

AN
ANGLER'S
GARLAND



ERIC PARKER



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AN
ANGLER'S
GARLAND

An
Angler's
Garland

Of FIELDS, RIVERS, and other
COUNTRY CONTENTMENTS.

—
Compiled by

ERIC PARKER



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SH
439
P22a

TO HUGH TEMPEST SHERINGHAM.

O'F gnat and nymph and gossamer
Let dry-fly purists wrangle,
With palmer, spinner, bulger, drag,
Let wet-fly wits entangle ;

Let town and train seek Trent and Thames
For pike and perch in order,
Let February salmon run
The cauds beyond the Border ;

Let moorland wands the red, red worm
By brae and dogrose dibble,
Or Lea or Ouse expert discern
Their roaches' shyest nibble.

So rod to rod, from strand or stream,
Burn leaping, loch a-quiver,
'Sporting' or 'coarse' shall sing the song
Of each his separate river.

But you, dear H. T. S., of all !
Of all you tell the praises !
By beck or broad, the day you spend
The happiest of days is !

Wilkinson, Stewart, May-fly, float,
With equal eye you measure,
And count the angler incompleat
Who shares not all your pleasure.

E. P.

N.B.—A few copies of this book have been printed upon Large Paper. Price one guinea.

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TO THE READER.

This is an attempt to bring into the compass of a single little book the best that has been written on the sport of angling. From the author of *THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS* and Izaak Walton onwards fishing is a subject which has attracted many pens, gentle, gay, fantastic, severe; all of them happy, I think, in their occupation. One or two other writers I have included, because their thoughts must be in the heart, if they are not in the memory, of men going angling. For the rest, I have naturally chosen what I myself liked best; and though I have not been able, for various reasons, to include all that I wished, and cannot expect to have hit on all that others would prefer, I have hoped to make a book which an angler might slip into his pocket, to read on the bank of a river; or if he cannot be out, in a chair by a winter fire.

June, 1920.

E. P.

TO THE READER

OF HIS DISCOURSE.

I WISH the reader to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are *offences given*, and *offences not given but taken*.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because, though it is known, I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

An Angler's Garland.

IN COMMENDATION.

I MAY, without Vanity, affirm, that the following Treatise upon *Angling*, is the most *perfect* and *compleat* of any that has hitherto appeared in Print.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

BARKER'S DELIGHT.

To the

RIGHT Honourable Edward Lord Montague,
Generall of the Navy, and one of the Lords
Commissioners of the Treasury.

NOBLE LORD,

I Do present this my book as I have named it *Barker's Delight*, to your Honour. I pray God send you safe home to your good Lady and sweet Babes. *Amen, Amen.* If you shall find anything delightfull in the reading of it, I shall heartily rejoyce, for I know you are one who takes delight in that pleasure, and have good judgement and experience, as many noble persons and Gentlemen of true piety and honour do and have. The favour that I have found from you, and a great many more that did and do love that pleasure, shall never be bury'd in oblivion by me. I am now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book. I have written no more but mine own experience and practice, and have set forth the true ground of Angling, which I have been gathering these three score years, having spent many pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where I was born and educated, which is *Bracemeale* in the Liberty of *Salop*, being a Freeman and Burgesse of the same City. If any noble or gentle Angler, of what degree soever he be, have a

To The Reader.

mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in *Henry* the 7th's Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in *Westm.*, my name is *Barker*, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them, for, it would be too heavy for every one that loveth that exercise to be at that charge as I was at first in my youth, the losse of my time, with great expences. Therefore I took it in consideration, and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and wayes that I have found by experience both for the fitting of rods and tackles both for ground-baits and flyes, with directions for the making thereof, with observations for times and seasons, for the ground-baits and flyes, both for day and night, with the dressing, wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them, and to show how I can perform it, to furnish any Lords table, onely with trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for 16 or 20 dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health (with help of God) to go dry in their boots and shooes in angling, for age taketh the pleasure from me. My Lord, I am

Your Honours most humble Servant,

Thomas Barker.

An Angler's Garland.

TO CAPTAIN RICHARD FRANCK.

To My Honoured Friend,
CAPTAIN RICHARD FRANCK,
Upon His
CONTEMPLATIVE ANGLER.

I AM no fisher,
But a well-wisher
To the game :
And as oft as I look
And read in your book,
So oft I blame
My minutes spent with frothy recreation,
Whilst others live aloft by contemplation.

It's true, sometimes I read
In Cambden and Speed,
And sometimes Mercator :
Yet in them I can't spy
How the scaly fry
Floats in the water.
We grant those anglers were elaborate
To fish the world; but you the anglers state.

John Richards.

(Included in *Franck's* NORTHERN MEMOIRS.)

BEGINNINGS.

THE GUDGEON.

LOE, in a little Boate where one doth stand,
That to a Willow Bough the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand;
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,
And then with slender Line and Rod in hand,
The eager bit not long he doth abide.
Well leaded is his Line, his Hooke but small,
A good big Corke to beare the streame withall.

His baite the least red worme that may be found
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lye;
Whereat the greedy Goodgion bites so sound
That Hooke and all he swalloweth by and by;
See how he strikes, and puls them vp as round
As if new store the play did still supply.
And when the bit doth dye or bad doth proue,
Then to another place he doth remoue.

This Fish the fittest for a learner is
That in this Art delights to take some paine;
For as high flying Haukes that often misse
The swifter soules, are eased with a traine,
So to a young beginner yeeldeth this,
Such readie sport as makes him proue againe,
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

An Angler's Garland.

EELS.

I N all the ditches, however small, which contained water there were small eels. There were two or three even in the Holy Well, a wonderful little pool of crystal water lying behind a bush on the right hand of the road as you go from the Vicarage to the church. What a road to a child newly escaped from London! The very dust seemed to be sweet-scented. And there were dog-roses in the hedges, and baby rabbits which you could very nearly catch. But the eels were the greatest adventure to me. I could not catch them either, the well being too deep. I remember them with affection, with the delightful dust and the dog-roses. *Referat si Jupiter annos!*

H. T. Sheringham: TROUT FISHING.

Beginnings.

READING OLD IZAAK.

FOR my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled for above half an hour before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes.

I recollect, also that, after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me! I believe, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth-worm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day!

But, above all, I recollect the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry" repast which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of the hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milkmaid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep.

Washington Irving: THE SKETCH BOOK.

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THE SECRET.

LET me here record a statement often made by Charles Ebdy. He declared that worm-fishing up stream, in clear water, was as a high branch of the art first practised by the Witton schoolboys. The earliest really successful anglers in this way of whom I ever heard were the sons of Sir William Chaytor, first Baronet of Witton Castle. These lads associating with the schoolboys, the art became common to them all, and thence it spread. Charlie himself learnt it from a Witton boy, as far back as the year 1820. It is certain that during my early visits with Charlie to Coquet Glen, Till, Tweed, and Whiteadder, commencing in 1831, we never met with or heard of anyone who fished with worm up stream, and hence our wonderful success in the months of June and July caused us to be narrowly watched by some who were desirous to learn our secret, and denounced by others as in some way or other no better than cunning poachers.

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

Beginnings.

HARRY OTTER LEARNS WHAT IS A FISH.

THE rod was hastily put together; a beautiful new azure line passed through the rings; a casting line, made like the waist of Prior's Emma, appended, with two trout flies attached to it of the manufacture even of me, Harry Otter. An eager throw to begin with: round came the flies intact. Three, four, five, six throws—a dozen: no better result. The fish were stern and contemptuous. At length some favourable change took place in the clouds, or atmosphere, and I caught sundry small trout; and finally, in the cheek of a boiler, I fairly hauled out a two-pounder. A jewel of a fish he was—quite a treasure all over. After I had performed the satisfactory office of bagging him, I came to a part of the river which, being contracted, rushed forward in a heap, rolling with great impetuosity. Here, after a little flogging, I hooked a lusty fellow, strong as an elephant, and swift as a thunderbolt. How I was agitated say ye who best can tell, ye fellow tyros! Every moment did I expect my trout tackle, for such it was, to part company. At length, after various runs of dubious result, the caitiff began to yield; and at the expiration of about half an hour, I wooed him to the shore. What a sight then struck my optics! A fair five-pounder at the least; not fisherman's weight, mark me, but such as would pass muster with the most conscientious lord mayor of London during the high price of bread. Long did I gaze on him, not without self-applause. All too large he was for my basket; I therefore laid the darling at full length on the ground, under a birch tree, and covered over the precious deposit with some wet bracken, that it might not suffer from the sunbeam.

I had not long completed this immortal achieve-

An Angler's Garland.

ment ere I saw a native approaching, armed with a prodigious fishing-rod of simple construction guiltless of colour or varnish. He had a belt round his waist, to which was fastened a large wooden reel or pirn, and the line passed from it through the rings of his rod : a sort of Wat Tinlinn he was to look at. The whole affair seemed so primitive; there was such an absolute indigence of ornament, and poverty of conception, that I felt somewhat fastidious about it. I could not, however, let a brother of the craft pass unnoticed, albeit somewhat rude in his attire; so, "What sport," said I, "my good friend?"

"I canna say that I hae had muckle diversion; for she is quite fallen in, and there wull be no good fishing till there comes a spate."

Now, after this remark, I waxed more proud of my success; but I did not come down upon him at once with it, but said somewhat slyly, and with mock modesty :

"Then you think there is not much chance for any one, and least of all for a stranger like myself?"

"I dinna think the like o' ye can do muckle; though I will no say but ye may light on a wee bit trout, or may be on a happening fish. That's a bonny little wand you've got; and she shimmers so with varnish, that I'm thinking that when she is in the eye o' the sun the fish will come aneath her, as they do to the blaze in the water."

Sandy was evidently lampooning my Higginbotham. I therefore replied, that she certainly had more shining qualities than were often met with on the northern side of the Tweed. At this personality, my pleasant friend took out a large mull from his pocket, and, applying a copious quantity of its contents to his nose, very politely responded :

"Ye needna fash yoursel' to observe about the like o' her; she is no worth this pinch o' snuff."

He then very courteously handed his mull to me.

Beginnings.

“ Well,” said I, still modestly. “ she will do well enough for a bungler like me.” I was trolling for a compliment.

“ Ay, that will she,” said he.

Though a little mortified, I was not sorry to get him to this point; for I knew I could overwhelm him with facts, and the more diffidently I conducted myself the more complete would be my triumph. So laying down my pet rod on the channel, I very deliberately took out my two-pounder, as a feeler. He looked particularly well; for I had tied up his mouth, that he might keep his shape, and moistened him, as I before said, with soaked fern to preserve his colour. I fear I looked a little elate on the occasion; assuredly I felt so.

“ There’s a fine fish now,—a perfect beauty ! ”

“ Hoot toot ! that’s no a fish ava.”

“ No fish, man ! What the deuce is it, then ? Is it a rabbit, or a wild duck, or a water-rat ? ”

“ Ye are joost gin daft. Do ye no ken a troot when ye see it ? ”

I could make nothing of this answer, for I thought a trout was a fish; but it seems I was mistaken. However, I saw the envy of the man; so I determined to inflict him with a settler at once. For this purpose I inveigled him to where my five-pounder was deposited; then kneeling down and proudly removing the bracken I had placed over him, there lay the monster most manifest, extended in all his glory. The light—the eye of the landscape—before whose brilliant sides Runjeet Singh’s diamond, called “ the mountain of light,” would sink into the deep obscure;—dazzled with the magnificent sight, I chuckled in the plenitude of victory. This was unbecoming in me, I own, for I should have borne my faculties meekly; but I was young and sanguine; so (*horresco referens*) I gave a smart turn of my body, and, placing an arm akimbo, said, in an

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exulting tone, and with a scrutinising look, "There, what do you think of that?" I did not see the astonishment in Sawny's face that I had anticipated, neither did he seem to regard me with the least degree of veneration; but, giving my pet a shove with his nasty iron-shod shoes, he simply said:

"Hoot! that's a wee bit gilse."

This was laconic. I could hold no longer, for I hate a detractor; so I roundly told him that I did not think he had ever caught so large a fish in all his life.

"Did you now?—own."

"I suppose I have."

"Suppose! But don't you know?"

"I suppose I have."

"Speak decidedly, yes or no. That is no answer."

"Well, then, I suppose I have."

And this was the sum-total of what I could extract from this *nil admirari* fellow.

A third person now joined us, whom I afterwards discovered to be the renter of that part of the river. He had a rod and tackle of the selfsame fashion with the apathetic man. He touched his bonnet to me; and if he did not eye me with approval, at least he did not look envious or sarcastic.

"Well, Sandy," said he to his piscatorial friend, my new acquaintance, "what luck the morn?"

"I canna specify that I hae had muckle; for they hae bin at the sheep-washing up bye, and she is foul, ye ken. But I hae ta'en twa saumon,—ane wi' Nancy, and the ither wi' a Toppo,—baith in Faldonside Burn fut."

And twisting round a coarse linen bag which was slung at his back, and which I had supposed to contain some common lumber, he drew forth by the tail a never-ending monster of a salmon, dazzling and lusty to the view; and then a second, fit consort to the first. Could you believe it? One proved to be

Beginnings.

fifteen pounds, and the other twelve! At the sudden appearance of these whales I was shivered to atoms: dumbfounded I was, like the Laird of Cockpen when Mrs. Jean refused the honour of his hand. I felt as small as Flimnap the treasurer in the presence of Gulliver. Little did I say; but that little, I hope, was becoming a youth in my situation.

I was now fairly vaccinated.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

THE BOY.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

The Boy.

THE FIRST STREAM.

FRESH air and liberty are all that is necessary to the happiness of children. In that blissful age "when nature's self is new," the bloom of interest and beauty is found alike in every object of perception—in the grass of the meadow, the moss on the rock, and seaweed on the sand. They find gems and treasures in shells and pebbles; and the gardens of fairyland in the simplest flowers. They have no melancholy associations with autumn or with evening. The falling leaves are their playthings; and the setting sun only tells them that they must go to rest as he does, and that he will light them to their sports in the morning. It is this bloom of novelty, and the pure, unclouded, unvitiated feelings with which it is contemplated, that throw such an unearthly radiance on the scenes of our infancy, however humble in themselves, and give a charm to their recollections which not even Tempe can compensate. It is the force of first impressions. The first meadow in which we gather cowslips, the first stream on which we sail, the first home in which we awake to the sense of human sympathy, have all a peculiar and exclusive charm, which we shall never find again in richer meadows, mightier rivers, and more magnificent dwellings; nor even in themselves, when we revisit them after the lapse of years, and the sad realities of noon have dissipated the illusions of sunrise.

Thomas Love Peacock: MELINCOURT.

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THE STORM.

ONE burn I used to fish which flowed through a wood of high trees down a steep rocky channel. Here it was possible, at least for a small boy, to keep out of sight by walking up the bed of the burn itself, stooping low, jerking the worm up into little pools and cascades above, and lifting the trout out down stream on to the bank. This was very pretty work. I remember once getting several trout quickly one after the other in this place, and then they suddenly stopped taking. One little favourite pool after another produced nothing, and a fear of something unknown came over me; the gloom and stillness of the wood made me uneasy, everything about me seemed to know something, to have a meaning which was hidden from me; and I felt as if my fishing was out of place. At last I could resist the feeling of apprehension no longer; I left the rod with the line in a pool to fish for itself, and went up to the edge of the wood to see what was happening in the open world outside. There was a great storm coming up full of menace, as thunderclouds often are. It filled me with terror. I hurried back for my rod, left the burn and the wood, and fled before the storm, going slow to get breath now and then, and continually urged to running again by the sound of thunder behind me.

Lord Grey of Fallodon: FLY FISHING.

The Boy.

THE COUNTRY LAD.

WHO can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing :
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by :
Or along the shallow brook
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessèd sunny day :
Or to hear the partridge call,
Till she have her covey all :
Or to see the subtle fox
How the villain plies the box :
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow :
Then the bee to gather honey,
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face :
Are not these with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights
That may breed true love's delights?

Nicholas Breton:

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD.

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THE TARN.

WHEN once you had scrambled up the path through the woods, taking toll of the wild raspberries by the way; passed through the straggling upland pastures, hugging the loose-knit walls when the shaggy cattle seemed suspiciously like bulls; you emerged upon wild steeps of heather and deep bracken, clogging thorns and juniper bushes, to which the spice of adventure was given by the legend that the place swarmed with vipers. Then, at last, when apprehension in little hearts had long been replaced by aching in little legs, came an escarpment of grey rock, and beyond it a level sheet of blue water stretching far to the unknown horizon.

On the ordnance map the Tarn shows but a small ragged spot, yet when revisited, even on the verge of sober middle-age, it still conveys the same impression of vastness which charmed our childhood. Nor was the illusion ever dispelled by making a circuit of the water. The heather there grows deep and thick; the ground is wrinkled everywhere with unseen crevasses, full either of black bog or sharp unkindly stones; while the long arms of the Tarn, running up into the land, make the journey seem interminable.

Besides the enchantment of air and light and space, the mystery of remoteness, there was also an exhilarating sense of freedom. Nothing was there but the blue water eternally lapping on the rocks; the walls of the boathouse—dilapidated even then, and swept away long since by some winter storm; the low, rocky, heather-clad hills all round; with one dark clump of firs, now like the boathouse, a thing of the past, shadowing a calmer bay to the west floored with bright water-lilies.

C. J. Holmes: THE TARN AND THE LAKE.

The Boy.

THE BACKWATER.

THERE was still a margin of turf separating the river from the garden, except at the western end, where it was separated from the meadow by a fringe of alders and a ditch. This half-acre of black mould was surrounded by water—the river in front, and a deep backwater bending round to the back, where the level mead was intersected with runnels of all sizes, and only to be travelled over by one possessing a knowledge of the many planks and rustic foot-bridges. Familiar, indeed, was this backwater, neither narrower nor shallower than of yore, from which stray pike, perch, and eels many a time and oft were transferred to my hungry creel; the little brook where you could always make sure of finding a plentiful supply of caddis bait; the watercress bed, from which the cresses had long been grubbed, so that it might be used as a sort of loose-box for live bait. These were precisely as they used to be. The very celery trenches and winter kail in the garden seemed never to have altered by so much as a leaf or stalk.

William Senior: NEAR AND FAR.

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THE BROOK THAT RAN BY GRAMFER'S.

WHEN snow-white clouds wer thin an' vew
 Avore the zummer sky o' blue,
An' I'd noo ho but how to vind
Zome play to entertain my mind;
Along the water, as did wind
 Wi' zedgy shoal an' hollow crook,
 How I did ramble by the brook
 That ran all down vrom gramfer's.

A-holdèn out my line beyond
The clote-leaves, wi' my withy wand,
How I did watch, wi' eager look,
My zwimmèn cork, a-zunk or shook
By minnows nibblèn at my hook,
 A-thinkèn I should catch a breäce
 O' perch, or at the leäst some deäce
 A-zwimmèn down vrom gramfer's.

William Barnes: POEMS OF RURAL LIFE.

The Boy.

A BITE AT HENDERSON'S.

MY First Trout.—Oh, joy of joys! As I approached my tenth year I became more and more devoted to my fishing-rod, and with a little knot of friends as enthusiastic as myself, I used to pass every hour unclaimed by our schoolmaster in spinning hair-lines, making tackle and bobbing for eels.

On one of our holiday afternoons the little party of friends repaired to the Browney, near Langley Bridge, and there in the long Dub by the side of the Brancepeth road we propped our rods side by side and began a game at leap-frog, when a cry arose, "There's a bite at Henderson's." A rush to the river, an anxious pause, a gentle uplifting of the rod, a loud scream of wonder and backwards I ran, far into the dusty road, dragging a trout whose weight was at least a pound. The war-whoops and dances of a party of Indians could hardly have exceeded the excitement to which we gave way. There was cheer upon cheer, yell upon yell, and many a thump descended upon my back in token of sympathy. There was no more fishing that afternoon. Back we marched to the old city, bearing our prize suspended by the gills upon a hazel stick and looking out for the admiring gaze of the passers-by. The Iron Duke, when Waterloo had been fought and won, was not more proud than we.

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

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FISHING AT ETON.

FISHING in those days was certainly not actively encouraged, either by authority or by other boys. There may have been eight or ten boys who occasionally fished either in the river or in Fellows' Pond; I cannot remember more. Looking back upon those "after twelves" and "after fours" of early years, I discern a pursuit which was followed, if not with secrecy, at all events with the hope of attracting no undue attention. It was a pursuit to which no dignity was attached; it accorded with obscurity and with a scug cap. All who regarded the angler demonstrated his unworthiness to him. Only once do I remember that a master spoke to me when I was fishing, and then the lowliness of my condition was at once made plain to me. It was an "after four" in the summer half; I was fishing for pike in Fellows' Pond, and I had caught two, which lay on the bank; one, perhaps, weighed three pounds, the other two pounds and a half. I was aware of one who approached and who from a fitting distance inquired in what way I might be employing myself. Having a rod in my hand which was connected with a float in the water, I answered that I was fishing. An index finger was pointed from above at my two pike, which were indeed the best and largest fish I had up to that time taken. "And are these the noble quarry?" I was asked. They had seemed to me noble. "What do you propose to do with them?" I had not considered this question, and could give no satisfactory assurance as to their future. I was left with them; they seemed less important than before.

Eric Parker: ETON IN THE EIGHTIES.

The Boy.

VELVETEENS.

NOW came on the may-fly season; the soft hazy summer weather lay sleepily along the rich meadows by Avon side, and the green and grey flies flickered with their graceful lazy up and down flight over the reeds and the water and the meadows, in myriads upon myriads. The may-flies must surely be the lotus-eaters of the ephemeræ; the happiest, laziest, carelessst fly that dances and dreams out his few hours of sunhsiny life by English rivers.

So, one fine Thursday afternoon, Tom, having borrowed East's new rod, started by himself to the river. He fished for some time with small success, not a fish would rise at him; but, as he prowled along the bank, he was presently aware of mighty ones feeding in a pool on the opposite side, under the shade of a huge willow tree. The stream was deep here, but some fifty yards below was a shallow, for which he made off hot-foot; and forgetting landlords, keepers, solemn prohibitions of the doctor, and everything else, pulled up his trousers, plunged across, and in three minutes was creeping along on all fours towards the clump of willows.

It isn't often that great chub, or any other coarse fish, are in earnest about anything, but just then they were thoroughly bent on feeding, and in half-an-hour Master Tom had deposited three thumping fellows at the foot of the giant willow. As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No, not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree; so Tom laid his bones to

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it, shinning up as fast he could, and dragging up his rod after him. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump. Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree; two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill-luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one; his eye and touch told him that they had been alive and feeding within the hour. Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. "If I could only get the rod hidden," thought he, and began gently shifting it to get it alongside him; "willow trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck." Alas! the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

"Oh, be up ther', be 'ee?" says he, running under the tree. "Now you come down this minute."

"Tree'd at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod, which he takes to pieces. "I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out." And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge, and a scramble to the other side; but the small branches are so thick, and the opposite bank so difficult, that the keeper will have lots of time to get round by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

"Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher."

The Boy.

The keeper stops and looks up, and then with a grin says, "Oh, be you, be it, young measter? Well, here's luck. Now I tells 'ee to come down at once, and 't'll be best for 'ee."

"Thank 'ee, Velveteens, I'm very comfortable," said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

"Werry well, please yourself," says the keeper, descending, however, to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank; "I bean't in no hurry, so you med take your time. I'll larn 'ee to gee honest folk names afore I've done with 'ee."

"My luck as usual," thinks Tom; "what a fool I was to give him a black. If I'd called him 'keeper' now I might get off. The return match is all his way."

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at keeper—a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it the less he liked it. "It must be getting near second calling-over," thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. "If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can't sit here all night. Wonder if he'll rise at silver."

"I say, keeper," said he meekly, "let me go for two bob?"

"Not for twenty neither," grunts his persecutor.

And so they sat on till long past second calling-over, and the sun came slanting in through the willow-branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

"I'm coming down, keeper," said Tom at last with a sigh, fairly tired out. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Walk 'ee up to School, and give 'ee over to the

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Doctor, them's my orders," says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom; "but hands off, you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

Keeper looked at him a minute. "Werry good," said he at last; and so Tom descended and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the School-house, where they arrived just at locking-up. As they passed the School gates, the Tadpole and several others who were standing there caught the state of things, and rushed out, crying "Rescue!" but Tom shook his head, so they only followed to the Doctor's gate and went back sorely puzzled.

How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how Tom had called him blackguard names. "Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only Velveteens." The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

Thomas Hughes: TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

THE HOLIDAY.

GREEN GRASS IN THE CITY.

I N this lone, open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine trees stand!

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum;
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain-sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretch'd out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

Matthew Arnold:

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

An Angler's Garland.

SPRING FEVER.

THE fact is that a man is always remembering days with the rod when he has not a rod in hand. To me there are certain streets in London which should be familiar enough, for I pass along them almost every day, yet I should be troubled to tell you of any of their distinctive features. Ask me, however, how many bushes grow on the right bank of the river between the footbridge and the weir and I will tell you at once. Every stick and stone, every curl of the big hills and every hedge of the little valley, every look which the place puts on in different sorts of weather—I know them all. I could give you such particular directions for throwing a fly on any given mile of twelve miles of water that, if you believed me faithfully, you would come to the water for the first time and find every stickle of it familiar. The scent of the moorland in early spring is always with me, and there is always in my ears the complaint of the plover, the whistle of the curlew, or the defiant warning of the old cock grouse. These are the scents and sounds that a man may love with imperishable passion. And the wash of turbulent waters round one's waders, the sudden rise of a game half-pounder, the heart-shaking fight when the going is bad and the gut is fine, and the fish leaps like a kangaroo—these are the memories which bring spring fever on us. We forget the barbed wire and the too curious cattle, and the wader that leaks, and the sandwiches that have got wet, and the fly-catching bushes, and Leviathan who breaks away, and the spates and the droughts, and all the other distresses of our happiness. But if we remembered them we should only swear that they made the game more worth the candle.

The Holiday.

I have got spring fever very badly. There is an epidemic of it. The thing is raging. But I would not be without it for the world. It is the next best thing to the river in spring.

Guy C. Pollock.

THE ANGLER'S INVITATION.

COME when the leaf comes, angle with me,
Come when the bee hums over the lea,
Come with the wild flowers,
Come with the mild showers,
Come when the singing bird calleth for thee!

Then to the stream side, gladly we'll hie,
Where the grey trout glide silently by,
Or in some still place
Over the hill face
Hurrying onward, drop the light fly.

Then, when the dew falls, homeward we'll speed
To our own loved walls down on the mead,
There, by the bright hearth,
Holding our night mirth,
We'll drink to sweet friendship in need and in deed.

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

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TO TOM HUGHES.

COME away with me, Tom,
Term and talk are done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the court;
We'll away to Snowdon
For our ten days' sport;
Fish the August evening
Till the eve is past,
Whoop like boys, at pounders
Fairly played and grassed.
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge, and swerve, and leap,
Then up over Siabod,
Choose our nest, and sleep.
Up a thousand feet, Tom,
Round the lion's head,
Find soft stones to leeward
And make up our bed.
Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace,
And, ere we be drowsy,
Give our boots a grease.
Homer's heroes did so,
Why not such as we?
What are sheets and servants?
Superfluity!

Charles Kingsley: THE INVITATION.

MORNING.

AT BREAK OF DAWN.

HE has lighted the gas, and now we may observe him and his surroundings. If he be a burglar he is most quaintly attired, for as he stands in his stocking-feet he is evidently clad in shooting costume; a loose Norfolk jacket, under which we catch a glimpse of a woollen jersey, does not look like the raiment of a burglar. He seems to have been expected too, for on the table in the middle of the room is a fair white cloth, and on the cloth are the materials for a meal. There are the goodly proportions of an uncut ham, a loaf of sweet white bread, a butter-dish, a teapot, cup and saucer, and other aids to breakfast. The man turns towards the fender, where stands a kettle on a small oil-stove. He lights the stove, and at this moment the clock on the mantelpiece strikes three. It still lacks nearly two hours to sunrise, and by the chinks of the shutter we can see that it is yet dark.

While the kettle is boiling let us glance round the room. It is not so large as we supposed, but it is very charming. The low ceiling displays two oak beams and a third which crosses them. The walls

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are panelled with dark oak, and on them hang a few pictures, mostly of sporting subjects; but not all, for over the broad fireplace hangs the Sistine Madonna, gazing as if with mild disapproval at the preparations for breakfast. There are many book-cases, too, with that friendly appearance which the soul loveth; but we may not linger among them, for the kettle has boiled and the man is already at his meal. Leaning against the loaf is a book, and he smiles as he reads, as if he loved it. Let us glance over his shoulder to see what it is that charms him. The sentence on which his eye is fixed is this: "And in the morning about three or four of the clock, visit the waterside, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too." A quaint old sentence out of a quaint old book, clad in a quaint old sheepskin jacket.

H. T. Sheringham: AN ANGLER'S HOURS.

Morning.

MORNING.

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Robert Browning: PIPPA PASSES.

THE WATER MEADOWS.

I AM the mower Damon, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew distils
Before her darling daffodils;
And if at noon my toil me heat
The sun himself licks off my sweat;
While going home the evening sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

Andrew Marvell: DAMON THE MOWER.

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GOOD FRIDAY AT FARNINGHAM.

YOU might suppose that the persons stealthily emerging from the hotel at the break of day had been guilty of something, the discovery of which they are desirous to avoid. They are merely anxious, let us say, not to interfere with the slumbers of their brother anglers—of course from the purest motives of humanity. The first grey of dawn still lingers over the valley and upon the hillsides when the first angler appears cautiously on the lawn. He glances around and notes with satisfaction that he is not forestalled, and that the wind blows down stream, and comes therefore from that quarter so dear to sportsmen. The lithe rod is put together in a twinkling, the cast already prepared is affixed to the line, and the sharp whirr of the revolving winch wakes up the birds which densely populate the neighbourhood. Soon other devotees of the gentle art arrive, and finding that they have not been able to lead off the operations of the day, as they had last night so resolutely determined, good-humouredly swallow their disappointment and fall-to with their weapons. But the fortunate gentleman down the lawn has not been twenty minutes at work before he has brought three trout to bank, and, like a sensible man and a knowing angler, hastens on to the lower meadow, to follow up his advantage.

William Senior: BY STREAM AND SEA.

Morning.

MORNING SLEEP.

WHEN ye morning riseth redde
Rise not thou, but keepe thy bedde.
When ye dawne is dull and graye
Sleepe is still ye better way.
Beastes arise betimes—but then
They are beastes, and we are men.

Is ye weather fayre and fine?
It shall give thee dreams divine;
Doth it poure with pelting rayne?
'Tis a hint to doze agayne.
Is it neither drye nor wette?
Waite until ye weather's sette.

Wouldst thou walk unscavenged streets,
Catch from shaken mattes ye sweetes,
Straye forlorne through chillie roomes,
Stumble over casual broomes,
Scowling house-maydes round thee scan?
These befall ye earlie man.

Morning sleepe avoydeth broyles,
Wasteth not in greedye toyles;
Doth not suffer care nor greefe,
Giveth aking bones relief.
Of all ye crimes beneath ye sunne,
Say, which in morninge sleepe was done?

Anon.

THE MONTHS.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

COMES April, and desire is off to the valleys between the mountains, where streams are boisterous and little trout leap in the foam; where the wind comes sparkling off the moors, and a man feels a new life stirring within him. But in July, when the world croons the summer song of heat and light and slumbrous days, it is to the deep, slow river with its cool wealth of shade, and the solemn music of the weir, that we wander for refreshment, there to watch a daintily poised float, or to cozen old loggerhead out of his fastness of lily-pads with an artificial bumblebee.

