THE SECRETS OF ANGLING;

TEACHING THE CHOICEST TOOLES, BAITS AND SEASONS, FOR THE TAKING OF ANY FISH, IN POND OR RIVER:

PRACTISED, AND FAMILIARLY OPENED IN THREE BOOKS.

By J. D. Esquire.

John Dennys.

AUGMENTED WITH MANY APPROVED EXPERIMENTS.

By W. LAUSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. H. FOR JOHN HARISON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD BY FRANCIS COLES AT HIS SHOP IN THE OLD BAYLY. 1652.

REPRINTED FOR ROBERT TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1811.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the first edition of Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, the author of the following Poem was designated by the abridged name of Io. Da., *which in a subsequent edition was lengthened to* Davors. *The real author, however, as will be seen in the following extract from the Books of the Stationer's Company, was* JOHN DENNYS, Esquire.

" 1612. 23° Martij."

" Mr. Rog. Jackson entred for his copie under " th'ands of Mr. Mason and Mr. Warden Hooper a " Book called the Secrete of Angling, teaching the " choysest tooles, bates, & seasons for the taking of " any fish in Pond or River, practised and opened in " three bookes, by Iohn Dennys, Esquire."

It needs not to be added that the first edition of the Work, a copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, appeared immediately after, with the date of 1613.

" In due Praise of his Praise-worthy Skill and Worke.

" In skils that all do seek, but few do find
Both gain & game; (like sun & moon do shine)
Then th' Art of fishing thus, is of that kind;
The Angler taketh both with hook and line,
And as with lines, both these he takes; this takes
With many a line, well made, both ears & hearts,
And by this skill, the skil-lesse skilfull makes:
The corpes whereof dissected so he parts,
Upon an humble subject never lay,
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead.
This plainer Art with pleasure to survay.
To purchase it with profit, by that DEED:
Who think this skill's too low than for the high,
This Angler read, and they'le be taine thereby.

JO. DAVES."

" *To the worthy, and my respected Friend, Mr. Iohn Harborne of Tackley, in the County of Oxford, Esquire.*

" WORTHY SIR,

" This poem being sent unto me to be printed after the death of the authour, who intended to have done it in his life, but was prevented by death: I could not among my good friends, bethink me of any one to whom I might more fitly dedicate it (as well for the nature of the subject, in which you delight, as to express my love) than to your selfe. I find it not only savouring of art and honesty, two things now strangers unto many authours, but also both pleasant and profitable; and being loath to see a thing of such value lie hidden in obscurity, whilst matters of no moment pester the stalls of every stationer: I therefore make bold to publish it, for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the authour, nor dislike them. I need not, I thinke apologize either the use of the subject, or for that it is reduced into the nature of a poeme, for as touching the last (in that it is in verse) some count it by so much the more delightfull; and I hold it every way as fit a subject for poetry as husbandry: and touching the first, if Hunting and Hawking have beene thought worthy delights, and arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but this Art of Angling is much more worthy practice and approbation; for it is a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choller or impatience as those are: you shall finde it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed, then any of this kinde heretofore. Therefore I referre you to the perusing thereof, and my selfe to your good opinion, which I tender as that I hold most deare; ever remaining at

Your gentle command,

R. I.

" *To the Reader.*

" It may seeme in me presumption to adde this little comment to the work of so worthy an author. But Mr. Harrison the stationers request and desire to give his country satisfaction, must be satisfied, and in it my selfe rest excused. What mine observations are, I refer to censure: assuredly, the truth stands on so well grounded experience, that but my haste, nothing can do them injury. What to me is doubtfull, I have, as I can, explained: what wants, in my judgement, I have supplied as the time would suffer: what I passe by, I approve. The authour by verse hath expressed much learning, and by his Answer to the Objection, shewn himselfe to have been vertuous. The subject it selfe is honest, and pleasant, and sometimes profitable. Use it, and give God all glory. Amen.

W. Lauson."

" *The*

" *The Contents.*

The first Booke containeth these Heads.

1. The Antiquity of Angling, with the Art of Fishing, and of Fishing in generall.
2. The lawfulnesse, pleasure, and profit thereof, with all objections, answered against it.
3. To know the season, and times to provide the tooles, and how to chuse the best, and the maner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke containeth:

1. The Angler's experience, how to use his tools and baits, to make profit by his game.
2. What Fish is not taken with Angle, and what is: and what is best for health.
3. In what Waters and Rivers to find each Fish.

The third Booke containeth:

1. The twelve Vertues and Qualities which ought to be in every Angler.
2. What weather, seasons, and time of the yeare is best and worst, and what houres of the day is best for sport.
3. To know each Fishes haunt, and the times to take them.

Also an obscure secret of an approved bait tending thereunto.

THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.

The First Booke.

Of Angling, and the Art thereof I sing,
What kind of tooles it doth behove to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man may bring
The fish to bite within the watry wave:
A work of thanks to such as in a thing
Of harmlesse pleasure have regard to save
Their dearest soules from sin, and may intend
Of pretious time some part thereon to spend.

You Nimphs that in the springs and waters sweet
Your dwellings have, of every hill and dale,
And oft amidst the meadows green do meet
To sport and play, and hear the nightingale,
And in the rivers fresh do wash your feet,
While Progne's sister tels her wofull tale:
Such ayd and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little worke to end.

And thou sweet Boyd* that with thy watry sway
Dost wash the cliffes of Deington and of Week,
And through their rocks, with crooked winding way,
Thy mother Avon runnest soft to seek:
In whose fair streams the speckled trout doth play,
The roch, the dace, the gudgin, and the bleike:
Teach me the skill with slender line and hook,
To take each fish of river, pond, and brook.

* The name of a brooke.

The time for providing Angle Rods.

First, when the sun beginneth to decline
Southward his course, with his faire chariot bright,
And passed hath heaven the middle line,
That makes of equall length both day and night;
And left behind his back the dreadfull signe
Of cruell Centaure, slain in drunken fight;
When beasts do mourn, and birds forsake their song,
And every creature thinks the night too long.

And blustring Boreas with his chilling cold,
Unclothed hath the trees of summers green,
And woods, and groves are naked to behold,
Of leaves and branches now dispoyled clean;
So that their fruitfull stocks they do unfold,
And lay abroad their offspring to be seen;
Where nature shews her great increase of kind
To such as seek her tender shutes to finde.

Then go in some great Arcadian wood,
Where store of ancient hazels do abound,
And seeke among their springs and tender brood,
Such sheutes as are the straightest, long and round:
And of them all (store up what you think good)
But fairest choose, the smoothest and most sound;
So that they do not two years growth exceed,
In shape and beauty like the Belgick reed.

These prune and cleanse of every leafe and spray,
Yet leave the tender top remaining still;
Then home with thee go beare them safe away,
But perish not the rine and utter pill; *
And on some even boarded floore them lay, †
Where they may dry and season at their fill:
And place upon their crooked parts some waight
To presse them downe, and keep them plaine and straight.

So shalt thou have alwayes in store the best,
And fittest rods to serve thy turne aright;
For not the brittle kane, nor all the rest,
I like so well, though it be long and light,

* Beath them a little, except the top, all in a furnace, they will be lighter, and not top-heavy: which is a great fault in a rod.

† Tie them together at every bought, and they will keep one another straight.

Since

Since that the Fish are frighted with the least
Aspect of any glittering thing, or white: *
Nor doth it by one halfe so well incline,
As doth the plyant rod to save the line. †

To make the Line.

Then get good haire, so that it be not black,
Neither of mare nor gelding let it be:
Nor of the tireling jade that bears the pack;
But of some lusty horse or courser free,
Whose bushy taile upon the ground doth track,
Like blazing comet that sometime we see:
From out the midst thereof the longest take,
At leasure best your links and lines to make.

Then twist them finely as you think most meet,
By skill or practice easie to be found;
As doth Ariadne with her slender feet ‡
Draw forth her little thread along the ground,
But not too hard or slack, the mean is sweet,
Lest slackt they snarl, or hard they prove unsound,
And intermix with silver, silke, or gold,
The tender haires, the better so to hold. §

* White or gray are likest the sky, and therefore of all other colours offend the least.

† Besides the fish discernes it, and are put away with the stiffnesse of the rod: whereas on the contrary, the weake rod yields liberty to the fish, without suspition, to run away with the bait at his pleasure.

‡ Knit the haires you mean to put in one link, at the rod's end, and divide them as equally as you can, put your three lowest fingers betwixt, and twine the knot, and your link shal be equally twist; if you wet your hair, it will twine better. A nimble hand, a weak and light rod, that may be easily guided with one hand, need but four or five hairs at the most, for the greatest river fish, though a salmon or luce, so you have length enough, and except the luce and salmon three will suffice.

§ Intermixing with silver or gold, is not good: because, first the thread and haire are not of equall reach.

Secondly, the colours differing from the hairs, or flye, affrights the fish.

Thirdly, they will not bed and twist with the hairs.

Then

Then end to end as falleth to their lot,
Let all your links in order as they lye,
Be knit together, with that fisher's knot,
That will not slip or with the wet untye:
And at the lowest end forget it not,
To leave a bout or compasse like an eye,
The linke that holds your hook to hang upon,
When you thinke good to take it off and on. *

Which linke must neither be so great nor strong,
Nor like of colour as the others were; †
Scant halfe so big, so that it be as long:
Of grayest hue, and of the soundest haire,
Lest while it hangs the liquid waves among,
The sight thereof the wary fish should feare:
And at one end a loope or compasse fine
To fasten to the other of your line.

Corke.

Then take good corke so much as shall suffice
For every line to make his swimmer fit, ‡
And where the midst and thickest parts do rise,
There burn a round small hole quite thorow it,
And put therein a quill of equal size,
But take good heed the corke you do not slit:
Then round or square with rasor pare it near,
Piramid-wise, or like a slender peare.

The smaller end doth serve to sink more light,
Into the water with the plummets sway;
The greater swims aloft and stands upright,
To keep the line and bayt at even stay,

* An upper end also, to put it too and fro the rod.

† The same colour: (to wit gray like the sky) the like bignes and strength, is good for all the line and every linke thereof, weight is hurtfull, so unequall strength causeth the weakest to breake.

