and to the left ascends Mell-fell, which bounds the upper part of Ullswater on the north. About two miles from Keswick, the vale and lake of Derwent are perceived, surrounded by a belt of dark rocky mountains, whose sombre tone of color is relieved by the foliage of the trees which skirt their base, or grow upon their sides. Should the day be fine, perhaps no survey

made more at leisure, or from a more favourable station, can equal the effect produced by the first view obtained of the lake from this spot.

Since the romantic story of Mary of Buttermere, unfortunately for her a "Tale of real Life," gave to this part of the country an accidental interest in addition to its own natural charms of mountain, lake, and stream, Keswick has gradually become in summer and autumn, a sort of fashionable watering-place among the hills; which, indeed, it is, in more senses of the word than one; for in few other places in the kingdom are the inhabitants more frequently drenched with showers of rain. Ladies therefore who design to visit Keswick, need not take their paper bonnets with them; and no gentleman has been known to ascend Skiddaw in pumps without returning in his stocking feet,—if, indeed, a person can be said to walk in his stocking feet, when the greater part of his tender soles come in contact with the rough stones every step, or rather hitch, which he takes.

During the height of the “season,”—which is indicated by the arrival of the “college youths” from Cambridge, who immediately occasion a rise in the price of cigars, and in boat hire,—almost every house-keeper lets off a portion of his dwelling as lodgings, and the double-bedded rooms of the inns are now densely tenanted. This is the hay-time of the pencil-makers,—for every person visiting Keswick is expected to buy as many black-lead pencils as will serve him all his life, with a handsome reversion to his heirs,—spar-dealers, curiosity-mongers, boatmen, and guides ; and sometimes a scout is taken into the pay of a family party to give timely notice of the out-goings of Mr. Southey,—when he quits his library to read the book of Nature under the canopy of heaven,—in order that they may obtain a sight of the laureate wandering in meditative mood, or pouring out, in accents loud, a flood of sounding hexameters to exercise his lungs. The writer was sitting in a friend’s garden one evening,



“ . . . at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,  
 And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has  
     adorned them,  
 Fade, like the hopes of youth,”

when he heard a strange discordant noise at the foot of the lake, which he mistook for the evening tattoo of a bittern, till he was informed that it proceeded from Mr. Southey, who was thus exercising his vocal powers, at a somewhat loud pitch, for the benefit of his health. Perhaps the poet was reciting from Horace,

“ *Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,*”

according to the true cantilena of the ancients, and in the manner of Dr. Bentley; whose musical recitative of a portion of Terence was mistaken by Lord Carteret's mother, simple old lady, as proceeding from the effects of an extra glass of wine, and she was rather displeased to think that her son should encourage the “old clergyman” to sing in his cups. The learned Meibomius, who attempted to sing one of the odes of

Pindar after the ancient manner for the entertainment of Christina of Sweden, was obliged to desist at the end of the first strophe, as the effect on the risible muscles of the audience was too powerful to allow him to finish the lofty strain.

The various beauties in the neighbourhood of Keswick—the loveliness of Derwent lake, the grandeur and gloom of the mountains, with the noble and extensive views from the top of Latrigg and of lofty Skiddaw—have been so often and so eloquently described, that to enlarge upon them here would be like the attempt to “gild refined gold.” Yet, notwithstanding all that poets and painters have done to describe those scenes, no pencil can adequately portray their charms, nor pen convey the sensations which are felt on beholding them. At early morn :

“ . . . . from the dell  
 Mount to the ridge . . . .  
 Thence look thou forth o’er wood and lawn,  
 Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;

Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;

. . . . .  
Among this multitude of hills,  
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
Which soon the morning shall unfold,  
From east to west, in ample vest  
Of massy gloom and radiance bold."

WORDSWORTH.

Though Derwent lake contains pike, trout, and perch, it is too much fished to afford much amusement to the angler. The following method of catching pike and trout is often employed on this lake. A hazel rod about four feet long, sufficiently flexible to bend to the pull of a fish, is fixed in the stern of a boat, and slightly inclined towards the water. To the top of this rod is attached a stout line, from forty to sixty yards long, the other end of which is fastened to a piece of wood about fourteen inches long, four broad, and one inch thick. To the other end of this piece of wood, a foot-line of finer materials, and from eight to twelve yards long is made fast. From the end of this

foot-line, about a yard distant from each other, half a dozen or more flies are placed; and when the fisherman wishes to try both for pike and trout, a small perch is put on the end hook, which in this case should be a snap. When all is ready, the foot-line is committed to the water, and the fisherman, gently plying his oars, runs out the remainder of the line, and thus continues to row round the lake, occasionally resting to observe either from the bending of the rod, or by feeling the line, if he has a bite or not. When he perceives that he has a bite, he proceeds to draw the line gently in, managing it according to the apparent strength of the fish, until he appears sufficiently exhausted to allow of his being secured without risk of the link breaking. A gaff is better than a landing net, when the fish is large, to lift him into the boat with. A pike and one or two trouts are occasionally caught at the same time; the pike by the snap at the end of the line, and the trouts by the flies nearer the boat.

A number of perch, or bass as they are termed in this part of the country, are caught in the shallow water by the margin of the lake and near the shore of the islands, but they are mostly small, and undeserving the angler's attention. Bass fishing may therefore be left to the novice who is incapable of catching any thing else, and who returns to his inn delighted with a string of perch, the largest not bigger than a loach, and the whole not worth the fat required to fry them.

The different streams in the neighbourhood of Keswick all contain trout, but which are seldom large, or caught in any considerable number. Eight or ten pounds may sometimes be taken in favorable weather in the course of three or four hours of steady fishing during the best time of the day; but a twenty pound creel will seldom load the shoulders of the angler, should he fish

“ From the first blush of morn to the last smile of eve.”

The Derwent, before it enters the lake of the same name, affords perhaps the best fishing near Keswick; but about ten miles from Keswick, the same river after passing through Bassenthwaite lake, contains large trouts, weighing from two to five pounds, which require stouter tackle than is necessary where the stream is less.

Having remained at Keswick as long as inclination prompts or time allows, let the angler dispatch his luggage to Ambleside or Bowness, while he himself proceeds up Borrowdale, and over the hills to Buttermere. Though this route is more circuitous, and the road much more difficult than the usual one through Newlands, yet the wild and rugged grandeur of the scenery will amply compensate the lover of nature for his additional fatigue. It is indeed seldom travelled by mere holiday lakers—amateurs of landscape, who like best to see the face of nature reflected in a pocket mirror, and who never stir out without an umbrella and a folding

stool. No "stout gentleman" of fourteen stone and upwards, and who is besides rather asthmatic, should attempt this route, lest he should become exhausted when half way up the hill, and have to be conveyed down again on a sledge, like a load of peats. Passing the waterfall of Lowdore, near the head of the lake, and the Bowder stone—a huge fragment of rock like the Grampus hospital ship turned keel upwards—the road lies directly up Borrowdale as far as Seatoller, where it ascends the hill to the right. In some parts of the ascent it becomes a mere sheep track, and is not easy to find; and in one or two places, should the traveller diverge too far to the north, he runs the risk of sinking up to his knees in a bog—*experto crede*. From the top of the hill the descent to the vale of Buttermere is by a steep and uneven road, interspersed with large stones and fragments of rock, by the side of which a brawling stream pursues its rapid course to the lake below. About half way down

there are some slate quarries, and immediately to the left rises Honister Crag, a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, a fitting eyrie for the eagle, which sometimes breeds there. From its top descends a sparkling rill, which appears in its fall like a vein of silver in the dark side of the crag. From this and other similar crags at the head of Buttermere, several streams descend which in their general effect are scarcely inferior to Lowdore, though, perhaps, the direct perpendicular fall of none of them may be so great.

In winter, about four years ago, two young men who were out snipe-shooting, attempted to ascend the mountain by following the channel of one of those streams, the sides of which being slippery from the snow and ice, rendered their progress at once difficult and hazardous. After having toiled their way to a considerable elevation, the one who was in advance suddenly missed his companion, and on looking down the stream



perceived him lying bleeding and insensible at a considerable distance below, with his head near the edge of a precipice, over which should he happen to slide, his death would be inevitable. Leaving his gun, he gradually lowered himself down to his companion, whom he drew farther on to the ledge of rock, but which was too narrow to allow of his being left there in his still insensible state, while his friend should endeavor to obtain assistance. In this situation they remained for upwards of two hours on a cold winter's day, both wet, and the wounded man, whose head had been cut in the fall, still insensible, with little prospect in that lonely place of any one coming to their aid. At length the one who was unhurt made himself heard by some quarry-men, who happened to be passing down the dale, but who, on reaching the place, found that they could not remove the wounded man without ropes to draw him up the cliff. These were at last procured just as evening began to set

in, when the wounded person was rescued from his perilous situation, and conveyed to a farm-house in the dale, where he lay for three weeks before he so far recovered from his injuries as to allow of his returning to his own home. As the parties were both active dalesmen, the accident which one of them met with in attempting to ascend in winter the steep and craggy side of a mountain, may happen to a less experienced stranger at a season when there is indeed less danger of slipping, but no less injury to be apprehended from a fall.

“Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.”

How lucky the hunter who's saved from a fall,  
By seeing his neighbour come down, horse and all!

About two miles from Gatesgarth, which consists of two or three homesteads at the foot of the hill, lies the village of Buttermere, at the lower end of the lake of the same name. This village is one of the best fishing stations in the lake district. It is situated between the lakes of Buttermere and

Cromach, and within a short distance of the small water of Lowes; the two former of which contain char, and all of them trout, besides pike and perch. The river Cocker also affords good angling, particularly between the lower end of Cromach and the village of Lorton. It rises among the hills at the head of Buttermere lake, into which it runs near to Gatesgarth. On its exit from Buttermere, it flows for nearly a mile through a fertile and level tract of land, and after passing through Cromach, continues its course through the vale of Lorton to Cockermouth, where it joins the Derwent.

Near the lower end of Buttermere there is a rill, called Sour-milk Force, from the white appearance of the water in its descent, which has its source in Red Tarn, a collection of water about five hundred yards above the level of the Cocker; and Bleabury Tarn, from which a similar stream descends, a little lower down towards Cromach, is of the same altitude. The hollow of each of

these Tarns has been supposed to be the crater of an extinguished volcano.\* They both contain perch and a small species of trout, a few of which the angler may try to catch, if he pleases, for the sake of curiosity, as they are not otherwise deserving his attention.