H. T. Sheringham: AN ANGLER'S HOURS.

The Months.

MARCH SUN.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill :
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

An Angler's Garland.

A SPINNING SONG.

O the hungry day in March
With the roses on the larch !
There are plum buds on the alder, and the black
upon the ash.
With the river-water green
You are neither heard nor seen,
For the wind is netting meshes and the ripples
gently splash.

How the rushes hiss and rattle,
And the little catkins prattle !
There are white horse foals a-prancing, just beyond
at Bullimore,
Those great pipes of waterlilies
Seem to hear the stamping fillies,
They unsheathe their sweet green scimitars, and lift
them up for war.

Down the wind with rod and traces
To the changeless changing places,
With a pocket full of spinners, and a little net
and bag;
Just a whisper on the margent,
“ My device is gules and argent.
Yes ! and I will follow softly with the spinner that
can wag.”

So we cast afar and follow
Where the banks are clear and hollow—
Ha ! already ? see the rascal is curvetting to the snag.
See, he shakes his angry head.
Now he's sulky. Now he's led,
Quick ! the net below his tail and he tumbles in
the bag.

The Months.

So the dappled sunbeams quiver
In the woods below the river,
So the dark weed sways and stretches like the
shadow on his back.
Who can dare him? or discern him
In his secret lair? or turn him
In the war dance of his hunger, when his rows of
lancets crack?

Charles Marson: SUPER FLUMINA.

IN AN ANGLER'S HEART.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that lirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

William Shakespeare.

An Angler's Garland.

SPRING SALMON.

I T'S oh, but I'm dreaming
Of grey water streaming,
Great rivers that go gleaming
Where brown the heather blows,
Ere May's southern graces
Rub out the last white traces
From high and mountain places
Of stubborn, storm-packed snows!

The chill wind that searches
The low-lying birches,
The old red grouse that perches
And swaggers in the sun;
I'm fain for its blowing,
I'm restless for his crowing,
And it's I that would be going
Where the spring salmon run!

And oh, were they bulking
Bright silver, or sulking—
In the snow-broth a-skulking,
I would care not at all,
I'd hear the falls ringing,
I'd see the pine-tops swinging
In a wind that's filled with singing
When the green plover call!

Patrick Chalmers:
GREEN DAYS AND BLUE DAYS.

The Months.

HOPES.

WHEN floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!

John Gay: RURAL SPORTS.

An Angler's Garland.

THE CHORD OF THE RIVER.

THE sunlight of the morning when the oyster-catcher first wings his musical way up-stream from the seashore! He may come first, perhaps, with half-a-dozen others, certain in the knowledge of the time when he flies to inland waters, but not yet separated with his mate for nesting in the shingles of the stream-course. But whether he comes in a company or with a chosen mate, his sweet, piercing call rings down to the water-side with the precision of a bugle. There is no mistaking him; he knows the day. He belongs more to the river than other birds calling just as truly; and yet, among the melting snows, what birds that fly over the snow do not belong to the river? The snow is the river. You may find the river in other places than the stony bed where the salmon lie; you may look for its many beginnings and fillings high above the sandy tussocks of its banks, among the rough, sloping pastures and heather where the plovers will nest in April. The plover's note changes with the oyster-catcher's; and in all the change, there is nothing that has so sure a hope, so strong a grip of the certainty of warming earth and grass drying for nests and the heat of hatching eggs. The green plover's cry is the dominant sound of the uplands; a wild note of new nests and new danger, a crying of perilous mating, of sheer physical joy of zig-zag flight in spring airs. But the green plover's note prevails only because there are more green plover than golden plover. The golden plover's mating-call is the wildest and truest of all cries of melting snow. In the upland levels, where the snows warm to steam and water first on the bare slopes that front the noon sunlight,

The Months.

the water urges its own small river-courses from the highest plateaus of the hill through snow-banks which it carves and widens for itself. The clear stream ripples and tumbles to a roar in the valley, running on the higher ground over grass passages that through all the summer will never feel the pull of water at the grass-bents and ragged heather. The streams go the easiest way down the hill, that is all; much as the shepherds or the sheep always find their way down by the quickest and gentlest road. And by that easy course of cold water the golden plover walk and fly and call. They separate into pairs more distinctly than the green plover, and they mark the change more clearly, showing their deep black splashes on cheek and breast—the mark of the mating months that will alter back to the chequered olive of autumn and winter. They change their call, too, from the high, ringing whistle of winter to the most delicate note of complaining; sometimes a double note of some sweet inquiry which always brings its own answer; sometimes a triumphant, bubbling cry which quickens with a quickened beat of wings. The golden plover's wings keep time to his cries and his silences; he and his mate poise and counterpoise to each other in curves and slopes of buoyant flight; his silence is on level, unshaken wings, his inquiring call on a slow beat, and his chuckling joy on a double beat that changes again to level quiet, to settling again by the racing snow-water.

Those sounds come down to the river from the uplands, and the salmon-fisher and the shepherd hear them first. It is the other side of the river from the mere walking with a rod and line by its bank, and who shall measure how much of it belongs to the pleasure of plain fishing? Some of it, perhaps, may

An Angler's Garland.

be measured on a morning when the fisherman has caught no fish, has hardly hoped—though when does he never hope?—for the check at the curving line, the tug at the lifted rod-point. He has still heard and seen the river; he has waded waist-high into its pouring, surrounding waters, which is the nearest feeling he may have to the heart of the river itself; he has heard the perpetual chorus of the stream, the distant burden of the falls, the steady ripple over the mid-current shallows, the bubbling splash of the sudden swell over the rock at his elbow. He fishes on, attuned to that music and sunshine, and he knows when he reaches home where the cry of the birds is set in the pulsing, dominant chord of the river.

Eric Parker: IN WIND AND WILD.

The Months.

IS THE CUCKOO COME?

IS the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Seek ye its happy voice
Bidding the hills rejoice,
Greeting green summer and sweet May morn?
See you the bird,
Or hear its loved word
From dewy birch-wood or aged thorn?

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Down by the reedy spring
Watching its wary wing
Wends the lone angler toward the lake,
Joy in his heart
With fancy alert,
He rears gentle visions wandering awake.

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Lover of sunny streams!
Banish thy airy dreams,
Hark the wild note of the fairy-voiced bird!
Now in the glen,
And listen again,
O'er the wide hill floats the silvery word.

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Haste to thy loved resort,
Haste to thy pleasant sport,
Shake the sly palmer o'er streamlet and lake!
Hark on the wind—
Before thee—behind—
Plaintively singeth the bird of the brake!

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

An Angler's Garland.

THE WISH.

I'LL tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the Emperor did of the City of Florence, "That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you.

AN ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers ;
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest :
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice ;

The Months.

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance; I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

THE FLY-FISHER.

JUST in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed nook—
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If, yet too young and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,

An Angler's Garland.

Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But, should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

James Thomson: THE SEASONS.

The Months.

THE MILKMAID.

AS I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-W. Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads: for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

An Angler's Garland.

Pisc. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

Milk-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it *Come Shepherds, deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcina rested?* or, *Philida flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chase?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town?*

Pisc. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-W. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter, and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods and steepy mountain yields;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The Months.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Ven. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."

An Angler's Garland.

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

The Months.

A DAY ON THE TEST.

THE flowers in the meadows had not yet gone to seed, and the yellow flags in the ditches, and the white buck-bean in the marshy places, were still in full luxuriance. The air was alive with skylarks. A snipe flew round, rising, and falling, and bleating. The little sedge-warblers were vociferous, and I particularly remember the harsh monotonous chirp of the reed-bunting, which always calls up in my memory thoughts of chalkstreams. I need only mention, besides, the cuckoos' and the turtle-doves' notes, and the whirring noise which the swifts made with their wings as they dashed and wheeled about over the water. The sun shone, but there was a light easterly wind and the whole morning slipped by without result. The river was appallingly clear; but I knew what to expect and was less dismayed by this than by the absence of flies on the water. The fish were not feeding, and though I cast over a number of scattered rises no trout was to be tempted a second time.

The Test at this point is so thickly fringed with reeds, sedges, and marsh-soil that one must wade into the river. Wading has some advantages and some discomforts. You disturb the water, but you can approach a trout from the rear with surprising success. Your heavy, wet waders are a burden, but you can cast up-stream without fearing the drag of the line on the little floating fly, which in a swift, limpid stream like the Test is absolutely fatal to fishing. Standing in mid-stream, with the cool water running up to his knees, the angler can see every stone at the bottom, every detail of the green waving reeds, and every fly or other particle of food that

An Angler's Garland.

comes down floating on the surface. He scans the pure stream above him and watches the runs between the green and white islands of water-buttercup on which wagtails love to disport themselves. He does not neglect the smoother, slower stream at the edge, where coarse sedges on the bank overhang the margin of the river. Then there appears the ring of a rising trout, or better still a clear view of a black nose poked up to suck down the short-lived dun.

Harold Russell:

CHALKSTREAM AND MOORLAND.

The Months.

ZUMMER STREAM.

AH! then the grassy-meäded May
Did warm the passèn year, an' gleam
Upon the yellow-grounded stream,
That still by beech-tree sheädes do stray.
The light o' weäves, a-runnèn there,
Did play on leaves up over head,
An' vishes sceäly zides did gleäre,
A-dartèn on the shallow bed,
An' like the stream a-slidèn on,
My zun out-measur'd time's agone.

There by the path, in grass knee-high,
Wer butternvlees in giddy flight,
All white above the deäisies white,
Or blue below the deep blue sky.
Then glowèn warm wer ev'ry brow,
O' maid, or man, in zummer het,
An' warm did glow the cheäks I met
That time, noo mwore to meet em now.
As brooks, a-slidèn on their bed,
My season-measur'd time's a-vled.

Vrom yonder window, in the thatch,
Did sound the maïdens' merry words,
As I did stand, by zingèn birds,
Beside the elem-sheäded hatch.
'Tis good to come back to the pleäce,
Back to the time, to goo noo mwore;
'Tis good to meet the younger feäce
A-mentèn others here avore.
As streams do glide by green mead-grass,
My zummer-brighten'd years do pass.

William Barnes: POEMS OF RURAL LIFE.

An Angler's Garland.

UNDER THE WILLOW TREE.

MASTER, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of **May**: these, and many other field-flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts which corrode the sweets of life: and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it:—

The Months.

Hail blest estate of lowliness !

Happy enjoyments of such minds
As, rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind; they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler, and the author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind : and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite :
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God
can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face;
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him—
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content
him.

Izaak Walton : THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

An Angler's Garland.

CHUB.

SO often as the hot summer days come round (there are not so many of them as there were when Plancus was Consul), so often do I bethink me of the sunlit waters, the cool willow shades, the fresh scent of waterweeds from the weir, the hum of bees, and, above all, the dark forms lying on the surface ready for the fly. Some there are who will give you hard words concerning the chub, having, maybe, hooked him on Wye just in the V of the currents where they fondly expected a salmon, having perchance frayed the gossamer trout-cast all to tatters in keeping his brute strength out of the roots, and having disturbed twenty good yards of water to boot. But these unfortunates (I grant them the title) have encountered cheven out of his proper sphere, and their sympathies are warped thereby. Heed them not, but seek him in his rightful rivers, slow-flowing, rush-lined, lily-crowned, girt with willows and rich pastures; take with you your stoutest single-handed fly rod, strong gut, and big palmer flies, or coachman, alder, zulu—it matters little so the mouthful be big and so it have a small cunning tail of white kid; go warily along the bank with eye alert for a dark form under yon clay bank, in that little round hole among the lilies, beneath that tree, above that old log—anywhere, in fact, where a worthy fish may combine ease with dignity and, possibly, nutriment. Having found him, pitch your fly at him with as much tumult as you please; if he does not see you or the rod, two to one he will rise. If he does see you, he is gone, and herein lies most of the fascination of it. A stiff neck and a proud stomach are of no use to the chub-fisher, who must stoop if he wishes to conquer.

H. T. Sheringham: AN OPEN CREEL.

The Months.

MAY-FLIES DEAD.

SOON I was at the head of the lake, crossed the little wooden bridge, and took my course upstream. The May-flies, that happy, light-winged crowd of ephemerals, were dead and done with by now; just here, earlier in the year, grey drake and green drake were balancing five on a flower, and the fat spotted trout were filling their bellies with quiet, sucking gulps at them as they caught in the waterways; but now the meadow-sweet and willow-herb sparkled with tiny restless dragon-flies, needles of sapphire and emerald, poised and counterpoised to each other in a gay cotillon of courtship. Here and there a water rat fell plump in the dark water—a diamond bubble to mark his track—rose softly, brushed silver water from his back against silver reeds, and plumped in the pool again—you could see the dints of his little feet in the mud. Water-hens paddled nervously in and out of the rushes, and a pair of dabchicks played hide-and-seek in the weeds—plenty of havoc they had made with the trout-spawn, I knew. Once a kingfisher darted upstream, just a flash of shot turquoise. And over all the sun shone, brazen, parching, resistless.

Eric Parker:

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM.

An Angler's Garland.

MULL.

TELL me not of Grecian isles
And a charm that's olden,
Brooding on the turquoise blue
That the Argo's oar-banks knew,
Where a sun-steeped ease beguiles,
Far away, and golden !

There's a Western isle I know,
Where the last land merges
In the grey and outer seas,
Southward from the Hebrides,
And through old sea-caverns go
Old Atlantic dirges !

Grey it is, and very still
In the August weather ;
Grey the basking seals that flock
On their jagged lift of rock ;
Starkly heaves a waste of hill
Grey, untouched of heather !

Grey streams show, by cliff and hag,
Pools, and runs that riot,
There the great grey sea-trout rise
Splashing silver at your flies,
There the grey crow from the crag
Croaks across the quiet !
That's the place where I would be,
Where the winds blow purely ;

For I hear, by Fancy blest,
All the Fairies of the West
Sound their silver pipes for me—
Horns of Elfland surely !

P. Chalmers: GREEN DAYS AND BLUE DAYS.

The Months.

OCTOBER PERCH.

LET there be a slight frost at night and a clear sky overhead, as befits the character of the quarry. Scour the worms well in moss and find a good deep hole. Use a large sharp hook, filed for the occasion, and keep off the bottom. A paternoster with minnows is a more certain way to take the larger fish. The angler should, of course, make the paternoster himself, and not buy one. A couple of yards of stout gut, with a pear-shaped lead at the bottom, and three hooks upon bristles, six inches apart, are the best equipment. You drop this achievement noiselessly into the holes, keeping well out of sight. Your rod is stiff and the line taut. You will not need to wait for very long before you feel the welcome tug, tug, that heralds a fish. If you are in the middle of the city rush, and not merely meeting a "rogue" perch, you will have a busy half hour and then possibly one or two fish at intervals, but not again that fierce rapture of sport, which actually gives no time to basket the red and gold. They leap about unheeded on the grass in a confused semi-circle, while their brethren are being caught as fast as the line can be worked. Anything that calls itself a worm seems welcome to them. A black marsh, a red-ringed brandling from the dunghill, a pink-nosed crystal, a fat lob, even a yellow-tailed jaggtail or a green worm—a sort of herb cheese—is swallowed without so much as a preliminary taste.

Charles Marson: SUPER FLUMINA.

BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE.

COMPANIONS.

I WOULD you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spent when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule, you may pick out such times, and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for, “ ’Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast;” and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

Brothers of the Angle.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE
COMPLEAT ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton : Sage benign !
Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety !

William Wordsworth.

An Angler's Garland.

MR. WILL WIMBLE.

AS I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“ *Sir Roger,*

“ I Desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the *Black River*. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at *Eton* with Sir *John's* eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

“ I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

Will Wimble.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follow: *Will Wimble* is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the

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country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a *Mayfly* to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious fellow, and very much esteem'd upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. *Will* is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has *made* himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear!* These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make *Will* the darling of the country.

Joseph Addison: THE SPECTATOR, No 108.

An Angler's Garland.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE fellow-anglers of my youthful days,
 (Of past realities we form our dream),
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with solemn musings gaze :
For some are lost in life's bewildering haze :
And some have left their sport and ta'en to toil,
And some have faced the ocean's wild turmoil,
And some—a very few—their olden ways
By shining lake and river still pursue ;
Ah ! *one* I gaze on 'mid the fancied band,
Unlike the rest in years, in gait, in hue—
Uprisen from a dim and shadowy land—
Ask what loved phantom fixes my regard,
Yarrow's late pride, the Angler, Shepherd, Bard !

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

Brothers of the Angle.

BROTHERS.

I. DEAN NOWEL.

DOCTOR Nowel, sometime Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced, a man that in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to Heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism, which is printed with our good old service-book. I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce, and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer (those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians); I say, beside those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "that charity gave life to religion;" and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that

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became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College; to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his angle-rods of several sorts: and by them this is written, "That he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless." 'Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

II. SIR HENRY WOTTON.

That under-valuer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton—a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent," for angling was, "after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a

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procurer of contentedness:" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it. Sir, this was the saying of that learned man.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

UNBROTHERLY.

WHAT, are these canabals, or murdering moss-troopers, to surprize fish by the engine of firelight? Such dark conspirators sprung from the mines in Florida, Fawks, or Cataline; or some infernal incubus.

(Richard Franck.)

The angler is naturally jealous of whatever appears to interfere with his own favourite pastime. But an old spearman may be allowed to state, in favour of the picturesque and manly sport of "burning the water," that the salmon so killed have been too long in the fresh water to rise at a fly; nor can it be otherwise, as the burning can only be practised when the river is low and the pools very clear, and, consequently, where there are no newly-run fish for the amusement of the angler.

*Richard Franck's NORTHERN MEMOIRS; note by
Sir Walter Scott:*

An Angler's Garland.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
Or great Mackinlay thrawn his heel?
Or Robertson again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
“ Na, waur than a' ! ” cries ilka chiel,
“ Tam Samson's dead ! ”

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane—
Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren, o' the mystic “ level ”
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel;
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the “ cock ”?
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's “ hog-score ”—
Tam Samson's dead !

Brothers of the Angle.

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel-ken'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
Since, dark in Death's fish-creel, we wail
 Tam Samson's dead!

Robert Burns.

THE DUFFER.

I CAN'T keep a fly-book. I stuff the flies into my pockets at random, or stick them into the leaves of a novel, or bestow them in the lining of my hat or the case of my rods. Never in all my days did I possess a landing-net. If I can drag a fish up a bank, or over the gravel, well; if not, he goes on his way rejoicing. A landing-net is a tedious thing to carry, so is a creel, and a creel is, to me, a superfluity. There is never anything to put in it. If I do catch a trout, I lay him under a big stone, cover him with leaves, and never find him again. I often break my top joint; so, as I never carry string, I splice it with a bit of the line, which I bite off, for I really cannot be troubled with scissors and I always lose my knife. When a phantom minnow sticks in my clothes, I snap the gut off, and put on another, so that when I reach home I look as if a shoal of fierce minnows had attacked me and hung on like leeches. When a boy, I was—once or twice—a bait-fisher, but I never carried worms in box or bag. I found them under big stones, or in the fields, wherever I had the luck. I never tie nor otherwise fasten the joints of my rod; they often slip out of the sockets and splash into the water.

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Mr. Hardy, however, has invented a joint-fastening which never slips. On the other hand, by letting the joint rust, you may find it difficult to take down your rod. When I see a trout rising, I always cast so as to get hung up, and I frighten him as I disengage my hook. I invariably fall in and get half drowned when I wade, there being an insufficiency of nails in the soles of my brogues. My waders let in water, too, and when I go out to fish I usually leave either my reel, or my flies, or my rod, at home.

Andrew Lang: ANGLING SKETCHES.

Brothers of the Angle.

TO ANDREW LANG.

DEAR Andrew, with the brindled hair,
Who glory to have thrown in air,
High over arm, the trembling reed,
By Ale and Kail, by Till and Tweed :
An equal craft of hand you show
The pen to guide, the fly to throw :
I count you happy starred; for God,
When he with inkpot and with rod
Endowed you, bade your fortune lead
For ever by the crooks of Tweed,
For ever by the woods of song
And lands that to the Muse belong;
Or if in peopled streets, or in
The abhorred pedantic sanhedrin,
It should be yours to wander, still
Airs of the morn, airs of the hill,
The plovery Forest and the seas
That break about the Hebrides,
Should follow over field and plain
And find you at the window pane;
And you again see hill and peel,
And the bright springs gush at your heel.
So went the fiat forth, and so
Garrulous like a brook you go,
With sound of happy mirth and sheen
Of daylight—whether by the green
You fare that moment, or the gray;
Whether you dwell in March or May;
Or whether treat of reels and rods
Or of the old unhappy gods :
Still like a brook your page has shone,
And your ink sings of Helicon.

R. L. Stevenson.

An Angler's Garland.

FISHER JAMIE.

PUIR Jamie's killed. A better lad
Ye wadna find to busk a flee
Or burn a pule or wield a gad
Frae Berwick to the Clints o' Dee.

And noo he's in a happier land—
It's Gospel truith and Gospel law
That Heaven's yett maun open stand
To folk that for their country fa'.

But Jamie will be ill to mate;
He lo'ed nae music, kenned nae tunes
Except the sang o' Tweed in spate,
Or Talla loupin' ower its linns.

I sair misdoot that Jamie's heid
A croun o' gowd will never please;
He liked a kep o' dacent tweed
Whaur he could stick his casts o' flees.

If Heaven is a' that man can dream
And a' that honest herts can wish,
It maun provide some muirland stream,
For Jamie dreamed o' nocht but fish.

And weel I wot he'll up and speir
In his bit blate and canty way,
Wi' kind Apostles standin' near
Whae in their time were fishers tae.

He'll offer back his gowden croun
And in its place a rod he'll seek,
And bashfu'-like his herp lay doun
And speir a leister and a cleek.

Brothers of the Angle.

For Jims had aye a poachin' whim;
He'll sune grow tired, wi' lawfu' flee
Made frae the wings o' cherubim,
O' castin' ower the Crystal Sea. . . .

I picter him at gloamin' tide
Steekin' the backdoor o' his hame
And hastin' to the waterside
To play again the auld auld game;

And syne wi' saumon on his back,
Catch't clean against the Heavenly law,
And Heavenly byliffs on his track,
Gaun linkin' doun some Heavenly shaw.

John Buchan:

POEMS, SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

An Angler's Garland.

AN ETON SHOP.

BAMBRIDGE'S shop was in those days first revealed in its full meaning. Other shops had preceded Bambridge's in my experience—in particular "The Golden Perch" in Oxford Street, which then, I think, belonged to Alfred Young—but Bambridge's stood at once on a plane of its own. It was a shop which could be visited any day or every day; it stocked all tackle of the most desirable descriptions, from dressed salmon lines and split cane trout rods to float caps and shot, and its business was presided over by one of the most patient and cheerful of all practical fishermen. Bambridge I remember as a short, bustling, rather bald little man with very bright eyes, who seemed always pleased to see the most unprofitable of customers, and explained the virtues of particular rods, reels and landing nets as if they actually belonged to those to whom he showed them. He would tell you what luck he had on Saturday or Sunday; he gave the fullest directions for using all kinds of tackle, tying different kinds of knots, catching various sorts of fish. He would instruct you in the selection of the roundest and strongest gut. He would display to you a batch of a thousand lob-worms from Nottingham, pink and enwreathed in milk and moss. He once had an otter, which he somehow converted from a wild into a tame creature in a few days; he kept it in a box at the side of a tank, into which he threw live fish which the otter dived after, caught and ate as we watched it. He re-varnished, re-whipped, re-ringed and re-braided ancient and contorted fishing-rods; he even compared rods which had not been bought from him with rods of his own, and he showed me a dodge which I have found to

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be new even to mature and experienced fishermen—the way to compare rods for play or stiffness from the butt. He held a rod with its point at a little distance above a piece of putty, and struck as if he were striking a fish. The rod-point, which was an unexpected thing, always dipped down and hit the putty if it was held close to it, and a very whippy rod would leave the mark of the top ring on the putty if it were held several inches away. So that the measure of the stiffness of the wood or cane was the distance at which the top ring could be held above the putty when striking. These experiments took time, but time seemed to be his in plenty. Life was always “after twelve” with Bambridge, and the Eton High Street surely became a different place when he ceased to preside single-handed over those rods and reels, and when, in after years, B. R. Bambridge, fishing tackle maker, became Bambridge and Co., Limited.

Eric Parker: ETON IN THE EIGHTIES.

An Angler's Garland.

THE FISHERMEN.

THE quiet pastime of their choice
On Beaulieu rocks, in Derwent glades,
Still seems to move to Walton's voice,
Singing of dace and dairymaids :
His water meadows still are wet,
His brawling trout-streams leap and glance,
And on their sunlit ripples yet
The flies of his disciples dance.

Anglers complete and incomplete,
The expert or the 'prentice hand,
In friendly rivalry they meet
By loch and river, sedge and sand ;
Enthusiasts all, of staid address,
They go their way from cast to cast,
Alike in failure or success,
Sanguine and serious to the last.

Whether their lingering footsteps pass
Where Hampshire meadowlands are green,
And where the chalk stream clear as glass
Goes by the pollard tops between ;
Where when the warbler folds his wings
And the pale summer moon comes out,
The scented breath of twilight brings
The sacred hour of feeding trout—

Whether the river calls them forth,
That once a brown and modest burn
Splashed down some hillside of the North,
Through purple heather tufts and fern ;
That now flows on, a mighty tide,
From silent pool to chattering reach,
Through whose dark depths the salmon glide
Beneath the rowan and the beech—

Brothers of the Angle.

For them may no ambition match
Fulfilment of the master's wish,
To throw from dawn to dusk, and catch,
If fortune will, the biggest fish;
They live their life; they dream their dream,
The earth beneath, the sky above,
Their battlefield the running stream,
Nature herself their only love.

In every mood, in every dress
They know her, and they find her fair;
Unchanged allegiance they confess
Whatever robe she deign to wear—
Her April green on wood and wold,
The splendour of her summer blaze,
The gorgeous weeds of red and gold
With which she greets October days.

Then, when their pensive task is done,
The wayside hostel's chimney seat
Finds them, good comrades every one,
Prepared their exploits to repeat;
Each has his shifts of sight and touch,
His own expedients each admires,
Each follows still, though not too much,
His own devices and desires.

So does the pastime of their choice,
On Beaulieu rocks, in Derwent glades,
Still seem to move to Walton's voice,
Singing of dace and dairymaids;
The flying centuries come and go,
But underneath the eternal sky,
Where spring by spring the cowslips blow,
The gentle art his votaries ply.

Alfred Cochrane: COLLECTED VERSES.

An Angler's Garland.

A WISH.

AND O! in all their angling bouts,
On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
Whether for Maidens or for Trouts,
May Anglers still succeed!
By Pont or Coquet, Tyne or Team,
In sunshine or in rain,
May Fisher ne'er put foot in Stream,
Or hand in purse in vain!

Robert Roxby, } NEWCASTLE FISHERS'
Thomas Doubleday, } GARLANDS.

TO MASTER IZAAK WALTON.

MASTER, I trow 'tis many a year
Since last you fared a-fishing here,
Since first you cast your eager flies
Athwart the streams of Paradise.
And we, we love to read thy book
By placid stream and trickling brook,
When trout are scarce or winds are loud,
Or when the sky hath never a cloud.
But you are in a happier mead,
Where fish are ever on the feed.

And, master, these are evil days
When scarce a man our art may praise.
For some they say 'tis most unfit
For bearded men in peace to sit,
And watch a meditative hook,
Or read a cheerful, pleasant book,
When they should to their work be hieing,
For time is short and all are dying.

Brothers of the Angle.

And some they hold 'tis most unkind
Around the hook the silk to wind,
And hold a fish with barb of steel—
As if, forsooth, a fish could feel.

But some there were both stout and hale
Who did not bow the knee to Baal.
Good Master Stoddart, now with God,
Full well he loved to walk the sod
On a fresh, westering April day
And see the sportive salmon play.

And the great singer of the north,
He loved by stream to wander forth;
He hated not the rod and line,
He called thee "Walton, sage, benign."
And some there be in London town,
Of bookish men, who often down
To the green country come to try
Their long-loved skill of fishery.

Why weary thee with idle praise,
Thou wanderer in Elysian ways?
Where skies are fresh and fields are green,
And never dust nor smoke is seen,
Nor news sheets, nor subscription-lists,
Nor merchants, nor philanthropists.
For there the waters fall and flow
By fragrant banks, and still below
The great three-pounders rise and take
The "palmer," "alder," "dun," or "drake."
Now by that stream, if there you be,
I prithee keep a place for me.

John Buchan: MUSA PISCATRIX.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

OF FYSSHYNGE WYTH AN ANGLE.

THUS me semyth that huntynge and hawkyng
and also fowlyng ben so laborous and greuouse
that none of theym maye perfourme nor bi very
meane that enduce a man to a mery spyryte : whyche
is cause of his longe lyfe accordynge unto ye sayd
parable of Salamon : Dowteles thenne folowyth it that
it must nedes be the dysporte of fysshynge with an
angle. For all other manere of fysshynge is also
laborous and greuouse; often makynge folkes full wete
and colde, whyche many tymes hath he seen cause
of grete Infirmytees. But the angler maye haue no
colde nor no dysease nor angre, but yf he be causer
hymself. For he maye not lese at the moost but a
lyne or an hoke; of whyche he may haue store
plentee of his owne makynge, as this symple treatyse
shall teche hym. So thenne his losse is not greuouse,
and other greyffes may be not haue, sauynge but yf
ony fische breke away after that he is take on the
hoke, or elles that he catche nought; whyche ben not
greuouse. 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 Philosophy of it.

the leest he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete faouure 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 is there 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 prouffitable 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 him to be hole. Also to the encrease of his goodys. For it shall make hym ryche. As the olde englysshe prouerbe sayth in this wyse, who soo woll ryse erly shall be holy helthy and zely. Thus have I prouyd in myn entent that the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enducith a man in to a mery spyryte.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

An Angler's Garland.

HAPPINESS.

O LET me rather on the pleasant brinke
Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling-place.
Where I may see my Quill and Corke downe sink
With eager bit of Barbill, Bleike, or Dace;
And on the World and his Creatour thinke
While they proud *Thais* painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feede their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadows greene may view,
And by the Rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the *dazies* and the *Violets* blew
Red *Hyacinth* and yellow *Daffadill*,
Purple *Narcissus* like the morning rayes,
Pale ganderglas, and azor culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty skie;
And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
The flaming Chariot of the world's great eye;
The watry cloudes that in the aire upold
With sundry kindes of painted colours flye,
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old *Tithonus* bed.

The hils and mountaines raised from the plaines,
The plaines extended levell with the ground;
The grounds divided into sundry vaines,
The vaines enclos'd with running rivers round;
The rivers making way through nature's chaine
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The surging sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that lovely flow

The Philosophy of it.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh & green,
In whose cool brows the birds, with chanting song,
Do welcom with their quire the *Summer's* queen;
The meadows faire where Flora's guifts among
Are intermixt, the verdant grasse betweene:
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme
Within the brookes and crystal watry brim.

All these and many more of His creation
That made the heavens the *Angler* oft doth see;
And takes therein no little delectation,
To think how strange and wonderful they be!
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his thoughts to other fancies free;
And while he lookes on these with joyfull eie,
His mind is rapt above the starry skye.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

An Angler's Garland.

THE GALLANTRY OF IT.