‡ I utterly dislike your southern corks. First for they affright 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, and hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and loades the arm. A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite.

That

That when the fish begins to nib and bite,
The moving of the float doth them bewray:
These may you place upon your lines at will,
And stop them with a white and handsome quill.

Hooks.

Then buy your hooks 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 pick out and choose them well,
Such as in shape and making passe the rest,
And do for strength and soundnesse most excell:
Then in a little box of driest wood
From rust and canker keep them faire and good.

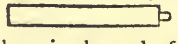
That hooke I love that is incompast round
Like to the print that Pegasus did make,
With horned hoofe upon Thessalian ground;
From whence forthwith Pernassus spring out brake
That doth in pleasant waters so abound,
And of the Muses oft the thirst doth slake,
Who on his fruitfull bankes do sit and sing,
That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring. †

* I use to make mine own hooks, so shall I have them of the best Spanish and Millan needles, of what size bent or sharpness, and I like as I need. Soften your needles in an hot fire in a chafer.

The Instruments. First, an hold-fast.

Secondly, an hammer to flat the place for the beard.

Thirdly, a file to make the beard, and sharpen the point.

Fourthly, a bender, viz. a pin bended, put in the end of a stick, an handfull long, thus, 

When they are made, lap them in the end of a wier, and heat them againe, and temper them in oyle or butter.

† The best form for ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a strait and somewhat long shanke and strait nib'd, with a little compasse, not round in any wise  for it neither strikes surely nor readily, but is weak,  as having too great a compasse: some use to batter the upper end thus to hold the faster: but good thred or silke, good band may make it fast enough, it is botcherly, hinders the biting and sometimes cuts the line.

Or

Or as Thaumantis, when she list to shroud
Her selfe against the parching sunny ray,
Under the mantle of some stormy cloud,
Where she her sundry colours doth display,
Like Junoes bird, of her fair garments proud,
That Phœbus gave her on her marriage day:
Shews forth her goodly circle fair and wide,
To mortall wights that wonder at her pride.

His shank should neither be too short nor long,
His point not over sharp, 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 mettall strong,
That will not stretch, nor break at every pull:
Wrought smooth and cleane withouten crack or knot,
And bearded like the wild Arabian goat.

Then let your hook be sure and strongly plac't
Unto your lowest linke with silke or haire,
Which you may do with often overcast,
So that you draw the bowts together neare.
And with both ends make all the others fast,
That no bare place or rising knot appeare;
Then on that linke hang leads of even weight
To raise your float, and carry down your bait.

Thus have you rod, line, float and hook;
The rod to strike when you shall think it fit,
The line to lead the fish with wary skill,
The float and quill to warn you of the bit;
The hook to hold him by the chap or gill,
Hook, line and rod, all guided to your wit.
Yet there remaines of fishing-tooles to tell,
Some other sorts that you must have as well.

Other fishing-tooles.

A little board, the lightest you can find, †
But not so thin that it will break or bend,
Of cypres sweet, or of some other kind,
That like a trencher shall it selfe extend:

* He meanes the hooke may be too weake at the point, it cannot be too sharpe if the mettall be good steele.

† Or winde them on two or three of your fingers, like an Orph-Arions string.

Made

Made smooth and plain your lines thereon to wind
With battlements at every other end:
  Like to the bulwarke of some ancient towne,
  As well-wall'd Sylchester now razed downe.

A shooe to bear the crawling worms therein,
With hole above to hang it by your side, *
A hollow cane that must be light and thin,
Wherein the Bob and Palmer shall abide,
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,
Lest out againe your baits do hap to slide.
  A little box that covered close shall lie,
  To keep therein the busie winged flie.

Then must you have a plummet, formed round,
Like to the pellet of a birding bow: †
Wherewith you may the secret'st waters sound,
And set your float thereafter, high or low,
Till you the depth thereof have truly found,
And on the same a twisted thread bestow,
  At your own will, to hang it on your hook,
  And so to let it down into the brook.

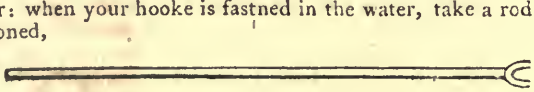
Of lead likewise, yet must you have a ring,
Whose whole diameter in length contains ‡
Three inches full, and fastned to a string
That must be long and sure, if need constrains:
Through whose round hole you shall your angle bring,
And let it fall into the watry plains,
  Untill he come the weeds and sticks unto,
  From whence your hooke it serveth to undo.

Have tools good store to serve your turn withall,
Lest that you happen some to lose or breake;
As in great waters oft it doth befall,

* Worme poake of cloath, or boxes.

† A plummet you neede not, for your line being well leaded, and without a float, will try your depths. When the lead above your hooke comes to the earth, the line will leave sinking.

‡ That is good, but a forked rod about two yards long is better: when your hooke is fastned in the water, take a rod thus fashioned,



and put the line in the forke, and so follow down to your hooke, and so letting your line be somewhat slack, move your forke too and fro, especially downwards, and so shall your hooke be loose.

When that the hooke is nought, or line too weake,
And waxed thread, or silke so it be small,
To set them on, that if you list to wreake
Your former losse, you may supply the place,
And not returne with sorrow and disgrace.

Have twist likewise, so that it be not white, *
Your rod to mend, or broken top to tye;
For all white colours do the fishes fright,
And make them from the bait away to flye:
A file to mend your hooks, both small and light,
A good sharp knife your girdle hanging by:
A pouch with many parts and purses thin,
To carry all your tooles and trinkets in.

Yet must you have a little rip beside
Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish,
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide
As may contain 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 heavy carpe to land.

His severall Tooles, and what Garment is fittest.

And let your garments russet be or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to discry,
That with the raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearfull fishes eye:
For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silkes, of purple, paule, of gold,
Will serve so well to keep off wet or cold.

In this array the Angler good shall go
Unto the brooke to find his wished game;
Like old Menalchus wandring to and fro,
Untill he chance to light upon the same,
And there his art and cunning shall bestow,
For every fish his bait so well to frame,
That long ere Phœbus set in western fome,
He shall return well loaden to his home.

* White and gray is good, answering the colours of the skie.

Objection.

Objection.

Some youthfull gallant here perhaps will say
This is no pastime for a gentleman,
It were more fit at cards and dice to play,
To use both fence and dancing now and than,
Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,
Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan:
A poor delight, with toyl and painfull watch,
With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What pleasure can it be to walk about
The fields and meads, in heat or pinching cold,
And stand all day to catch a silly trout,
That is not worth a teaster to be sold,
And peradventure sometimes go without:
Besides the toyls and troubles manifold:
And to be washt with many a showre of rain,
Before he can return from thence again?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,
In some sweet house to passe the time away,
Amongst the best with brave and gallant show,
And with fair dames to daunce, to sport, and play,
And on the board the nimble dice to throw,
That brings in gain, and helps the shot to pay;
And with good wine, and store of dainty fare,
To feed at will, and take but little care.

A worthy Answer.

I mean not here mens errours to reprove,
Nor do I envy their seeming happy state;
But rather marvell why they do not loue
An honest sport, that is without debate;
Since their abused pastimes often move
Their mindes to anger, and to mortall hate:
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeed it is a life of lesser pain,
To sit at play from noon till it be night:
And then from night till it be noon again,
With damned oaths pronounced in despight,
For little cause, and every trifle vain,
To curse, to brawle, to quarrell, and to fight,
To pack the cards, and with some cozning trick
His fellow's purse of all his coyn to pick.

Or

Or to beguile another of his wife,
As did Æghistus Agamemnon serve:
Or as that Roman monark * led a life
To spoyle and spend, while others pine and starve,
And to compell their friends with foolish strife
To take more drink then will their health preserve.
And to conclude, for debt or just desart,
In baser tune to sing the counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant brinke
Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill and corke down sinke
With eager bit of Barbell, 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 then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the dazies and the violets blew:
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodill,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,
Pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty skie,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watry clouds that in the ayre uprold
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.

The hils and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended levell with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vains,
The vains enclos'd with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The surging sea beneath the vallies low,
The vallies sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

* Nero.

The

The lofty woods, the forrests wide and long
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen,
The meadows fair where Flora's guifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse between.
The silver skaled fish that softly swim
Within the brooks and chrystall 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 thinke how strange and wonderfull they bee,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free:
And whiles he looks on these with joyfull eye,
His minde is wrapt above the starry skie.

The Author of Angling, Poeticall fictions.

But how this art of Angling did begin,
And who the use thereof and practise found?
How many times and ages since have bin,
Wherein the sun hath dayly compast round
The circle that the signes twice six are in,
And yielded yearly comfort to the ground?
It were too hard for me to bring about,
Since Ovid wrot not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing reader's eare,
I will not spare the sad report to tell,
When good Deucalion and his Pyrrha deare,
Were only left upon the earth to dwell,
Of all the rest that overwhelmed were
With that great floud, which in their dayes befell,
Wherein the compasse of the world so round,
Both man and beast with waters deep were dround.

Betweene themselves they wept and made great moane
How to repair again the wofull fall
Of all mankind, whereof they two alone
The remnant were, and wretched portion small,
But any means or hope in them was none,
That might restore so great a losse withall;
Since they were aged, and in years so run,
That now almost their thread of life was spun.

Untill at last they saw whereas they stood
An ancient temple, wasted and forlorn:
Whose holy fires, and sundry offerings good,
The late outragious waves away had born:
But when at length down faln was the flood,
The waters low it proudly gan to scorn.
Unto that place they thought it best to go,
The counsell of the goddesse there to know.

For long before that fearfull deluge great,
The universal earth had overflown,
A heavenly power there placed had her seat,
And answers gave of hidden things unknown:
Thither they went her favour to entreat
Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was blown,
By her advice some way or mean to find,
How to renew the race of humane kinde.

Prostrate they fell upon the sacred ground,
Kissing the stones, and shedding many a tear,
And lowly bent their aged bodies down
Unto the earth, with sad and heavy chear,
Praying the saint with soft and dolefull sound,
That she vouchsafe their humble suit to hear:
The goddesse heard, and bad them go and take
Their mother's bones, and throw behinde their back.