The Char, though a pleasing addition to the breakfast table when potted, being taken by the net, affords no pleasure to the angler in its capture, and though some are occasionally taken with the rod, such instances are not frequent. Cromach affords the best trout-fishing, and Lowes contains the greatest number of perch and pike. Should the angler be desirous of trying for salmon or salmon-trout, he can proceed down the vale to Cockermouth, and fish the Derwent from about a mile below that town to Workington, where it enters the sea. Though perhaps

\* Similar tarns, of apparently the same origin, occur among the hills of the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples.

as many salmon and salmon-trouts are taken in the Derwent by the rod and fly as in most rivers in England, yet salmon-fishing in this river is but a dull recreation after all; and he ought to be endowed with an extraordinary portion of patience who professes it exclusively. When fishing in a river frequented by salmon, it may be well enough to try a salmon-fly now and then; but it seems scarcely worth the while of an amateur fisher to try a whole day for a single bite, and sometimes not that, and at the end of a month's diligent angling to be only able to give an account of half a dozen fish which in strictness are entitled to the name of salmon. It is much to be regretted that many salmon are killed in the Derwent, towards the latter end of the year when they are full of spawn, by a destructive gang of poachers who take them for the sake of the roe, which they prepare as bait, and find a ready market for among the many pseudo-anglers who visit the lakes, and who purchase it at the rate

of from five to eight shillings a pound. The same vile practice exists on the Eden, though scarcely to so great an extent as on the Derwent, and a great part of the roe so obtained finds its way into several other counties; for the writer has known from his own experience, salmon roe which had been obtained from the Derwent, employed as bait in the Annan, the Tweed, the Wharf above Otley, and at Driffield.

In the autumn of 1802, Keswick and the peaceful vale of Buttermere were visited by a plausible swindler of the name of Hatfield, who assumed the name of the Honourable Col. Hope, then member of Parliament for Dumfries shire, and in that character married an interesting girl,—afterwards so much spoken of as Mary of Buttermere,—the daughter of the person who kept the inn there. After figuring in the above character for two or three months, though not without suspicion of his being an impostor, the fraud was detected and exposed by

a gentleman of the name of Hardinge, to whom Col. Hope was personally known. On this discovery Hatfield made his escape, but was soon afterwards taken and sent to Carlisle, where he was convicted of forgery, and hung, pursuant to his sentence, on 3rd September, 1803.

The curate of Buttermere,—as skilful an angler as Paley, and as good a wrestler as worthy Parson Adams,—informed the writer that he suspected Hatfield to be an impostor for some time before the discovery was made by Mr. Hardinge, from his talking so largely of his fishing exploits in the Highlands, and using the rod like an arrant bungler in the vale of Buttermere. The “Highlands,”—*prope, et in, nubibus*,—is a favorite scene with sportsmen who excel in “drawing the long bow,” or in making a “fine cast.”

Leaving Buttermere, let the tourist proceed, under the direction of a guide, over the hills to Wass water, one of the most retired and seldom-visited of all the lakes. After

reaching Wass-dale head, a tolerably good road lies along the north side of the lake, which on the south is bounded by a range of rocks called the Screes, from a loose shingly sort of slate with which they are partly covered, more particularly towards the lower end of the lake. On rolling a stone from the top of the crag, a general slide takes place among the loose screes, which increasing in weight and velocity as they descend, plunge into the lake amidst a sheet of sparkling foam.

Both Wass and the river Irt, which runs from its lower extremity, contain trout. The Mite and the Esk, which are a short distance farther south, also afford good fishing; and should the angler feel inclined to spend two or three days in this neighbourhood, he will find a good country inn at Ravenglas. The estuary of the Mite and the Esk is much frequented by various tribes of water-fowl. The cormorant, the dun diver, and several species of wild ducks, are regular visitants,



and sometimes the grebe makes his appearance here. Devock Water, a small lake about eight miles eastward of Ravenglas, is frequented by the smew; and on the banks of the Esk the heron may be frequently seen watching, ready to seize with his long bill any fish that may approach his stand.

From Ravenglas the road to Broughton lies over a barren fell, called Stoneshead, from the more elevated part of which the view, on a summer afternoon, is worth a walk of twenty miles to enjoy. Nearly the whole of the Cumberland coast is seen from the Duddon to the Solway; while farther to the north-west, on the other side of the frith, appears the rocky and irregular coast of Wigton and Galloway. Westward, the Isle of Man is distinctly perceived, while here and there a distant sail appears, like a sea-bird reposing on the smooth breast of the ocean. From the top of Black Comb, a lofty hill to the west of Stoneshead, the prospect is still more extensive. On a clear day the

view extends south-west to the hills in the Isle of Anglesea, while to the westward may be discerned the high land in the county of Down. This is perhaps the only place in the kingdom from which, at one view, may be perceived the land of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Broughton, a small market town in Lancashire, lies at the foot of the Furness fells, a little above the estuary of the Duddon. The Duddon sands are dry at low water, except in the channel of the stream, which, in passing them as it runs towards the Irish sea, becomes divided into two or three branches. From the foot of Holborn-hill in Cumberland, to Kirby in Lancashire, the road across these sands is about four miles, and is marked, by the carriers and carters who pass it, from one shore to the other with branches of broom; which they alter as often as a shifting of the sand, or a deepening of the ford, renders a deviation from the former line necessary. The depth of the main stream

at the ford during low water seldom exceeds three feet, but as the flood tide suddenly covers the sands, and renders it almost impossible to observe the road and avoid the numerous *sykes* or narrow drains which run in all directions, it is not safe for either pedestrian or horseman to be crossing at such a time. Lives are indeed more seldom lost here than on the sands between Cartmel and Lancaster, yet the carter who has been overtaken by the tide has not unfrequently to unyoke his horse as fast as he can, and leave his car to its fate. Those sands contain cockles, and are much frequented by gulls and other sea-birds in search of food. The view, from a little to the south of Broughton, at half-tide when the channels are full and just before the sands are covered, is uncommonly pleasing, and the more so if there be two or three small vessels in the estuary, as there frequently are, delivering coals or taking in wood. In the

southern part of Furness a quantity of small wood is grown, a considerable portion of the cuttings of which is converted into charcoal; and Ulverstone exports more broom-sticks than any other port in his Majesty's dominions. I regret that, for the benefit of political economists, I have not been able to procure the custom-house entries of this interesting branch of commerce;—perhaps Mr. — will move for a return of the number of broom-sticks exported next session of parliament; the paper will disclose two or three "*curious facts*," and the expense of printing will not exceed a hundred pounds. The subject is well worthy the attention of Penny-wisdom and Pound-foolishness, and not undeserving the notice of the man of science, who may enter into an interesting calculation of the number of twigs of birch and branches of broom and heather, which would have to be cut, in order to fit the sticks aforesaid for their destined

purpose. It is at least as important as the manufacture and consumption of dolls' eyes.

From Broughton to Conistone Waterhead the direct road is ten miles; but the angler ought to proceed by Seathwaite, on the banks of the Duddon, as well for the sake of fishing in the river, as to have an opportunity of viewing and admiring the wild and beautiful scenery through which it flows. Above Seathwaite, in the solitude of grey crags and russet hills, where no sound is heard save the fall of the river, and where no wealthy trader's fantastic mansion mars the simplicity and grandeur of the scene, Nature speaks with a sweetly solemn voice to the heart and to the imagination of her children.—Man, proud man, come here and feel that thou art but as the insect of a day, and that thy works, compared with the imperishable and ever-beautiful productions of Nature, are but as the slightness and foulness of a spider's web! That rock, which rears its bold and rugged front in stern and simple majesty,

stands now as firm and as erect as it stood  
in the world's youth,

“ When the fresh stars had just begun  
Their race of glory, and young time  
Told his first birth days by the sun ;”

and the stream which rolls at its foot, as it  
did then, still holds its ceaseless course—

“*Labitur, et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.*”

Within the period which authentic history  
comprises, how many of the monuments,  
triumphal arches, and palaces, which their  
founders idly imagined should endure for  
ever, have passed away, leaving no more  
trace of their existence than the light sea-  
bird leaves when he dips his wing in ocean.  
Nay, the very site of once mighty cities is no  
more to be found than if they had never  
been ; and the crumbling remains of others  
just appear above the desert, like the memo-  
rials of the mighty dead who raised them in  
their pride, and which at once bear record of  
human power and of human instability.

Passing from Seathwaite to Hawkshead, by way of Conistone Waterhead, a view is obtained of Conistone Lake, which contains excellent char but affords only indifferent angling. Should the tourist be inclined to spend a day or two in surveying the beauties of this lake—which though inferior to those of Keswick and Windermere, yet has its own peculiar charms—he will meet with every accommodation at the inn at Conistone Waterhead. From Hawkshead, passing the small lake of Esthwaite—which contains pike, trout, and perch, and affords better sport to the angler than either of the larger lakes in the vicinity—an interesting road leads to the ferry on Windermere. On the opposite side, about half a mile above the landing place, stands the delightful little village of Bowness, with its low, slate-roofed, white-fronted cottages, up whose walls the jessamine, the eglantine, or some green climbing shrub is trained. After spending a few days in visiting the many charming scenes

on and about the lake, occasionally trying for a pike in its waters, let the tourist take a boat to Low-wood, about four miles above Bowness, and thence walk to Ambleside, a distance of little more than two miles. After having visited from Ambleside the lakes of Rydal and Grasmere, taken a view of the vale of Langdale, and fished in the Bratha, let the angler prepare for his return homeward; but not until he has seen Wordsworth, the poet eloquent in truth's simplest and purest language; who celebrates not the splendid deeds of the hero, but whose delight it is, in summer shade,

“ To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts; ”

who, in his wanderings among the hills, holds sweet communing with the great and glorious works of Nature, and who, in the fullness of her inspiration,

“ Murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.”



Farewell lovely lakes and sparkling streams !  
Your purity is unsullied by no drains from  
a crowded factory, where man weaves the  
web of his own misery and degradation, and  
where the bud of childhood is blighted ere it  
be blown ; where the human heart becomes  
callous and insensible to every pure and  
holy feeling ; where man loses half his dig-  
nity, and life its greatest charms ! Farewell  
ye towering hills and rugged crags, on whose  
hard brow time leaves no trace of age, and  
who will rear your lofty peaks in undimi-  
nished beauty and strength—like the giant  
children of Nature, her eldest born and the  
last to die—for ages after the proudest and  
greatest of man's erections are shrunk and  
fallen, and every trace of their design lost in  
a heap of ruins.

From Ambleside a coach passes daily to  
Kendal, whence the tourist may continue his  
route to York by way of Settle—calling,  
should he feel inclined, to visit Malham  
Cove, a few miles northward of this town—

thus completing an angling tour, which for affording “recreation to a contemplative man,” has no equal in England.

Votaries of the angle, and lovers of Nature, the writer here ends his “Angling Tour among the Hills :”

“ if in your memories dwell  
 “ A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
 “ A single recollection ;”

this simple record of his feelings while visiting such scenes, will not have been without its fruit.



## APPENDIX.

THE substance of the following pages, which could not with propriety be introduced in the "Recollections," will be found to be generally illustrative of subjects there incidentally alluded to.

### ANGLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

As there is not a chapter "De hamis antiquorum," in the Thesaurus of either Grævius or Gronovius; as Beckman, it is believed, has not treated on the invention and history of fishing hooks; and since all that is to be gathered on this subject from Cruden's Concordance—a mine from which a certain class of profound antiquaries obtain their ore at an easy rate, with the credit of great learning and deep research—has been so often served up to the public, that you may meet with an angler who does not recollect whether the communion table stands at the east or west end of a church, and who yet can refer to each chapter and verse in the Bible wherein fishing hooks are mentioned; it becomes a difficult matter to pick up a single new fact relating to the *hooks* of the ancients, though a goodly quarto on certain articles cognate with their *hooks-and-eyes*—"De fibulis"—does honour to the diligence and research of its author. It is, however, to be hoped that some

patient scholar will be induced to favor the learned world with a folio on the subject. The following cut, which may serve as a brick towards such a Babel, of an ancient swivel hook, now in the British Museum, is here given as confirmatory of the Rev. Mr. Todburn's statement, at page 39 : "they were not ignorant of the contrivance of the swivel hook to facilitate the motion of the spinning bait."



It is believed that the earliest, and indeed the only notice of fly-fishing to be found in ancient writers, is the passage in Aelian, referred to at page 38; and that the earliest printed treatise on the subject, in any language, is that which is contained in the work printed in 1496 by Wynkyn de Worde, and known by the name of the Book of St. Alban's, from its having been first printed at the monastery there in 1486. Its composition has been generally, though it appears erroneously, ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, in Hertfordshire. The book is a small folio, of seventy-three leaves, ornamented with rude wood-cuts, and contains the following treatises: A Book of Hawking; A Book of Hunting; Properties of a good Horse; Prudential Advice, in rhyme; The Companies of Beasts and Fowls; A List of Shires and Bishopricks. New Terms of Carving; with two pieces, "A faithful frende wolde

I fayne fynde," and "Ever gramercy myn own purse," in rhyme; A Treatise of Fishing with an Angle; and the Blasing of Arms. Of the treatise of angling, which it appears Wynkyn de Worde also printed separately, it may not be out of place to give a short account here, as it formed the ground-work, and constituted the principal part, of every other prose treatise on the same subject, (Barker's Art of Angling, which was first printed in 1651, excepted,) from the time of its first appearance till Izaak Walton, who also availed himself of its contents, published his "Compleat Angler," in 1653.

The earliest books printed in any country afford a tolerably fair criterion of the taste of the "reading public" of the period; and it is easy to perceive from the works which proceeded from the presses of our first printers, that the predilection of our countrymen did not lead them to the study of the classics. It is probable that the Book of St. Alban's had gone through four or five editions before either Oxford or Cambridge had presented their alumni with a single classic. The first classical work printed at Oxford—who in this respect must take precedence of her learned sister—was Tully's Epistles, which appeared in 1540.

From the first publication of the "Treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle" to the appearance of Walton's Complete Angler, there seems to have been no improvement of the original work. On the contrary, the "doers" of new editions of the book under new titles, appear to have had but little skill

in the art of fly-fishing, and their alterations, as Pinkerton said of Evelyn's amendments of his work on Medals, "are for the worse." From the very title of a small quarto, printed by John Wolfe, and sold by Edward White, London, 1590, "A Booke of fishing with Hooke and Line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging. And of sundrie Engines and Trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice and all other kinds of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all Warri-ners, and such as delight in this kinde of sport and pastime. Made by L. M.", the angler will not be induced to anticipate much that will interest him, though it holds out the prospect of so great a treat to those lovers of field sports who are fond of hunting every thing, "from the flea in the blanket to the elephant in the jungle," and who assuredly would feel extreme delight in being instructed in the use of "sundrie Engines and Trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice, and all other kindes of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever." The greater part of that portion of the book which treats of fishing is clumsily taken from the "Treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle," and marred in the transfer; but then it must be confessed that there are some curious instructions which are peculiarly the author's own, such as: how to catch eels in pottles of hay; how to bob for eels; and how to breed miller's thumbs and loaches. The book altogether is just such a one as a professional author who did not know a perch from a grayling, or a weasel from a fowmart, might be supposed to "make" from the dictation of

a rat-catcher, who occasionally amused himself with a sweep net or an eel spear in the intervals of his regular vocation.

In 1613 appeared "the Secrets of Angling, by J. D., Esq." in verse; which letters, as we learn from Walton, are the initials of the name of John Davors. Didactic poems, whatever pleasure they may afford the reader, seldom afford him much profitable information on the subject of which they profess to treat; the object of the writers—always excepting the compilers of grammars in Latin verse—being chiefly to display their talent in concealing their fruit under a profusion of ornamental foliage; plucking a bough from every tree in the forest to shade a vine which rather requires the sun. It is almost needless to add that the work of J. D. cannot justly claim to be an exception to the general character of didactic poems. The "Secrets of Angling" are certainly concealed with great taste under the ornamental parts of the poem, some of the best stanzas of which may be seen in the Complete Angler. From the date, 1653, of the first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler" to the present time, may be considered as the golden age of fly-fishing; and the manufacture of the costly fishing apparatus of his late Majesty George IV.—"the case covered with the best crimson morocco leather, the edges sloped with double borders of gold ornaments, representing alternately salmon and basket. The outer border forming a rich gold wreath of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, intertwined by oak leaves and acorns. The centre of the lid presenting a splendid gold

impression of the Royal Arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The case fastened with one of Bramah's patent locks, handles, eyes, &c. all double gilt. The interior of the case lined throughout with the finest Genoese sky blue velvet, the inner part of the lid tufted. The hooks (as they are termed) for angling and fly-fishing, the most chaste and beautiful that can be imagined. The angling book covered with Genoese crimson velvet; the lock surmounted with a diadem of solid gold,"—may be noted as indeed forming a *splendid* epoch in the history of the art of angling. But, to return from its refinements, as detailed in the Times of 1st May, 1828, to its rude simplicity as described in the "Treatyse of fysshynge with an angle," in 1496.—This treatise, as it is the first which appeared in our language, so is it as a practical manual,—considering its length and excepting the directions for making a clumsy rod, with lines and hooks to match,—one of the best. Who the real author was is uncertain; but its internal evidence carries with it the assurance of its being written by a practical angler, who understood and had practised what he taught. That it is the production of Dame Juliana Berners is very unlikely; and there is as little reason to ascribe to her the "Blasyng of Armes" in the same book. It is indeed difficult to affirm, with any degree of certainty, what portion of the Book of St. Alban's is of her composition, besides the "Book of Huntynge," at the conclusion of which only her name occurs, thus: "Explicit dame Julyans Bernes doctryne in her boke of huntynge." In no other part of the work



is her name mentioned. How long the art of fly-fishing had been practised in England before the printing of the treatise of fishing with an angle my information does not enable me to say, not being aware of any English writer previous to 1496, who even alludes to it. Though the art appears to have been but little practised, as may be inferred from the amateur having to manufacture his own hooks, yet we cannot suppose it to have been of very recent introduction. The directions for dressing the twelve different kinds of flies, which even Walton writing a hundred and fifty years later availed himself of, are not such as were likely to be suggested in the infancy of the art. It was probably known though not much followed, long before the old English angler, whoever he might be, committed his observations to the press and disseminated the knowledge of an art at once so useful and so entertaining. From a passage in the "*Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*," a most humorous and biting satire on the ignorance and vices of the German monks, which was first printed about 1517, it would seem that fishing was occasionally practised as an amusement by the brethren; but whether they understood, like our countrymen, the mystery of fashioning of wool, silk, and feathers, the dun cut, the yellow, the stone, and the drake fly for the beguiling of trouts, does not appear.

The "*Treatyse of fysshshynge wyth angle*"—to which a wood-cut representing a man fishing, with a float to his line, and a tub to put what he takes in, is prefixed—commences with a cheerful text and a brief exposition. "*Salamon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is*

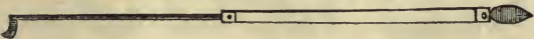
a fayre age and a longe." A medical, or rather non-medical, aphorism, which has not, like a bunch of old herbs, lost its virtue through age, is also quoted and explained. "Si tibi deficient medici, medici tibi fiant hæc tria: mens læta, labor, et moderata dieta. Ye shall understonde that this is for to saye: If a man lacke leche or medecyne, he shall make thre thynges his leche and medecyne, and he shall nede never no moo. The fyrste of theym is a mery thought. The seconde is labour not outrageous. The thyrde is dyete measurable." The writer then proceeds to a comparison of angling with hunting, hawking, and fowling,—which Walton certainly had in his mind when, at the commencement of his book, he introduced "an ANGLER, a HUNTER, and a FALCONER, each commending his recreation,"—and after enumerating the inconveniences attendant on the three last, thus recounts the pleasures and advantages of angling. "Thus me semyth that huntynge and hawkyng and also fowlyng ben so laborous and grevous that none of theym maye perfourme nor be very meane that enduce a man to a merye spyryte: whyche is cause of his longe lyfe acordynge unto the sayd parable of Salamon. Dowteles thene followyth it that it nedes must be the dysporte of fysshynge wyth an angle. For all other manere of fysshynge is also laborous and grevous; often makynge folkes ful wete and colde, whyche many tymes hath beseen cause of grete infirmytees. But the angler maye have no colde nor no dysease nor angre, but if he be the causer hymself. For he may not lese at the moost but a lyne or a hoke: of whyche he maye have store plentee of his owne makynge,

as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. Soo thenne his losse is not grevous, and other greyffes maye he not have, savyng but if ony fisshe breke away after that he is take on the hoke or elles that he catche nought: whyche ben not grevous. For yf he faylle of one he maye not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as this treatyse techyth, but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures that makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other foules wyth theyr brodes. Whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe, surely thenne there is noo man merier than he is in his spyryte. Also who soo woll use the game of anglynge, he must ryse erly, whyche thyng is prouffyttable to man in this wyse, that is to wyte, moost to the heele of his soule: for it shall cause hym to be holy. And to the heele of his body: for it shall cause hym to be hole. Also to the encrease of his goodys: for it shall make hym ryche. As olde Englysshe proverbe sayth in this wyse: Who soo woll ryse erly shall be holy, helthy, and zely. Thus have I provyd in myne entent that the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enducith a man into a mery spyryte. Whyche, after the sayde parable of Salomon and the sayd doctryne of phisyk, maketh a flouryng aeye and a longe. And therefore to all you that ben vertuous, gentyll, and free borne I

wryte and make this symple treatyse folowyng, by whyche ye may have the full crafte of anglynge to dysport you at your luste : to the entent that your age maye the more floure and the more longer to endure."