O THE gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many :
 Other joys
 Are but toys;
 Only this
 Lawful is;
 For our skill
 Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping.
 Then we go
 To and fro
 With our knacks
 At our backs
 To such streams
 As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation :
 Where in a brook,
 With a hook,
 Or a lake,
 Fish we take;
 There we sit
 For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

The Philosophy of it.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too,
 None do here,
 Use to swear;
 Oaths do fray
 Fish away;
 We sit still
 And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier-hedge we get
 For a friendly shelter;
 Where in a dike,
 Perch or pike,
 Roach or dace,
 We do chase;
 Bleak or gudgeon,
 Without grudging :
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower—
 Making earth our pillow :
 Where we may
 Think and pray,
 Before death
 Stops our breath :
 Other joys
 Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Jo. Chalkhill.

(Printed in THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.)

An Angler's Garland.

A MAN MAY FISH AND PRAISE.

AS inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some, the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some, a mistress court :
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser : but who falls in love
Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare :
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess :
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas;
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind;
And when none bite, I praise the wise
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

The Philosophy of it.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight,
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men :
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fish and praise His name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste :
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

William Basse: PASTORALS.

An Angler's Garland.

PIED BEAUTY.

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that
swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow and
plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The Philosophy of it.

TO A FISH OF THE BROOK.

WHY flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me there's naught of danger near,
I have no wicked hook
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
And drag thee from the brook.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy stream, 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 rascal *in*!

J. Wolcot.

An Angler's Garland.

THE LIFE.

AND now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners, when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore as Virgil's Tityrus and his Meliboeus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

The Philosophy of it.

A POOR MAN TO BE PITIED.

FOR indeed the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond dispute brought considerable profit; which hapned in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the Compleat Angler) has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the troling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

Richard Franck: NORTHERN MEMOIRS.

An Angler's Garland.

THE CHIEF PLEASURE.

THE trout makes the angler the most gentlemanly and readiest sport of all other fishes: if you angle with a made fly, and a line twice your rod's length or more, of three hairs, in a plain water without wood, in a dark windy day from mid-afternoon, and have learned the cast of the fly.

Your fly must counterfeit the May Fly, which is bred of the cad bait, and is called the Water Fly. You must change his colour every month, beginning with a dark white and so grow to a yellow. The form cannot so well be put on a paper, as it may be taught by sight.

The head is of black silk or hair; the wings of a feather of a mallard, teal, or pickled hen's wing; the body of crewel according to the month for colour, and run about with a black hair; all fastened at the tail with a thread that fastened the hook. You must fish in or by the stream, and have a quick hand, a ready eye and a nimble rod. Strike with him! or you lose him.

If the wind be rough, and trouble the crust of the water, he will take it in the plain deeps, and then and there commonly the greatest may rise. When you have hooked him, give him leave! keeping your line straight. Hold him from the roots, and he will tire himself. This is the chief pleasure of Angling.

William Lauson:

Notes to THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.

The Philosophy of it.

BEATUS ILLE.

THAT man is happy in his share
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed;

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear;
Who ill of Princes in worst times
Will neither speak himself, nor hear;

Who from the busy world retires
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires
But only the eschewing ill;

Who with his angle, and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks
And finds that all was innocent.

Charles Cotton: THE CONTENTATION.

An Angler's Garland.

CONTENT.

TURN out of the way a little, good scholar ! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge ; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look ! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing ; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs ; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun ; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

“ I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possess'd joys not promised in my birth.”

Izaak Walton : THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

The Philosophy of it.

DISCONTENT.

ROCK-FISHING has a double Advantage, which *Angling* cannot pretend to; it is much pleasanter and more healthful. In *Angling* a Man is exposed all Day to the scorching Heat of the Sun, which blunts the Edge of his Diversion, and too often lays a foundation for a Fever; whereas in *Rock Fishing* Nature seems to have made a Provision against this Accident, so that while the Sun is running its Course, and happens to shine upon you, you may with ease shift your Station, and be defended from the Inclemency of its over-heat, by sitting under a Rock, which serves as a Canopy. Besides, you have the advantage of the circumambient Air of both Land and Sea; and as there is not any marshy or boggy Ground near the Rocks, so you are not in Danger of feeling the unhappy Effects of the Fumes, Vapours and Exhalations that arise from thence; and the Air of the Salt-water is reckoned to be more salubrious than that of Rivers. To this may be added that it creates an Appetite, and what can be more conducive to Health than to eat and drink moderately in a cool Shade, when the Sun is at the Meridian?

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

An Angler's Garland.

A COMPARISON.

THE LIFE OF THE FORESTER.

THE dryads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fauns,
Oft play at hide-and-seeK before me on the lawns;
The striking fairies oft, when horned Cynthia shines,
Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines;
The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild forests
haunt,
Their sylvan songs to me in cheerful ditties chaunt;
The shades like ample shields, defend me from the
sun,
Through which, me to refresh, the gentle rivulets
run;
No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
I' th' morn I climb the hills, where wholesome winds
do blow,
At noontide to the vales and shady groves below;
Towards evening I again the crystal floods frequent;
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
Have in the forests here my hall and gallery,
The tall and stately woods, which underneath are
plain;
The groves my gardens are, the heath and downs
again
My wide and spacious walks. Then say all what ye
can,
The forester is still your only gallant man.

THE FISHER'S REPLY.

No, Forester, it so must not be borne away,
But hear what for himself the fisher first can say;

The Philosophy of it.

The crystal current streams continually I keep,
Where every pearl-pav'd ford and every blue-ey'd
 deep,

With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me, like a prince myself in state I steer,
Now up, now down the stream, now am I here, now
 there,

The pilot and the fraught myself; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please;
The silver-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,
As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
Near to the shady bank where slender sallies grow,
And willows their shagg'd tops down towards the
 waters bow,

I shove in with my boat to shield me from the heat,
Where, choosing from my bag some prov'd especial
 bait,

The goodly, well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold, he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him play,
Till by my hand I find he well-near weari'd be,
When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.

The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,
Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth
 make,

Who, feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds
 doth fetch,

And by his very strength my line so far doth stretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And, wresting of my rod, doth make my boat turn
 round.

I never idle am; sometimes I bait my weels,
With which by might I take the dainty silver eels;
And with my draught-net then I sweep the streaming
 flood,

An Angler's Garland.

And to my trammel next and cast-net from the mud
I beat the scaly brood; no hours I idly spend,
But weari'd with my work I bring the day to end.
The naiades and nymphs that in the river keep,
Which take into their care the store of every deep,
Amongst the flowery flags, the bulrushes and reed,
That of the spawn have charge, abundantly to breed,
Well mounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend
To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend
And dance upon the waves before me for my sake
To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth make.
And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of seas,
From Neptune's court send in the blue Nereides,
Which from his bracky realm upon the billows ride,
And bear the rivers back with every streaming tide,
Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with delightful
gales,
Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labouring
oars,
As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the
shores;
The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,
Your noble fisher is your only man, say I.

Michael Drayton: THE MUSES' ELYSIUM.

The Philosophy of it.

TO ANGLE WE WILL GO.

OF all the Sports and Pastimes
Which happen in the Year,
To Angling there are none, sure,
That ever can compare;

We do not break our Legs or Arms
As Huntsmen often do;
For when that we are Angling
No Danger can ensue.

In Westminster the Gentlemen
In Black their Conscience sell
And t'other Gentleman in Black
Will sure reward them well.

A Client is a Gudgeon
And freely takes the Bait,
A Lawyer is a Jack, and
For him does slyly wait.

Then you who would be honest,
And to Old Age attain,
Forsake the City and the Town
And fill the Angler's Train.

We meddle not with State Affairs
Or for Preferment push;
Court places and Court pensions
We value not a Rush.

For Health and for Diversion
We rise by Break of Day,
While Courtiers in their Down-beds
Sweat half their Time away.

An Angler's Garland.

And then unto the River
In Haste we do repair;
All Day in sweet Amusement
We breathe good wholesome Air.

Through Meadows, by a River,
From Place to Place we roam,
And when that we are weary,
We then go jogging Home;

At Night we take a Bottle,
We prattle, laugh and sing;
We drink a Health unto our Friends,
And so God bless the King.

Then to Angle we will go, will go,
To Angle we will go.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

COARSE FISHING.

I NEVER wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor trawl for pikes, dispeplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortured worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

John Gay: RURAL SPORTS.

The Philosophy of it.

THE BAIT.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there th' inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen beest loath,
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net :

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby
Alas ! is wiser far than I.

John Donne: THE BAIT.

An Angler's Garland.

CONDEMNATION.

AND angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of Nature, but the angler merely thinks about his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, etc., are more humane and useful. But angling!—No angler can be a good man.

Lord Byron: Note to DON JUAN, Canto xiii.

The Philosophy of it.

GENTLE THOUGHTS.

THERE is certainly something in angling, if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to perfect rule and system. Indeed, it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly-cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams which wander, like veins of silver, through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery, sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of Nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of the peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water, and skimming transiently about its glassy surface. "When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not

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only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in Him."

Washington Irving: THE SKETCH BOOK.

THE ANGLER ALONE.

DEARER than wild cataracts or Alpine glens are the still hidden streams which Bewick has immortalised in his vignettes, and Creswick in his pictures; the long glassy shallow, paved with yellow gravel, where he wades up between low walls of fern-fringed rock, beneath nut, and oak, and alder, to the low bar over which the stream comes swirling and dimpling, as the water-ouzel flits piping before him, and the murmur of the ringdove comes soft and sleepy through the wood. There, as he wades, he sees a hundred sights and hears a hundred tones, which are hidden from the traveller on the dusty highway above. The traveller fancies that he has seen the country. So he has; the outside of it, at least; but the angler only sees the inside. The angler only is brought close face to face with the flower, and bird, and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only part in general which never feels the drought of summer, "the trees planted by the waterside whose leaf shall not wither."

Charles Kingsley: CHALKSTREAM STUDIES.

The Philosophy of it.

BLANK DAYS.

BLANK days have their charm. If the stars fight against us, they are still stars. Take to-day, for instance. The hopeful man rose with the October lark and found the skies grey and the wind in the West, an irregular wind but soft. He packed three rods in the trap—a spinning rod, a general purposes one and a light fly greenheart—and filled his largest creel with tackle, lunch and a bait can. The small Bass had a corkscrew with it and the amiable house-keeper had even added a glass. The pony was pawing the ground and the word was already given when a note was handed in “Please teach in the school this morning instead of to-morrow.” With a groan he handed back the pony to the groom and went off to the heavy educational harrow.

At last the lesson is over and the last child knows its paltry bit. Now the business of the day begins. But horror! what is this? Old Emmanuel Adams has fallen sick and would be poulticed with spiritual and literal linseed. Once more the precious hour is lost; and it is now nearly noon and the grey rain is splashing the coloured brambles as we drive towards the rich tower of Ile Abbots, which looms from the yellow trees. Alas! it is a persistent rain that will soak and destroy all that rain can destroy—and that is much. The wretched man, feeling like a hunted Orestes, leaves his creel and the rest in the cottage and determines to spin. The wind rises and falls. A grey game of halma seems to be played by mocking spirits upon the water, for little round-headed pawns leap up and die down on the stream. He slides and flounders with squashing feet and clinging line, and

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the spinner behaves as if it were smitten with creeping palsy.

Hundreds of yards of rank bank seem like miles. One's cuffs age rapidly and wrinkle. Meadow after meadow is passed and the man frowns and tightens his lips, until at last there is a welcome rush in the water and a fine fish breaks the hooks at the tassel tail of that new one-and-tenpenny bait. The very steel seems soaked soft. In vain another is sent out. Not at home is the return message. Not at home in hilly ground, not at home by the alders, not at home by the willow at the corner, not at home by the lunch tree, not at home at the one-eyed pool, at the bridge, the bushes, the hawthorn, the barbed wire, the stump. Ugh, and the rain is racing down the man's spine. He eats sop—formerly sandwich—and now has lost the corkscrew; but cracks his small bottle and takes beer and water and heart again. A ploughman, wreathed in sacks, offers pity: "Thanks, Tom, try a cigarette." It is all tissue paper and sop, and has a spiritual value only. Back again, still hoping, still spinning like Lachesis in gloomy majesty, and the cottage is near again, when the rain stops.

Ha! a palpable bite. It is a Jack, a babe of a span long, and he has to go back, heigh ho! But something is rising now. Small dace and the pools are astir. The spinner goes to its bran and the man fetches out his hidden riches. Surely a worm here will find a perch, and a grey gnat will fetch the dacelets to the can! The sun smiles a watery smile and the defeated angler whips joyfully. Not a bite! Then paste, gentles, wasp grubs, all the things that tease and please. Flies have become to them a mere plague. Blue dun, yellow, black, white, tawny, orange, ring-straked and red, are all scorned.

The Philosophy of it.

Then the wind rises and the grey rain slowly begins. Coldly, sadly, descends the autumn evening, and the lights begin to wink out. The bell rings for evensong, and there will not even be the parish nurse to represent the two or three who gather together. A hot bath, a rub with a warm towel, and clean raiment end the adventure. How cosy the study looks. The cheerful curl of tobacco-smoke hovers over the lines drying on chair backs, and gives a benison to the steaming jean of the rod cases. One smells neither the oil nor the vaseline. It is good to be alive; and, after all, there are the more fish left because of their coyness to-day. Next week one may have them out in battalions. *Non si male nunc et olim sic erit.* Hurrah for Thursday.

Charles Marson: SUPER FLUMINA.

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PATIENCE!

I SAY then, and will maintain it, that a salmon fisher should be strong in the arms, or he will never be able to keep on thrashing for ten or twelve hours together with a rod eighteen or twenty feet long, with ever and anon a lusty salmon at the end of his line, pulling like a wild horse with the lasso about him. Now he is obliged to keep his arms aloft, that the line may clear the rocks; now he must rush into the river, then back out with nimble pastern, always keeping a steady and proper strain of line; and he must preserve his self-possession, "even in the very tempest and whirlwind of the sport," when the salmon rushes like a rocket. This is not moody work; it keeps a man alive and stirring. Patience, indeed!

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

The Philosophy of it.

WHO IS, AND WHO IS NOT, AN ANGLER.

ALMOST everyone is now-a-days a "*piscator*." The *Fanatico*, about Easter, goes off as busy as the cockney on his nunter, when bound to Epping. He generally takes a great many things, and kills a few fish. The old angler takes a few things, and kills a great many fish. Some dark, warm, windy, drizzly days, early or late in the season, and particularly when a fine breeze blows from off the banks of a river, where no one has begun fishing, the trout are so easily taken, that a basket full is but little proof of skill. One might then almost train a monkey to catch a trout. But, at other times, and particularly when fish are well fed, is the time to see who is, and who is not, an angler. About ninety in a hundred fancy themselves anglers. About one in a hundred is an angler. About ten in a hundred throw the hatchet better than a fly.

Peter Hawker:

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

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THE TENT.

IF I am ever so indiscreet as to utter a word about fishing, I am always asked "if it does not require a great deal of patience." Now, these sort of interrogators are in Cimmerian darkness as to the real thing. But I tell them, that to be a first-rate salmon-fisher requires such active properties as they never dreamed of in their philosophy. It demands (salmon-fishing at least) strength of arm and endurance of fatigue, and a capability of walking in the sharp streams for eight or ten hours together, with perfect satisfaction to one's self; and that early in the spring season, when the clean salmon first come forward. In after life people are considerably addicted to boats, and to go about attended like admirals; that is what we must all come to. But your real professor, who has youth on his side, should neither have boats nor boots, but be sufficient in himself. No delay, no hauling the boat up the stream, but in and out, like an otter; even like we ourselves in the time of our prime, Fahrenheit being below zero. We then pitched our tent under Craigover rocks, on Tweedside, and slept in it, that we might go forth, rod in hand, at five o'clock each morning to our aqueous pastime. It is true that the late John Lord Somerville objected to our tent, as being a white object, and therefore likely to prevent the fish from passing by it to his upper water. But we proved to him, by mathematical lines adroitly drawn, that it was not within the range of a salmon's optics. So our tent stood, till a violent storm assailed us one night with barbarous fury, tore up the pegs to which the ropes were fastened, and gave up all our canvas to the winds. Thus, we got an

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ample soaking in our bed, in which we cut a pretty figure, no doubt, when disclosed to public gaze; but we were not blown into the Tweed; so that, upon the whole, we were uncommonly fortunate.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

FRIENDS.

THE meditative angler, especially while he is trying some new fetch for the girlish dace, may do well to reflect that the fish reflect not insignificantly the types of his acquaintance. Is not this little dace like lively young Dashling, who coxed the Queen's eight? I see the very man in-piscate. He ran and boxed too, did Dashling, far beyond his inches, and if I remember rightly, became an explorer in Africa, where he was eaten of lions. This pushing, practical perch in my basket reminds me of Dollardson, in his rich waistcoats, whom none could ignore or forget. He took a good degree, and became a barrister, renowned for his bullying and sharp cross-examinings. Poor old Dough, now the mild-eyed, perpetual curate of Ramsbotham Minor, who lived in cheap lodgings in Walton Street, and belonged to the unattached, he was a good, but timid roach. He hated extremes did Dough, and had a sad earnestness about him. That wide-eyed fellow, we always thought so lacking in taste—Fallowfield, of Lincoln, I mean—also took Orders and everything else he could get; he was actually made chaplain to Lord Earls court, and is now a rotund Canon in the wilds of somewhere.

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He is the very embodiment of a chub, a two-pound chub. Sallow old Heavyside, the solicitor, a quiet family man, with a thick ring and stupid sons, he is a tench. He ought to have been a physician by rights, but he fattens upon his diet of deeds. Call upon him at his office and see him slowly grope in the twilight among his despatch boxes. How he rubs his fat fingers along the red tape! Beckling of the blue blood, the dandy, became a soldier and perished magnificently before his day in some frontier scuffle; he had the dash of a gallant trout about him. The walrus, as we called little Gregson, because of his huge moustache and solemn bearing, ought to have been the gudgeon. He got taken on at Christie's, and dabbles a good deal in Art criticism, taking himself over-seriously. Large Longleat became an Army Contractor and promoted companies. His grin, and those hard eyes, proclaimed him a jack, when he was young. He is now a pike, as his admirers will admit. Cecil Rhodes was much taken with him, and sent a lot of good things his way, which he did not let slip. You, my kind round-eyed Sir, with the cocked hair, made me wonder if you were ever a rock whiting. Painful Higgins, you have assuredly the aspect of a blenny.

Charles Marson: SUPER FLUMINA.

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AN HOUR OF OBLIVION.

TO-DAY I have fished again in France!

Oh! but that sunlit hour was wonderful! Only those who have endured these weary times will fully understand—to find forgetfulness! And I had found much more—a wealth of old attachment, the mystery of the river, keen scents, soft well-remembered sounds, clean sunlight and the greenness of the valley, even a friendly miller, quite like a Breton, save that he did not wear a beaver hat—such a good fellow too, kindly, gesticulating, uttering the strange new language of these times: “No bon” this pool; I must come down and fish his meadow; that sign-board on the hedge with its scrawled “*pêche réservée*,” that was “no bon,” too. In fact, it did not count—or only “pour les Boches—compre?”

The miller left me to contented solitude. This pool “no bon” indeed! Why, already I had taken and returned two fish, both bright if undersized; and there was still a big one who cruised and sucked continually beneath the spreading thorn!

The fairy seed of the thistledown tiptoed from pool to pool. Among the weeds the dabchicks clucked contentedly. I sat in the long grass expectant, and fastened on an olive-dun. I pulled the wings apart and started oiling. . . . While on the air there came a droning sound, faint but growing—surely no voice of river midge could thus break crystal silence! . . . even a bumble bee. . . . Then up on the hill above the anti-aircrafts opened out—the shriek of shells resounded down the valley. They could not touch the faint grey speck that floated in the blue, high above white bursts of shrapnel. Only the fairy spell was broken, its

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glamour gone—one fell athud to thoughts of wreck and ruin, to madness, ugliness and pain; to dust-choked roads, crowded with sweat-stained, grim-faced men; to the weariness of their marching. What right had I to golden-houred oblivion in such times as these? Then under the thorn-bush came again a “plop” with following circle, as if to say good-bye. But I did not regret that old trout a bit. Thank heaven that he still lives!—only a Mills bomb could take him in his fastness. Besides, we had both had our little bit of fun; each realised that patch of starwort weed five yards below his tail—a sure and certain sanctuary.

So from the short-lived peace of water-meadows I turned to glaring highroad, where in the dust the endless lorries passed.

Romilly Fedden: GOLDEN DAYS.

IN THE NAME OF ALLE NOBLE MEN.

YE that can angle & take fysshe to your plesures as this forsayd treatyse techyth & shewyth you; I charge & re quyre you in the name of alle noble men that ye fysshe not in noo poore mannes seuerall water; as his ponde; stewe; or other necessary thynges to kepe fysshe in wythout his lycence & good wyll.

Nor that ye vse not to breke noo mannys gynnyngs lyenge in theyr weares & in other places due vnto theym. Ne to take the fysshe awaye that is taken in theym. For after a fysshe is taken in a mannys gynne yf the gynne be layed in the comyn

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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 yt that theuys & brybours done; whyche are punysshed for theyr evyll dedes by the necke & otherwyse whan they maye be aspyed & taken. And also yf ye doo in lyke manere as this treatise shewyth you; ye shal haue no nede to take of other menys; whiles ye shal haue 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 & drawen vpon 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 vse this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetysenes to thencreasyng & sparyng of your money oonly, but pryncypally for your solace & to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule. For whanne ye purpos 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 serue God deuowtly in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

DIFFICULTIES.

FRESH RUN.

WELL hooked, but far from beaten yet,
He plays a gallant fighting part.
My nerves are strung, my teeth are set,
My brow, and more of me, is wet
With what is surely honest sweat—
Who christened this the “gentle art?”

Just where the swirling rapids flash,
He took me with a sudden dart,
Then came a pull, a sounding splash,
A whirring reel, a furious dash,
Then over boulders, leap and crash—
Who christened this the “gentle art?”

So lumbering onwards blown and spent,
These forty minutes from the start
I have pursued where'er he went,
The rovings of his discontent,
My greenheart to a crescent bent—
Who christened this the “gentle art?”

Spectators watch with eager eyes,
They shout together and apart :
“Be gentle with him,” some advise;
“Give him the butt,” another cries;
Their clamour mounts unto the skies—
Who christened this the “gentle art?”

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He girds him for his final play,
And I, with victory at my heart,
Summon the gaff to end him. Nay!
My line sags emptily away—
Shade of old Izaak, what to say?
Who christened this the "gentle art?"

Alfred Cochrane: COLLECTED VERSES.

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ON—AND OFF.

I SAW Mons bury his six-foot gaff very deep in the water, and strike. There was a moment's "hang," and then he lifted out on to the flooded bank—there was about a foot of water running on it—the largest salmon I have ever seen alive. There was a frantic splashing, the lashing about of an enormous tail; I saw the hold give; I had time—a long time it seemed to me—to realise that he was off, to see Mons strike again, and then the mass of blue and brown and silver disappeared, and I felt the rod top dragged into the water and the line going off the reel as if there was a mastiff at the end of it.

He took out a hundred yards of line in that first burst, or perhaps more; and when I looked down the swollen river, guarded by high trees, and thought of all the risks which must be run before I got within measurable distance of the fish again, I felt the odds were greatly against us, and that most likely we should have nothing else but another tale of calamity to tell when we got home. There seemed to be something particularly desolate, and almost forbidding, in our surroundings as we followed on the fish. On the right ran the swollen river; on our left side lay the flooded woodlands, here and there bisected with deep cuts. All the trees stood out of water, and overhung in many places the river proper to an extent which made it difficult to get past without wading too deep. It was raining heavily, and a feeling of hopelessness, which I have very seldom experienced, came over my mind. It was easy to picture the catastrophe—the sudden flying straight of the heavily bent rod, the end to

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hope; the weary starting again; to try perhaps for years and years, and never to have such another opportunity.

Gilfrid Hartley:

WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES.

THE MULTIPLYING REEL.

WHATEVER you do, have nothing to say to multiplying reels: they are apt to betray you in the hour of trial.

I had a pet multiplier which ran beautifully, and which I had long used for trout fishing. As it was sufficiently large to contain a salmon line, I employed it for that purpose also, till it began to get rickety with the more heavy work. One day, the water being fallen in, and the morning also being sunny, so as to exclude the expectation of killing a salmon, I put some trout tackle at the end of my line, which was on the said reel, and began trouting in Bolside-water. At the very second throw, the pool being somewhat dead, I saw the water heave up, advancing in a wave towards me. I waited patiently for the break, which was a slight one, but pleasant and beauteous to behold. This I knew to be the act of the *Salmo salar*; and as my line was short, I was, as I before recommended to others, in no hurry to strike; but fix him I did in due season. He no sooner felt the hook than he began to rebel, and executed some very heavy runs, which so disconcerted the machinery of my multiplier as almost to dislocate the wheels. The line gave out with starts and hitches, so that I was obliged to

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assist it with my hands. To wind up it resolutely refused, so that I was compelled to gather in the line in large festoons when it was necessary to shorten it, and again to give these out as best I could when the fish made a run. Add to this embarrassment that the ground was distressing, there being alder bushes in my rear, which made it impossible for me to retreat and advance by land, by which means I could have humoured the fancies of the fish, so as to obviate in some degree the necessity of giving out and shortening the line. So I had no power whatever over the salmon, which was evidently a very large one.

In the course of an hour I made no impression upon him at all, my whole aim being to avoid a break. I never engaged with a more subtle animal. Sometimes he would make the tour of all the neighbouring stones, where he endeavoured, no doubt, to rub the hook out of his mouth; then he would take a long rest, as if he cared nothing about it. From the cause I have mentioned my tackle was always in disorder, which kept me in great apprehension. Thus the matter went on for nearly two hours more, still with a very dubious result. At length a stone being thrown in by my attendant at a spot where I could follow along the bank, he put his head down the river peremptorily, and went off like a rocket. I ran with him down the channel, as he skimmed through the shallows and darted through the rough gorges, in evident danger, as I was, of losing him every moment. At length he fairly exhausted himself, and I was able to urge him to a sandbank, and lay him on his broadside.

The sandbank, however, had a few inches of water running over it, but not sufficient to cover the fish. My attendant, Philip Garrat, had the tact to

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place himself between the deep water and the fish. Then came the struggle. A Wiltshire novice, like the said Philip, could not hold a live salmon with his hands, so he tried to kick him forward on the dry channel. All this time I hallooed stoutly to him to take care of the line. My anxiety was extreme, for the fish was sometimes able to place himself in a swimming posture, and wriggle away near the deep water. In fact, had there been but one inch of water more over the sandbank, he would have had it all his own way. Philip, aware of the danger, set at him with redoubled activity, kicking his fastest and best. But the event being still doubtful, he knelt down and grappled with him; and, finding him still slippery and elusive, he cast himself bodily upon him, and fixed him with his weight at once; *toto certatum est corpore regni*. So thought he of Macedonian appellation; but he did not express himself in such terms, being a man of no clerk-like capacity; whatever he might have thought, he only said, looking up with a grin of delight and with a Wiltshire accent, "I got un! be hanged if I ha'nt."

A cold bath for a few minutes more or less is of no consequence, so I made him remain a space, like Ætna pressing upon the shoulders of Enceladus, till I came up and gripped the huge salmon by the tail, and walked to dry land with him, triumphant. I was nearly three hours in killing this fish, all owing to the derangement of a multiplying reel.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

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GRAYLINGS.

I WILL write about graylings.

I will most venomously abuse them.

There are two kinds of grayling, big graylings, and little graylings. And first, of the big kind.

The big graylings, then, rise best during those months when it is unlawful to kill them. In June you will catch many big graylings on the May-fly you throw for trout. When you have hooked them they take an enormous time to tire out and land. Landed, they take an eternity to unhook.

Some liar once said that the grayling has a tender mouth. Everyone who has since treated of this fish has repeated the lie. I shall not. The grayling has a mouth like an umbrella ring. Once your hook is embedded there it is almost impossible to get it out. By the time you have got it out the grayling is practically dead. But not absolutely. If she were, there would be comparatively little to worry you. You would only have a grayling on your conscience.

But it is June.

It becomes necessary to restore your grayling to life.

Therefore, while the great trouts rise all about you, gulping down the May-flies, you grovel on your belly, and nurse your capture back to consciousness.

You hold her head up stream and you wave her about in the water for several minutes, while she moves her mouth and her gills slowly, deliberately. Then you let her go. Instantly she turns upside down and begins to float away. Her eye meets yours glassily, reproachfully. Her martyred air distracts

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you. You scoop her out with the net and repeat the performance.

The trouts go on rising busily.

Very likely the grayling weighs three or four pounds—for only at this season do the very largest feed. She is a glorious fish. To exhibit such a fish at the end of the day would, in September, make your name. In June, however, it would cover you with infamy. Of this the grayling is perfectly well aware.

She is quite comfortable. She knows herself safe. She is in no hurry. You cannot leave her. She prolongs the experience, slowly moving her mouth, slowing opening and closing her gills.

If you were not a fool and a sportsman you would beat her on the skull and throw her in a bed of nettles.

But you prop her up between two reeds.

Deliberately she turns over.

The trout go on rising.

At last she finds the fun begin to pall, and with a sluggish movement slips from between your hands and sinks to the gravel sulkily. You are free of her.

You now find that the rise of May-fly is over.

The last insect is coming down stream. A large fish takes it. You throw to it. It takes your fly.

It is another grayling.

William Caine: AN ANGLER AT LARGE.

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OVER THE FALL.

THE upshot was, he shot down the narrows, and went rolling head over heels down the foaming "Meux & Co.'s Entire" (this being the usual colour of our summer floods). To stop him was impossible. I held on above the rapid till I thought my good Forrest rod would have gone at the hand, and certainly the fine single gut I had on earlier would have parted with half the strain.

All I could do was to give him what line he required until he found a resting-place behind some rock—this he did after rattling off fifty yards of line. Waiting some minutes till he seemed quiet, I threw off some ten yards more line, and turning the top of the rod up stream, I darted it down to my man on the gravel below, having cautioned him not to alarm the fish by letting the line get taut. To scramble up the rocks and down again to the gravel bed, to resume my possession of my rod, was two or three minutes' work, and just as I seized hold of it, the fish, having ventured from his shelter, was, in spite of his efforts, hurried down at racing pace, taking more line than I liked, while I followed, crawling and leaping along some impassable-looking country, such as I would not have faced in cold blood. By this time he had nearly reached the Ess or fall, and all seemed lost. I do not think he really intended going over, for when he felt himself within the influence of the strong smooth water he tried his best to return, but in vain; over he went like a shot, and long ere I could get round some high rocks and down to the lower part of the fall, I had 80 or 90

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yards out, and to follow him farther on this side of the water was impossible, owing to the steep rocks rising beside the stream. To add to the embarrassment of my position I found, on raising the point of my rod, that in going over the fall the fish had passed beneath some arch deep under water, thus making my case appear very hopeless. But, determined not to give it up yet, I sent my man up to the house of Relugas, where he found an old 3-pronged dung-fork and a garden line, with which we managed to construct a grapnel, and at the second throw in I got hold of the line below the sunken arch, then fastening it to my right hand, I made my man throw the whole line off the reel and through the rings, and having drawn the remainder of the line through the sunken arch, and clear of the impediment, I formed a coil, and with my left hand pitched the end of it up to him, when he passed it through the rings again from the top of the rod, fixed it to the axle of the reel, and handed me down the rod to where I stood. From the long line out, and the heavy water, I could not tell whether the fish was on or not, but the line looked greatly chafed all along.

I now tried the only plan to end the business; leaving my man holding the rod, I went to a bridge some distance up the river, and having crossed to the other side and come down opposite him, he pitched the rod over to me. I felt that if he was still on I was sure of him, and reeling steadily up the 80 yards which were out, I followed down to the big round pool below, where, to my surprise, I became aware that he was still on. He made but a feeble resistance, and, after a fight of two hours and forty minutes, we got the clips into as gallant a fish as ever left the sea—weight $19\frac{1}{2}$ -lbs. and new run. The

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last hour and a half was in a roaring white flood. The fly was, as you may imagine, well "chained up."