This oracle obscure and dark of sence,
Amazed much their mindes with fear and doubt,
What kind of meaning might be drawn fro̅ thence,
And how to understand and find it out,
How with so great a sin they might dispence,
Their parent's bones to cast and throw about:
Thus when they had long time in study spent,
Out of the church with carefull thought they went.

And now beholding better every place,
Each hill and dale, each river, rock, and tree,
And musing thereupon a little space,
They thought the earth their mother wel might be,
And that the stones that lay before their face,
To be her bones did nothing her disgrace:
Wherefore to prove if it were false or true,
The scattered stones behinde their backes they threw.

Forthwith the stones, a wondrous thing to heare,
Began to move, as they had life conceiv'd,
And waxed greater then at first they were;
And more and more the shape of man receiv'd,

Till

Till every part most plainly did appeare,
That neither eye nor sence could be deceiv'd:
They heard, they spake, they went, & walked too,
As other living men are wont to do.

Thus was the earth replenished anew
With people strange, sprung up with little pain,
Of whose increase the progeny that grew,
Did soon supply the empty world again;
But now a greater care there did insue,
How such a mighty number to maintain,
Since food there was not any to be found,
For that great floud had all destroy'd & drown'd.

Then did Deucalion first the art invent
Of Angling, and his people taught the same;
And to the woods and groves with them he went,
Fit tooles to find for this most needfull game;
There from the trees the longest rindes they rent,
Wherewith strong lines they roughly twist & frame,
And of each crook of hardest bush and brake
They made them hooks the hungry fish to take.

And to intice them to the eager bit,
Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he took,
And snailes and wormes, such as he found most fit,
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hook;
And thus with practice and inventive wit
He found the means in every lake and brook,
Such store of fish to take with little pain,
As did long time this people new sustain.

In this rude sort, began this simple art,
And so remain'd in that first age of old,
When Saturne did Amalthea's horn impart
Unto the world, that then was all of gold;
The fish as yet had felt but little smart,
And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold,
And plenty still supply'd the place again
Of wofull want, whereof we now complain.

But when in time the fear and dread of man
Fell more and more on every living thing,
And all the creatures of the world began
To stand in awe of this usurping king,
Whose tyranny so far extended than,
That earth and seas it did in thraldome bring:
It was a worke of greater pain and skill,
The wary fish in lake or brook to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did passe
Yet still this art more perfect dayly grew;
For then the slender rod invented was,
Of finer sort then former ages knew:
And hookes were made of silver and of brasse,
And lines of hemp and flax were framed new,
And sundry baits, experience found out more
Then elder times did know or try before.

But at the last the Iron-age grew neare,
Of all the rest the hardest and more scant:
Then lines were made of silke and subtile haire
And rods of lightest canes and hazell plant,
And hookes of hardest steele invented were,
That neither skill nor workmanship did want,
And so this art did in the end attain
Unto that state where now it doth remain.

But here my weary Muse awhile must rest,
That is not used to so long a way,
And breath, or pause a little at the least
At this lands end, untill another day,
And then again, if so she think it best,
Our taken-task afresh we will assay,
And forward go, as first we did intend,
Till that we come unto our journeys end.

The end of the First Booke.

The Second Booke.

Before I taught what kind of tooles were fit
For him to have that would an Angler bee:
And how he should with practice and with wit
Provide himselfe thereof in best degree:
Now doth remain to shew how to the bit
The fishes may be brought, that earst were free,
And with their pleasing bates intis'd they are
To swallow down the hidden hook unware.

Baits.

It were not meet to send a huntsman out
Into the woods, with net, with gin, or hay,
To trace the brakes, and bushes all about,
The stag, the fox, or badger to betray:

If

If having found his game he stand in doubt
Which way to pitch, or where his snares to lay,
  And with what train he may entice withall
  The fearfull beast into his trap to fall.

So though the Angler have good store of tooles,
And them with skill in finest sort can frame;
Yet when he comes to rivers, lakes and pooles,
If that he know not how to use the same,
And with what bait to make the fishes fooles,
He may go home as wise as out he came,
  And of his comming boasts himself as well,
  As he that from his father's chariot fell.

Not that I take upon me to impart
More then by others hath before been told;
Or that the hidden secrets of this art,
I would unto the vulgar sort unfold,
Who peradventure for my pains desart,
Would count me worthy Balam's horse to hold;
  But onely to the willing learner show
  So much thereof as may suffice to know.

But here, O Neptune, that with triple mace
Dost rule the raging of the ocean wide,
I meddle not with thy deformed race
Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide:
With that great whale that by three whole dayes space,
The man of God did in his belly hide,
  And cast him out upon the Euxin shore,
  As safe and sound as he had been before.

Nor with that Orke, that on Cephæan strand
Would have devour'd Andromeda the faire,
Whom Perseus slew with strong and valiant hand,
Delivering her from danger and despaire,
The hurlpoole huge that higher than the land,
Whose streams of waters spouteth in the aire,
  The porpois large, that playing swims on hie,
  Portending storms or other tempests nie,

Nor that admirer of sweet Musick's sound,
That on his back Arion bore away,
And brought to shore out of the seas profound,
The hippotame that like an horse doth neigh,
The mors that from the rocks inrolled round,
Within his teeth himselfe doth safe convey:
  The tortoise covered with his target hard,
  The tuberone attended with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout
A ragged sword his foes to spoile and kill;
Nor that fierce thrasher that doth fling about
His nimble flayle, and handles him at will,
The ravenous shark that with the sweepings out,
And filth of ships doth oft his belly fill,
The albacore that followeth night and day
The flying fish, and takes them for his prey.

The crocodile that weeps when he doth wrong,
The hollibut that hurts the appetite,
The turbut broad, the sceale, the sturgeon strong,
The cod, and cozze, that greedy are to bite,
The haake, the haddocke, and the conger long,
The yellow ling, the milver fair and white,
The spreading ray, the thornback thin and flat,
The boysterous base, the hoggish tunny fat.

These kindes of fish that are so large of size,
And many more that here I leave untold,
Shall go for me, and all the rest likewise,
That are the flock of Proteus watry fold:
For well I think my hooks would not suffice,
Nor slender lines the least of these to hold.
I leave them therefore to the surging seas,
In that huge depth to wander at their ease.

And speake of such as in the fresh are found,
The little roach, the menise biting fast,
The slimy tench, the slender smelt and round,
The umber sweet, the graveling good of taste,
The wholesome ruffe, the barbell not so sound,
The pearch and pike that all the rest do waste,
The bream, the carp, the chub and chavandar,
And many more that in fresh waters are.

Sit then Thalia on some pleasant banck,
Among so many as faire Avon hath,
And marke the anglers how they march in rank,
Some out of Bristoll, some from healthfull Bath;
How all the rivers sides along they flanke,
And through the meadows make their wonted path:
See how their wit and cunning they apply,
To catch the fish that in the waters lye.

For

For the Gudgion. *

Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,
That to a willow bough the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stir 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 cork to bear the stream withall.

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lie;
Whereat the greedy gudgion bites so sound,
That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:
See how he strikes, and pulls them up as round,
As if new store the play did still supply:
And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,
That in this art delights to take some paine;
For as high-flying hawkes that often misse
The swifter fowles are eased with a traine,
So to a yong beginner yieldeth this
Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

For the Roch.

Then see on yonder side where one doth sit
With line well twisted, and his hook but small;
His cork not big, his plummets round and fit,
His bait of finest paste, a little ball, †
Wherewith he doth intice unto the bit,
The carelesse roch, that soone is caught withall:
Within a foot the same doth reach the ground,
And with least touch the float straight sinketh down

And as a skilfull fowler that doth use
The flying birds of any kind to take,

* The gudgion hath his teeth in his throat, (as also the chub) and lives by much sucking; he is a dainty fish, like or neere as good as the sparlin.

† The roch is one of the meanest.

The fittest and the best doth always chuse,
Of many sorts a pleasing stale to make,
Which if he doth perceive they do refuse,
And of mislike abandon and forsake,
To win their love again, and get their grace,
Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the roch more baits he hath beside,
As of a sheep the thick congealed bloud,
Which on a board, he useth to divide
In portions small, to make them fit and good,
That better on his hooke they may abide:
And of the waspe the white and tender brood,
And worms that breed on every herb and tree,
And sundry flies that quick and lively bee.

For the Dace.

Then look whereas that poplar gray doth grow,
Hard by the same where one doth closely stand,
And with the winde his hooke and bait doth throw
Amid the stream with slender hazell wand,
Whereas he sees the dace themselves do show,
His eye is quick, and ready is his hand;
And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,
He presently doth strike, and takes her straight.

O world's deceit! how are we thrall'd by thee,
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide?
When most we think in happiest state to be,
Then do we soonest into danger slide.
Behold the fish that even now was free,
Unto the deadly hooke how he is tide:
So vaine delights allure us to the snare,
Wherein unwares we fast intangled are.

For the Carp.

But now again see where another stands,
And strains his rod that double seems to bend,
Lo how he leads and guides him with his hands,
Lest that his line should breake, or angle rend,
Then with a net see how at last he lands,
A mighty carp, and has him in the end,
So large he is of body, scale and bone,
The ro and all have like to had been gone.

Mark

Mark what a line he hath, well made and strong,
Of Bucephal, or Bayards strongest haire,
Twisted with green, or watchet silk among,
Like hardest twine that holds th' intangled deare,
Not any force of fish will do it wrong,
In Tyne, or Trent, or Thame, he needs not feare:
The knots of every link are knit so sure,
That many a pluck and pull they may indure.

His corke is large, made handsom, smooth, and fine,
The leads according fit and close thereto,
A good round hooke set on with silken twine,
That will not slip or easily undoe:
His baite great wormes that long in mosse have bin,
When by his side he beareth in a shooe:
Or paste wherewith he feeds him oft before,
That at the bottome lies a foot or more.

For the Chub and Trout.