From the first sentence introductory to the practical directions, we may infer that fishing tackle makers' shops were then scarce. "Yf ye woll be crafty in anglynge: ye must fyrste lerne to make your harnays." As this primary condition of craft in angling included not only a knowledge of making rods and lines, but also of making "hokes of stele and of osmond, some for the dubbe and some for the flote," we may perceive how much the path of knowledge has since been smoothed. It would be now difficult to find in the whole island, a single adept in the mystery of fly-fishing who has complied with the ancient rite of initiation, by making his own rods, lines, and hooks. A knowledge of what water to fish in, and how deep; of the time of day when; of the fish to be angled for, and in what weather; of impediments to angling; of baits for every month, and how to find, breed, and preserve them, is also required. In the directions for making the rod, the writer, who evidently considers it as a master-piece of its kind, very properly "begins at the beginning." "Ye shall kytte betwene Myghelmas and Candylmas a fayr staffe of a fadom and a half, and arme grete, of hasyll, willow, or aspe. And bethe hym in an hote ovyn and sette hym evyn. Then lete hym cole and drye a moneth. Take thenne and frette [wrap] hym faste wyth a cockeshote corde [a sort of cord of which large fowling nets were made] and bynde hym to a fourm or an

evyn square grete tree." After this it was to be pierced through with a hot plummer's wire, and the bore to be enlarged, first with a "byrde broche," a small kind of spit, and then with a larger "broche," the operator taking heed that this hollowing out "be aye tapre wexe." When the stock is thus sufficiently hollowed it is to be unwrapped, and placed in the house roof to be seasoned by the smoke. The upper part of the rod—the "crop or coppe," as it is called—is to be formed of a yard of small hazel, for the top piece; and of a shoot of black thorn, crab tree, medlar, or juniper, for the other half. The coppe was to be of such a thickness as to be contained within the hollow of the stock, which was to be "vyrelled" at both ends "wyth longe hopis of yron or laton in the clenest wise, wyth a pyke in the nether ende, fastynd wyth a rennyng vyce to take in and oute your crophe." When drawn out for use, the lower end of the "crophe" was always to be a hand's breadth within the upper part of the "staffe" or stock. "Thenne arme your crophe at thover ende downe to the frette [the wrapping of the splice] wyth a lyne of vi heeres. And dubbe the lyne and frette it fast in the toppe wyth a bowe to fasten on your lyne. And thus shall ye make you a rodde so prevy that ye maye walke therwyth, and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo. It woll be lyghte and full nymbyll to fysshe wyth at your luste. And for more redynesse loo here a fygure of the rod."



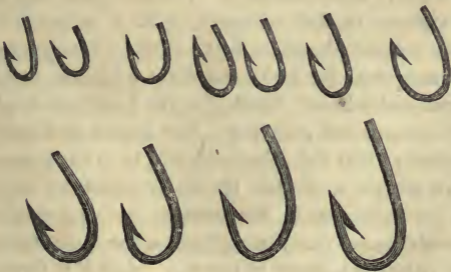
The writer then proceeds to enumerate the six assortments of the hairs of a white horse's tail, most convenient for the angler's use, together with the various modes of dyeing the same yellow, green, brown, tawney, russet, dusky, and "lyght plunket colour." He directs in what seasons and in what waters the different coloured lines are to be used, for the making of which he also gives instructions, together with a cut of the instrument by which the operation of twisting is most conveniently performed. The rod and line being thus finished, the more difficult branch in the manufacture of an angler's "harnays" comes next.

"Ye shall understonde that the moost subtyll and hardyste crafte in makynge of your harnays is for to make your hokis. For whoos makynge ye must have fete fyles, thynn and sharpe and smalle beten. A semy clam of yren, a bender, a payr of longe and a payr of small tongys: an harde knyfe somdeale thycke: an anvelde and a lytyll hamour." The following cut, showing the different tools, is copied from the original, where they are respectively named, "hamour, knyfe, pynsons, clam, wegge, fyle, wreste, anvelde."



A consideration of the use of the "clam,"—evi-

dently a kind of small vice—which is to press or to hold an article tightly, will suggest a more clear and simple, and probably a more correct, idea of the verb “to clem,” than is to be found in Nares’s Glossary, where it is explained as meaning “to starve;” the cause for the consequence. The effect of short rations being a rigid contraction of the abdominal viscera, as if pressed in a clam. The directions for making the hooks, as they are unlikely at the present day to afford either profit or pleasure, are not worth extracting. It may not, however, be uninteresting to the reader to know of what materials the hooks were to be made. “For smalle fysshe ye shall make your hokes of the smallest quarell [cornered, from *carreau*] nedlys that ye can fynde of stele. . . . And greeter hookes ye shall make in the same wyse of gretter nedlis as broderers nedlis, or taylers or shomakers nedlis spere points, and of shomakers nalles in especyall the beste for grete fysshe.” That some idea may be formed of such home-made articles “thyse fygures are put here in ensample of your hokes.”



“Now ye knowe wyth how grete hokys ye shall angle to every fysshe: now I woll tell you wyth how many heeres ye shall to every manere of fysshe. For the menow wyth a lyne of one heere. For the waxyng roche, the bleke, the gogyn, and the ruffe wyt. a lyne of two heeris. For the darse and the grete roche wyth a lyne of thre heeres. For the perche, the flounder, and bremet with foure heeres. For the cheven chubbe, the breme, the tenche, and the ele with vi heeres. For the troughte, graylynge, barbyll, and the grete chevyn wyth ix heeres. For the grete troughte with xii heeres. For the samon wyth xv heeres, and for the pyke wyth a chalke lyne made browne with your browne colour aforsayd, armyd with a wyre.” Then follows the proper manner of making cork floats; and the angler being now instructed in the manufacture of every part of his “harnays,” is next taught how to use it.

The author enumerates six modes of angling. The first, at ground for trout and other fish. Second, at an arch or a “stange,” where it ebbs and flows, for bleak, roach, and dace. Third, with a float for all manner of fish. Fourth, with a minnow for trout, without plumb or float. Fifth, “rennynge in the same wyse for roche and darse wyth one or two heeres and a flye.” Sixth, “wyth a dubbyd hoke,” for the trout and grayling. The angler is directed to observe that the principal point is to keep out of sight, and not to shadow the water; that the larger fish keep nearest to the bottom, and the smaller towards the surface; and, “when the fyshe byteth that ye be not to hasty to smyte. . . . And if it fortune



you to smyt a grete fysshe with a smalle harnays, thenne ye must lede hym in the water, and labour hym there tyll he be drownyd and overcome. Thenne take hym as well as ye can or maye, and ever bewaar that ye holde not over the strengthe of your lyne. And as moche as ye may, lete hym not come out of your lynes ende streyghte from you, soo that your lyne may susteyne and beere his lepyss and his plungys wyth the helpe of your croppe and of your honde." In his directions in what part of the water to fish, the author observes that a pond, or "pole," as he calls it, "is but a pryson to fysshe, and they lyve for the more parte in hungre like prisoners, and therefore it is the lesse maystry to take theym." He notes that it is best to fish in rivers where it is deep and clear, with a bottom of clay or gravel, without mud or weeds, especially where there is a whirling of the water or a covert, as a hollow bank, roots of trees, and long floating weeds. There is also good angling in "deep styffe streams" and falls; at flood-gates, weares, and "mylle pyttes, where the water restyth by the bank."

The time of fish biting, from April to September, is stated to be from four to eight in the morning, and from four to eight in the afternoon, but not so good in the afternoon as in the morning. From September to April the angler may spare no time of the day. Many "pole [pond] fysshes woll beste in the none tyde." In summer, on a dark louring day, when the wind blows softly, and also when it is "brennyng hote" the angler may spare

his labour. It is bad angling when windy; in rain, hail, snow, or thunder, and in "swoly hote weder."

The impediments to angling are declared to be twelve. 1. Badly made tackle. 2. Baits not good nor fine. 3. Not angling at "bytynge tyme." 4. The fish afraid to bite from seeing a man. 5. Water discoloured from floods. 6. Fish not stirring from cold. 7. Hot weather. 8. Rain. 9. Hail or snow. 10. Tempest. 11. High wind. 12. East wind.—"The west and northe wyndes ben good, but the south is beste."

The list of fresh-water fishes commences with the "samon," as the most stately, "though comborous to take." It is stated to be in high perfection from March to Michaelmas. It bites not at ground, and at the beginning and end of the season is to be angled for with a red worm, and with "a bobbe that bredyth in a dunghyll; and specyally wyth a sovereyn bayte that bredyth on a water docke. . . . Also ye may take hym, but it is seldom seen, with a dubbe at suche tyme as whan he lepith in lyke fourme and manere as ye doo take a troughte and graylinge." The trout, "a right deyntous fyssh and also a ryght fervente byter," is in season at the same time as the salmon, and "ye may angle to hym at all tymes wyth a grounde lyne lyenge or rennynge: savynge in leppyng tyme, and thenne wyth a dubbe. Ye shall angle to hym in Marche wyth a menew hangyd on your hoke by the nether nesse wythout flote or plumbe: drawyng up and downe in the streme tyll ye fell him faste. In the same tyme angle to hym wyth a grounde lyne wyth

a redde worme for the moost sure. In Aprill take the same baytes : and also Inneba other wyse named VII eyes. Also the canker that bredyth in a grete tree and the redde snayl." In May, " take the stone flye and the bobbe under the cowe torde and the sylke worme, and the bayte that bredyth on a fern leyf." In June, a red worm with the head off, and a cadworm on the point. In July, the great red worm and cad worm together. In August, " take a flesshe fly, and the grete red worme, and the fatte of the bakon, and bynde aboute thy hoke." In September, a red worm and minnow ; and in October, the same. From April to September, when the trout leaps, he is also to be angled for with a dubbed hook according to the months.

Pike are to be angled for with roach, frog, or herring ; and the *amusing* practice of tying the bait to a gander's foot, and then setting him to fish for pike, appears to have been known at that period. The opinion of tench being an aquatic physician and healing other fish, is also alluded to. New cheese is mentioned as a bait for barbel ; but the author, who says that he does not like to write more than he knows and has proved, professes to have little knowledge of the baits for carp. He has, however, found written in books of credence, that the minnow and red worm are good baits for this fish. In June, for the chevin, among other baits, the " creket and the dorre, [beetle] yonge frosshys, and the grete greshop," are recommended. In July, the " gresshop and humbylbee ;" young bees

and hornets, the ant-fly, and the great branded fly that breeds in the paths of meadows. In August, maggots; and in September, the tempting morsels for this "vilain" chub are "cheryes, yong myce not heeryd, and the house combe."

Pastes appear to have been in use at that time, and one for tench, is directed to be made of the black blood of a sheep's heart, flour, and honey, and with this compost the red worm was to be anointed. Brown bread toasted with honey, is also recommended. The barbel, it seems, "is a sweet fysshe, but is a quasy [queasy, à quasi, so-so] meete and a perylous for mannys body." The eel is also said to be a "quasy fysshe." In the account of preparing baits, broods of hornets, humble-bees, and wasps, are directed to be baked, and their heads then dipped in blood and dried; and maggots are to be cleansed with sand in a bag made of "blanket." Baits, of flour and the lean flesh of the "hepis [hips] of a cony or of a catte," virgin wax, and sheep's tallow, brayed in a mortar, and tempered at the fire with a little purified honey, and then made into little balls, will serve all the year round, and are good for all manner of fish. For dace, roach, and bleak, wheat boiled and then steeped in blood, is a proper bait. "For baytes for grete fysshe kepe specyally this rule, when ye have take a grete fysshe undo the mawe, and what ye finde therein make that your bayte for it is beste."