A. P. Gordon Cumming:

LETTER TO CHARLES ST. JOHN, JUNE 20, 1848.

WITHOUT A REEL-HANDLE.

PERHAPS the most exciting encounter with a large, strong fish, I ever engaged in, took place on the 21st of November, 1864, on Teviot. The reel ordinarily used by me happened to be out of order, and I had substituted for it, without taking the precaution of examining the state of the handle, one which had been laid aside for an indefinite period. After setting up my rod and attaching the casting-line and fly, I commenced operations at the head of a well-known salmon-cast, the Nine-wells, along the edge of which the wading, where it can be accomplished, is deep and unequal. I had not taken above three or four throws, when the nut or screw by which the handle of the reel was fastened on, becoming detached, the handle itself, by the force of my throw across the pool, was precipitated forwards and lodged among some large stones lying at a depth of nearly five feet, and at a corresponding distance from the spot which I occupied when making the cast. It was some time before I could detect where it lay, and nearly an hour passed before I succeeded, by means of a large hook fastened to a stick, in recovering it. Although I had regained possession of the handle, I was unable, from want of the nut, to make active use of it in the way of recovering

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line. I could still manage, however, to apply it in the manner of a watch-key, so as to accomplish a few revolutions at a time, when it would invariably become detached and require replacement. Under this drawback I recommenced fishing, using as a fly the silver-doctor. Before long, the gleam of a large salmon in the act of seizing my hook discovered itself below the surface. Raising my rod, I felt that I had him fast, not by the mouth, however, but, as it turned out, by the tough skin which lies under the pectoral fin on one side.

After the pause of a second or two, off he set at a tremendous pace up the pool, exhausting, at the first rush, nearly my whole supply of line, about seventy yards, and concluding the heat with a vigorous somersault. He then, after another short pause doubled in upon me in such a way as completely to slacken the reins, and compel me, in order to retain the master-hand, to use speed in an opposite direction; nor was it until a minute or two of high excitement had passed, that I became satisfied as to the fact that we were still in firm conjunction. The only resource left me was to make use, as I was best able, of the loose reel-handle, and recover line as quickly as possible. This, to a certain extent, I had succeeded in doing, when the fish again set off at steam-speed on a cruise down the river. To humour this movement, I was compelled not only to follow as fast as the nature of the bank permitted, but to pay out the larger portion of my recovered line, in doing which the handle of the reel was again thrown off and fell, lost to view among the rank grass. Taken up, as I was, with my fish and his vagaries, I had no time to search for it, but, marking the whereabouts of its fall, hurried, or rather was dragged, forwards in rear of the chase, the respectful

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distance of seventy yards being kept up betwixt us. Still the salmon pressed on, but at a more leisurely rate, and, to keep pace with him in his way towards the foot of the pool, I had to pass my rod across the stems of several trees and bushes; also to hold it low, and in a direction nearly parallel to the water, in order to avoid coming into contact with the branch-work overhead. On reaching the shallows which divide the Nine-wells from the Turnpool stream, the fish once more doubled rapidly in upon me, skimming the surface, as he did so, and making the water fly on all sides of him. In order to keep a *taut* line, I had again, with all possible speed, to retrace my steps upwards, and managed at length, in spite of a good deal of manœuvring on his part, to arrive at the place where my reel-handle had been jerked off. Fortunately, I stumbled on the object of my search, and, notwithstanding that I could only derive slow and imperfect assistance from it in the way of winding-up, it was to its recovery alone that I owed, after a protracted and exhausting contest, my good fortune in securing what turned out to be a fine newly-run male salmon of twenty pounds' weight. The casting-line, I may mention, was of single gut, and the hook of size No. 8 in Philips' arrangement.

Thomas Tod Stoddart: AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES.

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HOOKS.

BELOW the shallow there is a pool made by a small weir, over which the flood is now rushing—on one side there is an open hatchway, with the stream pouring through. The banks are bushy, and over the deepest part of the pool the stem of a large ash projects into the river. Yesterday, when the water was lower, the keeper saw a four-pounder lying under that stem. Between the weir and the trees it is an awkward spot, but difficulty is the charm of fly-fishing. The dangerous drop fly must be taken off; a drop fly is only fit for open water, where there is neither weed nor stump. The March brown is sent skimming at the tail of the casting line, to be dropped, if possible, just above the ash, and to be carried under it by the stream. It has been caught in a root, so it seems; or it is foul somewhere. Surely no fish ever gave so dead a pull. No; it is no root. The line shoots under the bank. There is a broad flash of white just below the surface, a moment's struggle, the rod springs straight, and the line comes back unbroken. The March brown is still floating at the end of it. It was a big fish, perhaps the keeper's very big one; he must have been lightly hooked, and have rubbed the fly out of his mouth.

But let us look closer. The red-spinner had played false in the morning; may not something like it have befallen the March brown? Something like it, indeed! The hook has straightened out as if, instead of steel, it had been made of copper. A pretty business! I try another, and another, with the same result. The heavy trout take them, and one bends and the next breaks. Oh——! Well for Charles Kingsley that he was gone before he heard

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of a treason which would have broken his trust in man. You, in whose praise I have heard him so often eloquent! You who never dealt in shoddy goods! You who were faithful if all else were faithless, and redeemed the credit of English tradesmen! You had not then been in the school of progress and learnt that it was the buyer's business to distinguish good from bad. You never furnished your customers with cheap and nasty wares, fair-looking to the eye and worthless to the touch and trial. In those days you dealt with gentlemen, and you felt and traded like a gentleman yourself. And now you, too, have gone the way of your fellows. You are making a fortune, as you call it, out of the reputation which you won honourably in better days. You have given yourself over to competition and semblance. You have entered for the race among the sharpers and will win by knavery and tricks like the rest. I will not name you for the sake of the old times, when C.K. and I could send you a description of a fly from the furthest corner of Ireland, and by return of post would come a packet tied on hooks which Kendal and Limerick might equal, but could not excel. You may live on undenounced for me; but read C.K.'s books over again; repent of your sins, go back to honest ways, and renounce the new gospel in which whosoever believes shall not be saved.

J. A. Froude:

CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

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DROWNED AND CUT.

THE next cast I came to was called "The Brig-end;" and here I hooked a fine salmon; he was brave and strenuous, and so ponderous, that it seemed as if my hook had caught hold of a floating Norwegian pine, "fit for the mast of some high ammiral." After various eccentric courses, Master Fish made a sudden and desperate rush down the river—out went my line with a whirring rattle, and cut one of my fingers sharply. I followed as best I might, prancing in the water like a war-horse, with the spray about my ears. Wattie hallooed out, and said I know not what; but the tone of his voice was far from being complimentary. Nearly all my line of a hundred yards was now run out; when the fish made a sudden turn, crossed to the opposite bank, and coasted up it amongst the rocks. Here again Wattie was perfectly wild.

"Gang back, I tell ye!—haud up yer gaud!—shorten yer line!—keep aboon him, ye gomeril! Ou, ye are drownit as sure as death! Pirn in, pirn in!—pirn out, pirn out! Gang forrat, gang forrat!—gang ahint, gang ahint!" These contradictory exclamations I could have excused, as I believe they were warranted by the sudden turns of the fish; but the fellow had absolutely the temerity to attempt to take my rod from me, whereat I lashed out behind, and gave him sundry kicks, as strong and hearty as could be managed with my degenerate shoes.

I did shorten my line a little, however, but the water pressed against it so heavily that I could not extricate it as I wished. I had now receded to the shore, and gained, as I thought, the victory. Being resolved to be canny, I fixed my eyes intently upon

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the point where the line dipped into the water, under which I conceived the fish to be; but to my surprise I caught a glimpse of my playfellow with the tail of my eye, springing out of the water, and towing my tackle after him about twenty yards above the spot where I conceived him to be. I was in a perfect tremor—ye gods, how I did shake! But that did not last long, as the line all of a sudden vaulted into the air, and streamed abroad like the lithe pennon on a ship-mast, being, at a rude guess, about twenty yards minus of its pristine proportions. This was all magic to me at the time—magic of the most distressing sort; but in after days I saw what my error was. I knew that it consisted in giving out too much line at first, which would have been unnecessary had I stepped back at once on the channel, kept my rod aloft, and ran down the river-side with my fish still keeping above him. This, as has been seen, I did not do, but kept deep in the water, where I could make but little way. With a shorter line, and good footing, I might have kept above my fish when he crossed over and made up the stream, and thus have held the line tight; but as it was, it hung back in a huge sweep that would have gone round the foundations of another Carthage; which sweep, coming in contact with a concealed rock, gave the fish a dead pull, and he broke it incontinently; *abiit, evasit, erupit*. It was very distressing—very.

Now having your line in this untoward position is called *being drowned*, and the breaking of the tackle in the manner described *being cut*—soul-harrowing, suicidal miseries, that no one can properly describe except Mr. Richard Penn.

W. Scrope: DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

Difficulties.

THE NORWEGIAN GHILLIE.

WE take ship again in Nedre Fiva, and I land a twelve and a sixteen pounder in a very short space of time; after which, towards the tail of this great pool, I hook something very heavy and strong, which runs out my line in one rush almost to the last turn of the reel before Ole can get way on the boat to follow him, and then springs out of the water a full yard high; this feat being performed some 120 yards off me, and the fish looking even at this distance enormous. I have no doubt that I have at last got fast to my ideal monster—the seventy pounder of my dreams. Even the apathetic Ole grunts loudly his “Gud bevarr!” of astonishment.

I will spare the reader all the details of the struggle which ensues, and take him at once to the final scene, some two miles down below where I hooked him, and which has taken me about three hours to reach—a still back-water, into which I have with extraordinary luck continued to guide him, dead-beat. No questions now about his size. We see him plainly close to us, a very porpoise; I can see that Ole is demoralised and unnerved at the sight of him. He had twice told me, during our long fight with him, that the forty-three pounder of this morning was like a small piece of this one—the largest salmon he had ever seen in his fifty years' experience; and to my horror I see him, after utterly neglecting one or two splendid chances, making hurried and feeble pokes at him with the gaff—with the only effect of frightening him by splashing the water about his nose. In a fever of agony I bring him once again within easy reach of the gaff, and regard him as my own. He is mine

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now! he must be! "Now's your time, Ole—can't miss him!—now—now!" He does though! and in one instant a deadly sickness comes over me as the rod springs straight again and the fly dangles useless in the air. The hold has broken! Still the fish is so beat that he lies there still on his side. He knows not he is free! "Quick, gaff him as he lies. Quick! do you hear? You can have him still!" Oh, for a Scotch ghillie! Alas for the Norwegian immovable nature! Ole looks up at me with lacklustre eyes, turns an enormous quid in his cheek, and does nothing. I cast down the useless rod, and darting at him, wrest the gaff from his hand, but it is too late. The huge fins begin to move gently, like a steamer's first motion of her paddles, and he disappears slowly into the deep! Yes—yes, he is gone! For a moment I glare at Ole with a bitter hatred. . . . But the fit passes, and a sorrow too deep for words gains possession of me, and I throw away the gaff and sit down, gazing in blank despair at the water. Is it possible? Is it not a hideous nightmare? But two minutes ago blessed beyond the lot of angling man—on the topmost pinnacle of angling fame! The practical possessor of the largest salmon ever taken with a rod! And now, deeper than ever plummet sounded, in the depths of dejection! Tears might relieve me, but my sorrow is too great.

W. Bromley-Davenport: SPORT.

Difficulties.

THE FIFTY-POUNDER LOST.

AND now surely never had anglers a better opportunity of gauging, before they handled, their prize. The short sight he gave us of him when he passed under the boat told us little; the glimpse caught of him when sulking, nothing, but that he was big. The weight test on the arms was a very fallible one; a 30-pounder in a stream feels very heavy. But when he got into the clear smooth water above "Kirkeide" he showed himself almost as plainly to us as if he had been on the bank. For a hundred yards or more we could see his every movement; follow the line till it went into the water and joined the trace; follow still the trace leading fair up to his mouth, so disproving what at times we had been afraid of—that he was foul-hooked. The great, pale, silvery-green, symmetrical form shone ghostly-like, but with wonderful distinction, in the dark emerald-green water. We could see his fins working; now and then he pulled impatiently, as it were, at his reins, and sometimes, turning half over, showed the ridge of his back. He might lunge about and give some trouble at the landing, but his real fighting was over; he was becoming tractable, and could be led instead of leading us.

And we began to make almost sure of him. That men who had fished for many years and habitually quoted half a dozen sayings about premature confidence should ever allow themselves to be sure of a salmon before he was on the bank, shows to what a pitch ignorance and presumption can lead mortals. We knew the strength of the tackle. We knew by this time that the fish must be well hooked; we saw ever coming nearer the calm smooth backwater into which he was to be gently and yet

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firmly towed, and if he should manage to struggle still farther down, we had the boat still with us, dragged behind by a keenly interested farmer, who had left his hay-making to see the sport. With audacity, which no doubt deserved punishment, we even speculated on his weight. "He is a very big fish," said Mons. "I think he is bigger than P.'s"—a 48-pounder which my man had gaffed the year before.

And then—without a struggle or jerk—with no extra strain put on it, the rod-top, which for an hour had formed a fair and beautiful bow, flew straight. The fish was free! So done was he that for perhaps eight or ten seconds he stood almost in the same place, giving ample time if he had been nearer the bank for an active man to run down and gaff him even yet. He stood so, almost motionless, and then slowly disappeared into deep water. The splendid trace had parted; either in the hole where he had sulked so long, or, more likely, when he made his first wild rush up-stream in Laxigar, the gut must have got a terrible rub on a rock.

So the long struggle ended. This was the greatest calamity of my fishing life—the greatest blow of the kind I have ever received.

Gilfrid Hartley:

WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES.

AFTER TEN HOURS.

IT is now half-past three o'clock, and we are rapidly approaching Newburgh. The change of tide seems to make the fish frantic. We are never still for half

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a minute, and never cease wondering what his size must be if his strength is so enormous and so untiring. Finally, he decides on going up with the tide. The waves become embarrassing, and the boat is no longer easy to manage. A new fiend enters the fish, and makes him play the maddest pranks imaginable. We have for some time discussed the probability of his being a strong fish hooked foul, which would account for some part of his power; but just when the waves are at the highest and the boat is blowing up the river close upon the fish, out he springs two feet into the air, a monster as large as a well-grown boy, with the line leading fair up to his snout. "Never land that fellow with a couple of trout-lines, or any other line," is the fisherman's verdict; and as if to confirm it a cry comes the next minute, "The line has parted!" Sure enough one strand has gone, owing to the constant friction of the wet line running through the rings for so many hours, and within twenty yards of the end of the line there is an ugly place two inches long, with only two strands out of three remaining. There is no longer a moment's safety unless that flaw is kept on the reel; and the necessity of pressing close on the fish leads Jimmy such a life as he will probably not forget. We are hungry and cold and somewhat wet; it is growing very dusk, and if we could not land him with 120 yards of line, how can we with twenty? We have caught a Tartar indeed.

And now night comes on in earnest. . . . The clock at home strikes seven, and we hear our passenger groaning over the fact that they are just going in to dinner. Lights peep out on the hill-sides. . . . At length a measured sound of oars is heard, and a black pirate-like boat comes down upon us. We state our need. Can he take this

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gentleman down to the pier, and bring us back some food? "Na!" And that is all he will vouchsafe to say as he sheers off again. Soon, however, a more Christian boat appears, and with many complicated manœuvres, to keep the line clear of the boat in the dark, we trans-ship our friend about eight o'clock, loaded with injunctions to send off food and a light. The light would be of the greatest service, for a frozen finger and thumb are not sufficiently certain indicators of the passage of the frayed portion of the line from the reel; and as the fish has never ceased to rush from one side to the other, frequently passing sheer under the boat, and requiring the utmost care to keep the line clear of the oars, we think almost more of the coming lantern than of the sorely needed food. It is an hour before the boat returns, with an excellent lantern, a candle and a half, a bottle of whiskey, and cakes and cheese enough for a week. Before setting to work upon the food we attempt to put in execution a plan we have long thought of and carefully discussed. A spare rod, short and stiff, is laid across the seats of the boat, with the reel all clear, and a good salmon-line on, with five or six yards drawn through the rings. We wait till the fish is quiet for a moment or two under the boat, and taking gently hold of the line he is on, pass a loop of it through the loop at the end of the salmon-line. As if he divined our intention, off he goes at once, running the flaw off the reel, and costing us some effort to catch him up again. This is repeated two or three times. At last we get the loop through, get a good knot tied, snap the old line above the knot, and there is our friend careering away at the end of a hundred yards of strong salmon-line, with some seven or eight yards only of the thinner line. When we examine

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the now innocuous flaw, we find it is seven inches long, and half of one of the remaining strands is frayed through.

Time passes on as we drift slowly up the river towards Elcho. Ten o'clock strikes, and we determine to wait till dawn, and try conclusions with the monster that has had us fast for ten hours. The tide begins to turn, and Jimmy utters gloomy forebodings of our voyage down to the sea in the dark. The fish feels the change of tide, and becomes more demoniacal than ever. For half an hour he is in one incessant flurry, and at last, for the first time, he rises to the surface, and through the dark night we can hear and see the huge splashes he makes as he rolls and beats the water. He must be near done, Jimmy thinks. As he is speaking the line comes slack. He's bolting towards the boat, and we reel up with the utmost rapidity. We reel on; but no sign of resistance. Up comes the minnow, minus the tail hook. Jimmy rows home without a word; and neither he nor the fisherman will ever get over it.

G. F. Browne (Bishop of Bristol):
OFF THE MILL.

NOTE.—A large fish was taken in the nets at Newburgh the next year which was popularly recognised as the fish of the above account. It had a mark just where I saw the tail hook of the minnow when the fish showed itself once in the strong water above Newburgh. It was the largest salmon ever known to be taken, weighing 74-lbs. as weighed at Newburgh, and 70-lbs. in London the next day.

G. F. B.

RED LETTER DAYS.

THE GREENWELL.

THE best day I have ever had was at Floors, late in October, when I killed seventeen fish, viz., twelve salmon and five grilse, having in all hooked twenty. One of these taking with a barb against a bone, the barb broke and so he got off; another which I struck took away the hook, the gut being cut too close to the hook, so that it drew; a third rose shyly, was played for twenty minutes. and then the hold gave. I could only have killed one more fish than I did, for the two first were off at once, and another hooked immediately. I started at 11 a.m., and never rose a fish after 4 p.m., having reserved the best bit of water for that usually choice time of the day. I have forgotten the exact weight; I fancy it was 275-lbs. The "Greenwell" fly did most execution, and I fished with very small hooks and fine single gut.

William Greenwell:

LETTER TO WILLIAM HENDERSON, 1865.

Red Letter Days.

FROM THREE TO EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ONE of the most exciting salmon-runs I ever witnessed took place in the neighbourhood of Kelso several years ago, near the close of the season. The fish was hooked about three p.m., at the neck of the Hempside Ford stream, by Mr. Meiklem. After making several pushes in the direction of Maxwheel, it set off at lightning speed towards Rosebank, the boat, managed by one of the Kersses, following with all haste. On reaching Rosebank, after parading up and down for more than half an hour, it made at a strong pace for the head of the Grain, a rapid stream, situated nearly a mile below the point at which it was hooked. During its course hitherto it had only favoured us with one surface demonstration, exposing a breadth of tail which led to the belief that it was a fish of very uncommon dimensions. It was by this time quite dark, and any further evolutions which might have assisted us to pronounce upon its size were undistinguishable. After making a show of pressing further down into the Grain stream, it suddenly wheeled round and made its way up again, the boat in full chase, to Rosebank, where it lay down for a short period, and gave opportunity to Sandy Smith, who acted as attendant to the fisherman, to procure a lantern from the toll-house.

On being again started, it continued, notwithstanding the strong pressure laid upon it by Mr. Meiklem, who was an expert fisher, and was armed on this occasion with a powerful salmon-rod, fitted next the hook with a triple-gut casting-line, to make play for a long time, not certainly in furious style, but in the form of strong pushes or runs, its snout

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evidently directed towards the bottom of the river, and its pectoral and ventral fins put into severe exercise. The winding up of the performance was not accomplished until eight p.m., when it is customary at Kelso to ring the bells of the Town Hall, during the chiming of which, the gaff hook, by aid of the lantern, was brought to bear upon the fish, which proved, after all, to be only a kipper-salmon of seventeen pounds, the secret of its strength and protracted exertions lying partly in its being provided with fins of uncommon size, adapted to thick, muscular sockets, and partly also in the circumstance of the night being dark, a condition which, it is averred, encourages the *salar* to show spirit and resistance.

Thomas Tod Stoddart: AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES.

DUNCAN GRANT'S BIG FISH.

IN the month of July, some thirty years ago, one Duncan Grant, a shoemaker by profession, who was more addicted to fishing than to his craft, went up the way from the village of Aberlour, in the north, to take a cast in some of the pools above Elchies-water. He had no great choice of tackle, as may be conceived; nothing, in fact, but what was useful, and scant supply of that.

Duncan tried one or two pools without success, till he arrived at a very deep and rapid stream, facetiously termed 'the Mountebank;' here he paused, as if meditating whether he should throw his line or not. "She is very big," said he to himself, "but I'll try her; if I grip him he'll be worth the hauding." He then fished it, a step and a throw,

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about half way down, when a heavy splash proclaimed that he had raised him, though he missed the fly. Going back a few paces, he came over him again, and hooked him. The first tug verified to Duncan his prognostication, that if he was there "he would be worth the hauding;" but his tackle had thirty plies of hair next the fly, and he held fast, nothing daunted. Give and take went on with dubious advantage, the fish occasionally sulking. The thing at length became serious; and, after a succession of the same tactics, Duncan found himself at the Boat of Aberlour, seven hours after he had hooked his fish, the said fish fast under a stone, and himself completely tired. He had some thoughts of breaking his tackle and giving the thing up, but he finally hit upon an expedient to rest himself, and at the same time to guard against the surprise and consequence of a sudden movement of the fish.

He laid himself down comfortably on the banks, the butt end of his rod in front, and most ingeniously drew out part of his line, which he held in his teeth. "If he rugs when I'm sleeping," said he, "I think I'll find him noo;" and no doubt it is probable that he would. Accordingly, after a comfortable nap of three or four hours, Duncan was awoke by a most unceremonious tug at his jaws. In a moment he was on his feet, his rod well up, and the fish swattering down the stream. He followed as best he could, and was beginning to think of the rock at Craigellachie, when he found to his great relief that he could "get a pull on him." He had now comparatively easy work; and exactly twelve hours after hooking him, he cleiked him at the head of Lord Fife's water; he weighed fifty-four pounds, Dutch, and had the tide lice upon him.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

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MAY-FLY ON THE CHES.

THE keeper had walked down the bank pensively while I was in the difficulty with my flies, meditating, perhaps, on idle gentlemen, and reflecting that if the tradesmen were knaves the gentlemen were correspondingly fools. He called to me to come to him just as I had landed my trout. He was standing by the side of the rapid stream at the head of the mill pool. It was as he had foretold; the great fish had come up, and were rolling like salmon on the top of the water gulping down the **May-flies**. Even when they are thus carelessly ravenous, the clearness of the river creates a certain difficulty in catching them in ordinary times, but to-day the flood made caution superfluous. They were splashing on the surface close to our feet, rolling about in a negligent gluttony which seemed to take from them every thought of danger, for a distance of at least three hundred yards.

There was no longer any alarm for the tackle, and it was but to throw the fly upon the river, near or far, for a trout instantly to seize it. There was no shy rising where suspicion balks the appetite. The fish were swallowing with a deliberate seriousness every fly which drifted in their reach, snapping their jaws upon it with a gulp of satisfaction. The only difficulty was in playing them when hooked with a delicate chalk-stream casting-line. For an hour and a half it lasted, such an hour and a half of trout fishing as I had never seen and shall never see again. The ease of success at last became wearisome. Two large baskets were filled to the brim. Accident had thrown in my way a singular opportunity which it would have been wrong to

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abuse, so I decided to stop. We emptied out our spoils upon the grass, and the old keeper said that long as he had known the river he had never but once seen so many fish of so large size taken in the Ches in a single day by a single rod.

J. A. Froude:

CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

A BRACE OF CARP.

THE black tip of my float about eight yards away, in the dearth of other interests, began to have an almost hypnotizing influence. A little after half-past eight this tip trembled and then disappeared, and so intent was I on looking at it that my first thought was a mild wonder as to why it did that. Then the coiled line began to go through the rings, and I realized that here was a bite. Rod in hand, I waited till the line drew taut, and struck gently. Then things became confused. It was as though some submarine suddenly shot out into the lake. The water was about six feet deep, and the fish must have been near the bottom, but he made a most impressive wave as he dashed straight into the weeds about twenty yards away, and buried himself some ten yards deep in them. "And so home," I murmured to myself, or words of like significance, for I saw not the faintest chance of getting a big fish out with a roach-rod and a fine line. After a little thought, I decided to try hand-lining, as one does for trout, and, getting hold of the line—with some difficulty, because the trees prevented the rod-point

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going far back—I proceeded to feel for the fish with my hand. At first there was no response; the anchorage seemed immovable.

Then I thrilled to a movement at the other end of the line, which gradually increased until the fish was on the run again, pushing the weeds aside as he went, but carrying a great streamer or two with him on the line. His run ended, as had the first, in another weed-patch, and twice after that he seemed to have found safety in the same way. Yet each time hand-lining was efficacious, and eventually I got him out into the strip of clear water where the fight was an easier affair, though by no means won. It took, I suppose, from fifteen to twenty minutes before I saw a big bronze side turn over, and was able to get about half the fish into my absurdly small net. Luckily, by this time he had no kick left in him, and I dragged him safely up the bank and fell upon him. What he weighed I had no idea, but I put him at about twelve pounds, with a humble hope that he might be more. At any rate, he had made a fight that would have been considered very fair in a twelve-pound salmon, the power of his runs being certainly no less and the pace of them quite as great. On the tackle I was using, however, a salmon would have fought longer.

The fish knocked on the head, I was satisfied, packed up my tackle, and went off to see what the other angler had done. So far he had not had a bite, but he meant to go on as long as he could see, and hoped to meet me at the train. He did not do so, for a very good reason; he was at about that moment engaged in a grim battle in the darkness with a fish that proved ultimately to be one ounce heavier than mine, which, weighed on the scales at the keeper's cottage, was sixteen pounds five ounces. As I owe

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him my fish, because it was by his advice I put on the strong cast, and the bait was one of his lob-worms, he might fairly claim the brace. And he would deserve them, because he is a real carp-fisher, and has taken great pains to bring about his success. For myself—well, luck attends the undeserving now and then. One of them has the grace to be thankful.

H. T. Sheringham: COARSE FISHING.

A FIFTY-TWO POUND SALMON.

NOW the time was approaching; for good or bad the crisis was close at hand—happiness and triumph, or great, and not altogether temporary, misery, hung in the balance. I wish I could make those who do me the honour of reading this account feel the responsibility and consuming interest of the next few minutes. Long ago we had realised that the salmon was a very large one; rapid though the survey at the first gaffing place had been, we had seen enough to know that we had in charge no ordinary prize. And now there could be no possible question—he was losing strength, coming up often to the surface, flapping his huge tail, and turning over in the weary despairing way in which fish move when they are being tired out. “He’s far over 40-lbs.!” I said, and Mons agreed so readily and quickly that I knew there could be no doubt in his mind. Then came a bit of comfort from the gaffer. “I think he very well hooked,” he said, as the fish, turning over, showed his head, and the trace running fair into his mouth.

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It was, I thought, a horrid place to land a big fish at. When I reeled well up and walked backwards the salmon sank down so deep that he could not be reached from the boat; to right or left I could not move because of the bushes. So I had to shorten a short line still more, and hold him up, and any fisherman knows the disagreeable feeling of having a heavy fish on a very short line just below you. Then he came in—for the last time. With rapid deliberation Mons got in the gaff—no mistake about it this time—lifted the heavy weight into the boat, and then, helped by my eager arm, brought him up the bank and threw him down on the grass, well away from the river—safe, and ours at last!

I had a steelyard in my pocket which weighed up to 40-lbs. : to-day it was useless—I did not even go through the form of taking it out; and when the fish hung from the 60-lb. scale it drew out a good 12-lbs. more than the 40. An hour after its capture, and with the loss of a good deal of blood, it weighed an honest 52-lbs. And—that there should be no flaw, for once, in the doing, the fish was perfectly fresh run; there were sea lice on his tail.

Gilfrid Hartley:

WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES.

THE CHALKSTREAM.

A VISION.

WHAT shall we see, as we look across the broad, still, clear river, where the great dark trout sail to and fro lazily in the sun? For having free-warren of our fancy and our paper, we may see what we choose.

White chalkfields above, quivering hazy in the heat. A park full of merry haymakers; gay red and blue waggons; stalwart horses switching off the flies; dark avenues of tall elms; groups of abele, "tossing their whispering silver to the sun;" and amid them the house. What manner of house shall it be? Tudor or Elizabethan, with oriels, mullioned windows, gables, and turrets of strange shape? No; that is commonplace. Everybody builds Tudor houses now. Our house shall smack of Inigo Jones or Christopher Wren; a great square red-brick mass, made light and cheerful though by quoins and windows of white Sarsden stone; with high-peaked French roofs, broken by louvres and dormers, haunted by a thousand swallows and starlings. Old walled gardens, gay with flowers, shall stretch right and left. Clipt yew alleys shall wander away into mysterious gloom; and out of their black arches shall come tripping children, like white fairies, to laugh and talk with the girl who lies dreaming and

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reading in the hammock there, beneath the black velvet canopy of the great cedar-tree, like some fair Tropic flower hanging from its boughs. Then they shall wander down across the smooth-shorn lawn, where the purple rhododendrons hang double, bush and image, over the water's edge, and call to us across the stream, "What sport?" and the old Squire shall beckon the keeper over the long stone bridge, and return with him bringing luncheon and good ale; and we will sit down, and eat and drink among the burdock leaves, and then watch the quiet house, and lawn, and flowers, and fair human creatures, and shining water, all sleeping breathless in the glorious light beneath the glorious blue, till we doze off, lulled by the murmur of a thousand insects, and the rich minstrelsy of nightingale and blackcap, thrush and dove.

Charles Kingsley: CHALKSTREAM STUDIES.

The Chalkstream.

THE LITTLE PANG.

IT is too early for the June wild roses, with their white petals, which go straight to the heart; nor is the fragrant meadow sweet in bloom yet awhile; but cowslips and marsh marigold are gorgeous in the meadows, and the wheat never looks more beautiful than in this its vigorous youth.

In the copse hard by is a dell dyed blue by hyacinth: wood-anemones are there too, and slender cuckoo-flowers. A kingfisher flashes by in the sunlight, and at our approach a moorhen dives out of sight with a great spluttering. Wagtails of two species are running about, never very far from the cattle, and the breasts of some of these birds are as yellow as the marigold itself. At the thin, feathery edge of the copse, and within a few paces of the water, there is a wild-duck's nest. In some rank herbage overhanging the water a dabchick is sitting on two stained eggs; seeing us, she slips into the stream; and when we return, half an hour later, the eggs appear to have been taken away; but the bird has merely covered them over with a few dead leaves. You have only to sit quite still for a while, and the dabchick and wild-duck will both return to their nests. The water-rat fearlessly swims about within a few yards of you, while a rustling in the copse announces the approach of a timorous leveret. As for the sedge-warbler, he will come into the bush under which you are reclining and pour that quaint medley of notes—stolen notes, say some—into your very ears. But make the slightest movement and he instantly leaves off singing, while the leveret rushes off in terror, and the dabchick slips into the water again. As for the fish, a shadow will alarm

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them; indeed, you must stalk your trout just as you stalk on summer evenings a rabbit feeding in the woodland path or a deer on the hillside.