See where another hides himselfe as slye,
As did Acteon or the fearfull deere;
Behind a withy, and with a watchfull eye,
Attends the bit within the water cleare,
And on the top thereof doth move his flye,
With skilfull hand as if he living were. *
Lo how the chub, the roch, the dace, and trout,
To catch thereat do gaze and swim about.

His rod or cane made darke for being seen,
The lesse to feare the wary fish withall,
His line well twisted is, and wrought so cleane,
That being strong, yet doth it shew but small.
His hook not great, nor little, but between,†
That light upon the watry brim may fall.

The

* Diversely, for the trout is a ravening fish, and at that time of the day comes from his hole, if he comes at all.

† The trout makes the angler most gentlemanly, and readiest sport of all other fishes: if you angle with a made flye, and a line twice your rod's length or more (in a plaine water without wood) of three haires, in a darke windy day from mid afternoone, and have learned the cast of the flie, your flie must counterfeit the May flie, which is bred of the cod-bait, and is called the water-flie: you must change his colour every moneth, beginning with a dark white, and so grow to a yellow, the forme cannot so well be

The line in length scant halfe the rod exceeds,
And neither cork, nor lead thereon it needs.

For the Trout and Eele.

Now see some standing where the streame doth fall,
With headlong course behind the sturdy weer,
That overthwart the river like a wall *
The water stops and strongly up doth bear,

And

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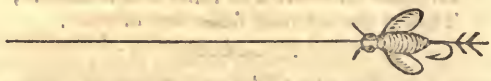
be put on a paper, as it may be taught by slight; yet it will be like this forme.



The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a feather of a mallart, teele, or pickled hen-wing. The body of Crewell according to the moneth for colour, and run about with a black haire: all fastned at the taile, with the thread that fastned the hooke you must fish in; or hard by the stream, and have a quick hand, and a ready eye, and a nimble rod, strike with him, or you lose him. If the winde be rough, and trouble the crust of the water, he will take it in the plaine deeps, and then, and there commonly the greatest will rise. When you have hookt him, give him leave, keeping your line streight, and hold him from roots, and he will tire himselfe. This is the chiefe pleasure of angling. This flie and two linkes among wood, or close by a bush, moved in the crust of the water, is deadly in an evening, if you come close. This is called bushing for trouts.

Cad bait, is a worme bred under stones in a shallow river, or in some outrunner of the river, where the stream runs not strongly, in a black shale. They stick by heaps on the low side of a great stone, lying hollow. They be ripe in the beginning of May, they are past with July, they be yellow when they be ripe, and have a black head. This is a deadly bait for a trout, either aloft, or at the ground; if your tooles be fine, and you come close, for the trout of all other fish, is most affrighted with sight. And indeed it would be considered, that fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight what colour so ever, except the pike, which will lie open in your sight, on a sun shine day till you halter him.

The trout will take also the worme, menise, or any bait; so will the pike, save that he will not take the fly.

* *The Eele.*

There be divers wayes to catch the wrinkling eele, your line must be stronger six or seven hairs, and your hook according, for she must upon the hooking presently be drawn forth with force,

otherwise

And at the tailes of mils and arches small,
Whereas the shoot is swift, and not too clear,
The line in length not twice above an ell,
But with good store of lead, and twisted well.

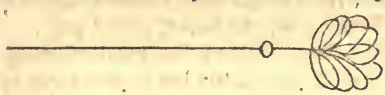
Round handsom hooks that will not break nor bend,
The big red worme well scoured is their bait,
Which down unto the bottom doth descend,
Whereas the trout and eele doth lie in wait,
And to their feeding busily intend,
Which when they see they snatch and swallow straight.
Upon their lines is neither cork nor quill, [still.
But when they feele them pluck, then strike they

---

otherwise she fastens her selfe with her taile about a root or stone, or such like, and so you lose your labour, your hooke, and the fish. The worm or menise is her common bait.

There is a way to catch eeles by brogling thus: take a rod small and tough, of sallow, hasell, or such like, a yard long, as big as a bean stalk; in the small end thereof make a nick or clift with a knife, in which nick put your strong (but a little) hook baited with a red worm, and made sure to a line of ten or twelve good haires, and but easily that the eele may pull it out, and goe into some shallow place of the river among the great stones, and braggle up and downe till you finde holes under the stones, and there put in your hook so baited with your rods end, and the eele under the stone will not faile to take your hooke: give her time to put it over, and then if your strength will serve she is your owne.

There is a third usuall way to catch eeles, called bobbing. Upon a long and double strong thread, two yards long, or thereaboute, spit so many great red wormes (gotten in a summer's evening with a candle) as the thread will hold lengthway through the midst, and link them about your hand like a rope, thus:



And fasten these to a long goads end with a cord as long as your rod, and a great plummet of lead an handfull above the bob: and in a troubled or flooded river, in a deep tun, or by a stream side, let it fall within a hand breadth of the ground, and then shall you sensibly feele a multitude of eeles, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carrion, tug and pull; now at your good time, when you think that every eele hath got a link and swallowed it up (like so many ducks the intrailes of a pullet) draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling, till you have them near the crust, and then amaine hoyst them to land: this is the readiest way where eeles are plentifull to catch many.

For the trout you shall find in the root of a great dock, a white worme with a red head, with this fish for a trout at the ground.

For

For the Sewant and Flounder.

Behold some others ranged all along,
To take the sewant, yea the flownder sweet,
That to the banke in deepest places throng,
To shun the swifter stream that runs so fleet,
And lie and feed the brakish waves among,
Whereas the waters fresh and salt do meet:
And there the eele and shad sometimes is caught,
That with the tide into the brooks are brought.

But by the way it shall not be amisse
To understand that in the waters gray,
Of floating fish two sundry kinds there is;
The one that lives by raven and by prey,
And of the weaker sort, now that, now this,
He bites, and spoiles, and kils, and bears away,
And in his greedy gullet doth devoure,
As Scylla's gulfe, a ship within his power.

And these have wider mouths to catch and take,
Their flying prey, whom swiftly they pursue,
And rowes of teeth like to a saw or rake,
Wherewith their gotten game they bite and chew,
And greater speed within the waters make,
To set upon the other simple crew,
And as the greyhound steales upon the haire,
So do they use to rush on them unware.

Unequall fate, that some are born to bee
Fearfull and mild, and for the rest a prey,
And others are ordain'd to live more free
Without controle, or danger any way:
So doth the fox the lambe destroy we see,
The lyon fierce, the bever, roe or gray,
The hawk, the fowl, the greater wrong the lesse,
The lofty proud, the lowly poore oppresse.

For the Pike or Tench.

Now for to take this kind of fish withall, *
It shall be needfull to have still in store
Some living baits, as bleiks, and roches small,
Gudgion, or loch, not taken long before,

* A yong whelpe, kitlin, or such like, is good bait for a luce.

Or

Or yellow frogs that in the waters crawle,
But all alive they must be evermore.
For as for baits that dead and dull do lie,
They least esteem, and set but little by.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,
The knots well knit and of the soundest haire,
Twisted with some well coloured silke among,
And that you have no need your rod to feare:
For these great fish will strive and struggle long,
Rod, line and all into the streame to beare.
And that your hook be not too small and weak,
Lest that it chance to stretch, or hap to breake.

And as in Arden or the mountains hoare,
Of Appennine or craggy Alps among,
The mastifes fierce, that hunt the bristled boare,
Are harnised with curats light and strong;
So for these fish, your line a foote or more,
Must armed be with thinnest plate along,
Or slender wyre well fastned thereunto,
That will not slip, nor easily undo.

The other kinde that are unlike to these
Do live by corne or any other seed:
Sometimes by crums of bread, of paste, or cheese,
Or grashoppers that in green meadows breed,
With brood of wasps, of hornets, doars, or bees:
Lip berries from the bryar bush or weed.
Bloud worms and snails, or crawling jentiles small,
And buzzing flies that on the waters fall.

All these are good and many others more,
To make fit baits to take such kind of fish,
So that some faire deep place you feed before,
A day or two, with pale, with bole, or dish;
And of these meats do use to throw in store,
Then shall you have them bite as you would wish.
And ready sport to take your pleasure still,
Of any sort that you like best to kill.

Thus serving them as often as you may,
But once a week at least it must be done,
If that to bite they make too long delay,
As by your sport may be perceived soone:
Then some great fish doth feare the rest away,
Whose fellowship and company they shun,
Who neither in the bait doth take delight,
Nor yet would suffer them that would to bite.

For

For this you must a remedy provide,
Some roch or bleike, as I have shew'd before,
Beneath whose upper fin you close shall hide
Of all your hooke the better halfe and more,
And though the point appear, and may be spi'd,
It makes no matter any whit therefore:
But let him fall into the watry brim,
And downe unto the bottome softly swim.

And when you see your corke begin to move,
And round about to sore and fetch a ring,
Sometime to sink, and sometime to swim above,
As doth the duck within the watry spring,
Yet make no haste your present hap to prove,
Till with your float at last away he fling:
Then may you safely strike and hold him short,
And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But every fish loves not each bait alike;
Although sometimes they feed upon the same,
But some do one, and some another seeke,
As best unto their appetite do frame,
The roch, the bream, the carp, the chub and bleik,
With paste or corn their greedy hunger tame:
The dace, the ruffe, the gudgion, and the rest,
The smallest sort of crawling worms love best.

The cavender and chub do more delight
To feed on tender cheese, or cherries red,
Black snailes, their bellies slit to shew their white,
Or grashoppers that skip in every mead,
The pearch, the tench, and eele do rather bite
At great red worms, in field or garden bred,
That have been scowr'd in mosse or fennel rough
To rid their filth, and make them hard and tough.

And with this bait hath often taken been
The salmon fair, of river fresh the best;
The shad that in the spring time commeth in,
The suant swift, that is not set by least,
The bocher sweet, the pleasant flounder thin,
The peele, the tweat, the batling, and the rest;
With many more that in the deep doe lye
Of Avon, Uske, of Severne, and of Wye.

Alike they bite, alike they pull down low
The sinking corke, that strives to rise again,
And when they feele the sudden deadly blow,
Alike they shun the danger and the pain:

And

And as an arrow from the Scythian bow,
All flye alike into the streame amain,
  Untill the Angler by his wary skill,
  There tires them out, and brings them up at will.