The following account of twelve artificial flies, when they are to be used, and of what materials they are to be made, sufficiently warrants the con-

clusion that fly-fishing had been long practised in England previous to the appearance of the Book of St. Alban's.—“Thyse ben the xii flyes wyth whyche ye shall angle to the trought and graylling, and dubbe lyke as ye shall now here me tell. ¶ Marche. The donne flye, the body of the donne wull, and the wyngis of the pertryche. A nother doone flye, the body of blacke wull, the wynges of the blackyst drake, and the jay under the wynges and under the tayll. ¶ Apryll. The stone flye, the body of blacke wull, and yelow under the wynges and under the taylor, and the wynges of the drake. In the begynnynge of May a good flye, the body of roddyd wull and lapped abowte wyth blacke sylke, the wynges of the drake and of the redde capons hakyll. ¶ May. The yelow flye, the body of yelow wull, the wynges of the redde cocke hakyll, and of the drake lyttyd yelow. The blacke louter, the body of black wull and lapped abowte wyth the herle of the pecok taylor and the wynges of the redde capon w<sup>t</sup> a blewe heed. ¶ June. The donne cutte, the body of blacke wull and a yelow lyste after eyther syde, the wynges of the bosarde bounde on wyth barkyd hempe. The maure flye, the body of doske wull, the wynges of the blackest mayle of the wylde drake. The tandy flye at Saynt Wylliams day, the body of tandy wull and the wynges contrary eyther ayenst other of the whitest mayle of the wylde drake. ¶ Juyl [July]. The waspe flye, the body of blacke wull lapped abowte with the herle of the peccok taylor, wynges of the bosarde. The shell flye at Saynt Thomas daye, the body of grene wull and

lappyd abowte wyth the herle of the pecoks taylor, wynges of the bosarde. ¶ August. The drake flye, the body of blacke wull and lappid abowte wyth blacke sylke, wynges of the mayle of the blacke drake wyth a blacke heed.”

The preceding extracts and notices comprise a brief summary of the principal matters contained in the “Treatyse of fysshynge wyth an Angle,” and may enable the reader who feels no inclination to consult the original work, to form some idea of the state of the art as practised towards the end of the fifteenth century. The conclusion of the treatise—which, considering its size, I believe to be the best, for the quantity and general correctness of its practical information, which has yet appeared—is conceived in the true spirit of an “honest angler.”

“Here folowyth the order made to all those whiche shall have the understandynge of this forsayde treatyse and use it for theyr pleasures.

“Ye that can angle and take fysshe to your pleasures as this forsayd treatyse techyth and shewyth you, I charge and requyre you in the name of alle noble men that ye fysshe not in noo poore mannes severall water: as his ponde, stewe, or other necessary thynges to kepe fysshe in, wythout his lycence and good wyll. Nor that ye use not to breke noo mannys gynnys lyenge in theyr weares and in other places due unto them. Ne to take the fysshe awaye that is taken in them. For after a fysshe is taken in a mannys gynne yf the gynne be layed in the comyn waters, or elles in suche waters as he hireth, it is his owne propre goodes. And yf ye take it awaye

ye robbe hym, whyche is a ryght shamfull dede to ony noble man to do y<sup>t</sup> that thevys and brybours done, whyche are punysshed for theyr evyll dedes by the necke and otherwyse whan they maye be aspyed and taken. And also yf ye doo in lyke manere as this treatise shewyth you, ye shall have no nede to take of other mennys: whiles ye shal have ynough of your owne takyng yf ye lyste to labour therfore, whyche shall be to you a very pleasure to se the fayr bryght shynynge scalyd fysshes dysceyved by your crafty meanes and drawn upon londe. Also that ye breke noo mannys heggys in goynge abowte your dysportes: ne opyn noo mannes gates but that ye shytte theym agayn. Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetysnes to thencreasyng and sparyng of your money oonly, but pryncypally for your solace and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule. For whan ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wyth you, whiche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye maye serve God devowtly in sayenge affectuously your custumable prayer. And thus doynge ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices, as ydylnes, whyche is pryncypall cause to enduce man to many other vyces, as it is ryght well knowen. Also ye shall not be to ravenous in taking of your sayd game as to moche at one tyme: whiche ye maye lyghtly doo yf ye doo in every poynt as this present treatyse shewyth you in every poynt, whyche sholde lyghtly be occasyon to dystroye your owne dysportes and other mennys also. As whan ye have a suffy-

cyent mese ye sholde coveyte no more as at that tyme. Also ye shall besye yourselfe to nouryssh the game in all that ye maye, and to destroye all suche thynges as ben devourers of it. And all those that done after this rule shall have the blessinge of God and Saynt Petyr, whyche he theym graunte that wyth his precyous blood us broughte.

“And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were enpryntyd allone by itself and put in a lytyll plaunflet, therefore I have compyld it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde have but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshing sholde not by this meane utterly destroye it.”

The following enumeration of the various kinds of worldly fishers is from “The FISHER,” a visitation Sermon, preached at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, by Wm. Worship, D. D., and printed for Thomas Pavier, London, 1615.

“Some *fish* with *Neroes Nets*, of the *Richest threds*, and these are *Golden Fishers*. Some angle for the *Tributary fish* with *Twentie pence* in her mouth, and these are *Silver fishers*. Some cast their *Net* ore a *Skull of Churches*, and these are *Steeple fishers*. Some *fish* with a *shining shell* in the *Net*, and these *Flattring fishers*. Some *fish* for an *Euge tuum et Belle*, and these are *Vaine-glorious fishers*. Some *fish* with an *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris*, and these are *Audacious fishers*. Some *fish* with a *Poke-net*



for a *Dinner*, (forgetting *Ierom* to *Nepotian*,) and these are *Hungry fishers*. Some *fish* with a *Net* made of *Thrums* and *Knots*, and these are *Pasport fishers*. Some *fish* for *Frogges* that may croke against our *Church*, and these are *Scismaticall fishers*. Some *fish* in the *Ayre*, above the *Clouds*, and these are *Enthusiasticall fishers*. Some *fish* above, beneath, side-slip, and these are *Ubiquitarie fishers*. Some *fish* for a *paire* of *unhackt Gallows*, and these are *Seminarie fishers*. Some *fish* for *Princes Crowns* and *Sceptres*, and these are *Belzebub fishers*. Some *fish* for *Soules* and only for *Soules*, and these are *Christian fishers*."

Let the clerical angler observe that the marginal note on, "Some who *fish* with a *Poke-net* for a *Dinner*," is: "Facile contemnitur clericus, qui sæpe vocatus ad prandium non recusat."

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE SALMON TRIBE, WITH A LIST  
OF THE DIFFERENT SPECIES TAKEN IN THE LAKES  
AND RIVERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is so difficult in Natural History to accurately define a *species*, and so little is positively known respecting the growth, different appearances at different ages, habits, and migrations of the Salmon tribe, that it is as doubtful now as it was in the time of Willoughby and Ray whether the salmon, the salmon trout, the bull trout,—I mean that which is caught in

the Coquet, near Warkworth—the whitling, and the brandling trout, samlet, or par, be the same fish at different periods of growth, or whether they belong to distinct species. Mr. Reed's opinion, therefore, that the whitling is of a species distinct from that of the salmon—see, from page 68 to 73—is only to be received as such, and not as decisive of the fact. To pretend to find in the fishes above named a specific difference from the different number of the rays in the corresponding fins of each, would appear to be little better than to declare a heifer of three years old of a different species to a cow of eight, because the latter has a greater number of rings in her horns. To define species by parts which are not invariable—and the rays in the fins of a salmon in the different periods of its growth certainly are not—is like the conduct of the boy who took a mark of a lark's nest from a grey horse grazing near it. It may indeed be true that the salmon—that is a fish of the species weighing upwards of nine pounds—is generally found to have a certain number of rays in the back, tail, and vent fins, while the bull trout, whitling, and samlet, are generally observed to have less ; but this fact, standing alone, can no more be allowed in proof of a specific difference, than a difference of species can be inferred from the difference of their respective weight.

We know, from repeated observation, the period at which most land animals arrive at maturity, that is, at their perfect growth and the full developement of their faculties. But with respect to the salmon

and most other fish which cannot be kept and do not thrive in ponds, our information scarcely amounts to anything. That grilse or young salmon spawn the first year is a well authenticated fact, and it is equally certain that they do not proceed so high up the stream for this purpose as the larger fish. A question is thence suggested:—Do the young proceeding from the ova of the grilse, deposited at a lower part of the stream, ever become salmon of from twelve to thirty pounds' weight?—the solution of which is left to those who may have opportunity to make the necessary observations. The following fact may, however, throw some light on the subject. Previous to the erection of a dam across the Coquet, at Acklington, ten or twelve miles from its mouth, about sixty years ago, salmon were commonly taken in this river; but since their progress in spawning time towards its source has been interrupted by the above mentioned dam, salmon are very rarely caught there. This river abounds, in the season, with salmon trout, or as they are frequently called, bull trout, which are taken in great numbers near Warkworth, about eight miles below Acklington, and the salmon is now as rare as the bull trout was formerly. I am decidedly of opinion that these trouts are of the same species as the salmon proper, though unable to account for their not arriving at a salmon's weight,—fish of this species, in that part of the country, are called salmon which weigh nine pounds and upwards, those which are less being termed grilse or gilse. The salmon trout, or bull trout which are taken in the Coquet, mostly weigh from

three to five pounds. A river in the north of Ireland is, like the Coquet, frequented only by salmon trout; but whether it was formerly frequented by salmon, and whether a dam has been erected across the river, thus stopping them in their progress to the higher streams and causing them to abandon the river altogether, the writer is unable to say.