George A. B. Dewar: IN PURSUIT OF THE TROUT.

ROUGH WATER AND THE GREY-BROWN SHADOW.

NOON and the quarter-past chimed from the belfry, and then a big dark olive drifted on to an eddy near by, and, lifted out on the meshes of a landing net, was identified. The hint was enough. One of the flies in soak—tied on No. 1 hooks—was knotted on, and the surface was scanned for the first dimple. Presently it was located—such a tiny, infinitesimal, dancelike dimple, hinting rather than proving the movement of a trout. It was hardly noticeable in the turmoil made by the strong ruffle of the upstream wind against the somewhat full current of the stream. It was rather far across for accurate casting in such a wind, and presently a sudden gust slammed the line down upon the spot with such a splash as no self-respecting trout could be expected to endure.

A movement up-stream was prescribed by the conditions, and presently another dimple like the last was spotted in a more favourable position. It was repeated after an interval, but no fly was to be seen on the surface; so, without an attempt at drying, the Rough Olive was despatched on his mission, and lit a foot or so above the spot. Again, and once more, it did so, and then there was a hint of a grey-brown flicker in the hollow of a wave. By

The Chalkstream.

instinct rather than reason the hand went up, and the arch of the rod showed that the steel had gone home. In due course the trout—a fish of fourteen inches—was landed, and the angler proceeded upward.

He soon found, however, that to reach and cover the fish satisfactorily it behoved him to cross, and tackle them from the other side, and he made his way to the footbridge. On the way down, on the main stream he saw another hint of a rise in mid-stream, where the waves were highest. The wind served him well, and the fly was over the trout in no time. For four or five casts there was no response; then again that grey-brown shadow for a moment in the trough of a wave, mounting rod, a screaming reel, and a vigorous trout was battling for his life.

G. E. M. Skues:

MINOR TACTICS OF THE CHALKSTREAM.

An Angler's Garland.

THE DRY-FLY.

WHAT does dry-fly fishing mean? Armed with a light rod, a fine cast, a single fly carefully selected, the exact counterpart of some insect that is or might be on the water, you carefully scan the stream. A "great old trout, both subtle and fearful," is seen to be on the feed in the narrow space between two beds of weed. Upstream you stalk him, crouching or crawling. More than a cast-length below the spot you pause, until again the ring of the rise is seen. A further cautious approach, a further kneeling wait when in position. Again the black nose appears, a fly is sucked down. The brain judges the distance to an inch, and simultaneously instructs the hand and eye. A preliminary cast is made across the stream, another wave of the rod, and the tiny fly alights jauntily on the water like a living thing—yet easily to be distinguished from the natural insects as the two move side by side. It floats lightly over the desired spot where lies the fish. Half turning lazily on his side, lazily he opens his great white mouth and sucks in the fly, scarce dimpling the surface of the water the while. A half-turn of the wrist and he is fast. The reel makes merry music, while rapidly runs the line. Soon is the first rush over; cautiously the line is recovered, the fish appears to yield; another rush, again he yields; then, turning sharply, headlong he bolts downstream, for one anxious moment slackening the line. Another rush, a leap into the air, the strain is increased; he turns slightly on his side, but, quickly recovering himself, shakes his jaws; again he rolls, and again, at each roll showing more of his silvery side, and now like a log he lies motionless. The

The Chalkstream.

right hand has grasped the landing-net, the left holds the rod with shortened line; the net sinks in the water, and, yielding to the gentle pressure, nearer he rolls; then, with a cautious, almost imperceptible movement, it is under him, and he lies gasping for breath upon the bank.

Lord Buxton: FISHING AND SHOOTING.

THE SOURCES OF THE WANDLE.

TWENTY years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic, in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandel, and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which "giveth rain from heaven;" no pastures ever lightened in springtime with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness—fain-hidden—yet full-confessed. The place remains nearly unchanged in its larger features; but with deliberate mind I say that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning—not in Pisan Maremma—not by Campagna tomb—not by the sand-isles of the Torcellan shore—as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene; nor is any blasphemy or impiety, any frantic saying, or

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godless thought, more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes; which, having neither energy to cart away, nor decency enough to dig into the ground, they thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria, and bricklayer's refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond; and there, circled and coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half-a-dozen men, with one day's work could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled only

The Chalkstream.

of angels, from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor, I suppose, will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters.

John Ruskin: THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

THE MOUNTAIN.

THE MOUNTAIN TARN.

WHO would prefer the certainty of taking trout out of some sluggish preserve, to the chance of a brace out of Edno or Llyn Dulyn? The pleasure lies not in the prize itself, but in the pains which it has cost; in the upward climbs through the dark plantations, besides the rock-walled stream; the tramp over the upland pastures, one gay flower-bed of blue and purple butter-wort; the steady breathless climb up the crags, which looked but one mile from you where you started, so clear against the sky stood out every knoll and slab; the first stars of the white saxifrage, golden-eyed, blood-bedropt, as if a fairy had pricked her finger in the cup, which shine upon some green cushion of wet moss, in a dripping crack of the cliff; the first gray tufts of the Alpine club-moss, the first shrub of crow-berry, or sea-green rose-root, with its strange fleshy stems and leaves, which mark the two-thousand-feet-line, and the beginning of the Alpine world; the scramble over the arid waves of the porphyry sea aloft, as you beat round and round like a weary pointer dog in search of the hidden lake; the last despairing crawl to the summit of the Syenite pyramid on Moel Meirch; the hasty gaze around, far away into the green vale of Ffestiniog, and over wooded flats, and long silver

The Mountain.

river-reaches, and yellow sands, and blue sea flecked with flying clouds, and isles and capes, and wildernesses of mountain peaks, east, west, south, and north; one glance at the purple gulf out of which Snowdon rises, thence only seen in full majesty from base to peak; and then the joyful run, springing over bank and boulder, to the sad tarn beneath your feet; the loosening of the limbs as you toss yourself, bathed in perspiration, on the turf; the almost awed pause as you recollect that you are alone on the mountain-tops, by the side of the desolate pool, out of all hope of speech or help of man; and, if you break your leg among those rocks, may lie there till the ravens pick your bones; the anxious glance round the lake to see if the fish are moving; the still more anxious look through your hook to guess what they will choose to take; what extravagant bundle of red, blue, and yellow feathers, like no insect save perhaps some jewelled monster from Amboyna or Brazil—may tempt those sulkiest and most capricious of trout to cease for once their life-long business of picking leeches from among those Syenite cubes which will twist your ankles and break your shins for the next three hours. What matter (to a minute philosopher, at least) if, after two hours of such enjoyment as that, he goes down again into the world of man with empty creel, or with a dozen pounders and two-pounders, shorter, gamer, and redder-fleshed than ever came out of Thames or Kennet? What matter? If he has not caught them, he might have caught them; he has been catching them in imagination all the way up; and if he be a minute philosopher, he holds that there is no falser proverb than that devil's beatitude: "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

An Angler's Garland.

Say, rather, Blessed is he who expected everything, for he enjoys everything once at least; and if it falls out true, twice also.

Charles Kingsley: CHALKSTREAM STUDIES.

BLESSING ON THE FOREST.

ON Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs where grey-haired shepherds tell
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide
With stalwart arm the boat to guide,
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur emerging bright
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

The Mountain.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashiestiel;
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair!

Sir Walter Scott.

An Angler's Garland.

TWILIGHT ON TWEED.

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
 Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
 Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the Border hills,
 Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills
 And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
 Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
 My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
 The Border waters flow,
The air is full of ballad notes
 Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
 Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
 Plashed in the golden stream.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
 Fair and too fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still
 That should have welcomed me.

Andrew Lang: GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

RIVERS.

WELCOME TO COQUET.

WE twa hae fish'd the Kale sae clear,
An' streams o' mossy Reed,
We've try'd the Wansbeck an' the Wear,
The Teviot an' the Tweed;
An' we will try them ance again
When summer suns are fine,
An' we'll thraw the flee taegither yet
For the days o' auld lang syne.

For gie's a drappie till our cheek,
Our ain gad in our han';
The tackle tough, the heckle rough,
An' match us yet wha can!

'Tis mony years sin' first we met
On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claes;
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim Death he heuks us a';
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.

An Angler's Garland.

For we are hale an' hearty baith,
Though frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
An' climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels an' grip our gads,
An' thraw a sweeping line,
An' we'll hae a plash amang the lads
For the days o' auld lang syne.

Though Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green belaw the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak your gad,
An' gang awa' wi' me.
Come busk your flees, my auld compeer,
We're fidgin' a' fu' fain,
We've fish'd the Coquet mony a year,
An' we'll fish her owre again.

An' hameward when we todle back,
An' night begins to fa',
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a'—
When jugs are toom'd an' coggies wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine;
We've shewn we're guid at Water yet,
An' we're little warse at Wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've fill'd,
How mony a line we've flung,
How mony a Ged an' Sawmon kill'd
In days when we were young;
We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune;
They're bleezing aye o' what they'll do,
We'll tell them what we've dune.

Rivers.

For gie's a drappie till our cheek,
Our ain gad in our han';
The tackle tough, the heckle rough,
An' match us yet wha can!

Robert Roxby. } NEWCASTLE FISHERS'
Thomas Doubleday. } GARLANDS, 1824.

ON THE ROAD TO LLANGOLLEN.

IT was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how

An Angler's Garland.

glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

“ The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.”

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

William Hazlitt: TABLE TALK.

Rivers.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

An Angler's Garland.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
 Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
 More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

Francis Mahony.

Rivers.

TO THE NAIRN.

WATER of Alders ! where is the spell
That binds me in spirit to thee?
I cared not to drop my farewell,
For I left no loved things, in meadow or dell,
Thou wert but a stranger with me.

Yet, in my fancy, often I turn
From the streams of my choice, all apart—
From the sylvan and blossomy burn
To the vale where thy waters murmur and mourn,
Their memory hangs on the heart !

Often in vision tempt me again
Thy wild roving shoals; but I bend
O'er the silent shapes of the slain,
Not for me from the depths of the billowy main
The living thy channels ascend.

Swift as an arrow glancing below
Speeds the silver trout of the sea,
And ever on thy autumnal flow
The salmon laving his bosom of snow
Wends hill-ward, but not for me !

Water of Alders ! memory brings
Me back to each trodden fane,
And its silent recall of banished things
Unfeters Affection's buried springs
And bids them gush forth again !

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING POEMS.

An Angler's Garland.

TO LEVEN WATER.

PURE stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While lightly poised the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike intent on war,
The silver eel, the mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine
And edges flow'ed with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

Tobias George Smollett.

Rivers.

THE VALE OF OUSE.

HOW oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have born
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.

William Cowper: THE TASK.

An Angler's Garland.

THE FINDHORN IN SPATE.

CALM and peaceful as it looks when at its ordinary height, the angler, on a bright summer's evening, is sometimes startled by a sound like the rushing of a coming wind, yet wind there is none, and he continues his sport. Presently he is surprised to see the water near which he has been standing suddenly sweep against his feet; he looks up the stream and sees the river coming down in a perpendicular wall of water, or like a wave of the sea, with a roaring noise, and carrying with it trees with their branches and roots entire, large lumps of unbroken bank, and every kind of mountain débris. Some mountain storm of rain has suddenly filled its bed. Sometimes on the occasion of these rapid speats I have had to gather up my tackle and run for my life, which was in no small risk until I gained some bank or rock above the height of the flood. When this rush of water comes down between the rocks where the river has not room to spread, the danger is doubly great, owing to the irresistible force acquired by the pent-up water. The flood, when occasioned by a summer storm, soon subsides, and the next day no trace is left of it excepting the dark coffee-coloured hue of the water.

Charles St. John:

WILD SPORTS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Rivers.

THE BWOAT.

WHERE cows did slowly seek the brink
O' Stour, drough zunburnt grass, to drink;
Wi' vishèn float, that there did zink
An' rise, I zot as in a dream.
The dazzlèn zun did cast his light
On hedge-row blossom, snowy white,
Though nothèn yet did come in zight,
A-stirrèn on the strayèn stream;

Till, out by sheädy rocks there show'd,
A bwoat along his foamy road,
Wi' thik feäir maid at mill, a-row'd
Wi' Jeäne behind her brother's oars.
An' steätely as a queen o' vo'k,
She zot wi' floatèn scarlet cloak,
An' comèn on, at ev'ry stroke,
Between my withy-sheäded shores.

The broken stream did idly try
To show her sheäpe a-ridèn by,
The rushes' brown-bloom'd stems did ply,
As if they bow'd to her by will.
The rings o' water, wi' a sock,
Did break upon the mossy rock,
An' gi'e my beätèn heart a shock,
Above my float's up-leapèn quill.

Then, lik' a cloud below the skies,
A-drifted off, wi' less'nèn size,
An' lost, she floated vrom my eyes,
Where down below the stream did wind;
An' left the quiet weäves woonce mwore
To zink to rest, a sky-blue'd vloor,
Wi' all so still's the clote they bore,
Aye, all but my own ruffled mind.

William Barnes: POEMS OF RURAL LIFE.

An Angler's Garland.

THE STRIPLING THAMES.

AS I came down from Bablock Hythe
Through meads yet virgin of the scythe,
The air was sweet, the birds were blithe
Along the stream to Eynsham;

The guelder bloom and flower o' May
And marguerites and elder-spray,
Made either bank a milky way
From Bablock Hythe to Eynsham.

Fast anchored 'neath the wild-rose bowers,
Like lovely thoughts transformed to flowers
The lilies dreamed away the hours
From Bablock Hythe to Eynsham;

And youthful yet, and lately bound
On his adventure, he has found,
Our pilgrim Thames, a holy ground
'Twixt Bablock Hythe and Eynsham.

Yet does he know, the while he threads
His curving course through golden meads,
The savage wave to which he leads
At last, at last, from Eynsham?

Sun and sweet air; the harmony
Of Earth and June! It seemed to me
A dream of all that Youth should be,
My water-way to Eynsham.

But oh, how brief that magic spell,
True type of youth! Bright streams, farewell.
Alas! we may not always dwell
'Twixt Bablock Hythe and Eynsham.

St. John Lucas: NEW POEMS.

Rivers.

WHERE TO FISH IN THE THAMES.

THE best places for pitching a boat to angle in the Thames are about one hundred and fifty yards from York Stairs; the Savoy, Somerset-house, Dorset Stairs, Black-Friar's Stairs; the Dung-Wharf near Water-lane, Trig Stairs, and Essex Stairs. On Surry side, Falcon Stairs; Barge Houses; Cuper's, *vulgo* Cupid's Stairs; the Wind-mill, and Lambeth.

There are very good *roach* and *dace* to be caught at Westminster Bridge, if the weather is favourable in the autumn; the fifth arch on the north side is best to pitch the boat.

When you go to angle at Chelsea, on a calm fair day, the wind being in a right corner, pitch your boat almost opposite to the church and angle in the six or seven feet water, where, as well as at Battersea Bridge, you will meet with plenty of *roach* and *dace*.

Thomas Best: THE ART OF ANGLING.

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ROACH IN THE POOL.

THEY who desire to have much Diversion, and to take many Roach, may gratify themselves after the following manner: Having provided a sufficient Quantity of *Gentles*, go below *London Bridge*, as far as *Shadwell*, *Ratcliff*, *Limehouse*, or thereabouts; then take a Boat, and fasten it to the Stern of a *Collier*, or some other large Vessel, which has lain some Time in the River, and with a short Rod and a Line not exceeding four Foot in Length, angle there. and remember to put three or four *Gentles* upon your Hook at one Time. Let your Float be twelve inches distant from the Top of your Rod, and lay in your Bait as close to the Stern of the Ship as you can, and let it swim about three Yards. This must be done when the Tide begins to ebb, and you will not fail of good Sport for two Hours at least, and what you catch will be large.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

Rivers.

AT LONDON BRIDGE.

IN the River *Thames* Anglers for Roch use a Periwinkle, which they gather in the *Thames* in Shells, they break the Shells and take the Periwinkle whole (for if broken it's spoil'd), and that part which sticks to the Shell they cut off from the Fish, and leave it sticking to the Shell, and bait their Hooks with the other (possibly a small white Snail may serve in lieu thereof, it's like it), and this Periwinkle is much used about *London Bridge* for Roch.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

WEY BARBEL.

A BARBEL taken in Byfleet or Weybridge Rivers, of Twenty Inches in Length, will down-weigh another of the same Length, taken in the *Thames*, by a Pound or upwards, and is much firmer, fatter, and better relished.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

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THREE-POUNDERS IN THE MOLE.

NOW cast out your line; you have a respectable cast, for here the river is broad, you can scarce cast your line across it. Well, you must be a little patient—you cannot expect to catch a fish the moment you throw in. I see you are not a great proficient at the piscatory science. Ah! now you have a fine fish; let him down the stream a little. Now bring him close to the shore. Stay! It is safer to land him with the net. For this stream it is a very excellent fish, exactly three pounds weight I find. How do I know it is just three pounds? I will tell you. This inch measure which I have on the handle of my rod for two feet up has enabled me to measure his length, and I find him to be nineteen inches long by ten inches in girth; and you will find that in that ratio exactly will be his weight.

This is in accordance, as you suppose, with the mathematical law, that similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions.

C. J. Swete: A HANDBOOK OF EPSOM.

Rivers.

TRENT AND THAMES.

NOW I come to nominate some eminent rivers in England that accommodate the angler with the race of salmon. First, therefore, I prefer the River Trent, because of her rapid and oriental streams that never sully themselves till arriving near to the shores of Gainsborough, where Trent oft washeth her banks with the Eagre, so glides immediately into the arms of Humber. Next unto Trent, we present you with the translucid glittering streams of Severn, that not far from Bristol mingle themselves with the ocean. Nor shall we omit those torpid and melancholy streams of Owse, that gulph themselves into Trent-fall. But of all rivers that glide through the cultivated fields in England, the bountiful, beautiful, and most illustrious Thames has the sovereignty of the rest; because her streams influence not England only, but all the banks and shores in Europe; and is without precedent, because of the excellency and delicacy of her fish, more especially below Bridg; where the merchants turn anglers, and throw their lines as far as both Indies, Peru, the Ganges, Mozambique, Barbary, Smirna, Alexandria, Aleppo, Scandaroon, and all the wealthy ports in the universe. These are the fish that feast the nation; otherwise England would be unlike itself, if unhappily wanting such provident anglers.

Richard Franck: NORTHERN MEMOIRS.

An Angler's Garland.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

Sir Walter Scott.

Rivers.

THE BONNIE TWEED.

LET ither anglers chuse their ain,
An' ither waters tak' the lead;
O' Hielan' streams we covet nane,
But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow frae the forest hills;
An' Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill nor faery brook,
That daunders thro' the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle troot,
A-gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
An' mony a sawmon sooms about
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae;
So gin ye tak' an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whuns an' ower the brae,
An' work awa wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy hackles, black and reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed!

An Angler's Garland.

Oh the Tweed ! the bonnie Tweed !
O' rivers it's the best ;
Angle here, or angle there,
Troots are soomin' ilka where,
Angle east or west.

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

Rivers.

BALLADE OF THE TWEED.

THE ferox rins in rough Loch Awe,
A weary cry frae ony toun;
The Spey, that louns o'er linn and fa',
They praise a' ither streams aboon;
They boast their braes o' bonny Doon:
Gie *me* to hear the ringing reel,
Where shilfas sing, and cushats croon
By fair Tweedside, at Ashiesteel!

There's Ettrick, Meggat, Ail, and a'
Where trout swim thick in May and June;
Ye'll see them take in showers o' snaw
Some blinking, cauldrie April noon;
Rax ower the palmer and march-broun,
And syne we'll show a bonny creel,
In spring or simmer, late or soon,
By fair Tweedside, at Ashiesteel!

There's mony a water, great or sma',
Gaes singing in his siller tune,
Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw,
Beneath the sunlight or the moon;
But set us in our fishing-shoon
Between the Caddon-burn and Peel
And syne we'll cross the heather broun
By fair Tweedside at Ashiesteel!

Deil take the dirty, trading loon
Wad gar the water ca' his wheel,
And drift his dyes and poisons doun
By fair Tweedside at Ashiesteel!

Andrew Lang: BALLADES IN BLUE CHINA.

An Angler's Garland.

AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES.

I'VE angled far and angled wide,
On Fannich drear, by Luichart's side,
Across dark Conan's current;
Have haunted Beaul's silver stream,
Where glimmering thro' the forest Dream
Hangs its eternal torrent;

Among the rocks of wild Maree,
O'er whose blue billow ever free
The daring eagles hover,
And where, at Glomach's ruffian steep,
The dark stream holds its angered leap,
Many a fathom over;

By Lochy sad, and Laggan lake,
Where Spey uncoils his glittering snake
Among the hills of thunder;
And I have swept my fatal fly
Where swarthy Findhorn hurries by
The olden forest under :

On Tummel's solitary bed,
And where wild Tilt and Garry wed
In Athol's heathery valleys,
On Earn by green Duneira's bower,
Below Breadalbane's Tay-washed tower,
And Scone's once regal palace.

There have I swept the slender line,
And where the broad Awe braves the brine,
Have watched the grey grilse gambol,
By nameless stream and tarn remote,
With light flies in the breeze afloat,
Holding my careless ramble.

Rivers.

But dearer than all these to me
Is sylvan Tweed; each tower and tree
That in its vale rejoices!
Dearer the streamlets one and all,
That blend with its Æolian brawl
Their own enamouring voices!

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

TWEED AND TILL.

SAYS Tweed to Till—
“What gars ye rin sae still?”
Says Till to Tweed—
“Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa.”

Traditional.

An Angler's Garland.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

SWEET smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apples frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

William Hamilton of Bangour:
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Rivers.

THE YELLOW FINS O' YARROW DALE.

THE yellow fins o' Yarrow dale !
I kenna whar they've gane tae;
Were ever troots in Border vae
Sae comely or sae dainty ?

They had baith gowd and spanglit rings,
Wi' walth o' pearl amang them;
An' for sweet luvè o' the bonny things,
The heart was laith to wrang them.

But he that angles Yarrow ower,
(Maun changes ever waken ?)
Frae our Lady's Loch to Newark Tower,
Will find the stream forsaken.

Forsaken ilka bank an' stane
O' a' its troots o' splendour;
Auld Yarrow's left sae lorn and lane,
Ane scarcely wad hae kenn'd her.

Wae's me ! the auncient yellow fin
I marvel whar he's gane tae;
Was ever troot in Forest rin
Sae comely or sae dainty !

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

An Angler's Garland.

FAREWHEEL TO COQUET.

COME bring to me my limber gad
I've fish'd wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear;
The sunbeams glint on Linden-Ha',
The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn
On the streams that I like best.

I've thrawn the flee thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' monie a speckled Troutie kill'd
Wi' heckle, heuk, an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
My locks are like the snaw,
But I'll gang again to Coquet-side,
An' take a fareweel thraw.

O Coquet! in my youthfu' days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes
The bonnie birdies sang;
But streams may rin, an' birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me,
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see.

But, ance again, the weel-kenn'd sounds
My minutes shall beguile,
An' glistening in the airly sun
I'll see thy waters smile;
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
An' Age forget his pain,
An' ance mair, by sweet Coquet-side,
My heart be young again.

Rivers.

Ance mair I'll touch wi' gleesome foot
Thy waters clear and cold,
Ance mair I'll cheat the gleg-e'ed trout,
An' wile him frae his hold;
Ance mair, at Weldon's frien'ly door,
I'll wind my tackle up,
An' drink "Success to Coquet-side,"
Though a tear fa' in the cup.

An' then fareweel, dear Coquet-side!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae linn to linn;
Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks through after-days,
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy Braes!

Robert Roxby. { NEWCASTLE FISHERS'
Thomas Doubleday. } GARLANDS.

An Angler's Garland.

FAREWELL TO THE CHES.

THE storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back, then, to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon, with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavour. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep, sound sweet sleep, that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom. In the morning, adieu to Cheneys, with its red gable-ends and chimneys, its venerable trees, its old-world manners, and the solemn memories of its mausoleum. Adieu, too, to the river, which, "though men may come and men may go," has flowed and will flow on for ever, winding among its reed beds, murmuring over its gravelly fords, heedless of royal dynasties, uncaring whether Cheney or Russell calls himself lord of its waters, graciously turning the pleasant corn mills in its course, unpolluted by the fetid refuse of manufactures, and travelling on to the ocean bright and pure and uncharged with poison, as in the old times when the priest sung mass in the church upon the hill and the sweet soft matins bell woke the hamlet to its morning prayers.

J. A. Froude:

CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

Rivers.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE RIVER.

WHEN one has fished a water season after season for five years, then is its friendship a great and living thing. Of that little burn in Mull where one made such hay of the sea-trout one cherishes but a dim picture of dark pools, miniature brown-white cataracts, slate-blue hills, a leaden sky, the calling of the moor-fowl, and a heavy basket. But each feature of the long-fished stream is with one at all times—each curve and vista, each willow and withy-bed, the unguessable hatch-hole, the frank, revealing shallow, and the swelling downs and the distant clumps. These things are a possession that nothing can destroy so long as memory serves. Though paralysis should strike one into a living death, while memory were faithful one should yet wander in one's mind (by no means deliriously) through certain green water-meadows, eye busy with a certain stream where stout fish should always be rising. Other friends, older perhaps, dearer even than the river, should stand by the bedside, grieving at one's insensibility to their presence. Blind, deaf, dumb, feeling nothing, how should one cry to them for comfort? And what comfort could they give? But the river would come at one's unspoken call, and its consolation would never fail.

William Caine: AN ANGLER AT LARGE.

FLIES AND TACKLE.

AN EXPERIMENT.

MARCH 18th, 1667. . . . This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minnikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily.

Samuel Pepys: DIARY.

WHAT HAIR TO ELECT.

ELECT your Hair not from lean, poor, or diseased Jades, but from a Stone-horse, or Gelding at least, that is fat, strong, and lusty, and of 4 or 5 years old, and that which groweth from the inmost and middle part of his Dock, and so extendeth itself downwards to the Ground, is commonly the biggest and strongest Hair about the Horse, and better than those upon the upper part of, or setting on of the Tail: Generally best Horses have the best Hair.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

Flies and Tackle.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the Sign of the Fish in *Black Horse Alley* near *Fleet Bridge*, liveth *Will Browne*, who maketh all sorts of Fishing Rods, and selleth all sorts of Fishing Tackle; also *Charles Kirby's* Hooks, with Worms, Gentles and Flys; and also the *East India Weed*, which is the only thing for Trout, Carp and Bottom Fishing, first being well soaked for half an hour before you use it in Water, being of a brittle Nature, if not moistned before used, and then proves so strong and fine, of a Water colour, that it deceives the Fish much more than Hair or Silk. Note: That *Kirby's* Hooks are known by the fineness of the Wyer and Strength, and many shops sell Counterfeit for his, which prove prejudicial to the User. The true *Kirby's* are to be sold by *Will Browne*, and no where else.

Advertisement: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

RULES FOR DUB-FLIES.

ALWAYS make your Dub-flies on a Sunshine Day; and to know the exact colour of your dubbing, hold the same betwixt your Eye and the Sun, and you'll far better discover the true colour of the dubbing, than only by looking on it in the Hand, in the House, dark Day, or a shady Place.

Some always advise to dub with Silk of the most predominant colour of the Fly; but we generally dub Duns with Yellow Silk, and our Browns with Red Silk, and at *September* with Violet Silk, or Horse-flesh coloured Silk.

Flies made of the Hair of Bears, Hogs, Squirrels Tail, Camels, Dogs, Foxes, Badgers, Otters, Ferrets, Cow, Calves Skins tewed; abortive Calves and Colts Skins tewed, Weasels, Outlandish Caddows, etc., are more natural, lively, and keep colour better in the Water than Flies made of Crewels, and many sort of Worsted stuffs, which are of a dead and dull colour in the Water, therefore to be eschewed, unless you mingle Hairs of Bairs, or Hogs therewith.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

Flies and Tackle.

THE LURE.

NOW, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And whitening down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

James Thomson: THE SEASONS.

An Angler's Garland.

HOOKES.

YOUR Hookes then buy the finest and the best
That may be had of such as use to sell,
And from the greatest to the very least
Of every sort pike out and chuse them well,
Such as in shape and making passe the rest,
And doe for strength and soundness most excell :
Then in a little Boxe of dryest wood
From rust and canker keepe them faire and good.

That Hooke I loue that is in compasse round
Like to the print that Pegasus did make,
With horned hoofe upon Thessalian ground ;

His shank should neither be too short nor long,
His point not oversharpe, nor yet too dull :
The substance good that may indure from wrong ;
His Needle slender, yet both round and full,
Made of the right Iberian mettell strong,
That will not stretch nor breake at every pull,
Wrought smooth and cleane withouten cracke or
knot
And bearded like the wilde Arabian goat.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

Flies and Tackle.

TO MAKE A ROD.

GET a white Deal, or Fir-board, that's thick and free from Knots and Frets, and 7 or 8 foot long; let the Arrow-maker divide this with a Saw into several breadths; then, with his Planes, let him shoot them round, smooth, and rush grown, or taper-wise, and one of these will be 7 or 8 foot of the bottom of the Rod, all in one piece; then piece to it an Hasle of 6 or 7 foot long, proportion'd to the Fir, yet rush grown (the Hasle may consist of 2 or 3 pieces); then to the Hasle piece a piece of Yew, about 2 foot long, made round, taper, and smooth, by the Arrow-maker; and to the Yew a piece of small, round and smooth Whale-bone 5 or 6 inches long; and this will be a curious Rod, if artificially work'd. Be sure that the Deal for bottom be strong and round. The Rod for Fly, and running Worm, in a clear Water, must by no means be top heavy; but very well mounted, and exactly proportionable as well as slender and gentle at top; otherwise it will neither cast well, strike readily, nor ply and bend equally, which will very much endanger the Line; and let both the Hasle and Yew tops be free and clear from Knots, otherwise they'll be often in danger to break. For the same reason, let all the Hasle Rods be free from Knots, and no weightier than you can easily manage with one hand.

Now the whiteness of the Deal, or Fir, will scare away Fish; but you must colour the Fir in this following manner, *viz.*, warm the Fir bottom at the Fire, when finished by the Arrow-maker; then, with a Feather dipt in *Aqua Fortis*, stroak the Deal, or Fir bottom, and, with your Hand, chase it into the Fir, and it will make it a pure Cinamon colour.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

OTHER TOOLES.

A LITTLE Boord, the lightest you can finde,
But not so thin that it will breake or bend;
Of Cypres sweet, or of some other kinde,
That like a Trenchor shall it selfe extend;
Made smooth and plaine, your Lines thereon to winde
With Battlements at euery other end;
Like to the Bulwarke of some ancient Towne,
As well-wald Sylchester now razed downe.

A Shooe to beare the crawling Wormes therein,
With hole aboue to hang it by your side,
A hollow Cane that must be light and thin,
Wherein the Bobb and Palmer shall abide,
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,
Least out againe your baytes doe hap to slide.
A little Box that couered close shall lye,
To keepe therein the busie winged Flye.

Of Lead likewise, yet must you haue a Ring,
Whose whole Diameter in length containes
Three Inches full, and fastened to a string
That must be long and sure, if need constraines,
Through whose round hole you shall your Angle bring
And let it fall into the watry playne;
Vntill he come the woodes and stickes vnto,
From whence your hooke it serueth to vndo.