Yet furthermore it doth behove to know,
That for the most part fish do seek their food
Upon the ground, or deepest bottome low,
Or at the top of water stream, or flood;
And so you must your hooke and bait bestow,
For in the midst you shall do little good,
  For heavy things downe to the bottome fall
  And light do swim, and seldome sinke at all.

All summer long aloft the fishes swim,
Delighted with fair Phœbus shining ray,
And lie in wait within the waters dim,
For flies and gnats that on the top do play,
Then halfe a yard beneath the upper brim,
It shall be best your baited hooke to lay,
  With gnat or flie of any sort or kind,
  That every moneth on leaves or trees you find.

But when your line must have no lead at all,
And but a slender corke, or little quill,
To stay the bait that down it do not fall,
But hang a linke within the water still,
Or else upon the top thereof you shall
With quicker hand, and with more ready skill
  Let fall your flie and now and then remove,
  Which soon the fish will find, and better love.

And in the stream likewise they use to be
At tailes of flood-gates, or at arches wide;
Or shallow flats, whereas the waters free
With fresher springs, and swifter course do slide:
And then of waspe, the brood that cannot flie,
Upon a tile-stone first a little dryed,
  Or yellow bobs turn'd up before the plough,
  Are chiefest baits, with cork and lead enough.

But when the golden chariot of the sunne,
Departing from our northern countries far
Beyond the ballance, now his course hath runne,
And goes to warm the cold Antartick star,
And summer's heat is almost spent and done,
With new approach of winter's dreadfull war:
  Then do the fish withdraw into the deep,
  And low from sight and cold more close do keep.

Then

Then on your lines you may have store of lead,
And bigger corkes of any size you will,
And where the fish are used to be fed,
There shall you lay upon the bottome still,
And whether that your bait be corne or bread,
Or worms, or paste, it doth not greatly skill,
For these alone are to be used than,
Untill the spring, or summer come again.

Thus have I shew'd how fish of divers kind
Best taken are, and how their baits to know;
But Phœbus now beyond the western Inde,
Beginneth to descend, and draweth low,
And well the weather serves, and gentle winde
Down with the tide, and pleasant stream to row
Unto some place where we may rest us in,
Untill we shall another time begin.

The end of the second Booke.

The Third Booke.

Now fals it out in order to declare
What time is best to angle in aright;
And when the chiefe and fittest seasons are
Wherein the fish are most dispos'd to bite,
What winde doth make, and which again doth mar
The Angler's sport, wherein he takes delight,
And how he may with pleasure best aspire
Unto the wished end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite,
But do forbear, and from their food refrain,
And dayes there are wherein they most delight
To labour for the same, and bite amain:
So he that can these seasons finde aright,
Shall not repent his travell spent in vain,
To walke a mile or two amidst the fields,
Reaping the fruit his harmlesse pleasure yields.

And as a ship in safe and quiet road
Under some hill or harbour doth abide,
With all her fraight, her tackling, and her load,
Attending still the winde and wished tide,

Which

Which when it serves, no longer makes abode,
But forth into the watry deep doth slide,
And through the waves divides her fairest way
Unto the place where she intends to stay;

So must the Angler be provided still
Of divers tooles, and sundry baits in store;
And all things else pertaining to his skill,
Which he shall get and lay up long before,
That when the weather frameth to his will,
He may be well appointed evermore,
To take fit time when it is offered ever,
For time in one estate abideth never.

The Qualities of an Angler.

But ere I further go, it shall behove
To show what gifts and qualities of minde
Belongs to him that doth this pastime love;
And what the vertues are of every kinde,
Without the which it were in vain to prove,
Or to expect the pleasure he should finde,
No more then he that having store of meate,
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

For what availes the brooke or lake, to goe
With handsome rods, and hookes of every sort,
Well twisted lines, and many trinckets moe,
To find the fish within their watry fort,
If that the minde be not contented so,
But wants those gifts that should the rest support,
And makes his pleasure to his thoughts agree,
With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is faith, not wavering and unstable,
But such as had that holy patriark old, Abraham,
That to the highest was so acceptable,
As his increase and offspring manifold
Exceeded far the stars innumerable,
So must he still a firme perswasion hold,
That where as waters, brooks and lakes abound,
There store of fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no empty thing,
But all her workes doth well and wisely frame,
Hath fil'd each brook, each river, lake and spring,
With creatures, apt to live amidst the same;
Even as the earth, the ayre, and seas do bring
Forth beasts, and birds of sundry sort and name,

And give them shape, ability, and sence
To live and dwell therein without offence.

The second gift and quality is hope,
The anchor-hold of every hard desire;
That having of the day so large a scope,
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,
And ere the sun hath left the heavenly cope,
Obtain the sport and game he doth desire,
And that the fish, though sometime slow to bite,
Will recompence dayly with more delight.

The third is love, and liking to the game,
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;
For greedy pleasure not to spoyle the same,
Nor of his fish some portion to deny
To any that are sickly, weake, or lame,
For rather with his line and angle try
In pond or brooke to do what in him lies,
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth patience, that the furious flame
Of choller cooles, and passions put to flight,
As doth a skilfull rider breake and tame
The courser well, and teach him tread aright:
So patience doth the minde dispose and frame,
To take mishaps in worth, and count them light,
As losse of fish, line, hooke, or lead, or all,
Or other chance that often may befall.

The fift good gift is low humility
As when a lyon coucheth for his prey,
So must he stoop, or kneele upon his knee,
To save his line, or put the weeds away,
Or lie along sometime if need there be,
For any let or chance that happen may,
And not to scorne to take a little pain
To serve his turn, his pleasure to obtain.

The sixt is painfull strength and courage good,
The greatest to incounter in the brooke,
If that he happen in his angry mood
To snatch your bait, and bear away your hooke,
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,
Untill more quiet, tame, and milde he looke,
And all adventures constantly to heare,
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next

Next unto this is liberality,
Feeding them oft with full and plentious hand:
Of all the rest a needfull quality,
To draw them near the place where you will stand
Like to the ancient hospitality,
That sometimes dwelt in Albion's fertile land,
But now is sent away into exile
Beyond the bounds of Isabella's isle.

The eight is knowledge how to find the way
To make them bite when they are dull or slow,
And what doth let the same and breeds delay,
And every like impediment to know,
That keeps them from their food and wonted pray,
Within the stream, or standing waters low,
And with experience skilfully to prove,
All other faults to mend or to remove.

The ninth is placability of minde,
Contented with a reasonable dish,
Yea though sometime no sport at all he finde,
Or that the weather prove not to his wish:
The tenth is thankes to that God, of each kinde,
To net and bait doth send both fowle and fish,
And still reserves enough in secret store,
To please the rich, and to relieve the poore.

The eleventh good guift, and hardest to endure,
Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,
Unto the which he must himself inure,
By exercise and use of dyet spare,
And with the liquor of the waters pure
Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbeare,
And never on his greedy belly think,
From rising sun, untill a low he sink.

The twelfth and last of all is memory,
Remembring well before he setteth out
Each needfull thing that he must occupy,
And not to stand of any want in doubt,
Or leave something behind forgetfully:
When he hath walkt the fields and brooks about,
It were a griefe back to return again,
For things forgot, that should his sport maintain.

Here then you see what kind of qualities
An Angler should indued be withall,
Besides his skill and other properties;

To serve his turn, as to his lot doth fall:
But now what season for this exercise
The fittest is, and which doth serve but small,
My muse, vouchsafe some little ayd to lend,
To bring this also to the wished end.

Season and time not to Angle.

First, if the weather be too dry and hot,
And scalds with scourching heat the lowly plain
As if that youthful Phaeton had got
The guiding of his father's car again,
Or that it seem'd Apollo had forgot
His light-foot steeds to rule with stedfast rein,
It is not good with any line or hooke,
To angle then in river, pond, or brooke.

Or when cold Boreas with his frosty beard
Looks out from underneath the lesser Beare,
And makes the weary traveller afeard
To see the vallies covered every where
With ice and snow, that late so green appear'd,
The waters stand as if of steele they were;
And hoary frosts do hang on every bough,
Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

So neither if Don Æolus lets go *
His blustring windes out of his hollow deep,
Where he their strife and strugling too and fro,
With triple forke doth still in order keep,
They rushing forth, do rage with tempests so,
As if they would the world together sweep,
And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,
The tree and house sometimes they overthrow.

Besides, when shepheard and the swains prepare
Unto the brooks, with all their flocks of sheep,
To wash their fleeces, and to make them fair, †
In every poole and running water deep,

* The stronger the winde blowes, (so you may abide it, and guide your tooles) and the colder the summer dayes are, the better will they bite, and the closer shall you come to them.

† I rather thinke the kades and other filth that falls from sheepe doe so glut the fish, that they will not take any artificiall bait. The same is the reason of the floud washing down worms, flies, frog-clocks, &c.

The

The savour of the wooll doth so impaire,
The pleasant streams, and plunging that they keep,
As if that Lethe-flood ran every where,
Or bitter Doris intermingled were.

Or when land flouds through long and sudden rain
Discended from the hils, and higher ground,
The sand and mud the chrystall streams do strain,
And make them rise above their wonted bound
To overflow the fields and neighbour plain,
The fruitfull soyle and meadows fair are drown'd,
The husbandman doth lose his grasse and hay,
The banks their trees, and bridges born away.

So when the leaves begin to fall apace,
And bough and branch are naked to be seen,
While Nature doth her former worke deface,
Unclothing bush, and tree, of summer's green,
Whose sacred spoyles lie thick in every place,
As sands on shore, or stars the Poles between,
And top and bottome of the rivers fill,
To angle then I also think it ill.

All winds are hurtfull if too hard they blow, *
The worst of all is that out of the east,
Whose nature makes the fish to biting slow,
And lets the pastime most of all the rest,
The next that coms from countrys clad with snow
And Artick pole, is not offensive least.
The southern winde is counted best of all,
Then that which riseth where the sun doth fall.

Best time and season to Angle.