Many salmon fishers, who have certainly had ample opportunity of acquiring a correct knowledge on the subject, declare that the grilse and the salmon are fish of different species, though they generally feel puzzled when required to point out a real and permanent difference. Others again, though doubting the identity of the species, admit that they are acquainted with no distinction, except the difference of appearance—which is, in fact, occasioned merely by an increase of size; the grilse not being so full behind the head as the salmon, and smaller towards the tail. The identity of the grilse is not, however, a matter of opinion, grilse having been frequently marked and returned to the river, and when afterwards taken have been found greatly increased in size, and not to be distinguished from what fishermen allow to be the true salmon. Sir Humphrey Davy was of opinion that the whitling was the young of the salmon trout, or sea trout, and that the bull trout was a fresh water trout carried out to sea. He thought that the brandling trout, samlet, or par, might be a mule, produced between the common and the salmon trout. He also observes: “Indeed considering the sea trout as the type of the species *trout*, I think all the other true trouts may not improperly

be considered as varieties, where the differences of food and of habits have occasioned, in a long course of ages, differences of shape and colours, transmitted to offspring in the same manner as in the variety of dogs, which may all be referred to one primitive type." Now if the above quoted opinion be correct; and since it is certain that there is no real difference between the sea or bull trout of the Coquet, and the grilse—which has been proved to be a young salmon—of the Tweed and the Tyne; it would follow, that the whole of the section, *Truttae*, of the genus SALMO, including the salmon proper, forms but one species; what are now described as species being properly varieties. As it is known that the salmon will breed with the grilse and the bull-trout, and the two latter with the common or fresh water trout; it is, therefore, very likely that the several varieties of the *Truttae* are capable of breeding with each other, and of producing perfect fish capable of breeding again. The carp and the trout have been known to breed together, thus producing a hybrid, which appears to be incapable of continuing a distinct variety, either from inability to breed, or from its produce resuming the distinctive character of a carp or a trout. The opinion of that eminent physiologist, John Hunter, respecting that which constitutes a distinct *species*, is as follows: "The true distinction between different species of animals, must ultimately, as appears to me, be gathered from their incapacity of propagating with each other an offspring capable again of continuing

itself by subsequent propagations." Philosophical Transactions, vol. 77, p. 253.

In the history of the salmon, we have yet to learn the age to which they live, the size to which they increase, and the circumstances which influence their growth. A grilse which had been caught, weighing three pounds and a half, in one river, in March, when again taken, in the March following, was found to weigh seven pounds; while another caught in a different river, on the 7th of February, weighing seven pounds, when again taken, on the 17th of March, weighed seventeen pounds and a half, having increased ten pounds and a half in thirty-eight days. We have also yet to learn if the salmon, which has been so peremptorily declared to be a sea fish, by Dr. Fleming—though it appears from his own statement to live seven months out of twelve in rivers—ever proceeds to sea farther than a short distance along the coast at the mouth of the river in which it has been bred. An instance of one having been seen, or taken in any manner, at sea, two miles from the shore, has never come to the writer's knowledge.

In the Linnean arrangement, fishes are divided into four CLASSES, according to the want, or the position of the ventral fins. To the CLASS, ABDOMINALES, having the ventral fins behind the pectoral, and on the abdomen, the genus *Salmo* belongs; which, according to Sir Humphrey Davy, "may be defined as a genus having eight fins, the one above the tail fleshy and without spines." Of these

eight fins, four are placed in pairs, the pectoral behind the gills, and the abdominal on the belly; and the other four are placed singly, the dorsal proper, and the small fleshy or adipose fin on the back; the caudal at the tail; and the anal between that and the vent. The hinder dorsal fin, which is sometimes called the mort and the dead fin, may be considered as more particularly constituting the generic character. The different families of the salmon tribe are most abundant in northern latitudes, being seldom found between the tropics. They are common in the rivers of the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. Mackenzie, in his journey to explore the northern continent of America, caught trout within the polar circle; and Captains Lewis and Clark, in their travels to the source of the Missouri and across the American continent to the Pacific ocean, met with a tribe of Indians, on the upper part of the Columbia, whose principal subsistence from May till September consisted of the salmon which they caught in that river, but which disappeared on the approach of autumn. In no part of the world does the salmon appear to be taken in greater perfection or variety than in the lakes and rivers of the British Isles; and in no country is its capture a source of so much wealth, and, let it be added, of so much amusement to the inhabitants; a combination of the *utile et dulce* which is certainly not to be met with in dredging for oysters on the coast of France, or in the pearl fishery at Ceylon. In taking salmon with either net, leister, or rod, the genuine amateur

always enjoys the sport, than which nothing can give him so perfect a relish for a finely curdled slice of the fish.

In the following list of the different *species*, as they are generally considered, of the SALMO, found in the rivers and lakes of Britain, the Genus is divided into three sections:—1. TRUTTÆ, with teeth numerous and well defined. 2. COREGONI, with teeth small or scarcely perceptible. 3. OSMERI, with the greater dorsal and the anal fin nearly opposite. The first may be regarded as consisting of different families of one great house having a common ancestor, and the head of which is the salmon proper. The second may be looked on as of *kin* to the first, but as having lost their pedigree; and the third as a kind of humble and questionable relation, but in whom the badge of the tribe is however to be found in the little mort fin which he wears above his tail.

#### GENUS SALMO.

Eight fins, the one above the tail fleshy and without spines.

\* TRUTTÆ: with teeth numerous and well defined.

- |                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| 1. SALMO SALAR.    | The salmon.                             |
| 2. ——— ERIOX.      | The grey.                               |
| 3. ——— HUCHO.      | The bull trout.                         |
| 4. ——— TRUTTA.     | The salmon or sea trout.                |
| 5. ——— ALBUS.      | The whitling.                           |
| 6. ——— FARIO.      | The common trout.                       |
| 7. ——— SALMULUS.   | The samlet, brandling trout,<br>or par. |
| 8. ——— SALVELINUS. | The red char.                           |
| 9. ——— ALPINUS.    | The case char.                          |



\*\* COREGONI : teeth small or scarcely perceptible,  
and none on the tongue or the palate.

10. SALMO THYMALLUS. The grayling.

11. ——— LAVARETUS. The guinaid.

\*\*\* OSMERI : the greater dorsal and the anal fin  
nearly opposite.

12. SALMO EPERLANUS. The smelt.

\* TRUTTÆ : with teeth numerous and well defined.

1. *Salmo Salar*. The Salmon. Head smooth and compressed, the upper jaw projecting in a slight degree beyond the lower, teeth in both jaws and on the tongue. Most frequently, thirteen rays in the anal fin. Color on the back, bluish black ; a silvery leaden color, like that of lead ore, on the sides ; and white on the belly. Marked with dark spots, which are in the skin and not in the scales, above the lateral line, which is straight and near the back. The salmon which are caught do not generally exceed three feet in length or twenty pounds in weight. There are, however, instances of salmon being taken weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, and from five to six feet long. The largest which the writer ever saw was caught in the Tyne, and weighed forty-eight pounds. No salmon have ever been taken in the upper part of rivers with food in their stomach ; though by the sea-shore at the mouth of an estuary, some have been caught gorged with sand eels. From March to August the roe of the salmon is small, being about three and a half inches long and a quarter of an inch diameter, with the ova not larger than grains

of mustard seed. In a salmon weighing sixteen pounds, caught in the Tay, in January, 1825, the roe weighed four pounds; and the ova, of the size of large peas, amounted to 18,130. This roe was, however, considered to be unusually large. In September salmon begin to ascend towards the higher parts of rivers for the purpose of spawning; and they spawn in November, December, January, and February. Frosty weather is said to facilitate their spawning, which, in the Tweed, as will be seen from the following statement, is in some seasons not completed by the tenth of March. Mr. Walter Jamieson, renter of a fishery on the Tweed, extending from Hempside ford below Kelso, to Craigs near Markerston, in a communication to a committee of the House of Commons on the Salmon Fisheries, gives the following statement of the unspawned fish, kelts or fish that have spawned, and clean, that is, fresh-run, sound, and wholesome, fish taken by him from the 1st of January to the 10th of March, 1825.

From the 1st of January to the 1st of February.

Unspawned fish . . . . .	120
Kelts, none . . . . .	—
Clean . . . . .	1
	<hr/>
	121
	<hr/>

From the 1st of February to the 1st of March.

Unspawned fish . . . . .	25
Kelts . . . . .	15
Clean . . . . .	4
	<hr/>
	44

From the 1st to the 10th of March.

Unspawned fish, (4 on the 10th)	7
Kelts . . . . .	9
Clean . . . . .	1
	<hr/>
	17

Mr. Robert Buist says that there are foul fish in the Tay in January and February, but that he has never known of unspawned fish in that river in the latter month.

Salmon never spawn in still water unless when unable to reach the upper parts of a stream, where the water is shallow and runs over a gravelly bottom. On arriving at a proper place, both male and female commence forming in the gravel with their snouts a sort of trench, extending sometimes to eight or ten feet and from a foot to eighteen inches deep; during which operation they have been observed to emit a peculiar sound. In this hollow the female deposits the ova, generally from fifteen to seventeen thousand, which are impregnated by the male after ejection; and as they are emitted one by one, the time of spawning occupies several days. The ova are then covered up with sand, small stones, and gravel, the fish in performing this operation mostly using their tails, which are in consequence sometimes observed with part of the skin and the spines rubbed off. Should the male be killed before the spawning is completed, the female seeks another mate; and she has on such occasions been observed to be attended by a grilse or a large trout. When

the spawning is over, the fish slowly descend in a sick and weakly condition to the sea, the males preceding the females, though some kelts continue to linger in the upper part of the river till May, and are supposed to be destructive to the young fry. The ova are also greedily devoured by trouts and eels, and by birds which haunt the upper parts of rivers, among the most destructive of which is the water ouzel.

The young generally begin to rise from their gravelly beds to the surface of the water in the first week of March, "like a crop of oats," with a portion of the ovum or "pea" frequently adhering to them. At first they keep near the sides of the stream to be more out of the reach of the large fish, as well of their own species, as of pike and eels, which prey upon them. In this manner they are gradually carried down the river during April, at which time they are from two to three and a half inches long, and from half an ounce to two ounces in weight. On arriving within the influence of the tide they leave the shores and seek the deep water in the middle of the stream, and are generally all carried out to sea by the 4th of May. Towards the latter end of June they again enter the rivers, when they are mostly from two to two and a half pounds weight; during July and August they continue to ascend in greater numbers and of increased size; and in the latter month, which is the height of the grilse season in the Tweed, they generally weigh from three to six pounds, though some are caught weighing seven or eight. In September, when it is

supposed they revisit the sea, they again become scarce; and the next season they are taken as perfect salmon of nine pounds and upwards, few of them, in the opinion of experienced fishermen, attaining a weight of nine pounds the first year. The following account of the number of salmon and grilse caught in the river Ness, Inverness-shire, may afford some idea of their comparative abundance in most of the rivers of Scotland and the north of England which they frequent, during the respective months. From December to May no grilse were taken in the Ness, in any of the years.

	1812.		1813.		1814.	
	Salmon.	Grilse.	Salmon.	Grilse.	Salmon.	Grilse.
June .	6	39	18	27	69	180
July .	25	211	38	208	21	263
August	236	1361	318	700	221	710
Sept. .	77	482	74	169	15	97

The total caught in each of these four months, for three years, is:—

	Salmon.	Grilse.
In June .	93	246
July .	84	682
August	775	2771
Sept. .	166	748

Salmon on their return from the sea are found with an insect, the *Monoculus Piscinus*, or sea-louse, adhering to their sides and shoulders, but which falls off after they have been a short time in fresh water. They are also infested with an insect like a maggot, the *Lernea Salmonea*, which lodges in and destroys their gills, and which is said only to be

found in foul fish, and some persons consider it as a sure sign that such salmon have spawned. Both these insects have, however, been observed at the same time on one fish.