Haue twist likewise, so that it be not white,
Your Rod to mend, or broken top to tye;
For all white colours doe the Fishes fright
And make them from the bayte away to flye;
A File to mend your hookes, both small and light,
A good sharpe knife, your girdle hanging by;
A Pouch with many part and purses thin
To carry all your Tooles and Trynkets in.

Flies and Tackle.

Yet must you haue a little Rip besides,
Of Willow twigs, the finest you can wish;
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide
As may containe good store of sundry Fish;
And yet with ease be hanged by your side
To bring them home the better to your dish.
A little Net that on a Pole shall stand,
The mighty Pike or heauy Carpe to Land.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

An Angler's Garland.

THE FLY-BOOK.

BUT when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing
displays
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;

Flies and Tackle.

When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine thro' every part,
That nature seems to live again in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seized with fear
Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

John Gay: RURAL SPORTS.

An Angler's Garland.

THREE FLIES.

i. THE LATER BRIGHT BROWN.

IS taken from the Sixteenth of March to the Tenth of April, Dubbing to be got out of a Skinner's Lime-pits, and of the Hair of an abortive Calf, which the Lime will turn to be so bright as to shine like Gold. Wings of the Feather of a Brown Hen is best.

ii. GREY DRAKE.

Is in all shapes and dimensions perfectly the same with the Green-drake, but quite almost of another colour, being of a paler and more livid Yellow, and green and rib'd, with black, quite down his Body, with black shining Wings, diaphanous and very tender, Cob-web-like, it comes in, and is taken after the Green-drake, and in a Dub-fly, kills very well. It's made of the whitish Down of a Hog's Bristles, and black Spaniels Fur mixt, and rib'd down the body with Black Silk, the Whisks of the Tail, of the Hair of the Beard of a black Cat, and the Wings of the black-grey Feather of the Wild Mallard.

iii. BLEW DUN.

Comb the Neck of a Black Grey-hound with a small Tooth Comb, and the Down that sticks in its Teeth is a fine Blue, wherewith dub this Fly; the Wings can scarce be too White; and it's taken from the Tenth till the Twenty-fourth of March.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.
(Adapted from *Charles Cotton.*)

Flies and Tackle.

FLOATS.

I UTTERLY dislike your southern Corks. First, for they fright the fish in the bite and sight; and because they follow not so kindly the nimble rod and hand. Secondly, they breed weight to the line; which puts it in danger, hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and loads the arm. A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite.

William Lauson:

Note to THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.

THE QUILL.

I USED at one time prodigiously to admire a certain slender kind of float fashioned cunningly out of twin sections of clear quill, amber-varnished, silk-lapped, and tipped at either end with a slim point of bone. I lavished a good shilling thereon (you can buy an admirable cork float for the half of that sum), partly out of respect for the ideal, partly from belief in the efficacy of the lovely object in pursuit of roaches. Certainly it rode the stream in dainty fashion, peeping shyly out like some modest naiad, and responding even to that bite, perceived by the men of Lea alone, when a fat old roach makes a round mouth at the bait and sucks it in only that he may expel it the more emphatically, as a peashooter expels a pea. Out of the water, too, that float was a delight; it was pleasant merely to let it hang in the air and to see the sunlight captured in its transparent body. Once we had a really great fishing together. It was a glorious August day, and

An Angler's Garland.

the roach were on the feed in every hole of the backwater, which was a string of holes separated by short gravel shallows. With no more than a loose handful of groundbait scattered broadcast in each hole, and with a good large piece of white paste on the hook, we caught roach literally as fast as we could. The water was a clear brown, and it was most fascinating to see down in the depths the gleam of a broad side as the rod went up and the hook went home, and afterwards to be able to follow every moment of the fighting fish. The man who has not yet played a good roach on gossamer tackle in eight or ten feet of really clear water with the sun on it, has a rare pleasure still to come. The roach that day were beauties, and of the twenty kept, three would have weighed two pounds apiece had I trusted to instinct and not to a spring-balance which had neither heart nor soul, and was (I maintain it) rusty somewhere inside.

H. T. Sheringham: AN OPEN CREEL.

Flies and Tackle.

GLOW-WORMS AND A LANTHORN.

I WAS lately informed, 'tis a good way to angle for Carps in a dark Night, with such a Rod and Line floated thus, with Glow-Worms; Scrape an Inch in length of the Butt-End of a large Swan Quill till it be transparent, and prick three or four Holes into it with a small Needle, round the Tip of the Butt-End, to let in Air; then cut off an inch and a half in length of that scraped End, and bind the open end twice or thrice about with a waxed Silk, and fit a Cork near half an Inch long to go stiff into it. When you have put a Glow-Worm or two into the scraped piece of Quill, stop it with the Cork.

When you have a Bite, strike not before your Glow-Worm be gone a Little out of sight: and make use of a Lanthorn.

Robert Howlett:
THE ANGLER'S SURE GUIDE.

An Angler's Garland.

TO DYE HAIR GREEN.

IF you'll have a Pale Water Green, take a Pint of strong Ale, half a pound of Soot, a little quantity of Juice of Walnut Leaves, an equal quantity of Alum; put all together in a Pot, Pan or Pipkin, boil them half an hour; being cold, put the Hair into it, and it will make the Hair of a Glass, or pale Green colour. The longer it lies the deeper is the colour: But if you'll have it rather a deeper Green, Take a Pottle of Alum Water, a large handful of Marigold Leaves, boil them till a yellow Scum arise; then take half a Pound of green Copperas, as much Verdigrise, beat them into fine Powder, put those into the Alum Water, set all to cool; then put in the Hair, and let it remain till it's deep enough coloured, about 12 hours; then take it out, and lay it to dry. Note, that the longer you permit Hair to be in it, it will be deeper coloured: Some put in the hair whilst the Liquor is hot, but, I doubt, that weakens the Hair; and indeed so, I think, does any dying, or colouring of Hair.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

Flies and Tackle.

TO DYE THE FEATHER OF A WILD MALLARD.

TAKE the Root of a Barberry-Tree, and shave it, and put to it Wood-Ivi's, with as much Alum as a Walnut, and boyl the Feathers in it with Rain-water, and they will be of a very fine and curious Yellow. You may try whether the inner Bark of a Crab-tree boyl'd with some Alum in Water, will not do the same, and make a fine Yellow; which I am inform'd it will, but never experienced it.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

FOR flies (as Barker observes for his night angling) take *white* for *darkness*; *red* in *medio*; and *black* for *lightness*. The yellow dun and red palmer, which has a black head, partake a little of all; and therefore, with the addition of a white moth for dark *nights*, the angler may, in what few rivers I have ever fished, do vastly well. No doubt, however, that an occasional variety of flies might answer a little better, and particularly if these had been too much hacknied by other people. But, in the long run, I have never found sufficient advantage from variety to be troubled with taking more than two or three kinds of flies. As to carrying, as many do, a huge book of flies, nearly as large as a family bible, for common trout streams—it is like a beginner in drawing, who uses twenty cakes of colour or more, where a quarter the number, if properly managed, would answer the same purpose. The "*piscator*," however, has a right to take what he pleases. He may go to the river side with a book of this sort, or even twelve pounds of lead in his pocket; they will both, perhaps, be equally necessary.

Peter Hawker:

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

Flies and Tackle.

THE MAGAZINE BAG.

THEREFORE the Angler having observed and found the Fly Fish most affect, at the very present time, let him make one as like it as possibly he can in Colour, Shape and Proportion of Body and Wings; and for his better imitation, let him lay the natural Fly before him, and try how near Art can come unto, or dissemble Nature, by an equal Symmetry and Commixture of Colours. The better to attain which end, the Angler must always have in readiness a large Magazine Bag, or Budget, plentifully furnished with the following materials, viz.:—

Bears Hair.

1. Bears Hair of diverse Colours and Shades, are the most excellent Dubbing; as Gray, Dun, light Coloured, sad Coloured, and bright shining Bears Hair, and bright Brown Bears Hair.

Camels Hair.

2. Camels Hair sad, light and of a middle, or indifferent Colour.

Badger Hair.

3. Badgers Skin Hair, that is, the brownish soft Fur, which is on some part of the Badgers Skin, is very good Dubbing, after the Skin is tewed in the Skinners Lime-pits, and so is the Blackish.

Spaniels Hair.

4. Spaniels soft Fur and Hair of diverse

An Angler's Garland.

Colours, and parts of the Spaniel, as on the Ear, etc., as Brown, sad Brown, light Brown, Blackish, and perfect Black.

Dogs Hair.

5. Get the like Colours from a Water Dog, and from a long-coated Cur, and a smooth-coated Cur.

Hogs Down.

6. Be sure to procure from Butchers, or others, Black, Red, Whitish and Sanded Hogs Down, such as is combed from the Roots of the Hair, or Bristles of Hogs of those Colours, or of Spots on them of those Colours. And you may get the Dyer to dye the White Hogs Down of any Colour you judge convenient, and it's excellent; because it both shines well, and is stiff, and proper for the Water, and lively.

Sheeps Wooll.

7. Sheeps Wooll of all colours both Natural and Artificial, get the coarsest Sheeps Wooll, and the Dyer (especially the Silk-Dyer) will make it you of any colour you judge convenient, and such as will best abide in the Water; for all your colours should have that property.

Mohairs.

8. Mohairs of all colours, especially the following, *viz.*, Black, Blew, Purple, White, Violet coloured, Isabella, and Philomot, coloured Mohairs, Yellow, Tawny, etc.

Flies and Tackle.

Cow Hairs.

9. Get soft Hair and Furs from the Flanks and other soft parts of a Black Cow, Red Cow, and Bred Cow, and of these have Brown, sad Brown, light Brown, and perfect Black Hair and Furs.

Camlets.

10. Get pieces of Camlets both Hair and Worsted of all colours, especially the following, viz., Blew, Yellow, Dun, Brown, dark Brown, light Brown, Red, Violet, Purple, Black, dark Brown, shining Camlet, dark Violet, Horse-Flesh, Pink and Orange colour'd.

Abortive Colts, and Calves Hair.

11. Resort to a Skinners Lime-pit, and there get Hair of various colours, and you may get most excellent Dubbing of Castling Skins of Calves, and Colts that are Tewed; and several colours and shades of one Skin; so of Cushions made of such Skins that have been neatly Tewed in the Skinners Lime-pit; so of Abortive Skins of Colts and Calves, at Skinners Lime-pits Tewed, etc.

Furs.

12. Furs of the ensuing Animals, viz., Furs of Squirrels, and Squirrels-Tail, Black Cats-Tail, Yellow dun Cat, Hares Neck Fern colour, White Weasels-Tail, Mole, Black, Rabbet, Yellow Rabbet, Down of a Fox Cub, Ash coloured at the Roots, Fur of an Old Fox, Fur of an Old Otter, and Fur of an Otter Cub, Blackish and Brown soft Fur, and Hair of a Badger's Skin, that has been Tewed in a Skinners Lime-pit, Marterns Yellow Fur, Filmerts Fur, Ferrets Fur.

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Hackles.

13. Hackles (which are Feathers about a Cock or Capons Neck, and such as hanging down on each side, next a Cock or Capons Tail) of all colours, as the Red, Dun, Yellowish, White Orange coloured, and perfect Black, these are of especial use to make the Palmer-fly, or Insect called by some Wool-beds.

Feathers.

14. Feathers of all sort of Fowls, and of all colours, as Feathers on the Back, and other parts of the wild Mallard, or Drake, and Feathers of a Partridge, and of a Partridge-Tail, and Feathers of a Brown Hen, Throstle-wing, and Feathers got from the Quills and Pens of the wings of Shepstares, Stares or Starling, Fieldfare, and Throstle. The Peacocks Herle, Feathers of a Herons Neck, the top or Cop of a Plover, or Lapwing, which will make the Black Gnat, the Black Feather of an Ostridge or Estridge, and those of various Dyed colours, which Children and others wear in Caps, Feathers from Quills in a Blackbirds Wing and Tail, the Black Down of a Water-coot, and Feathers of all other Colours and Birds, etc.

Cadows and Blanckets.

15. Of Outlandish Cadows, and Blanckets of diverse colours, are very often got excellent Dubbing, so of Cushions made of Abortive Skins of Colts, and Calves, and of Badgers Skins Tewed, etc.

Silks.

16. Silk of all colours, small, but very strong.

Flies and Tackle.

Wire, and Twist.

17. Silver-Twist, Gold-Twist, Silver-Wire, Gold-Wire.
18. A sharp and neat pair of Scissars.

These materials being ready, you may make your Fly.

James Chetham:
THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

DRY-FLY AND WET-FLY.

THERE are those who wax indignant at the use of the wet-fly on dry-fly waters. Yet it has a special fascination. The indications which tell your dry-fly angler when to strike are clear and unmistakable, but those which bid a wet-fly man raise his rod-point and draw in the steel are frequently so subtle, so evanescent and impalpable to the senses, that, when the bending rod assures him that he has divined aright, he feels an ecstasy as though he had performed a miracle each time.

G. E. M. Skues:
MINOR TACTICS OF THE CHALK-STREAM.

An Angler's Garland.

WHITE WINGS.

I HAVE said that there is no animal in nature resembling our salmon flies; but I once caught a fish who was certainly persuaded that he was attacking an animal that he had previously seen flying. This event happened when I was a novice. Walter Ronaldson was attending me, and we were walking by the side of the Elm-wheel in the Pavilion-water. Walter was some way in advance, when I saw a white butterfly fluttering up and down over the water, and a salmon make a fruitless dart at it. It chanced that I had made some large salmon flies with white wings, in imitation of a pattern that was formerly the fashion for trout fishing, and was called, I know not why, the coachman. One of these I immediately looped to my line; the fish, no doubt taking it for the butterfly that he saw flitting above him, came at it at once, and I took him. When he was landed, Walter's astonishment was great when he saw the fly, and he made a dozen imitations of it before he laid his head on the pillow. I should not think that under other circumstances such a fly would be alluring.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

Flies and Tackle.

GREENWELL AND WILKINSON.

MR. GREENWELL'S success on the 29th August, 1843, led to a good deal of discussion as to the best salmon fly for black water. My theory was that a sharp contrast to the colour of the water was the best, and accordingly I directed Jemmy Wright to dress a fly with white silk body, golden-crest wings, blue chatterer shoulders and grey tippet. Here was a fly that certainly did show startlingly in a black water, and the result was that on the morrow I took eight grilse and rose eight more fish, while no angler in the neighbourhood captured more than a couple. It was still more remarkable that on none of my later fishings had I any great success with this fly yecept the "William Henderson." Some years afterwards the idea of a white-bodied fly was improved upon both by Mr. Greenwell and Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, each inventing a fly whose distinguishing characteristic was a body formed of silver tinsel. These flies are now acknowledged to be among the best used on the river, if not the very best.

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER

An Angler's Garland.

THE BLACK ALDER.

WHAT shall be said, or not be said, of this queen of flies? And what of Ephemera, who never mentions her? His alder fly is—I know not what; certainly not that black alder, shorm fly, Lord Stowell's fly, or hunch-back, which kills the monsters of the deep, surpassed only by the green drake for one fortnight; but surpassing him in this, that she will kill on till September, from that happy day on which

You find her out on every stalk
Whene'er you take a river walk,
When swifts at eve begin to hawk.

O thou beloved member of the brute creation! Songs have been written in praise of thee; statues would ere now have been erected to thee, had that hunch back and those flabby wings of thine been "susceptible of artistic treatment." But ugly thou art in the eyes of the uninitiated vulgar; a little stumpy old maid toddling about the world in a black bonnet and a brown cloak, laughed at by naughty boys, but doing good wherever thou comest, and leaving sweet memories behind thee; so sweet that the trout will rise at the ghost or sham of thee, for pure love of thy past kindnesses to them, months after thou hast departed from this sublunary sphere. What hours of bliss do I not owe to thee! How have I seen, in the rich meads of Wey, after picking out wretched quarter-pounders all the morning on March-brown and red-hackle, the great trout rush from every hover to welcome thy first appearance among the sedges and buttercups! How often, late in August, on Thames, on Test, on Loddon heads, have I seen the three and four pound fish prefer thy

Flies and Tackle.

dead image to any live reality. Have I not seen poor old Si. Wilder, king of Thames fishermen (now gone home to his rest), shaking his huge sides with delight over thy mighty deeds, as his fourteen-inch whiskers fluttered in the breeze like the horse-tail standard of some great Bashaw, while crystal Thames murmured over the white flints on Monkey Island shallow, and the soft breeze sighed in the colossal poplar spires, and the great trout rose and rose, and would not cease, at thee, my alder-fly? Have I not seen, after a day in which the earth below was iron, and the heavens above as brass, as the three-pounders would have thee, and thee alone, in the purple August dusk, old Moody's red face grow redder with excitement, half proud at having advised me to "put on" thee, half fearful lest we should catch all my lady's pet trout in one evening? Beloved alder fly! would that I could give thee a soul (if indeed thou hast not one already, thou, and all things which live), and make thee happy in all æons to come! But as it is, such immortality as I can I bestow on thee here, in small return for all the pleasant days thou hast bestowed on me.

Charles Kingsley: CHALKSTREAM STUDIES.

An Angler's Garland.

NECESSITIES.

WHENEVER you go out to Fish, fail not to have with you, *viz.*:

A good Coat for all Weathers.

An *Apron* to put your *Ground-Bait*, *Stones*, and *Paste* in.

A Basket to put your *Fish* in.

A neat *Rod* of about four Foot long, in several pieces, one within another.

Two or three Lines fitted up, of all Sorts.

Spare *Hooks*, *Links*, *Floats*, *Silk*, *Wax*, *Plummetts*, *Caps*, and a *Landing Nett*, etc.

And if you have a Boy to go along with you, a good *Neats-Tongue*, and a Bottle of *Canary* should not be wanting: To the Enjoyment of which I leave you.

William Gilbert: THE ANGLER'S DELIGHT.

BAITS AND RECIPES.

A POWDER.

TAKE the Bone or Skull of a dead Man, at the opening of a Grave, and beat the same into powder, and put of this powder into the Moss wherein you keep your Worms, but others like Grave-earth as well.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

THE WAY WITH MAGGOTS.

WHAN thei ben bredde grete wyth theyr naturell fedyng: ye shall fede theym farthermore wyth shepes talow & wyth a cake made of floure & hony, thenne woll they be more grete. And when ye have clenysd them with sonde in a bagge of blanket kept hote under your gowne or other warm thyng two houres or thre, then ben they beste & redy to angle wyth.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

An Angler's Garland.

NOT EACH BAIT ALIKE.

BUT euery Fish loues not each bayte alike,
Although sometimes they feede vpon the same;
But some doe one, and some another seeke,
As best vnto their appetite doth frame,
The Roche, the Bream, the Carpe, the Chub and
Bleik,
With paste or corne, their greedy hunger tame,
The Dace, the Ruffe, the Goodgion and the rest,
The smaller sort of crawling wormes loue best.

The Chauender and Chub doe more delight
To feede on tender Cheese or Cherries red,
Blacke snayles, their bellies slit to show their white,
Or grashoppers that skip in euery Meade,
The Pearch, the Tench, and Eele, doe rather bite
At great red wormes, in Field or Garden bred,
That have beene scowr'd in mosse or Fenell
rough,
To rid their filth, and make them hard and
tough.

John Denny's: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

Baits and Recipes.

THE BEST PASTE.

CARP will bite also at Paste; there are several Sorts, but I look upon the following one to be best, *viz.*:

Take the Flesh of a *Rabbit*, and *Bean-flower*, sifted very fine; mix these together with Honey, and incorporate them in a Mortar, or work them in your Hands into small Balls fit for use; temper it to such a stiff Substance, that it may not wash off your Hook, neither let it be too hard; and if you mix *Virgin's-wax* or *clarified Honey* with it, it will keep all the Year. If it be too pale, you may make it of a true Flesh-colour, by mixing a Little Vermillion with it.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

GROUND BAIT AT HACKNEY.

GO to Mother *Gibert's* at the *Flower-de-Luce* at *Clapton*, near *Hackney*, and whilst you are drinking of a Pot of *Ale*, bid the Maid make you two or three Penny-worth of *Ground Bait*, and some *Paste* (which they do very neatly, and well); and observing of them, you will know how to make it yourself for any other Place; which is too tedious here to Insert.

William Gilbert:

THE METHOD OF FISHING IN HACKNEY RIVER.

An Angler's Garland.

TAG-TAIL.

IS a Worm of the colour of a Man's Hand, or a pale Flesh colour, with a yellow Tag on his Tail, almost half an inch long : They are found in Marled Lands or Meadows, after a shower of Rain, or in a Morning, in Weather that is calm and not cold, in *March* and *April*. It's a very good Worm for Trouts; and there are Anglers that affirm, that there is not a better Bait in the World for a Trout, if you Angle with them whilst the Water is discoloured by Rain; some commend it likewise for a Grayling.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

BRANDLINGS.

YOU must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss.
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

John Gay: RURAL SPORTS.

Baits and Recipes.

BAITS FOR THE CHUB.

HE'LL take almost any sort of Bait, but his best Baits are seven Eyes, and Eel-brood, each about thickness of a Straw; also the Dew-worm and Red-worm well scoured; the Earth-bob, and Brains of an Ox or Cow, Cheese, Paste, and the Pitch or Marrow of an Ox or Cow's Back-bone, fat Bacon; these are good Baits for the cooler Months. In the Summer Months he takes all sorts of Baits bred on Herbs, Plants, or Trees, especially the Oak-worm, Crab-tree-worm, Palmers, Wooll-beds, Catterpillers, Cod-baits, Gentles, the young Brood of Wasps, Hornets and Humble-bees, Beetles, their Legs cut off, Dores, Grashoppers, Clap-baits, White-snails, and Black-snails, their Belly slit that the white appear; these Snails he takes very early in the Morning, but not in the heat of Day. He'll likewise take Minnows, Loaches, and Bull-heads, and small Frogs, either by Night or Day; likewise he'll take Lip-berries, Colewort-worm, Cabbage-worm, Hawthorn-worm, Fern-fly, great Moth, the great Brown-fly which lives on an Oak like a Scara-bee, and the Black-bee which is bred in Clay-walls, and the House-cricket; and peel'd Malt, or Wheat Grain boil'd soft, also Rasp-berries, Black-berries and Mul-berries. He loves a large Bait, as a Wasp, and a Colewort-worm, and then a Wasp all on the Hook at a time; and he would have divers sorts of Flies on at once, and a Fly and a Cod-bait, or Oak-worm together.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

GROUND-BAIT FOR SALMON.

IF the ground-bait be intended, which always succeeds best in discoloured waters; then in such case, prepare for him a well-scoured lob-worm, or knotted dew-worm, drag'd forth of the forest, or any other steril or barren soil, which as soon as any thing (with dextrous management) will compel him ashore though it cost him his life. I write from experience, for I am not unacquainted with the multiform variety of terrene animals; as you may read more at large in my following appendix: more especially of those worms that are taken and drag'd forth out of a hard and skirrous earth, which ought to be well depurated (or scoured) two or three days in the finest, cleanest and sweetest moss that fastens it self to the root of the ash-tree; sprinkling it first with new and sweet ale; afterwards remember to squeeze it forth, so operate like an artist; but that which is better, and more concordant to my approbation, is fleeted cream, from the benevolence of the dairy; which to admiration, makes your worm become viscous and tough; and that which yet is more to be admired, they also become bright, and almost transparent; for that end I counsel and advise the angler, when designing to approach the deeps for diversion, that he takes some always with him to heighten his exercise, or influence and inamour his game. It is not so difficult to put some in a box made of wood called *lignum-vitæ*, perforated with holes, besmearing or anointing it over first with the chymical oil of bays, sulphur, Barbadoes, tar, ivy, *cornu-cervi*; or indeed almost any other oil that has but a strong and foetid empyruma, will serve well enough, where the oil of œsprey is generally wanting.

Richard Franck: NORTHERN MEMOIRS.

Baits and Recipes.

THE BLUE-NOSED WORM.

THE good March Brown in April, May,
Your labour sweet will better pay,
But when the pink wild roses blow
Or heather blooms, 'tis time to show
The blue-nosed worm.

“The thing's amiss,” some critics sneer;
“'Tis dirty work and torture sheer,”
Yet empty baskets change their tune,
And they discard, in leafy June,
The fly, for worm.

Alexander Mackie: THE ART OF WORM-FISHING.

TO COMPEL FISH TO BITE.

TAKE Man's Fat and Cat's Fat, of each half an Ounce, Mummy finely powdered three Drams, Cummin-seed finely powdered one Dram, distill'd Oyl of Annise and Spike, of each six Drops, Civet two Grains, and Camphor four Grains, make an Ointment according to Art; and when you Angle anoint 8 inches of the Line next the Hook therewith, and keep it in a pewter Box, made something taper: And when you use this Ointment, never Angle with less than 2 or 3 hairs next Hook, because if you Angle with 1 Hair, it will not stick so well to the Line; but if you will mix some of this Oyntment with a little *Venice Turpentine*, it will then stick very well to your Line; but clog not your Line with too much on at a time.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

AS many of my brother anglers may wish to try the efficacy of chemicals, towards encreasing their pastime, I here present them with a few receipts, and leave them to make their trials as they please.

Take gum-ivy, and put a good deal of it into a box made of oak, and chafe and rub the inside of it with this gum. When you angle put three or four worms into it, but they must not remain there long, for if they do, it will kill them; then take them out and fish with them, putting more in their places as you want them out of your worm bag. . . . This will very much improve the angler's success. *Probatum est.*

Take assafoetida, three drachms, camphor, one ditto, Venice turpentine, one ditto, pound altogether in a mortar, with some drops of the chemical oil of lavender, or spike. When you angle, anoint eight inches of your line with it, next your hook, and it is excellent for trout in muddy water, and for gudgeons in clear. *Probatum est.* . . .

I shall now give the reader the *ne plus ultra* of all these kinds of ointments, composed by Mons. *Charras*, apothecary-royal to *Louis the Fourteenth*. Take cat's fat, heron's fat, and the best assafoetida, of each two drachms, mummy, finely powdered, ditto, cummin seed, finely powdered, two scruples, and camphor, galbanum, and Venice turpentine, of each one drachm, and civet two grains. Make them, *secundum artem*, into a thinnish ointment, with the chemical oils of lavender, anniseed, and camomile, and keep it in a narrow-mouthed, and well-glazed gallipot, covered with a bladder and leather, and it will keep two years. When you want to use it, put some into a small taper pewter box, and anoint your bait with it, and about eight or nine inches of the line, and when it is washed off, repeat the unction. *Probatum est.*

Thomas Best: THE ART OF ANGLING.

ALONG THE BANK.

IN A SUNSHINE DAY.

I HAVE often observed and beheld in a sunshine day, in shallow waters, especially where any dung or fatte earth is therewith mingled: I say, I have seene a young flie swimme in the water too and fro, and in the end come to the upper crust of the water, and assay to flie up: howbeit not being perfectly ripe or fledge, hath twice or thrice fallen downe againe into the water; howbeit in the end receiving perfection by the heate of the sunne and the pleasant fat water, hath in the end within some halfe houre after taken her flight, and flied quite awaie into the ayre. And of such young flies before they are able to flie awaie, do fish feed exceedingly.

John Taverner:

CERTAIN E EXPERIMENTS CONCERNING FISH AND FRUITS.

An Angler's Garland.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

Along the Bank.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

An Angler's Garland.

THE SALMON HUNTERS.

I HAD sat in the oak for about half an hour, with my eyes fixed on the stream, and my back against the elastic branch by which I was supported, and rocked into a sort of dreamy repose, when I was roused by a flash in the upper pool, a ripple on its surface, and then a running swirl, and something that leaped, and plunged, and disappeared. . . . Presently I saw two dark objects bobbing like ducks down the rapid between the two pools, but immediately as they came near distinguished the round, staring, goggle-eyed heads of two Otters, floating one after the other, their legs spread out like Flying Squirrels, and steering with their tails, the tips of which showed above the water like the rudder of an Elbe "scuite." Down they came as flat as floating skins upon the water, but their round, short heads and black eyes constantly in motion, examining with eager vigilance every neuk and rock which they passed. I looked down into the pool below me—it was as clear as amber—and behind a large boulder of granite in about eight feet of water I saw three salmon—a large one lying just at the back of the stone and two smaller holding against the stream in the same line. They were sluggish and sleepy in the sunshine, without any motion except the gentle sculling of their tails.

The Otters were steering down the pool, bobbing and flirting the water with their snouts, and now and then ducking their heads till they came over the stone. In an instant, like a flash of light, the fish were gone, and where the Otters had just floated there was nothing but two undulating rings upon the glossy surface. In the next instant there was a rush and swirl in the deep, under the rock on the west side, and a long shooting line going down to the

Along the Bank.

rapid, like the ridge which appears above the back fin of a fish in motion. Near the tail of the pool there was another rush and turn, and two long lines of bubbles showed that the Otters were returning. Immediately afterwards the large salmon came out of the water with a spring of more than two yards, and just as he returned the Otter struck him behind the gills and they disappeared together, leaving the star of bright scales upon the surface. The skill with which they pursued their game was like that of well-trained greyhounds in a course. Whenever they came to the throat of the pool they pressed the fish hard to make him double into the clear water, and one was always vigilant to make him rise or turn, the increased effort of which exhausted his strength. With equal sagacity they worked him at the tail of the pool to prevent him descending the rapid. With this race the fish began to tire, and the Otters continued to press him, until at length, one of them having fixed him by the shoulder-fin, he was dragged up the bank, apparently quite dead.

John Stuart:

LAYS OF THE DEER FOREST.

An Angler's Garland.

LUNCHEON.

NEAR the ford is the choicest spot for luncheon that Nature ever devised. Five big trees, chestnut, elm, ash, oak and beech, there combine to ward off the sun, and then the stream, always in the shade, babbles round three corners with the impetuous fuss of a mountain brook. With a brace in the creel, or without it, an angler could never fail in that spot of a divine content. Hard-boiled eggs, a crisp lettuce, bread and butter, and a bottle of amber ale a-cool in the water at his feet—what could appetite want better in so smiling a corner of the world?

H. T. Sheringham: TROUT FISHING.

THE MILL.

THE POOL.

OR from the bridge I leaned to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
On those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson:
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

An Angler's Garland.

TEA AT THE MILL.

AND now for the first time we fished as high as Mindrum Mill. While fishing near the mill an old man approached me with a kindly good-day, and a hope that I had good sport. He was a fresh complexioned man, of apparently more than three score years and ten, and somewhat feeble in his walk. A few more words passed, and he enquired at what time I expected to return. Having named five o'clock, I passed on thinking no more of the matter. Our fishing ended, my friends and myself were wending our way back along the river-side when the old man came forward and said courteously, "My wife's waiting for you, and all's ready, come away." We could not resist such unaffected kindness, and followed him into the house. Here he introduced us to his very counterpart in age and simple gentleness. Dressed in plain homespun but with cap and collar white as drifted snow, this aged mistress of the farm entered on her hospitable task. We were ushered into a charming little room in which to make our toilette, and then into the best sitting room, where we found a table spread with meat hot and cold, eggs, honey, tea, and O! such cream and butter. The old lady sat down and presided at the feast, but her husband would only walk about the room pleased to ask us questions and to join his wife in urging us to every possible effort in eating and drinking.

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

The Mill.

A SIMPLE MEAL.

I FEEL bound to emphasise the importance of the angler's tea—with country bread and butter, new milk, and possibly home-made jam. I strongly advise the novice never to neglect this simple meal when he is fishing, and to take some trouble, if need be, to ensure getting it. My reason is partly the pleasure of it—a townsman never more fully realises the charm of the country than when he is seated in the parlour of some cottage or simple inn, looking out into an old-world garden, and enjoying the scent of the wall-flowers—and partly the use of it. The half-hour's rest after what has in all likelihood been a heated and strenuous day is very necessary if the angler is to make good use of his evening; also the hot tea itself is a mild stimulant, just sufficient to refresh a weary man and set him going again. Let the novice make sure of his tea, wherever he fishes.