But if the weather stedfast be and clear,†
Or overcast with clouds, so it be dry,
And that no sign nor token there appear
Of threatning storm through all the empty skie,
But that the ayre is calm, and void of fear,
Of ruffling windes, or raging tempests high,
Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow,
Then is it good unto the brooke to go.

* I finde no difference of windes, except too cold or too hot, which is not the winde, but the season.

† Cleare cannot be good, by reason of the offensive sight.

And

And when the floods are falne and past away,
And carryed have the dregs into the deep,
And that the waters wax more thin and gray,
And leave their banks above them high and steep,
The milder stream of colour like to whay,
Within his bounds his wonted course doth keep,
And that the winde is south or else by west,
To angle then is time and season best.

When fair Aurora rising early shewes*
Her blushing face beyond the eastern hils,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,
That far abroad the world with brightnesse fils,
The meadows green are hoare with silver dewes,
That on the earth the sable night distils,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The near approaching of the chearfull day.

Then let him go to river, brook, or lake,
That loves the sport, where store of fish abound,
And through the pleasunt fields his journy make,
Amidst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound,
Where he may best his choice of pastime take,
While swift Hyperion runs his circle round;
And as the place shall to his liking prove,
There still remain, or further else remove.

To know each Fishes haunt.

Now that the Angler may the better know
Where he may find each fish he doth require,
Since some delight in waters still and slow,
And some do love the mud and slimy mire;
Some others where the stream doth swiftly flow,
Some stony ground and gravell some desire:
Here shall he learn how every sort doth seeke
To haunt the layre that doth his nature like.

Carp, eele, and tench, do love a muddy ground,
Eeles under stones or hollow roots do lie;
The tench among thick weeds is soonest found,
The fearfull carpe into the deep doth flie,
Bream, chub, and pike, where clay and sand abound,
Pike loues great pooles, and places full of frie:
The chub delights in stream or shady tree,
And tender bream in broadest lake to be.

* Vide p. 500.

The

The salmon swift the rivers sweet doth like,
Where largest streams into the sea are led:
The spotted trout the smaller brook doth seeke,
And in the deepest hole there hides his head;
The prickled pearch in every hollow creek, *
Hard by the banke, and sandy shore is fed,
Pearch, trout, and salmon love clear waters all,
Green weedy roots, and stony gravell small.

So doth the bulhead, gudgion, and the loach,
Who most in shallow brooks delight to bee,
The ruffe, the dace, the barbell, and the roch,
Gravell and sand do love in lesse degree,
But to the deep and shade do more approach,
And over head some covert love to see,
Of spreading poplar, oake, or willow green,
Where underneath they lurke for being seen.

The mighty luce great waters haunts alway,
And in the stillest place thereof doth lie,
Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,
And swift among the fearfull fish do flie;
The dainty humber loves the marley clay,
And clearest streams of champion country high,
And in the chiefest pooles thereof doth rest,
Where he is soonest found, and taken best.

The cavender amidst the waters faire,
In swiftest streams doth most himselfe bestow,
The shad and tweat do rather like the laire
Of brackish waves, where it doth ebbe and flow,
And thither also doth the flock repaire,
And flat upon the bottome lieth low,
The peele, the mullet, and the suant good,
Do like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,
Since divers countries, divers rivers have,
And divers rivers change of waters breed,
And change of waters sundry fish do crave,
And sundry fish in divers places feed,
As best doth like them in the liquid wave:
So that by use and practice may be known
More than by art or skill can well be shown.

* The trout lies in the deepe, but feeds in the streame, under a bush, bray, foame, &c.

So then it shall be needlesse to declare
What sundry kinds there lie in secret store,
And where they do resort, and what they are
That may be still discovered more and more:
Let him that list no pain nor travell spare
To seek them out as I have done before,
And then it shall not discontent his minde,
New choice of place, and change of game to find.

The best houres of the day to Angle.

From first appearing of the rising sun, *
Till nine of clock low under water best
The fish will bite, and then from nine to noon,
From noone to four they do refrain and rest,
From four again till Phœbus swift hath run
His dayly course, and setteth in the west:
But at the flie aloft they use to bite,
All summer long from nine till it be night.

Now lest the Angler leave his tools behinde
For lack of heed, or haste of his desire,
And so inforced with unwilling minde,
Must leave his game, and back again retire
Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde
To serve his turn when need shall most require:
Here shall he have to help his memory
A lesson short, of every wants supply.

Light rod to strike, long line to reach withall,
Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit:
Spare lines and hooks, whatever chance do fall,
Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,
Fine lead and quils, with corks both great and small,
Knife, file, and thread, and little basket fit,
Plummet to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arrived at the last
In wished harbour where we mean to rest,
And make an end of this our journy past:
Here then in quiet road I think it best

* The morning can no way be good, because the fish have been at reliefe all the night, as all other wilde creatures. And on the day they rest or sport; in the evening is the fittest, then hunger begins to bite.

We

We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,
For now the sun low setteth in the west,
And yet boat-swains, a merry carroll sing
To him that safely did us hither bring.

FINIS.

Would'st thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this Receipt
To anoint thy Bait.

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
Be it in poole, in river, or in brook,
To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Loe here's a means if thou canst hit it right;
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak *
In oyle, well drawn from that which kils the oak:
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill. †

Probatum.

It's perfect and good
If well understood:
Else not to be told
For silver or gold. R. R.

Certain Observations forgotten.

Chevan and chub are one.

The { Shottrell, 1, yeare, / Pickerell, 2, yeare, / Pike, 3, yeare, / Luce, 4, yeare. } are one.

* I have heard much of an oyntment that will presently cause any fish to bite, but I could never attain the knowledge thereof, the nearest in mine opinion (except this Probatum) is the oyle of an ospray, which is called Aquila marina, the Sea Æagle. She is of body neare the bignesse of a goose; one of her feet is web'd to swim withall, the other hath tallents to catch fish. It seemes the fish come up to her, for she cannot dive. Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of Coculus Indie, Assa fœtida, hony and wheat flower, but I never tried them, therefore I cannot prescribe.

† That which kils the oake, I conjecture to be ivy, till I change my minde.

This excellent receipt divers Anglers can tell where you may buy them.

The summer, May, June, and July, are fittest for Angling.

Fish are the fattest in July.

Fish commonly spawne at Michaltide.

After spawning they be kipper, and out of season.

They thrust up little brooks to spawne, the trout and salmon will have lying on their backs.

All the summer-time, great fish go downwards to deepes.

Barre netting, and night hooking, where you love Angling.

When you angle at ground, your line must be no longer than your rod.

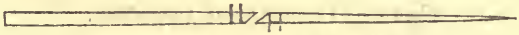
He that is more greedy of fish then sport, let him have three or foure angles fitted and baited, and layd in severall pooles, you shall some times have them all sped at once.

If you go foorth in, or immediately after a showre, and take the water in the first rising, and fish in the streame at ground with a red worme, you may load your sede if there be a store. Thus may any botcher kill fish.

For want of a panier, spit your fish by the gills, on a small wicker, or such like.

I use a pouch or parchment with many severall places to put my hookes and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to joyne in the midst when I come to the river, with two pins, and a little hempe waxed, thus the pins joyne it, the hempe fastens it firmely.



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 boughts 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 soone.

You shall hardly get a rod of one piece, but either crookt, top heavy, or unequall growne.

Enterprise no mans ground without leave, breake no mans hedge to his losse.

Pray to God with your hearte to blesse your lawfull exercise.

FINIS.

INDEX.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

Jacques Vanière

FISHING.

A

TRANSLATION

FROM

THE LATIN OF VANIER.

BOOK XV. UPON FISH.

By the late Rev. JOHN DUNCOMBE,

OF C. C. COLL. CAMB.

WITH

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION;

AND

PASSAGES FROM ENGLISH WRITERS,

SELECTED AS NOTES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1809.

THE following pages form an article in the CENSURA LITERARIA, *but a few additional copies have been printed for general distribution.*

J. H.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

FISHING.

FISHING may probably claim origin with the expiration of the poet's golden age. When the vitiated palate of man first imbibed the savoury gratification of animal food, the weak and the indolent, alike too supine to share in the fatigues of the chase, contrived the obtainment of a viscous substance by a less laborious but more cunning depredation upon the tenants of the deep. As mankind increased in number, and nations were formed, the art became general; nor was the simple character of the fisherman finally unimportant. Upon the foundation of the mild doctrines of the Christian religion an "astonishing and rapid propagation of it [took place] by a few illiterate tent-makers and fishermen through almost every part of the world." * From that period, in the earliest history of every country, it may be gleaned, that fishing

* Lecture I. upon the Gospel of St. Matthew, by the present Bishop of London.

 supplied

supplied a large portion of nutritive sustenance to the various inhabitants, and, in some places, has progressively risen from a domestic trade to a material branch of the public revenue by exportation. As a practical art it has experienced little if any alteration for centuries. Instances may be found of the untutored savage exercising his adroitness by diving, while the invention of more polished regions is exhibited in the varying mesh and subtle deception of a baited hook. Painters and poets of all periods describe similar modes of destruction. Of our domestic records, upon the research of a late antiquarian, into the sports and pastimes of the people, not any particulars were met with "sufficiently deviating from the present method of taking fish to claim a place in his work." * The following extract is curious, and is one of the earliest notices upon the subject, which combines the statute and common law of the realm at that period. "If any man fysshe in the lordes pooles or meyres, the lorde maye haue his accyon vpon the statute of Westmynster primᵐ. [3 Ed. I. C 20—1275.] And yf he fysshe in the rynning and seuerall waters, the lorde may haue his actyon at the comᵐen lawe, & in lykewyse the lordes tenaunt, if any man fysshe in his ferme holde, be it standynge waters and rynninge waters: and where he saythe de omnibus of commen fysshynges, that is lytell profyte to yᵉ. lorde but to his tenauᵐtes, except he dwell nighe the sea, and wyll cause his seruant to fysshe there for hym, for yᵗ. is the best comᵐen water yᵗ. any man can fisshe in. And some rynning waters be comᵐen, as lytell

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 7.

brokes,

brokes, and sytches, and in some rinnyng waters the lordes tenaũtes haue lybertie by custoẽ to fysshe with shouenettes, trodenettes, small pytches, and suche other." * To recapitulate the various English writers upon fishing, according to the science of angling, would prove too voluminous for a brief essay. Such an attempt must commence with the "treatyse of fyshynge wyth an angle," of 1496, by Juliana Berners, and after enumerating near two hundred various publications connected with the subject, conclude with the late edition of Walton's Complete Angler, as re-edited by, and with the subsequent additions of Sir John Hawkins. † Several inquiries have been made respecting

* Boke of surveyeng and improumẽtes, 1523.