Willoughby, De Hist. Piscium, lib. 4, p. 189, states that in the river Ribble, which has its rise above Settle in Yorkshire, and runs into the sea below Preston in Lancashire, salmon in the first year are called *smelts*; in the second, *sprods*; in the third, *morts*; in the fourth, *fork-tails*; in the fifth, *half-fish*; in the sixth, being fully grown and having attained a just size, they were *salmon*. This information, he says, he had from a friend, but he does not appear to have received it with implicit faith, for he adds, that "there are others who say the salmon is of more rapid growth, arriving at perfection in three years." The writer has heard in Lancashire the terms *sprod* and *mord* vaguely used to designate salmon trouts of different sizes, but he never met with a person who was able to inform him of the weight, size, and marks of the trout to which the name of *sprod* or of *mord* was to be properly applied. It is scarcely necessary to add, that there is as little reason for distinguishing salmon of the fourth year, as *fork-tails*, as to make a *long* tail the distinguishing peculiarity of a cow of the same age. If the salmon of the Ribble were only considered such in their sixth year, they must have been either of slow growth or great size.

Izaak Walton, borrowing from Gesner, and thus giving a proof that neither his authority nor himself

possessed any real knowledge on this point,—on which they are contradicted by every practical fisherman,—says of the salmon, “the farther they get from the sea the better.” Dr. Thomas Moffet, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, thus gives his experience, on the same subject, in his “Health’s Improvement.” “*Gesner* commendeth them that go farthest up into fresh rivers, accounting them worst which are taken nearest the sea ; which I find to be true in the difference betwixt the salmons of upper *Severn* (betwixt *Shrewsbury* and *Bewdley*) and the salmons taken betwixt *Gloucester* and *Bristol*. Nevertheless, if they go too high up the river, they wax leaner for want of sufficient nourishment, as manifestly appeareth, which I myself have seen, in the salmon of the *Rhine* taken at *Ringfelden* beyond *Bazil*, and at *Oppenheim* above the city of *Mentz*. Though Dr. Moffet says, “salmon are a fatty, tender, short and sweet fish, quickly filling the stomach, and soon glutting;” yet we learn from him that hot salmon was “counted unwholesome in England, and suspected as a leprous meat;” but he adds, “without all reason ; for if it be sodden in wine, and afterwards well spiced, there is no danger of any such accident.” His contemporary, Thomas Cogan, “Maister of Artes, and Bachelor of Phisicke,” in his “Haven of Health,” printed in 1589, had, however, no very high opinion of it, either as a dainty or a wholesome article of food, placing it after such fishes as the pike, perch, whiting, gurnard, gudgeon, bream, and loach, in a separate chapter, “Of other fishes much used though not so wholsome.” He

speaks of it thus: "salmon though it be pleasant fishe, and very sweete, especially the belly thereof, yet it is not so wholesome as manie other before mentioned, but much grosser, more clammy, harder of digestion, and fuller of superfluitie. And that it is not simple wholesome is proved hereby, for that it is not used to be eaten hot, or immediately after it is boyled. The trout is of like nature, for it is the yong salmon. The nature of the salmon is to spawne in the fresh water, and after useth both fresh and salt." This opinion of the salmon, which appears to have been general, with its consequent cheapness and greater abundance, explains to us the reason why in Kendal and Newcastle-on-Tyne apprentices covenanted in their indentures with their masters, that they should not have salmon to dinner oftener than three times a week. This salvo is now omitted in such contracts, the apprentices of those towns being no longer exposed to the risk of a surfeit from feeding on salmon more than thrice a week.

Though certain fishermen and salesmen have declared that salmon are best in January and February, yet as their opinion might be influenced by their interest, salmon bringing much the highest price then, it is not to be received as absolutely correct. Let such as wish to be correctly informed on this point, *taste* for themselves. It is generally considered in Northumberland that the salmon does not arrive at perfection before May, according to the old maxim,

"The salmon's never good  
Till he drinks the May-flood."



2. *Salmo Eriox*. The Grey. Jaws nearly equal. Color of the back inclining to a black-green; the sides sometimes of a yellowish tinge; belly white; numerous large ash-colored spots above the lateral line. Extremity of the tail nearly straight. Ten rays in the anal fin. Mostly caught from eighteen to twenty-four inches long, and weighing from three to six pounds, though some have been caught weighing from twelve to sixteen. Mostly confined to the northern rivers of Scotland, which it ascends in August. It is chiefly distinguished from the salmon trout by the color and greater number of its spots; thicker and broader body; more numerous teeth; and by its lateness in entering the rivers. It is the "*SALMO griseus seu cinereus*" of Ray; and it is perhaps the same as the Shewin, which is caught in some of the rivers of Wales.

3. *Salmo Hucho*. The bull trout. In color the same as the salmon, from which it is only distinguished by being of smaller size and more lengthened shape, having fewer teeth, and only ten or eleven rays in the anal fin. In the Coquet, where it is commonly called a salmon trout, it is mostly caught from eighteen to twenty-two inches long, and weighing from three to five pounds. In Newcastle market it is sold as grilse. There appears to be no real difference between the bull and the salmon trout, and it is probable that they are both only varieties of the salmon, whose growth is impeded by circumstances with which we are unacquainted, or which are only caught when in their first year. Dr. Wm. Turner, a Northumberland man and an eminent naturalist, who lived in the reign of Queen

Mary, thus mentions the bull trout of his native county: "*Trutta taurina*, apud nos in Northumbria, ab insigni magnitudine." Dr. Walter Charleton, whom I should take, from his name and the expression, "apud nos in Northumbria," the same as Dr. Turner's, to be of the same county, in his *Onomasticon Zoicon*, 1668, notices it in the following manner: "*Trutta Taurina*. With us in Northumberland, a *Bull-Trout*, from its great size; In some counties, a *Grey Trout*; in others, a *Skurf*."

4. *Salmo Trutta*. The salmon trout. Of similar color and spots to the bull trout and the salmon. Has ten or eleven rays in the anal fin, the same as the bull trout, and observes the same migrations. It is the *Trutta Salmoneta* of Willoughby, who says that it is also called the *Skurf* and the *Bull-trout*; and that it differs from the salmon in being less, seldom exceeding twenty inches in length, its tail not being forked, and its flesh not being red as in the salmon; and from the grey, in also being less, and in having a shorter and thicker head. The flesh is also more rank, and not so pleasant as that of the grey. He adds: "of the salmon trout there are many varieties, well known and distinguished by our fishermen, who also are well acquainted with the months in which each makes its appearance; though I dare not venture to affirm them to be of different species." *De Hist. Piscium*, lib. 4, p. 193.

5. *Salmo Albus*. The Whitling, Herling, or Phinock. Comparatively of a thinner form and more compressed than the salmon, lighter colored on the back than the salmon trout; the lower part of the

sides and the belly of a beautiful silvery white, from which its name of whitling is derived. Nine rays on the anal fin. In the rivers on the borders of Scotland they are sometimes caught from sixteen to twenty inches long, and weighing from two to four pounds. In the Tay they are seldom caught exceeding twelve inches. It enters the rivers about July, and is found with the sea-louse adhering to it the same as the salmon. The flesh is of a reddish color like that of the salmon.

6. *Salmo Fario*. The common trout. Color of the back a dusky brown; of a greenish yellow on the sides; white on the belly. Marked with many spots of a brown, red, and purplish hue. Edges of the ventral fins of a red or yellowish tinge. Rays in the anal fin, nine. Does not go down to the sea. Mostly taken from ten to fourteen inches long, and weighing from eight ounces to a pound. Many are, however, caught of a much greater size. One taken in the neighbourhood of Great Driffield, in September, 1832, measured thirty-one inches in length, twenty-one in girth, and weighed seventeen pounds. The age to which the trout arrives has never been ascertained, any more than the age of the salmon. In August, 1809, a trout died, which had been for twenty-eight years an inhabitant of the well at Dumbarton Castle. It had never increased in weight from the time of its being put in, when it weighed about a pound; and had become so tame that it would receive its food from the hands of the soldiers.

In the river Eynion in Cardiganshire, there is a kind of trout taken with the back crooked immedi-

ately above the tail, which is hence called the "hog-backed trout." The trout spawns in November, depositing its ova in the same manner as the salmon. The number of the ova varies from twenty to many thousands according to the size of the fish, and they are about the same size as those of the salmon.

There is a mode of taking trouts mentioned in some authors, which savors much of having a common original with that safe rule for catching birds, to wit, by putting a little salt on their tails. Speaking of the trout, Thomas Cogan, in 1589, expresses himself thus: "This fishe of Nature loveth flatterie: for being in the water it will suffer it selfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so be taken. Whose example I would wish no maydes to follow, lest they repent afterclappes." Haven of Health, p. 143. In the Art of Angling, 1740, R. Brookes, M. D. writes as follows: "There is a method of taking *Trout* in some parts of England by tickling them; I knew one who was very expert in that art; he would grope for them in their lurking places, and gently tickle their sides, which they seem to be delighted with, 'till at length approaching their gills he held them fast, and made them prisoners; and we learn, from the *Philosophical Transactions*, that *Carp* are sometimes taken in the same way." In future, let no philosophical sportsman be laughed at for taking a salt-box with him to the moors, on the 12th of August.

7. *Salmo Salmulus*. The brandling trout, samlet, pink, or par. Distinguished by a row of large bluish marks descending from the back, on each

side, as if caused by the impression of fingers, whence it is in some places called the fingerling. They are seldom caught exceeding seven or eight inches in length, and have been supposed to be all males; but this is probably a mistake, owing to the imperfect developement of the roe. They are now generally considered as the young of the salmon trout, but are as likely to be young salmon.

8. *Salmo Salvelinus*. The red char, or torgoch. About a foot long. Back of a purplish green, passing into a yellowish white on the sides; the belly red. It is found in the lakes of Scotland and Wales, and in Windermere, Conistone, and Buttermere.

9. *Salmo Alpinus*. The case char. Same size as the red char. Back black; sides bluish; the belly of yellowish umber. Is found in Windermere, and spawns about the latter end of September.

\*\* COREGONI: Teeth small and scarcely perceptible, and none on the tongue or the palate.

10. *Salmo Thymallus*. The grayling. Not so thick nor so deep as a trout. Back of a bluish green; sides of a yellowish grey, marked with longitudinal lines of a bluish colour. The grayling is by no means a common species. It delights in clear streams which have their source in limestone hills. It is caught, from ten to twenty inches long, in the Wye; in the Derwent, and the Rye in the East Riding of Yorkshire; in the Wiske, near Northallerton, and is not found in any stream to the north of the one last mentioned. It was called

Thymallus from being thought at certain seasons to smell like thyme.