H. T. Sheringham: ELEMENTS OF ANGLING.

EVENING.

ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dewes begin to fa',
The pairtrichs down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky,
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry;
The simpler joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Robert Tannahill: POEMS AND SONGS.

Evening.

THE MEAD A-MOW'D.

WHEN sheädes do vall into ev'ry hollow,
An' reach vrom trees half athirt the groun';
An' banks an' walls be a-lookèn yollow,
That be a-turn'd to the zun gwaïn down;
Drough hay in cock, O,
We all do vlock, O,
Along our road vrom the meäd a-mow'd.

An' when the last swayèn lwoad's a-started
Up hill so slow to the lofty rick,
Then we so weary but merry-hearted,
Do shoulder each õ's a reäke an' pick,
Wi' empty flagon,
Behind the waggon,
To teäke our road vrom the meäd a-mow'd.

When the church is out ,an' we all so slowly
About the knap be a-spreadèn wide,
How gay the paths be where we do strolly
Along the leäne an' the hedge's zide;
But nwone's a voun', O,
Up hill or down, O,
So gay's the road drough the meäd a-mow'd.

An' when the visher do come, a-drowèn
His flutt'ren line over bleädy zedge,
Drough groun's wi' red thissle-heads a-blowèn,
An' watchèn o't by the water's edge;
Then he do love, O,
The best to rove, O,
Along his road drough the meäd a-mow'd.

William Barnes: POEMS OF RURAL LIFE.

An Angler's Garland.

A BEAST HEUIKIT I' THE GLOAMIN'.

ONE evening when it was nearly dark, old Rob rowed me across the Butterwash stream, intending to land me on the southern bank. I had allowed the minnow which was upon my line to drag at the boat stern, and when I stepped on shore was annoyed to find it fast, as I supposed, against a sunken stone. Several vigorous pulls failed to release it, and the boat was again launched for my assistance. When we arrived above the supposed stone we found that the minnow had in fact been seized by a very large salmon, who began steadily to take his course up stream with lofty disregard of our vicinity. Up stream and down stream he went, dragging us completely at his pleasure, till at last Rob said. "He's ower gran a fish to lose, we maun land o' our ain side, or we'll hae to gie him up to the Deuk's folk." So we landed on the north bank of the stream, on which the fish suddenly sulked, and Rob quietly observed, "He's just ane o' thae beasts that if ye heuk them i' the gloamin' always rin till next day." This was not a pleasant prospect: it was now quite dark, the snow was falling in large flakes, and we heard the Kelso clock strike seven. Still it was out of the question to give up the contest, so despatching a boy to the house for wraps, a kettle, and a bottle of whiskey, Rob endeavoured to light a fire with some tolerable dry materials which were at hand, and we prepared to make a night of it. Still the fish sulked, time wore on, the clock struck eight, and then the monster began to move. He ran vigorously for a few minutes, when, alas! the hook came away and our excitement was at an end. Clearly the position of the

Evening.

hook in the mouth was such that we ought to have continued the run from the southern bank of the river. By changing to the north the hook was turned over and so came away. It is always dangerous for the angler thus to change his position in relation to the fish. Rob's feelings found a vent in few words, "It's weel he's gaun, it's varra cauld."

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

An Angler's Garland.

BLACK GNAT TO WHITE MOTH.

THE black gnat was on the water, and the water was strictly preserved. A three-quarter-pounder at the second cast set him for the campaign, and he worked down-stream, crouching behind the reed and meadow-sweet; creeping between a hornbeam hedge and a foot-wide strip of bank, where he could see the trout, but where they could not distinguish him from the background; lying on his stomach to switch the blue-upright sidewise through the checkered shadows of a gravelly ripple under overarching trees. But he had known every inch of the water since he was four feet high. The aged and astute between sunken roots, with the large and fat that lay in the frothy scum below some strong rush of water, sucking lazily as carp, came to trouble in their turn, at the hand that imitated so delicately the flicker and wimple of an egg-dropping fly. Consequently, Georgie found himself five miles from home when he ought to have been dressing for dinner. The housekeeper had taken good care that her boy should not go empty; and before he changed to the white moth he sat down to excellent claret with sandwiches of potted egg and things that adoring women make and men never notice. Then back, to surprise the otter grubbing for fresh-water mussels, the rabbits on the edge of the beechwoods foraging in the clover, and the policeman-like white owl stooping to the little field-mice, till the moon was strong, and he took his rod apart, and went home through well-remembered gaps in the hedges.

Rudyard Kipling: THE BRUSHWOOD BOY.

Evening.

THE ENDING DAY.

WHAT a fascination there is about the dark and darker flowing water, and what possibilities of very heavy trout lurk in deep, still pool and in eddy! Then, after the steam has begun to rise like smoke from the river—the signal for trout instantly to cease rising—how good that walk home, whilst the setting sun and the rising moon are rivals in the very lovely mid-summer sky. Now and again the angler may stop for a few moments to listen to the distant voices of the late returning haymakers or field labourers, and to the low song of the stream amid its reeds and against its old willows; to watch the faint light on the water, and to enjoy the scent of fresh-mown hay. Then the solitary heron, winging home to its great nest-tree, takes to itself something of the mystery and sadness of the ended day; whilst a startled wild duck, fluttering up with loud cry from a reed-bed in mid-stream, dashes off on noisy wing, to leave the sense of silence and repose only deeper than before. Happy the angler who can carry, etched on the tablets of memory, some faint impression of these delicious sights and sounds. They will be good to recall and ponder over another evening, when the rod has been laid aside perforce, instead of merely shouldered—the evening of his life.

George A. B. Dewar: THE BOOK OF THE DRY-FLY.

THE INN.

HOMeward.

WHEN homeward from the stream we turn
Good cheer our sport replaces,
There's liquor twinkling in the glass,
There's joy on all our faces !

We drink sweet healths, a merry round,
We talk old stories over,
And sing glad staves, like summer birds
Below their leafy cover.

Thus cheerily our evenings pass,
Till lulled below the quilting
We sleep our toils off, and are forth
Before the lark is liting.

All joy be with our hearts' kin bold !
May care's nets ne'er entangle,
Nor woe nor poverty depress
A brother of the angle !

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS.

The Inn.

CHUB AT THE ALEHOUSE.

PISC. Look you here, sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close) there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all; and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

Ven. Ay, marry, sir, now you talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do; but I yet doubt it.

Pisc. You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently; look, the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail by a pike, or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

Ven. I'll sit down, and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

Pisc. Look you, sir, there is a trial of my skill, there he is, that very chub that I showed you with the white spot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess, which, I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

Isaac Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

An Angler's Garland.

A WET DAY.

HAVING now said enough as to taking care of, and providing for, my young readers, we will suppose one of them to have arrived at the miserable hole alluded to, and that the first salutation, after the knock at his bed-chamber door, in the morning, is: "*A wet day, sir!*" and, instead of being able to pursue his sport, either after breakfast, or at noon (*the most usual time for the weather to clear up*, if it clears up at all), he is consigned a close prisoner to the pothouse; looking alternately to the windward clouds, and the plastered walls of the room; hearing, through a thin partition, the discordant merriment of drunken fellows; and inhaling the breezes of a smoky wood fire, with the fumes of their shag tobacco!

In such a predicament, then, how can I prescribe for him? and in this predicament, I believe, there are very few sportsmen that have not often been. Why here again, then, I will endeavour to give him a little advice, though I hope he will not think I am beginning to write a sermon. I shall now first observe, that, of all things on earth, to make a man low-spirited, unhappy, or *nervous*, is to get into a habit of *idleness*; and although there are many young people that would pay little attention, and perhaps laugh at me, if I told them that "*idleness*" was the "*root of all evil*," yet some, among those very persons, might listen most earnestly, when I remind them, that being *nervous* or *low spirited* is of all other things the most likely to put even a crack sportsman off his shooting; or to make a young angler whip off his flies; or be too eager, and therefore unskillful, in killing his fish.

The Inn.

Always, therefore, let him be *employed*, and think no more of the weather, till his man comes, with a smiling face, and says, "*Sir, it will do again now!*" when, if he is a man of genius, and has proper resources, he could almost have wished for another hour's rain, in order to complete that in which his mind was become absorbed.

Supposing the hole in which, for the sake of a few days' good sport, he is immured, contains neither books, nor newspapers; nor even stationery good enough to write a few letters in comfort (which, by the way, he should always be enabled to do, by carrying a quire of paper, and one of Clay's new steel pens), still there is no excuse for his being in *sheer idleness*. The mere pocket will always contain enough to employ successfully many a leisure hour. If he is studying any thing particular, he may be provided with some little volume, the most useful to his subject. If he draws, he may, at least, make a sketch of the hole he is in, for a laugh when he gets home; or, if in another style, practise, according to his fancy. If he is a "musician," and away from an instrument, let him learn to do some exercises in harmony, for no man should be called a musician till he does know harmony. If he is an author or a poet, he can never be at a loss; or, if nothing greater, perhaps he may be a merry fellow, who sings a good song over his bottle, and therefore, on this occasion, by being provided with a "Pocket Nightingale," he may stock himself with songs enough to enliven all his associates on his return.

Peter Hawker:

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

An Angler's Garland.

THE ANGLING HAMLET.

TIME out of mind the trout season for the two exquisite waters that wind through the marsh began of old at the middle of March. So one pictures the old school of anglers, when the ancient inn stood on the site of the present, coming hither on the evening of the fourteenth. They were keen without doubt as the keenest to-day. How one would like to see them getting out and fixing up to-morrow those long, fine tapering rods, and hear them hold forth on fancy flies, flies that never were on earth or sky save on the fisher's cast. Unhappily no record was kept of these anglers, the dates of their coming and going. The old inn or the old water-keeper—if there were a water-keeper—handed down no little book such as that which in faded ink tells us the names and dates of those who fished the Bakewell and Rowsley meads in the famous May-fly years. Could the old angler come back to Paradise, he would find a hard heir indeed in his old haunts, and his right to fish, in his old style, at his own season, much restricted. Otherwise he would have no cause to complain of change about the place or folk; for this is the Anglo-Saxon hamlet of Domesday, its name scarcely changed in the spelling by eight centuries. Mead and marsh, osier copse, elmy lane and uplands, the whole place is steeped in a wonderful dewy freshness and a deep repose, things diverse, yet here never clashing—always the radiant morning of youth, always the accumulating quiet of age.

George A. B. Dewar: THE FAERY YEAR.

THE KITCHEN.

GETTING A DISH BY SIX O'CLOCK.

MY Lord sent to me at Sun going down to provide him a good dish of trouts against the next morning by sixe of the clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the aire were like to prove. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at his time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark; I drew out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted for the uppermost part, and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted for the lower part, with a good large hook; I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark; I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flye on the top of the water; you shall hear the fish rise at the top of the water, then you must loose a slack line down to the bottom as nigh as you can guess, then hold your line strait, feeling the fish bite, give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one among twenty but doth gorge the bait; the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take the fish up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter, I took off the lob-worms and set to

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my rod a white Palmer-flye, made of a large hook; I had sport for the time until it grew lighter; so I took off the white Palmer and set to a red Palmer made of a large hook; I had good sport until it grew very light. Then I took off the red Palmer and set to a black Palmer; I had good sport, made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles and was with my Lord at his time appointed for the service.

Thomas Barker: BARKER'S DELIGHT.

The Kitchen.

TO DRESS A CARP.

TAKE a Carp (alive, if possible) scour him, and rub him clean with Water and Salt, but scale him not, say some, others scale him, then open him, and put him with his Blood and his Liver (which you must save when you open him) into a small Pot or Kettle, then take sweet Marjoram, Thyme and Parsly, of each half a handful, a Sprig of Rosemary, and another of Savory, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole Onions, twenty pickled Oysters, and three Anchovis. Then pour upon your Carp as much Claret-wine as will cover him, and season your Claret well with Salt, Cloves, Mace, slic'd Nutmegs, and the rinds of Oranges and Limons; that done, cover your pot, and set it over a quick Fire, till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the Carp, and lay it with the Broth in the Dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a Pound of the best fresh Butter melted and beaten, with half a dozen spoonfuls of the Broth, the Yolks of two or three Eggs, and some of the Herbs shred; garnish your Dish with Limons, and so serve it up, and you'll find it a noble Dish.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

NOT TO EAT BARBEL.

THEIR Spawn is surfeiting and dangerous, and whoever eats thereof, will break out in Blotches, and red Spots, will loath his Meat, lose his Appetite, and be extremely disorder'd : His Liver is likewise unwholesome.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

PIKE IN SEASON.

IF you divide the year into four quarters, a Pike is good three of them; the Spring only excepted. I could never find any difference in the eating. It is a usual saying, that a Pike and a Buck are in season together; that is in July and August; and is then very firm, hard, and solid; you will find little alteration in September or October, which are the chiefest months for the goodness of a fish; for small Jack always eat loose and washy: (like many terrestrial animals) he grows too fast to be fat, and therefore ought to be let alone till he gets bigger. One about two feet, or twenty-six inches, is most grateful to the Palate; a male fish of that size is generally fat and delicious.

Robert Nobbes: THE COMPLEAT TROLLER.

The Kitchen.

TROUT PIE.

WE must have a Trout pie to eat hot, and another to eat cold : the first thing you must gain must be a peck of the best wheaten flower, two pounds of butter, two quarts of milk new from the cow, half-a-dozen of eggs to make the past. Where I was born there is not a girle of ten yeares of age, but can make a pie.

For one pie, the trouts shall be opened, and the guts taken out and clean washed, seasoned with pepper and salt, then laid in the pie, half a pound of currans put among the fish with a pound of sweet butter cut in pieces, and set on the fish, so close it up; when it is baked and come out of the oven, pour into the pie three or four spoonfulls of claret wine, so dish it and serve it to the table. These trouts shall eat moist and close.

For the other pie the trouts shall be broyled a little, it will make the fish rise and eat more crisp; season them with pepper and salt and lay them in the pie; you must put more butter in this pie than the other, for this will keep, and must be filled up with butter when it cometh forth of the oven.

Thomas Barker: BARKER'S DELIGHT.

An Angler's Garland.

EEL.

I SUSPECT my self to be impertinent, in saying thus much of the Conger and Lamprey, since they afford the Angler no sport; therefore I will return to my Eel, and tell you that the Eel hath a very sweet Flesh, fat, white, pleasant, and yields much nourishment; they are best rosted and broiled; or first par-boil'd in Salt and Water, and then rosted or broiled, which makes them very tender, if par-boil'd first; or after par-boiling in Salt and Water, you may fry them in a Pan, etc. They are apt to cause Surfeits; therefore eat sparingly of them, and drink a Glass of Wine after eating them.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

The Kitchen.

DIVERS WAYS OF STEWING.

THE best dish of stewed fish that ever I heard commended of the English, was dressed this way: First they were broiled on a charcole fire, being cut on the side as fried Trouts, then the stew pan was taken and set on a chaffingdish of coles, there was put into the stew pan half a pound of sweet butter, one penniworth of beaten cinnamon, a little vinegar; when all was melted the fish was put into the pan, and covered with a covering plate, so kept stewing half an hour, being turned, then taken out of the stew pan and dished; be sure to beat your sauce before you put it on your fish, then squeeze a lemmon on your fish; it was the best dish of fish that ever I heard commended by Noblemen and Gentlemen. This is our English fashion.

There are divers ways of stewing; this which I set down last was the English way: But note this, that your stewed trouts must be cut on the side: you may make a dish of stewed trouts out of your boyling kettle, stewing of them with the same materialls as I did the broiled trouts, I dare warrant them good meat, and to be very well liked.

The Italian he stews upon a chaffingdish of coles, with white wine, cloves and mace, nutmegs sliced, a little ginger; you must understand when this fish is stewed, the same liquor that the fish is stewed in must be beaten with some sweet butter and juice of a lemmon, before it is dished for the service. The French doth adde to this a slice or two of bacon. Though I have been no traveller I may speak it, for I have been admitted into the most Ambassadors Kitchins that have come into England this forty years, and do wait on them still at the

An Angler's Garland.

Lord Protector's charge, and I am paid duly for it : sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grosly.

Thomas Barker: BARKER'S DELIGHT.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

THE last part of the work that it would afford me any pleasure to dilate on is that of cookery. For it is an old, though a just, observation, that we should eat to live; not live to eat. But when, by adding a short paragraph or two, I can, perhaps, put some of our young sportsmen, or young "foragers," up to what, in the language of the present day, is called a "wrinkle," I may possibly be the means of saving them from unnecessarily hard fare, when quartered in a small public-house, on some shooting or fishing excursion. As many of the little publicans live chiefly on fat pork and tea; or, if on the coast, red herrings; the experienced traveller well knows, that, when in a retired place of this sort, where, from the very circumstance of the misery attending it, there are the fewer sportsmen, and, consequently, there is to be had the best diversion, we have often to depend a little on our wits for procuring the necessaries of life. If even a nobleman (who is, of course, by common people, thought in the greatest extreme better than a gentleman without a title) were to enter an alehouse, the most that could be procured for him would be mutton or beef, both perhaps as tough, and with as little fat, as the boots or gaiters on his legs. A chop or steak is provided. If he does not eat it, he may starve; if he does, his

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pleasure for the next day is possibly destroyed by his unpleasant sufferings from indigestion. He gets some sour beer, which gives him the heartburn, and probably calls for brandy, or gin; the one execrably bad and unwholesome; the other of the worst quality; and, *of course*, mixed with water, by which adulteration is derived the greatest part of the publican's profit. The spirit merchants make it, what they call above proof, in order to allow for its being *diluted*, the doing which, so far from dishonesty, is now the common practice, not only with many respectable innkeepers, but by retail merchants themselves. Our young sportsman, at last, retires to a miserable chamber and a worse bed; where, for want of ordering it to be properly aired, he gets the rheumatism; and, from the draughts of air that penetrate the room, he is attacked with the tooth-ache. He rises to a breakfast of bad tea, without milk; and then starts for his day's sport, so (to use a fashionable term) "bedevilled" that he cannot "touch a feather:" and, in the evening, returns to his second edition of misery.

Peter Hawker:

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

THE BOOKSHELF.

TO KNOW ALL ABOUT FISH.

WHOSOEVER desires to know all the abstruse Notions and Properties of Fish, let them diligently peruse and read the following Authors, viz.: *Gesner, Rondeletius, Oribatius, lib. 7, cap. 22. Monsieur Muffetus, Janus Dubravius, Aldrovandus, Franciscus Bonsuetus, Paulus Jovius, cap. 34. Pliny's Natural History, Bellonius, Hyppolitus Salavianus, Aristotle.*

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

CAPTAIN RICHARD FRANCK DISPUTES
WITH MR. IZAAK WALTON.

I REMEMBER in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of it self breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz., Gesner, Dubravius, and Androvanus. Which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of pools and ponds, where that weed (for ought I

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knew) never grew since the nonage of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commode her self with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about her legs, in regard adhering to the segs and bull-rushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as my self and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, etc., and she mounting the air for another station, in probability mounts with her. Where note, the next pond she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no sooner deliberated, but drop'd his argument, and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huff'd away: which rendred him rather a formal opinionist, than a reform'd and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

Richard Franck: NORTHERN MEMOIRS.

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TERMS USED BY ANGLERS EXPLAINED.

BAWK, a knot in a hair or link.

Bed, hairs bed well when they twist kindly.

Bedding, the body of an artificial fly.

Break, a knot in the joint of a rod.

Chine a salmon, cut him up.

Cock, a float cocks when it swims perpendicular in the water.

Drag, an instrument to disentangle the line.

Fin a chub, cut him up.

Frush a chub, dress him.

Gildard, the link of a line.

Gobbet a trout, cut him up.

Grabble, fishing on the grabble is when the line is sunk with the running plummet fast to the bottom, so that the hook-link plays in the water.

Hang a fish, hook him.

Kink, a line kinks in trowing, when it is twisted between the top of the rod and the ring.

Lease of fish, three.

Pouch, a pike pouches when he swallows the bait.

Prime, fishes are said to prime when they leap out of the water.

Solay a bream, cut him up.

Splate a pike, cut him up.

Thrash, any thing which swims down the water.

Trouncheon an eel, cut him up.

Tusk a barbel, cut him up.

Veer your line, let it off the reel after striking.

Thomas Best: THE ART OF ANGLING.

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CHARLES LAMB TO ROBERT LLOYD.

I SHALL expect you to bring me a brimful account of the pleasure which Walton has given you, when you come to town. It must square with your mind. The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you already feel your spirit *filled* with the scenes?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the neat alehouses—and hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope, as the *Holy Living* is beyond Thomas á Kempis. Are not the eating and drinking joys painted to the Life? Do they not inspire you with an immortal hunger? Are you not ambitious of being made an Angler? What edition have you got? Is it Hawkins's, with plates of Piscator, etc.? That sells very dear. I have only been able to purchase the last edition without the old Plates which pleased my childhood; the plates being worn out, and the old Edition difficult and expensive to procure. The *Complete Angler* is the only Treatise written in Dialogues that is worth a halfpenny. Many elegant dialogues have been written (such as Bishop Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*), but in all of them the Interlocutors are merely abstract arguments personify'd; not living dramatic characters, as in Walton, where *every thing* is *alive*; the fishes are absolutely *charactered*; and birds and animals are as interesting as men and women.

Charles Lamb:

LETTERS: FEBRUARY 7TH, 1801.

An Angler's Garland.

THE PROVERB.

AFTER these delays I came to the ripple at the head of the pool, got a fly on to it at the twelfth attempt and was rewarded by the sort of "wink under water" that recalls the proverb *Ars longa trutta brevis*, which means, the longer you take to cover a fish the shorter he rises.

H. T. Sheringham: TROUT FISHING.

JOHN DENNYS.

THE English poets of the Art of Angling perplex us neither with their multitude, nor their magnitude. To some three or four of them may be assigned a place—shall we say midway, by courtesy?—on the ledges of Parnassus; the rest are innocent of all altitudes whatsoever, except those of Grub-street garrets, or the stilts of an absurd vanity.

Foremost among the select few, by right of seniority, and perhaps by poetic right as well, we have "I.D.," who, in the cool dawn of the seventeenth century, and when the Elizabethan men were passing, one by one, into the shadow, "sang to the echo," (for he seems to have had no other audience in his own day and generation) these "Secrets of Angling," himself being destined to become a greater secret than any he revealed. Subsequent rhymers have achieved analogous feats, but from other heights, or rather from other depths—witness the "Innocent Epicure," a published piece of artificiality, and often grotesque, by force of polish; and "The

The Bookshelf.

Anglers, Eight Dialogues in Verse," by Scott of Ipswich, in which the technical and humorous are dexterously enough interwoven; but such trifling in verse, as these and other poems of their kind display, is not to be confounded for an instant with the art and heart-work of John Dennys, who could not have been more in earnest, had he sung of men and angels; who drapes himself in his singing-ropes on the very threshold of his theme, as by an assured vocation, and only doffs them with his ultimate line :

And now we are arived at the last,
In wishèd harbour where we meane to rest
And make an end of this our journey past;
Here then in quiet roade I think it best
We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,
For now the sunne low setteth in the west.

And "in quiet roade," in the grey old aisle of Pucklechurch, the poet sleeps his sleep, not too far distant from his beloved Boyd, that with "crooked winding way," past cliff and meadow,

"Its mother Avon runneth soft to seek."

Thomas Westwood: BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA.

THEOCRITUS IN SCOTS: "THE FISHERS."
(IDYLL XXI.)

'TIS puirtith sooples heid and hand
And gars inventions fill the land;
And dreams come fast to folk that lie
Wi' nocht atween them and the sky.

An Angler's Garland.

Twae collier lads frae near Lasswade,
Auld skeely fishers, fand their bed
Ae simmer's nicht aside the shaw
Whaur Manor rins by Cademuir Law.
Dry flowe-moss made them pillows fine,
And, for a bield to kep the win',
A muckle craig owerhung the burn,
A' thacked wi' blaeberry and fern.
Aside them lay their rods and reels,
Their flee-books and their auncient creels.
The pooches o' their moleskin breeks
Contained unlawfu' things like cleeks,
For folk that fish to fill their wame
Are no fastedious at the game.

The twae aye took their jaunts thegither;
Geordie was ane and Tam the ither.
Their chaumer was the mune-bricht sky,
The siller stream their lullaby.

When knocks in touns were chappin' three,
Tam woke and rubbed a blinkin' ee.
It was the 'oor when troots are boun'
To gulp the May-flee floatin' doun,
Afore the sun is in the glens
And dim are a' the heughs and dens.

Tam:

“ Short is the simmer's daurk, they say,
But this ane seemed as lang's the day;
For siccan dreams as passed my sicht
I never saw in Januar' nicht.
If some auld prophet chiel were here
I wad hae cürious things to speir.”

The Bookshelf.

Geordie:

“ It’s conscience gare the nightmares rin,
Sae, Tam my lad, what hae ye dune? ”

Tam:

“ Nae, ill; my saul is free frae blame,
Nor hae I wrocht ower hard my wame,
For last we fed, as ye maun awn,
On a sma’ troot and pease-meal scone.
But hear my dream, for aiblins you
May find a way to riddle’t true . . .

I thocht that I was castin’ steady
At the pùle’s tail ayont the smiddy,
Wi’ finest gut and sma’est flee,
For the air was clear and the water wee;
When sudden wi’ a rowst and swish
I rase a maist enormous fish . . .
I struck and heuked the monster shùre,
Guidsakes! to see him loup in air!
It was nae saumon, na, nor troot;
To the last yaird my line gaed oot,
As up the stream the warlock ran
As wild as Job’s Leviathan.
I got him stopped below the linn,
Whaur verra near I tumbled in,
Aye prayin’ hard my heuk wad haud;
And syne he turned a dorty jaud,
Sulkin’ far doun amang the stanes.
I tapped the butt to stir his banes.
He warsled here and plowtered there,
But still I held him ticht and fair,
The water rinnin’ oxter-hie,
The sweat aye drippin’ in my ee.

An Angler's Garland.

Sae bit by bit I wysed him richt
And broke his stieve and fashious nicht,
Till sair fordone he cam to book
And walloped in a shallow crook.

I had nae gad, sae doun my wand
I flang and pinned him on the sand.
I claucht him in baith airms and peched
Ashore—he was a mighty wecht;
Nor stopped till I had got him shüre
Amang the threshes on the muir.
Then, Geordie lad, my een I rowed
The beast was made o' solid gowd!—
Sic ferlie as was never kenned,
A' glitterin' gowd frae end to end!
I lauched, I grat, my kep I flang,
I danced a sprig, I sang a sang.
And syne I wished that I nicht dee
If wark again was touched by me . . .

Wi' that I woke; nae fish was there—
Juist the burnside and empty muir.
Noo tell me honest, Geordie lad,
Think ye yon daftlike aith will haud?"

Geordie:

"Tuts, Tam ye fule, the aith ye sware
Was like your fish, nae less, nae mair.
For dreams are nocht but simmer rouk,
And him that trusts them hunts the gowk . . .
It's time we caught some fish o' flesh
Or we will baith gang brekfastless."

John Buchan: POEMS SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

NIGHT.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

WELCOME, sweet southern showers !
Welcome, ye early flowers,
Woo'd by the bee !
Ever gentle and bland
To all wights of the wand
Welcome are ye !

Oft at the wintry fire,
Nursing our hearts' desire
Fondly we dream
Of joy in the breeze—
Singing birds on the trees—
Flowers by the stream.

Often our fancy brings
Pictures of sunny things .
Home to our hearth,
And we seem as we stray'd
Among sunshine and shade,
Music and mirth.

Then with unconscious hand
Grasp we the idle wand,
Full of the boy,
When to our sad surprise
Swiftly the vision flies,
Summer and joy !

Thomas Tod Stoddart: ANGLING SONGS

An Angler's Garland.

ROUGHING IT.

THAT evening we had some good sea trout fishing, and then sought shelter in the nearest shepherd's cottage we could find in a somewhat wretched-looking village. The people were friendly enough. A supper of fresh trout, potatoes, and tea was quickly disposed of, and we lay down in our clothes upon a bed of freshly cut heather covered with a blanket. We lay down, but not to sleep, for the smoke was stifling, there being no vent for it except a small opening in the roof. At sunrise the smoke having disappeared, we were able to look about us, and I found that a series of rafters above our heads formed the roosting place of a score or so of fowls. This discovery made us instantly spring from our couch, and necessitated ablutions more than ordinary.

William Henderson: MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER.

OF NIGHT ANGLING.

IN the Night usually the best Trouts bite, and will rise ordinarily in the still deeps; but not so well in the Streams. And although the best and largest Trouts bite in the Night (being afraid to stir, or range about in the Day time), yet I account this way of Angling both unwholsom, unpleasant, and very ungentiel, and to be used by none but Idle pouching Fellows. Therefore I shall say nothing of it, only describe how to lay Night Hooks; which, if you live close by a River side, or have a large Moat,

Night.

or Pond at your own House, will not be unpleasant, sometimes to practise. But as for Damming, Groping, Spearing, Hanging, Twitcheling, Netting, or Firing by Night, I purposely omit them, and them esteem to be used only by disorderly and rascally Fellows.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

TO-NIGHT.

TO-NIGHT the garden was delicious. The sky was covered with a film of cloud which diffused the light of the moon (in her first quarter) all over the heavens into a soft and radiant blue. She hung just above the greatest of that row of elms which burdens the western sky line. A high branch touched her. The big trees loomed imminent, rather terrible. The great one seemed to crouch there, huge, devilish. In two clear places among its branches there seemed the long slit eyes in the head of a bushy and shapeless demon. It must have been the immense and contrasting peace of the night that put this gruesome idea into my head. The elf-fiend was to the rest of my circumstances like that abominable anticipation of trouble which so often does its best to kill complete happiness. Low among the arms of the smaller, thinner elms to the south, lightning flickered, just above the down. The stars shone very faint, largely luminous. A sigh of breeze stirred rarely. Sounds are never absent in the country, whose silence is made up of a multitude of little noises. Distinct above the rest was the coo of a pigeon from the clump on the flank of the Beacon

An Angler's Garland.

Down. A cow moored. The starlings rustled in the thatch above our heads. Somewhere a nightjar sprung its stealthy rattle, and a river bird called once. And four miles away at the station the trains whistled and rolled and puffed, the sound coming loud, caught by the funnel which is this valley, across whose mouth from N.E. to S.W. the railway line runs. Let it run!

And the air, dear God! it seemed to fill one's whole body. We could not drink enough of it.

This is a good place. It always was. But it is better now.

William Caine:
AN ANGLER AT LARGE.

THE VETERANS.

THE UNDISTURBED MIND.

AND I do easily believe, that peace and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It is a description of the spring; which because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:—

This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th'embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill;
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice,
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now

An Angler's Garland.

She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the
undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

The Veterans.

ON THE BANKS OF ALUN.

IN a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but very carefully patched, betokening poverty honestly come by and decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile; his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humoured air of a constitutional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight, with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighbourhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic beau. The old man was busy in examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by its contents what insects were seasonable for bait; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions, who appeared to listen with infinite deference. I have a kind feeling towards all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. They are men, he affirms, of a "mild, sweet, and peaceable spirit;" and my esteem for them has been increased since I met with an old "Tretyse of fishing with the Angle," in which are set forth many of the maxims of their inoffensive fraternity. "Take good hede," sayeth this honest little tretyse, "that in going about your disportes ye

An Angler's Garland.

open no man's gates but that ye shet them again. Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafti disport for no covetousness to the encreasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the helth of your body and specyally of your soule."