† "Although this work [the Complete Angler] seems to be little more than a treatise on fish and fishing, the reader, whether he is a proficient in angling or not, will find abundant entertainment in it.—It is written in dialogue, and is interspersed with several pieces of excellent old English poetry, and discovers such a vein of natural humour, and harmless pleasantry, as has rendered it the delight of the most ingenious for more than a century. The author, Mr. Walton, was intimate with the wits of King James the First's time; of whom, and of many other remarkable persons, there are, in this edition, many curious anecdotes. Cuts are now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Mr. Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times: which cuts, the reader may be assured, cost, in designing and engraving upwards of one hundred pounds." *Bookseller's advertisement of first edition by Hawkins, from Newspaper July*, 1760. The late edition of this work forms a handsome volume in quarto, and in two different sizes octavo. The embellishments are by Mr. Philip Audinet, who has again copied from the original designs of Wale: to these are added some portraits, and the fish are engraved from a set of new designs, made for the purpose.

The following extract from the preface to the experienced Angler (another old and valuable publication) by Col. Venables, claiming the superiority of

this

specting the following poem, and there is reason to conclude it is now first printed. The date of the manuscript

this pursuit over other more expensive diversions is too connected with the present article to be omitted.

"Hawking and hunting have had their excellencies celebrated with large encomiums by divers pens; and although I intend not any undervaluing to those noble recreations, so much famed in all ages and by all degrees, yet I must needs affirm, that they fall not within the compass of every one's ability to pursue, being, as it were, only entailed on great persons and vast estates; for if meaner fortunes seek to enjoy them, Actæon's fable often proves a true story, and those birds of prey not seldom quarry upon their masters: besides, those recreations are more subject to choler and passion, by how much those creatures exceed a hook or line in worth; and indeed in those exercises our pleasure depends much upon the will and humor of a sullen cur, or kite (as I have heard their own passions phrase them) which also require much attendance, care, and skill, to keep her serviceable to our ends. Further, these delights are often prejudicial to the husbandman in his corn, grass, and fences; but in this pleasant and harmless Art of Angling, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and we are usually so entirely our own friends as not to retain an irreconcileable hatred against ourselves, but can in short time easily compose the enmity; and besides ourselves none are offended, none endamaged; and this recreation falleth within the capacity of the lowest fortune to compass, affording also profit as well as pleasure; in following of which exercise a man may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet; the minds of anglers being usually more calm and composed than many others, especially hunters and falkoners, who too frequently lose their delight in their passion, and too often bring home more of melancholy and discontent than satisfaction in their thoughts; but the angler, when he hath the worst success, looseth but a hook or line, or perhaps (what he never possessed) a fish, and suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightfull walk by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, amongst odoriferous flowers, which gratifie his senses and delight his mind; which contentments induce many (who affect not angling) to choose those places of pleasure for their summer's recreation and health. But peradventure some may alledge that this art is mean, melancholy and insipid: I suppose the old answer, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, will hold as firmly in recreations as palats; many have supposed angling void of delight, having never tried it, yet have afterwards experimented it so full of content,

script is uncertain, probably about 1750, and from several corrections in the original must have been the translator's copy. Extracts from other works are given as notes, but discussions upon manufacturing flies, or the ingenious torment of threading a live bait, are purposely omitted; yet it is hoped amusement and information will prove sufficiently blended for those notes to be considered rather above the character of "a string of whiting's eyes."

Vaniere. Book XV. Of Fish. Translated from the Latin. By I. D. of C. C. Coll. Camb.*

Of Fish I sing, and to the rural cares
Now add the labours of my younger years.
These lays, Lemoignon, your protection claim,
Now more improv'd since first they gave me fame;
From hence to tend the doves and vines I taught,
And whate'er else my riper years have wrought.
Here, where in pleasing fables I relate,
How various bodies were transform'd by fate,

content, that they have quitted all other recreation (at least in its season) to pursue it..... The cheapness of the recreation abates not its pleasure, but with rational persons heightens it; and if it be delightful the charge of melancholy falls upon that score, and if example (which is the best proof) may sway any thing, I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than anglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never knew any angler wholly cast off (though occasions might interrupt) their affections to their beloved recreation; and if this art may prove a noble brave rest to my mind, 'tis all the satisfaction I covet."

* Rev. John Duncombe, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of Hearne, Kent, and St. Andrew, with St. Mary Bredman, Canterbury. Ob. Jan. 19, 1786, æt. 56. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. pp. 187-451, where this translation is mentioned. It is now printed from the copy referred to as in the possession of the late Mr. Reed. See his Translation of Vaniere's fifth book in George Jeffreys's Miscellanies, 1754, 4to.

Your

Your youthful grandsons may amusement find,
Who, Virtue's seeds now rip'ning in their mind,
Nor yet in Greek or Roman writers read,
But by your life and sage instructions bred,
May nourish in their minds the sweet essays
Of virtue rising to their grandsire's praise.
Curson by you was taught to guide the helm,
And that, when dead, you may protect the realm,
You fashion in their turn his blooming heirs,
That, while great Lewis for the world prepares,
A line of future monarchs he may view,
A line of ministers, prepar'd by you;
Whose names and deeds our annals may adorn
In future times and ages yet unborn.
Whether the place you for your fish provide,
High hills with springs surround on ev'ry side,
(The work of nature this, and not of art,)
Or, lying in a valley, ev'ry part
By banks with ease may be sustain'd, in all;
Improve the land that to your lot may fall.
Who dwells on level ground, tho' rais'd with pain,
His banks the waters weight can scarce contain.
Yet let him not despair; for wealth and toil
Will model to his mind the stubborn soil.
Where like a channel you behold a field,
Which, tho' it would increase of harvests yield,
Will yet, if flooded, still more fruitful grow,
Pour in the tide, and let it overflow:
Then fish may nibble grass, beneath the flood,
Where goats were wont to crop their flow'ry food.
When now for sixty months the scaly breed
Has kept possession of the watry mead;
Drain'd in its turn it will reward the swain
For sixty months with more than promis'd gain;
Thus may a valley fish and harvests yield,
And now appear a lake, and now a field:

Water

Water and corn by turns possess the plain,
And Ceres now, and now the Naiads reign.
Lakes for their fishes some on hills prepare,
From whence the water with a friendly care
Supplies their gardens with refreshing tides;
Or, under ground, thro' wooden pipes it glides,
Till, with a sudden noise it mounts again,
And sportful falls in sheets of copious rain.
Oft will the streams, o'erflowing, fill the mead
With wond'ring nations of the scaly breed;
The fish exulting wanders o'er the plain,
And now admires the grass and now the grain;
Deep in the spacious furrows lies conceal'd,
Or crops the floating herbage of the field;
Till, left to perish in the mud, too late
He sees his error, and bewails his fate.
By Vice's stream a youth, thus hurry'd o'er
Fair Virtue's bounds to paths unknown before,
With transport follows where soft pleasure leads,
And roves thro' flow'ry but forbidden meads:
But, when his joys are like a torrent fled,
Sad he reviews the life that once he led;
Now, tho' too late, he struggles to retire,
But still remains and flounders in the mire;
Till, by experience vainly render'd wise,
He sees his folly and repenting dies.
In hollow depths of rocks the fish delight,
The cooling shade t' enjoy and shun the sight;
Be thou indulgent to the finny race
And after nature's model, form the place;
But since the stream, unable here to flow,
Will often stagnate and corrupted grow;
Rather let shelt'ring trees o'ershade the flood;
But then the leaves, when shaken from the wood,
Should with the current down the river swim,
Lest by corrupting they defile the stream.

Let

Let rivers therefore from the mountains flow,
To change the water of your lakes below.
Fish, by the river brought, your ponds receive,
Which with the stream, when they attempt to leave,
To bar their flight a fence of hurdles place,
Thro' which the stream may flow; the finny race,
Struggling in vain, becomes an easy prize,
And still pursues the stream with eager eyes.
No place for fish is more convenient found,
Than moats which do your house's walls surround;
For here the mazes of the stream they trace,
And chuse in Winter's cold, a sunny place,
Or to the house's friendly shade repair
As oft as summer suns inflame the air:
Be mindful thou the hungry race to feed,
The fish themselves in their own cause will plead;
And, rising to the surface of the flood,
With hungry gaping jaws demand their food.
Let then your children crums of bread bestow,
Or bits of biscuit from their windows throw,
From whence they may behold their sportive play,
And see how greedily they snatch the prey. *

Sometimes

* "One, like a pirat, only liues of prizes,
That in the deep he desperatly surprises:
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam;
Another round about the rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on weeds; another, hating thieuing,
Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;
For the salt humor of his element
Serues him, alone, for perfect nourishment.
Som loue the clear streams of swift tumbling torrents,
Which, through the rocks straining their struggling currents,
Break banks and bridges, and doo neuer stop,
Till thirsty sommer come to drink them vp;
Some almost alwayes pudder in the mud
Of sleepy pools, and neuer brook the flood

Of

Sometimes your servant scraps from table brings,
Or meat your cook into the water flings:
Fish sometimes yield to fish a rich repaste,
And sons insatiate on their fathers feast.
You grains of corn may scatter, and survey
Your fish engag'd in battle or in play;
Or, if in sport and shooting you delight,
With pleasure here at home, conceal'd from sight,
May use by turns your arrows and your gun,
Safe from the show'rs and from the scorching sun;
Whether they sportive leap into the air,
Or to the surface of the stream repair.
Ponds for your fish wherever you provide,
They with fresh store in spring should be supply'd;
In spring the male with love's soft flames inspir'd,
And in defiance of the water fir'd,
Can scarce perceive the change; and, big with young,
A num'rous breed the female bears along!
Now o'er the neighb'ring streams extend your nets,
And throw your lines, well furnish'd with deceits;
Join scarlet colours, which, expos'd to view,
Fish thro' the water greedily pursue;
And as a skilful fowler birds employs,
Which, by their well-known voice and treach'rous noise,
Allure their fellows and invite to share
Their fate, entangled in the viscous snare;
So fish, when taken, other fish allure;
Who, seeing them, grow dauntless and secure: *

But

Of crystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend t'ward the bosom of their mother Ocean."