11. *Salmo Lavaretus*. The guinaid. The back dusky with a shade of blue, growing lighter at the sides; belly silvery, and rather broad. Upper jaw more prominent than the lower, and the mouth like that of a herring. General length from ten to twelve inches; though it is sometimes caught from sixteen to eighteen inches long, and weighing from two to four pounds. It is found in the lakes of Wales; in Ullswater, in Cumberland, where it is called the Schelly; Lochmaben, in Scotland; and in the Highland lakes, where it is called the Powan, and Pollag.

\*\*\* OSMERI: the greater dorsal and the anal fin nearly opposite. Only one species found in Britain.

12. *Salmo Eperlanus*. The smelt or sparring. Head transparent; back of a straw color with a tinge of green; lighter towards the sides; belly white. Is distinguished by its peculiar smell. Mostly taken from six to ten inches long, in large rivers, which it does not appear to ascend much above the influence of the tide. It is caught in the Thames; the Humber, in great abundance; the Tyne; and in most of the large rivers of Scotland.

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#### KESWICK AND ULLSWATER COMPARED.

The comparative merits of Derwent, or Keswick, lake and that of Ullswater, will be found in the following pleadings in the cause, *KESWICK versus*

ULLSWATER, which, like Cowper's celebrated case, *NOSE v. EYES, in re Spectacles*, are "not to be found in any of the books," and were first "reported" in an Edinburgh newspaper, about three or four years ago. They are said to be the production of an eminent lawyer, now a judge in one of the Scottish courts.

*August 27, 1799. KESWICK against ULLSWATER.*

"In a competition amongst the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, after the preferable claim of Windermere had been sustained, it came to be disputed, whether Keswick ought to be ranked *secundo loco*, or brought in *pari passu* with Ullswater.

PLEADED FOR KESWICK.—*1 mo.* This piece of water is circular and retains the form of a lake in every point of view; on the contrary, Ullswater is narrow and winding, and it deceives the spectator by assuming the appearance of a river. Its claim to beauty ought, therefore, to be repelled as founded on a simulate right, and although a broad expanse of water is sometimes less interesting than a contracted stream, yet this is not the case when there is evidently a *dolus dans causam contractui*.

*Secundo et separatim.* From the top of Skiddaw, the first object that arrests the attention is Keswick, with its surrounding vale, and arrestments are preferable according to their dates. *Ersk. B. III. T. 4, §. 18.*

*Tertio.* The islands in this lake are more numerous and varied; and some of them are clothed with fine wood, not a *silva cædua* like that on the islands

of Ullswater, but grown timber, which could not be cut by a life-renter, even if infest *cum silvis*; though, perhaps, he might use it to keep the houses in a habitable condition. 8th December, 1737. Fergusson *contra* Fergusson.

*Lastly.* The distant mountains are more magnificent, and they disclose in the back ground more picturesque and romantic scenery, particularly in the pass of Borrowdale, towards the black lead or wad mines, all of which are to be held part and pertinent of Keswick, according to the maxim, *accessorium sequitur principale*.

In support of this argument, various authorities may be referred to—Gray's letters, p. 18; Gilpin's Tour, p. 39; and so it was decided by Mr. Avison, organist of Durham, 30th June, 1772, who pronounced the following judgment: "this is beauty lying in the lap of horror."

ANSWERED FOR ULLSWATER.—1 *mo.* Nothing can be more stiff and formal than Keswick, the figure of which is almost an exact circle, while this lake resembles the letter S, and is the true line of beauty. Nor can it be mistaken for a river, because it does not flow, *et rivus est locus quo aqua decurrat*. L. 1. § 2, *ff. de rivis*. Besides, in point of size, it equals or exceeds Keswick, and the quantity of water in the one may be set off against that in the other, which, it will not be disputed, is a *compensatio de liquido in liquidum*.

*Secundo.* As to Keswick's arresting the attention;—whoever went to the top of Skiddaw, merely to compare the two lakes was using nimious dili-



gence, and at any rate, it is an argument *in apicibus*.

*Tertio.* The solitude that reigns amongst the bold and precipitous shore of Ullswater, is peculiarly romantic and pleasing, for, amidst a scene of broken banks there ought always to be sequestration; but the sides of Keswick are covered with houses, and, if two lovers had an assignation there, it would soon be intimated all over the country. Indeed, a decent couple cannot take a walk without exciting attention. L. 1, § 3, *ff. Unde Vir et Uxor*.

*Quarto.* As to the islands, Vicar's Island spoils the effect of the rest, for it is covered with corn fields, which are certainly out of place there, corn being parsonage and not vicarage. Forbes on Teinds, p. 39. Not to mention that its banks are quite deformed by Mr. Pocklington's fortifications. L. 1. § 6, *ff. de ripa munienda*.

*Lastly.* It is impossible to enter Borrowdale with personal security, from the suspension of loose rocks, fragments of which are constantly tumbling down; and few travellers have orderly proceeded to the top of it, whatever diligence they may have used. As for the wad mines, they are in lease, and therefore form a proper wadset, which has nothing to do with the lake.

It will be observed, with regard to the authorities cited, that the organist Avison was an inferior judge, and not competent to decide the question, and at that time he was in the special service of the Bishop of Durham, and proceeding to Carlisle in a retour.

REPLIED FOR KESWICK.—The fertility of Vicar's

Island is in its favour, and the beauty of the scene will be increased *in quantum locupletior facta*. While the islands in Ullswater are denuded not only of trees, but of grass, and even the goats upon them have been allowed a separate aliment. Mr. Pocklington's buildings are a *novum opus* which will look better when the lime is blackened by the weather, *et domum suam reficere unicuique licet*. L. 61, *ff. de reg. juris*.

DUPLIED FOR ULLSWATER.—They will never improve, *quod initio vitiosum*, &c.

The travellers preferred Keswick by their first interlocutor, but a second bottle being presented and discussed they could see no distinction between them, and found accordingly."

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#### LIST OF TROUT STREAMS.

THE following list of some of the principal trout streams, in Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, and in the border counties of Scotland, may perhaps be of service to the angler who is a stranger to those counties, and who may happen to visit them for the first time. It is by no means offered as a complete one, but the writer believes, that so far as it extends, it will be found to be correct. The towns and villages named after each stream, indicate the place in the neighbourhood where the angler will be most likely

to find convenient quarters. They are placed as they occur in ascending the stream, the lowest down being mentioned first.

## YORKSHIRE.

- The Aire. Keighley, Skipton.  
 Codbeck. Topcliffe, Thirsk.  
 Costa. Pickering.  
 Cover. East Witton, or Middleham.  
 Dent. Dent, or Sedbergh.  
 Derwent. Malton, East Ayton, or Scarborough.  
 Dove, and Seven Beck. Kirkby Moorside.  
 Eure. Ripon, Masham, Middleham, Askrigg.  
 Greta. Greta Bridge.  
 Hull, and Driffield Beck. Great Driffield.  
 Leven. Stokesley.  
 Rye, and Hole Beck. Helmsley.  
 Swale. Topcliffe, Catterick Bridge, Richmond.  
 Wharf. Wetherby, Harewood, Otley.  
 Wiske. Northallerton.

## DURHAM.

- The Derwent. Ebchester, Edmondbyers, or Blanchland.  
 Tees. Hurworth, Croft Bridge, Barnard Castle, Middleton in Teesdale. The Lune, an excellent trout stream which runs through the north western extremity of Yorkshire, and enters the Tees a little below Middleton, is well worth the angler's attention.  
 Wear. Durham, Bishop Auckland, Wolsingham.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

- The Allen, East. Allendale Town.  
 Allen, West. Whitfield.  
 Aln. Alnwick, Whittingham.  
 Beamish, or Breamish, the name of the Till  
 above Bewick. Glanton.  
 Blyth. Bedlington, Stannington.  
 Coquet. Warkworth, Felton, Weldon Bridge,  
 Rothbury.  
 Glen. Wooler.  
 Pont. Ponteland.  
 Reed. Otterburn.  
 Till. Wooler.  
 Tyne. Bywell, Hexham. A little above Hex-  
 ham the Tyne is divided into two branches.  
 Tyne, North. Bellingham  
 Tyne, South. Haydon Bridge, Alston in Cum-  
 berland.  
 Wansbeck. Morpeth, Meldon Dyke-nook.

## CUMBERLAND.

- The Bleng, and the Irt. Gosforth, about twelve  
 miles south of Whitehaven.  
 Caldew, the Eden, and the Peteril. Carlisle.  
 Cocker. Cockermouth, Buttermere.  
 Derwent. Workington, Cockermouth, Keswick.  
 Duddon. Broughton in Lancashire.  
 Eamont. Penrith.  
 Ehen, or En. Egremont.  
 Ellen. Ireby.  
 Esk, on the border. Longtown.

Esk, about fourteen miles south of Whitehaven,  
and the Mite. Ravenglas.

Irthing. Brampton.

Wampool. Wigton.

## WESTMORLAND.

The Bratha. Ambleside.

Eden. Temple Sowerby, Appleby, Kirkby  
Stephen.

Kent, and its tributary which runs through  
Long Sleddale. Kendal.

Lowther. Shap.

Lune. Kirkby Lonsdale, Sedbergh, Burrow-  
bridge.

## BORDER COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.

## BERWICKSHIRE.

The Black Adder, and the White Adder. Dunse.

Tweed. Berwick, Coldstream, Kelso, Melrose,  
Peebles.

## ROXBURGHSHIRE.

The Ale. Ancrum. The angler had best fix his  
quarters at Jedburgh.

Beaumont, or Bowmont. Yetholm.

Hermitage. The angler may obtain oat-cake,  
whiskey, and clean straw at the toll-bar, at  
the foot of the Nine-stanerig, on the road  
between Hawick and Newcastleton. But he  
will scarcely fail to meet with border hospi-  
tality, should he ask a supper and a night's  
lodging, at the farm-house of Twiselhope,

about two miles above Hermitage Castle; and should he, though a "southron," bear a good old border name,—as happened to be the case with S. O.—he is the more likely to meet with a hearty welcome from the descendant of

" An Elliot steive an' true,  
A bauld follower o' Buccleugh;  
Wha drave baith steer an' steed,  
O' law took little heed;  
An' for bauld an' ventrous deed  
He banged a' the Border through."

Jed. Jedburgh.

Kail, and Ousenam water. Morebattle.

Slitrig, Borthwick, and Hassendean burn. Hawick.

Teviot. Kelso, Jedburgh, Hawick.

#### SELKIRKSHIRE.

The Ettrick, and the Yarrow. Selkirk.

Gala. Galashiels.

#### DUMFRIESSHIRE.

The Annan. Annan, Lockerby.

Esk, the Ewes, and Wauchope burn. Langholm.

Nith. Dumfries.

Sark. Gretna. The angler may here seek solace for his recent anxiety, *after* the matrimonial hook is fixed, should he visit this place on such an errand.











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