I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an exemplification of what I had read; and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks that quite drew me towards him. I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another; waving his rod in the air, to keep the line from dragging on the ground, or catching among the bushes; and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place; sometimes skimming it lightly along a little rapid; sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank, in which the large trout art apt to lurk. In the meanwhile he was giving instructions to his two disciples; showing them the manner in which they should handle their rods, fix their flies, and play them along the surface of the stream. The scene brought to my mind the instructions of the sage Piscator to his scholar. The country around was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gessford, and just where the inferior Welsh hills begin to swell up from among fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his work, was mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft-dropping shower, that sowed the whole earth with diamonds.

Washington Irving: THE SKETCH BOOK.

The Veterans.

THE AULD FISHER'S LAST WISH.

THE morn is gray, and green the brae; the wind is
frae the wast;
Before the gale the snaw-white clouds are drivin'
light and fast;
The airly sun is glintin' forth, owre hill, an' dell,
an' plain;
And Coquet's streams are glitt'rin' as they rin frae
muir to main.

At Dews-hill Wood the mavis sings beside her birken
nest;
At Haly-stane the laverock springs upon his breezy
quest,
Wi' eydent e'e, aboon the craigs, the glead is high
in air,
Beneath brent Brinkburn's shadow'd cliff the fox
lies in his lair.

There's joy at merry Thristley-haugh, the new-mawn
hay to win;
The busy bees at Todstead-shaw are bringing hinny
in;
The trouts they loup in ilka stream, the birds on
ilka tree;
Auld Coquetside is Coquet still—but there's nae
place for me.

My Sun is set, my eyne are wet; cauld Poortith now
is mine;
Nae mair I'll range by Coquet side, and thraw the
glesome line;
Nae mair I'll see her bonnie streams in spring-bright
raiment drest,
Save in the dream that stirs the heart, when the
weary e'e's at rest.

An Angler's Garland.

Oh! were my limbs as ance they were, to jink across
the green;
And were my heart as light again as sometimes it
has been;
And could my fortunes blink again, as erst when
youth was sweet,
Then Coquet—let what will betide—fu' soon we twa
should meet.

Or had I but the Cushat's wing, where'er I list to
flee,
And wi' a wish, might wend my way owre hill, an'
dale, an' lea;
'Tis there I'd fauld that weary wing; there gaze my
latest gaze;
Content to see thee ance again—then sleep beside
thy Braes!

Robert Roxby } NEWCASTLE FISHERS
Thomas Doubleday } GARLANDS.

THE HAVEN.

ON parting with the old angler I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighbourhood of the village a few evenings afterwards, I had the curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage, containing only one room, but a perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank, a little back from the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs,

The Veterans.

and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weather-cock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his ideas of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the berth-deck of a man-of-war. A hammock was slung from the ceiling, which, in the daytime, was lashed up so as to take but little room. From the centre of the chamber hung a model of a ship, of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea-chest, formed the principal movables. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Hosier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowline, intermingled with pictures of sea-fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantelpiece was decorated with seashells; over which hung a quadrant, flanked by two wood-cuts of most bitter-looking naval commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn, a Bible covered with canvas, an old volume or two of voyages, a nautical almanac, and a book of songs.

His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages; and which uttered a variety of sea-phrases with the hoarse brattling tone of a veteran boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe; it was kept in neat order, everything being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war; and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

I found him seated on a bench before the door,

An Angler's Garland.

smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow, like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbour in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good-nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

On inquiring further about him, I learned that he was a universal favourite in the village, and the oracle of the taproom; where he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with his stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks, and sea-fights. He was much noticed too by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighborhood; had taught several of them the art of angling; and was a privileged visitor to their kitchens. The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neighbouring streams, when the weather and season were favourable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing-tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods,

The Veterans.

nets, and flies, for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

He was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that when he died he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had thought of when far from home on the raging sea, in danger of being food for the fishes—it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

I have done, for I fear that my reader is growing weary; but I could not refrain from drawing the picture of this worthy “brother of the angle;” who has made me more than ever in love with the theory, though I fear I shall never be adroit in the practice of his art; and I will conclude this rambling sketch in the words of honest Izaak Walton, by craving the blessing of St. Peter’s master upon my reader, “and upon all that are true lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a Angling.”

Washington Irving: THE SKETCH BOOK.

An Angler's Garland.

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy World ! and may
 We never meet again :
Here can I eat, and sleep, and pray
And do more good in one short day,
Than he, who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres
 Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !
 How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !
 What peace ! what unanimity !
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation !

How calm and quiet a delight
 It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended and offending none !
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease
And pleasing a man's self, none other to
 displease !

O my belov'd nymph ! fair, Dove ;
Princess of rivers, how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
 And in it all thy wanton fry
 Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
 The all of treachery
 I ever learnt, industriously to try !

The Veterans.

Lord ! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
 Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men in discourse disgrace,
 Live but undisturb'd and free !
Here, in this despis'd recess
 Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old !
And, all the while,
 Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile
 Contented live, and then contented die.

Charles Cotton :
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

GOLDEN RULES.

IMPEDIMENTS.

THERE ben twelve mannere of ympedymentes whyche cause a man to take noo fysshe wtout other comyn that maye casuelly happe.

The fyrst is yf your harnays be not mete nor fetly made.

The seconde is yf your hayres be not good nor fyne.

The thyrde is yf that ye angle not in bytynge tyme.

The fourth is yf that the fysshe be frayed wt the syghte of a man.

The fyfth yf the water be very thycke-whyte or redde of ony floode late fallen.

The syxte yf the fysshe styre not for colde.

The seventh yf that the wedyr be hote.

The eyght yf it rayne.

The nynth yf it hayll or snow falle.

The tenth is yf it be a tempeste.

The eleventh is yf it be a grete wynde.

The twelfyth yf the wynde be in the Eest, and that is worste for comynly neyther wynter nor somer ye fysshe woll not byte thenne. The weste and northe wyndes ben good but the southe is best.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

Golden Rules.

ADVICE.

FOR want of a pannier : spit your fish by the gills on a small wicker or such like.

I use a pouch of parchment, with many several places to put my hooks and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to join in the midst when I come to the river : with two pins and a little hemp waxed. Thus the pins join it, and the hemp fastens it firmly.

A whale bone made round, no bigger than a wheat straw at the top; yields well, and strikes well.

Let your rod be without knots. They are dangerous for breaking, and bouts are troublesome.

Keep your rod neither too dry nor too moist; lest they grow brittle or rotten.

When you angle in drought, wet your rod. It will not break so soon.

You shall hardly get a rod of one piece, but either crooked or top heavy or unequally grown.

Enterprise no man's ground without leave. Break no man's hedge to his loss.

Pray to GOD with your heart to bless your lawful exercise.

William Lauson :

Note to THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.

An Angler's Garland.

OF GARMENTS.

AND let your garments Russet be or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to discrye;
That with the Raine or weather wil away,
And least offend the fearfull Fishes eye;
For neither Skarlet nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt in fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silkes of Purple, Paule, or golde,
Will serue so well to keep off wet or colde.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

THE HAT.

A SMALL fly-book may, of course, be taken; and I should recommend it on my plan, which is of *Russia-leather*, in order to repel the moth. A common *beaver hat* is the best thing to *hook*, and *keep* flies on; and, if you have not two rods by the river side, always keep a gut length and flies ready to put on, round your hat, in order to avoid the waste of time and torment which you would have, if you had much entangled your line. The beauty of fishing is to do the business quick (though not in a hurry), because this sport is every moment dependent on the weather. Walton says, "before using, soak what lengths you have in *water* for *half an hour*." In the new school, I should rather say, draw what lengths you want through *Indian rubber* for *half a quarter of a minute*. Let a gut length or two (ready fitted up with flies), and also a few spare tail flies, be thus prepared to go on in an instant, and put round your hat.

Peter Hawker:

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

Golden Rules.

TO CULTIVATE LUCK.

IT is certain that good luck is the most vital part of the equipment of him who would seek to slay big carp. For some men I admit the usefulness of skill and pertinacity; for myself, I take my stand entirely on luck. To the novice I would say: Cultivate your luck. Prop it up with omens and signs of good purport. Watch for magpies on your path. Form the habit of avoiding old women who squint. Throw salt over your left shoulder. Touch wood with the forefinger of your right hand whenever you are not doing anything else. Be on friendly terms with a black cat. Turn your money under the new moon. Walk round ladders. Don't start on a Friday. Stir the materials for Christmas pudding and wish. Perform all other such rites as you know or hear of. These things are important in carp-fishing.

H. T. Sheringham: COARSE FISHING.

An Angler's Garland.

WILLIAM SCROPE'S WAY OF WADING.

WADING in the water is not only an agreeable thing in itself, but absolutely necessary in some rivers in the North that are destitute of boats; and that you may do this in the best possible style, procure half a dozen pair of shoes, with large knob-nails at some distance asunder; if they are too close, they will bring your foot to an even surface, and it will glide off a stone or rock, which in deep water may be inconvenient. Cut some holes in the upper-leathers of your shoes, to give the water a free passage out of them when you are on dry land; not because the fluid is annoying, for we should wrong you to say so, but to prevent the pumping noise you would otherwise make at every step. If you are not much of a triton, you may use fishermen's boots, and keep yourself dry: it is all a matter of taste. When you are wading through the rapids, step on quickly and boldly, and do not gaze down on the stream after the fashion of Narcissus: for running waves will not reflect your beauty, but only make your head giddy. If you stop for a moment, place your legs abreast of each other: should you fancy a straddle, with one of them in advance, the action of the water will operate upon both, trip you up, and carry you out to sea.

Avoid standing upon rocking stones, for obvious reasons; and never go into the water deeper than the fifth button of your waistcoat; even this does not always agree with tender constitutions in frosty weather. As you are likely not to take a just estimate of the cold in the excitement of the sport, should you be of a delicate temperament, and be wading in the month of February, when it may chance to freeze very hard, pull down your stockings,

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and examine your legs. Should they be black, or even purple, it might, perhaps, be as well to get on dry land; but if they are only rubicund, you may continue to enjoy the water, if it so pleases you.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

FOR GREAT FISH.

FOR baytes for grete fyssh kepe specyally this rule. Whan ye have take a grete fysshe: undo the mawe, & what ye fynde therin make that your bayte: for it is beste.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

An Angler's Garland.

TO APPROACH CARP.

YOU cannot, of course, fish for big carp in half a day. It takes a month. So subtle are these fishes that you have to proceed with the utmost precautions. In the first week, having made ready your tackle and plumbed the depths, you build yourself a wattled screen, behind which you may take cover. By the second week the fish should have grown accustomed to this, and you begin to throw in ground-bait composed of bread, bran, biscuits, peas, beans, strawberries, rice, pearl barley, aniseed cake, worms, gentles, banana, and potato. This ground-baiting must not be overdone. Half a pint on alternate evenings is as much as can safely be employed in this second week. With the third week less caution is necessary, because by now the carp will be less mindful of the adage concerning those who come bearing gifts. You may bear gifts daily, and the carp will, it is to be hoped, in a manner of speaking, look these gifts in the mouth—as carp should. Now, with the fourth week comes the critical time. All is very soon to be put to the touch.

On Monday you lean your rod (it is ready put up, you remember) on the wattled fence so that its top projects eighteen inches over the water. On Tuesday you creep up and push it gently, so that the eighteen inches are become four feet. The carp, we hope, simply think that it is a piece of the screen growing well, and take no alarm. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday you employ the final and great ruse. This is to place your line (the depth has already been plumbed, of course) gently in the water, the bullet just touching the bottom so that the float cocks, and the two feet of gut which lie on the

Golden Rules.

bottom beyond it terminating with a bait in which is no fraudulent hook. This so that the carp may imagine that it is just a whim of the lavish person behind the screen (be sure they know you are there all the time) to tie food to some fibrous yet innocuous substance. And at last, on Saturday, the 31st of the month, you fall to angling, while the morning mists are still disputing with the shades of night. Now there is a hook within the honey paste, and woe betide any carp which loses its head. But no carp does lose its head until the shades of night are disputing with the mists of evening. Then, from your post of observation (fifty yards behind the screen), you hear a click, click, which tells you that your reel revolves. A carp has made off with the bait, drawn out the five yards of line coiled carefully on the ground, and may now be struck. So you hasten up and strike. There is a monstrous pull at the rod-point, something pursues a headlong course into the unknown depths, and after a few thrilling seconds there is a jar, a slackness of line, and you wind up sorrowfully. You are broken, and so home.

H. T. Sheringham: COARSE FISHING.

An Angler's Garland.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

I KNOW a pool where the river,
Sunlit and still,
Slips by a bank of wild roses
Down from the mill;
There do I linger when summer makes glorious
Valley and hill.

Somewhere the song of a skylark
Melts into air,
Butterflies float through the sunshine,
June's everywhere;
Nature in fact, shows an amiable jollity
I do not share.

For in the shade of the alders,
Scornful of flies,
There is a trout that no cunning
Coaxes to rise,
Sly as Ulysses, and doubtful as Didymus,
Mammoth in size.

And when the Mayfly battalions
Flutter and skim,
When all the others are filling
Baskets abrim,
I spend the cream of a fisherman's carnival
Casting at him;

Seeing in fancy my hackle
Seized with a founce,
Hearing the real racing madly
Under his pounce,
Knowing at last all the pounds of his magnitude—
(Eight of an ounce!)

Golden Rules.

But of my drakes and my sedges
None make the kill,
None tempt him up from his fastness
Under the mill,
And, for I saw him as lately as Saturday,
There he is still.

Thus do Life's triumphs elude us,
Yet it may be
Some afternoon, when the keeper
Goes to his tea,
That, if a lob-worm were dropped unofficially—
Well, we shall see.

Patrick Chalmers:
GREEN DAYS AND BLUE DAYS.

An Angler's Garland.

TO THE FIFTH BUTTON.

IT is really refreshing, and does one's heart good, to see how some that are green in the sport will, in the language of stag-hunting, "take to soil." I heard of a very fat man from the precincts of Cheapside, who was encountered in the river Shiel, in Inverness-shire, by two gentlemen—merrier ones than whom "I never passed an hour's talk withal." The corpulent man looked at the water for some time like a child that is going into a cold bath, and does not half like it; he then broke forth in the following guise:—"I am convinced, gentlemen, that your waders catch most fish. I say, gentlemen, that those who wade are the most successful." His opinion being greatly encouraged, he put forth one foot in the pool; and not finding the sensation very alarming, for the weather was warm, he walked soberly forward, saying at every step, "Ay, ay—your waders catch the most fish." Now the rock shelving down near the bank, in progressing he was soon up to the hips—

"Tendebatque manus ripæ ulterioris amore;" but he could not reach the desired spot even then. In this dilemma he looked wistfully at the shore for advice. "How deep should I go?" said the enterprising man. One said to the fifth button of your waistcoat, and the other to your shirt-collar. He preferred the fifth button; and soon treading on a faithless stone, fairly toppled head foremost into the pool. His hand relaxed its grasp, and away went the fishing-rod down the stream. He himself was soon placed out of danger by the gentlemen, an attention that, considering all things, he was fairly entitled to; but his rod lay across the river, the butt end opposed in its passage by one rock in the middle of

Golden Rules.

it, and the top by another; so the weight of the stream bore upon the centre, and snapped it in twain. The corpulent gentleman took all with the greatest good humour; and as the water streamed from him at all points, as it were from a river god, and as he applied a brandy flask to his mouth, he said only at the intervals between his potations, "I am not quite so sure that your waders catch the most fish; gentlemen, I say I have my doubts of it."

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

An Angler's Garland.

WOULDST THOU CATCH FISH?

WOULDST thou catch Fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt,
To annoynt thy Baite.

Thou that desir'st to fish with Line and Hooke,
Be it in poole, in Riuer, or in Brooke,
To blisse thy baite, and make the Fish to bite;
Loe, here's a meanes, if thou can'st hit it right.
Take Gum of life, fine beate and laid in soake
In Oyle, well drawne from that which kills the Oake.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt haue sport thy fill,
When twenty faile, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

Its perfect and good,
If well vnderstood;
Else not to be tolde
For siluer or golde.

B. R.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

YARNS.

WHEN MONKS DIE.

NEAR unto the *Abbey of St. Maurice*, in *Burgundy*, there is a Fish-pond, in which are Fishes put according to the number of Monks of that place; and if any one of them happen to be sick, there is a Fish seen also to float and swim above the Water half dead; and if the Monk shall die, the said Fish a few days before dieth. *Leonardus Verius* reports this on the Testimony of Cardinal *Granvell*. So at *Brereton* in *Cheshire*, before any Heir of the House of *Brereton* dieth, there are seen in a Pool adjoining, call'd *Bag-mere*, Bodies of Trees swimming for certain days together, and after to sink until the next like occasion.

James Chetham: THE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM.

An Angler's Garland.

THE FISH CALLED *BALÆNA*.

PLINY, the philosopher, says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called *Balæna* or Whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that, in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long.

Izaak Walton: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

BLEAK.

IS a small, fat, pleasant Fish; and is called by some the fresh-water *Sprat*. If you angle for them in the *Thames*, you may lay in deeper than in other Rivers; and it is observable that in Rivers they continue sound and healthful all the *Summer*; but the *Thames-Bleak* soon run mad, occasioned by a Worm, which breeds in their Heads: It is a flat jointed Worm, and sometimes so long, that should I mention what I have seen, I should scarce meet with Credit.

George Smith: THE GENTLEMAN ANGLER.

Yarns.

A QUESTION OR TWO.

I DO most heartily despise this priggish set for their conceit and impudence; but, seeing that they will have *effects*, here, ascribed to none but *usual causes*, let me put a question or two to them.

Whence come fish in new made places where no fish have ever been put?

What causes horse-hair to become living things?

What causes flounders, real little *flat fish*, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth side-ways, with tail, fins, and all, *leaping alive*, in the inside of a rotten sheep's, and of every rotten sheep's, liver?

There, prigs, answer these questions.

William Cobbett: RURAL RIDES.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SILVER EEL.

THE reader may at once be informed that the progenitor of the silver eel is a small beetle. That it truly is the progenitor of the silver eel I feel fully satisfied in my own mind, from a rigid and extensive comparison of its structure and habits with those of other insects. This will be the reader's opinion too, I feel assured, after he has fairly weighed the array of facts brought before him, and tested the conclusions naturally flowing from them by actual experiment. As my own mind is now fully made up on the subject, I have at last yielded to the solicitation of my scientific friends, and fearless of the result I send it forth to the world.

An Angler's Garland.

The parent beetle is small and black, and lurks about stones in marshy places and river banks. It is less than the working bee of the hive. It has a couple of hard wing cases. It seldom uses its wings, although I have seen it on the wing in a hot day in July. It breeds in the ordinary way of insects. I have seen both the male and female sitting beside their nest, which was a small hole below a stone. There would be ten to twelve eggs beside them, about the month of June. The eggs were whitish, a little transparent, and as large as a mustard seed. These they produce by ordinary generation. They are prolific, and the young turnip suffers for their food. But a part of these beetles changes every year to bring forth a species of fish by propagating eels in them, and bringing forth from May to July. Some of them have one and others two, owing to cold and hot situations. Most of them have two. About the time of giving birth to their eels, nature has taught them to seek the water, and some of them travel upward of sixty yards. They die in the act of parturition, whether in water or on land. I have come across them dead, and two eels twisting round their limbs, in water left after rain in the footprints of the horse, and at a great distance from running water.

David Cairncross:

THE ORIGIN OF THE SILVER EEL.

Yarns.

OF THE TRUTH ABOUT EELS.

AND if there run any water from your pond you shall not possible keepe Eeles out of the same, they will come into the same against the streame. Their manner of breeding is very uncertaine and unknowne, but undoubtedly they are bred in the brackish or sea water: and at the first full Moone in Maie they begin to come into all great rivers, and out of great rivers into lesser rivers, and out of those lesser rivers into all small brookes, rils, and running waters, continually against the streame all the beginning of Sommer: as likewise with the first floud that cometh about Michelmass, they covet to go downe the streame, and will not stay untill they come into the deepe and brackish waters, if they be not taken or letted by the way. I know that some holde opinion that they breed of the May deaw, for prooffe whereof they say if you cut up two turfes of grass in a May morning and clap the grassie sides of those turfes together and so lay them in a river, you shall the next day find small young Eeles between the sayd turfes: and so you shall indeede, for the most part do. Howbeit not therefore they do breede of the deaw, for if you likewise take a little bottle of sweete hay, straw, or weedes, that have had no May deaw fallen thereon, and sinke it in a river at that time of the yeare, and take it out suddenly the next morning, and you shall finde likewise many small Eeles therein. The reason is, at that time of the yeare that river being full of such young Eeles, they will creepe into every thing that is sweete and pleasant.

John Taverner:

CERTAIN E X P E R I M E N T S CONCERNING FISH AND FRUITE.

An Angler's Garland.

INTO THE POT.

WE direct our course towards the river Errit, where we may inform our selves of a practice amongst the natives there, that murder a salmon without a rod, net, or spear; and cook him almost as soon as they catch him.

When a stranger comes amongst them, the inhabitants presently run and fetch a pot, which they circumspectly place upon some part of a rock, and then dextrously convey some live coals under it, (or it may be turf), which is no sooner fan'd by the breath of air, but immediately the flames fly all about. Now you are to consider that the race of salmon, especially the female in the vernon æquinox, is for the most part picking and casting against the rapid streams. And in this river Errit it's always observable, there are plenty of stumpy knotty rocks, to which the native, without difficulty, can pass and repass from one rock to another; and the rather to facilitate this mortal design, they set the pot on some seeming floating rock, to which (as I am told) their observation directs them; which rock, it may be, is almost drown'd in water. Now this artifice is no sooner perform'd by the rude engineer, but the salmon, because casting after her usual manner, often casts away her life, by leaping into the pot instead of the pool. For the salmon, you must know, by reason of agility of body, (and considerable strength) so bends and contracts her self, by taking her tail (as suppos'd) in her teeth; then, like a well-tempered spring that suddenly and smartly unbends and flies off; even so doth the salmon, with a strange dexterity, mount the air (out of the water) an incredible height; but because unprecautioned how to distinguish the elements, and perhaps

Yarns.

wanting foresight of this imminent danger, she frequently encounters the boiling water, which no sooner she touches, but her life is snatch'd away by the suffocating fumes, that immediately strangle her; and thus the poor salmon becomes a prey to the native, when only in the pursuit of nature's dictates, whose laws and rules are circumscrib'd and bounded by the sovereignty of him that made the creation.

Richard Franck: NORTHERN MEMOIRS.

PIKE IN LOUGH MASK.

INQUIRY began vaguely enough. "Were you here, Mick, when the gentleman—I can't remember his name—hooked that enormous pike I was hearing about last night?"—"I was, Sorr."—"Tell me what happened. Where did he get it?"—"It was over by the islands, in the middle of the lough."—"Anywhere where I've been?"—"It was not. It would be too rough to go there."—"But he went?"—"He did."—"And you were here and heard all about it?"—"I was with him in the boat, Sorr."—"How did he hook it? Was he trolling?"—"He was, Sorr. He had him on four times."—"Four times?"—"He did, Sorr. He hooked him four days running."—"Good heavens! The same fish four days running?"—"It was the same fish, he knew. It was with the spoon, at first, and he broke it all. Then he came the next day with a sprat—a small trout, Sorr—and he was on again, and he broke it all again. Then he made another trace the next day."—"And he came again?"—"He did, Sorr. It was

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like a sheep, he said. He could make no impression on him whatever at all."—"Then what did he do?"—"He just broke it all."—"But the last day, then?"—"He had to go away that day. He made a great wire trace with a flight of hooks and a sprat, and he had him on."—"At the same place?"—"He did, Sorr. He was on a long time. He moved him about. Yes, he just saw him once. He came near to the boat, and he said his back was like a donkey's back, he said, and then he went under the boat, and then the rod was on the boat, and the rod broke, and he broke it all. It was as big as a donkey, he said. He could do nothing with him at all, whatever."—"But did he know about big fish? Had he ever caught one?"—"He had had a thirty-eight pound fish the week before, and he said it was nothing to him. Just nothing at all. It was like a donkey, he said. He never made any impression on him. He would pull, and then he would break it all."

Eric Parker.

FISHERMEN'S WEATHER.

THE RAINBOW.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !

William Wordsworth.

A FISHERMAN'S BLESSINGS.

O BLESSED drums of Aldershot !
O blessed south-west train !
O blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain !

O blessed yaffil, laughing loud !
O blessed falling glass !
O blessed fan of cold gray cloud !
O blessed smelling grass !

O bless'd south wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack !
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back !

Charles Kingsley: THE SOUTH WIND.

An Angler's Garland.

POWDERED LAWYERS.

ONCE, when I was adjusting my tackle on Tweedside, I was accosted by a native fisherman in these words—"Ye needna fash yersel' the day wi' yer lang wand, for I wudna gie a pinch o' snuff for a' that ye'll get; there are too many *pouthered lawyers* about." Powdered lawyers! I gazed around me, and did not see a single gentleman of the long robe. What on earth could the man mean? and what had a powdered lawyer to do with my sport? Upon explanation, I found out that he alluded to the numerous puffy white clouds above. Whether the likeness of these to lawyers' wigs was appropriate or not, I leave to those who are learned in similes to determine; but he certainly was right in his main position.

William Scrope:

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON-FISHING.

Fishermen's Weather.

UP THE WREIGH!

YESTREEN, the clouds hung few an' mild,
An' saft as maidens when they weep;
Or gently lay on Simonside,
Like bairns that cry themselves to sleep;
But, now, out owre the mountain tap,
They're sweepin' wi' an' angry sky;
The veerin' blast blaws dead south-wast—
We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

There's some awa' to Sharperton;
Frae Alwinton they're owre the knowe:
Wi' " Mennim " some's to do the deed;
An' some wi' " Heckles " like a towe.
They dinna ken the mist that hings,
Black—black—on Rowhope-head sae hie;
Where now it's toom, they'll seun a' soom—
We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

There's braw, lang Trouts aboon Linn-shields,
Among the scaurs they'll haud their screen;
Deil scale the byke frae Redlees-syke,
Wi' wairsh moss-water black an' lean!
At Harehaughturn and Keengie-burn,
They'll smell the weather i' the sky;
On Carter-brow, it's sleetin' now—
We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

It's unco weel to fill the creel,
When wun's blaw saft, and fish loup fast;
But when the morn comes dank and dern,
It tak's anither kind o' cast!
When gusty swirls mak' cauldribe curls,
An' sweep the peuls, wi' sudden skreigh,
'Mang wund an rain, it's no that plain—
We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

An Angler's Garland.

It's gaily to the Norrid yet—

See Cheviot's ridges, blue in air;

Aboon his pow, the gales may row,

But shem a cloud daur venture there.

Sae ye'se put on your sawmon-roe,

Whiles I a gowd-tail'd branlin' try;

She's comin' down, a bonnie brown—

We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

At Caistron-deeps, they're threshin' on,

An' down by Flotterton's new Ha';

I'se wad a pund, when night comes round,

That, creel for creel, we bang them a'!

It's spittin' now at Dewshill-wood;

At Hepple-peel it's far frae dry;

There's nane but feuls wou'd fish the peuls—

We'se cheat them a', an' up the Wreigh!

Robert Roxby } NEWCASTLE FISHERS'
Thomas Doubleday } GARLANDS.

Fishermen's Weather.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

FISH have their times to bite—

The bream in summer, and the trout in spring,
What time the hawthorn buds are white,
And streams are clear, and winds low-whispering.

The pike bite free when fall

The autumn leaves before the north-wind's breath,
And tench in June, but there are all—
There are all seasons for the gudgeon's death.

The trout his ambush keeps

Crafty and strong, in Pangbourne's eddying pools,
And patient still in Marlow deeps
For the shy barbel wait expectant fools.

Many the perch but small

That swim in Basildon, and Thames hath naught
Like Cookham's pike, but, oh! in all—
Yes, in all places are the gudgeon caught.

The old man angles still

For roach, and sits red-faced and fills his chair;
And perch, the boy expects to kill,
And roves and fishes here and fishes there.

The child but three feet tall

For the gay minnows and the bleak doth ply
His bending hazel, but by all—
Oh! by all hands the luckless gudgeon die.

Anon.

An Angler's Garland.

IN WHAT WEATHER YE SHALL ANGLE.

FROM Septembre unto Apryll in a fayr sonny daye
is ryghte good to angle. And yf the wynde in
that season have ony parte of the Oryent : the wedyr
thenne is nought. And whan it is a grete wynde.
And when it snowith reynyth or hayllyth, or is a
grete tempeste, as thondyr or lightenyng : or a hote
weder : thenne it is noughte for to angle.

THE BOKE OF ST. ALBANS.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,
MR. IZAAK WALTON.

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

Fishermen's Weather.

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day :

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, Master ! half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait
To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme ;
But then should you not deign to come
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

Charles Cotton :

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, PART II.

An Angler's Garland.

BELOW THE WEIR.

BEYOND the punt the swallows go
Like blue-black arrows to and fro,
Now stooping where the rushes grow,
Now flashing o'er a shallow;
And overhead in blue and white
High Spring and Summer hold delight;
"All right!" the blackcap calls, "All right!"
His mate says from the sallow.

O dancing stream, O diamond day,
O charm of lilac-time and May,
O whispering meadows green and gay,
O fair things past believing!
Could but the world stand still, stand still
When over wood and stream and hill
This morn's eternal miracle
The rosy Hours are weaving!

Eternal, for I like to think
That mayflowers, crimson, white and pink,
When I am dust the boughs shall prink,
On days to live and die for;
That sun and cloud, as now, shall veer,
And streams run tumbling off the weir,
Where still the mottled trout rolls clear
For other men to try for.

I like to think, when I shall go
To this essential dust, that so
I yet may share in flowers that blow,
And with such brave sights mingle,
If tossed by summer breeze on high
I'm carried where the cuckoos cry
And dropped beside old Thames to lie
A sand-grain on a shingle.

Fishermen's Weather.

Meanwhile the swallows flash and skim
Like blue-black arrows notched and trim,
And splendid kingcups lift a brim
 Of gold to king or peasant,
And 'neath a sky of blue and white
High Spring with Summer weaves delight :
" All right ! " the blackcap calls, " All right ! "
 And life is very pleasant.

Patrick Chalmers: A PECK O' MAUT.

THE HARBOUR.

FROM first appearing of the rising sunne,
Till nine of clocke low vnder water best
The fish will bite, and then from nine to noone,
From noone to four they doe refraine and rest,
From foure againe till Phoebus swift hath runne
His daily course and setteth in the West :
But at the flie aloft they vse to bite,
All summer long from nine till it be night.

Now leaſt the Angler leaue his Tooles behinde,
For lacke of heed or haſte of his deſire,
And ſo inforced with vnwilling minde
Must leaue his game and backe again retire,
Such things to fetch as there he cannot finde
To ſerue his turne when neede ſhall moſt require,
Here ſhall he haue to helpe his memory,
A leſſon ſhort of euery wants ſupply.

An Angler's Garland.

Light Rod to strike, long line to reach with all,
Strong hooke to hold the fish he haps to hit,
Spare Lines and Hooke, what euer chance doe fall,
Baite quicke and dead to bring them to the bit.
Fine Lead and Quils, with Corks both great and
small,
Knife, File and thred, and little Basket fit,
Plummets to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With Pole and Net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arriued at the last,
In wished harbour where we meane to rest;
And make an end of this our journey past;
Here then in quiet roade I thinke it best
We strike our sailes and stedfast Anchor cast,
For now the Sunne low setteth in the West,
And yee Boat Swaines, a merry Carroll sing,
To him that safely did us hither bring.

John Dennys: SECRETS OF ANGLING.

THE END.

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