Sylvester's Du Bartas, 5th day.

* "Dialogo. xlviii. Of a Fissher and a lytyll Fissh. A fissher as he fisshed he cawght a lytell fissh and whan he wolde haue kylled him he spake and sayde. O gentyll fissher haue mercy vppon me, for yf thou kyl me thou shalt

But not thro' studied malice they betray,
But by our art deceive the finny prey:
This may be pardon'd in a silent race,
Who cannot warn their friends of the deceitful place:
Man only with premeditated mind
Betrays his brethren, and ensnares mankind. *

If

shalt haue but little auauntage of me. But & if thou wilt suffre me to go fre and delyuer me from this daunger & captiuitie, I promise to God and to the, that I shall cawse the to haue greate wynnynge, for I shal retourne vnto the daylye withe greate multitude of fisshes and I shall lede them into thy nettis. To whom the fissher sayd. How shall I mowe knowe the emonge so many fisshes. Then sayd ye. fissh. Cut of a lytell of my tayle that thou mayst know me emong all othir. The fissher gaue credence to his woordis and cut of his tayle and let him go. This lytel fissh was euer vncurteys, for contrary to his promyse he lettyd the fissher as oftyn as he shuld fissh, and withdrewe ye. fisshes from him and sayd. Faders and worshipfull senyours be ye ware of that deceyuar for he deceyuyd me, & cut of my tayle, and so shall he serue you if ye be not ware, and, yf ye beleue not me, beleue his workis that apere vpon me. And thus saynge the fissh shewed them his tayle that was cut. Wherfor the fisshes abhorryd ye. fiyssher and fled from him in al possible haste. The fissher vsid no more fysshinge, wherfore he leuyd in great pouerte. Of fortune it happid so that a long while aftir the fissher cawght agayne the same fissh emong othir; and whan he knew him, he kylled him cruelly and sayde;

He that hath a good turn and is vncurteys agayn,
It is veray rightfull that he be therfore slayne."

The Dialoges of Creatures Moralysed, applyably and edificatyfly, to euery mery and iocunde mater, of late translated out of Latyn into our Englysshe tonge right profitable to the gouernaunce of man. And they be to sell, vpon Powlys Churcke Yarde. 4to. n. d. Has a prologue and table. Interspersed with many wood cuts. Folded in fours, and extends to I. I. iiij. Col. *Thus endith the Dialoges of Creatures moralysed, &c.* ut supra.

* Though this duplicity is nurtured by the factitious wants of a crowded city, it seldom intrudes upon the hovel of industry; yet the pillow of weary labour is not unvisited by the baneful dreams of gold.

"Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatch'd shed,
Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,

Reclin'd

If in the stream a craggy rock there lies,
Thither the finny race for shelter flies:
This from the rising water may be known,
Which breaks in bubbles, by the fishes blown;

Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
Rods, hooks, and lines, compos'd of stout horse-hairs,
And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:
A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
Matts were their pillow, wove of osier dank;
Skins, caps, and rugged coats, a covering made;
This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade,
No pot to boil, no watch dog to defend,
Yet blest they liv'd with penury their friend.——

[The one relates.]

Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep;
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took;
(Sleeping, we image what awake we wish;
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish;)
Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
With crimson stream distain'd the silver flood.
I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break;
The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
Anxious I gaz'd; he struggled to be gone;
'You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—'
'Still do you tease me?' for he plagu'd me sore;
At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
Then grasp'd him with my hand for surer hold,
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold.———
—— Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
Hunger will soon discover your mistake;
Catch real fish; you need not sure be told
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold."

Fawkes's Theocritus, Idyl. xxi.

If

If rocks deny, let art retreat bestow,
And leafy branches in the water throw.
Now when the fish, invited by the food,
Frequent the shade, hang nets around the flood,
And drawing down the stream your boughs, convey
Into your flaxen snares the finny prey.
Then leafy boughs and branches place again,
And with fresh arts a fresh supply obtain.
Tubs, which to lakes your captive fishes bear,
Should at the top admit the vital air;
And if a brook or spring is in the way,
With cooling draughts refresh the thirsty prey.
Various of waters, as of soils, the kind;
Some stagnant, others running there you'll find,
The bottom fill'd with oose, and mud, and here
Sand mixt with golden gravel will appear.*

* "The fish of lakes, and motes, and stagnant ponds
(Remote from sea, or where no spring commands,
And intermingling its refreshing waves
Is teuch unto the mote, and tenches saves
And keeps them medical) are of all sorts
Lesse innocent, unless some river courts
The sullen nymph, and blending waters, she
Of a foul *Mopsa's* made *Leucothoe*.
Her inmates otherwise, like herself, smell,
Taste of the harbour (that is) scent not well;
Slow to digest: alive, they liv'd to close,
And dead they can't their native dulness lose.
Give me a salmon, who with winged fins
'Gainst tide and stream firks o're the fishing-gins
Of locks and hives, and circling in a gyre
His vaulting corps, he leaps the baffled wyre.
Let fish have room enough and their full play,
No liquor want, not on a Fish-street day."

Edmund Gayton's Art of Longevity, 1659.

In

In lakes where the dull waters ever sleep,
You perches,* bleaks, and salmon-trout,† may keep,
Who

* "Of the meruayles and wondres of Wales.

Ther ben hylles in snowdonye
That ben wonderly hye;
With heyght as grete awaye,
As a man maye go a daye:
And kete eriri on Walsshe,
Snowy hylles in Englysshe:
In these hylles ther is
Leese inough for all beestes of Walis.
The hylles on coppe beres,
Two grete fysshe weres;
Conteyned in that one ponde,
Meueth with the wynde an Ilonde,
As though it dyde swymme,
And neyheth to the brymme:
So that heerdes haue grete wonder,
And wene yt. the worlde meueth vnder.
In that other is perche and fysshe,
And eueryche one eyed is." Polychronicon.

† Extract from lines on taking a salmon, 1787.

——"O bliss divine!
A salmon flound'ring at my line!
Sullen, at first he sinks to ground,
Or rolls in circles round and round;
Till, more inflamed, he plunging, sweeps,
And from the shallows seeks the deeps;
Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
As down the stream he headlong springs;
But, turned with fiercer rage, he boils,
And tries indignant all his wiles;
Yet vainly tries, his courage flown,
And all his mighty powers gone,
I wind him up with perfect ease,
Or here, or there, or where I please;
Till quite exhausted now he grows,
And now his silver sides he shews;
Nor one faint effort more he tries,
But near my feet a captive lies;

His

Who on their backs as many colours show,
As heav'nly Iris on her painted bow.
With these the smelt and smaller turbot place,
And tench, the fav'rites of the vulgar race,
With slipp'ry eels which may be caught with ease
Descending from the rivers to the seas;
For as each year the wand'ring swallow flies
The southern suns and more indulgent skies;
So when rough northern blasts the rivers freeze,
The tender eel, of cold impatient, flees
To the warm sands and caverns of the seas; *
And thence returns in summer as before,
To the cool streams and shelter of the shore.
Chuse then a place to practise your deceit,
Where rocks reduce the river to a strait,
So that the stream may flow, when thus confin'd,
With force to turn a mill and corn to grind:
Then near the flood gates in a narrow space,
Hard of access, with reeds enclose a place;
The bending osiers will with ease allow
The stream retiring thro' the chinks to flow;

His tail I grasp with eager hand,
And swing, with joy, my prize on land."

* The tackle must be adapted to the season, but the angler may remain indifferent as to the wind; "so (as one instructor gravely adds) that he can cast his bait into the river." The planetary influence upon fish is alluded to by Gower, in the Confessione Amantis, 1554.

"Benethe all other stont the moone,
The whiche hath with the sea to doone,
Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe,
Vpon his chaunge it shall be knowe,
And euery fisshe, whiche hath a shelle,
Mote in his gouernance dwelle,
To wexe and wane in his degree,
As by the moone a man mai see."

But,

But, in the wicker prison will detain
The slipp'ry eel descending to the main;
By whom a time for flying will be chose,
When now the stream a safe return allows,
And swoln with wintry show'rs o'er all its borders flows.
But, as a leader, who attempts to go
By night in secret, to elude the foe,
Will find the foe prepar'd to stop his flight,
And equally befriended by the night:
So with the fisherman, with timely care
In muddy streams the flying Eel ensnare,
And nets to stop the fugitive prepare.
The Carp, the native of th' Italian Lar, *
And Whiting standing waters will prefer;
And Blease, and Umbles, like an ancient trout,
Tho' weak in fight, yet threatning with their snout;
For tho' sharp teeth in triple ranks are shown,
Whole nations fly before the pike alone;
Fierce to destroy with blood the stream he stains;
For courage, and not strength, the conquest gains. †

The

* Venice is described in Purchas's Pilgrimes, as

——— a riche toun of spicery:
And of alle other marchandise also,
And right well vitelet therto;
And namely of fresche water fische,
Pike, Eile, Tench, Carpe, I wis:

Vol. II. p. 1236, Ed. 1625.

"The Carp is a stately, and very subtle fish, stiled the fresh water fox, and queen of rivers; he is originally of foreign growth; Mr. Mascall a Sussex gentleman, having the honour of first bringing them hither, about the year 1524, Ann. Reg. 15 Hen. VIII. Dr. Heylin informs us that,

Reformation, turkeys, carps, hops, and beer,
Came all into England in the same year.

And as Sussex had the first, so does it at this time abound with more carps than any other county." *Whole Art of Fishing*, 1714.

† "The pike is the pirate of the lake, that roves and preyes upon the little

The Carp which in th' Italian seas was bred,
With shining scraps of yellow gold is fed:
Tho' chang'd his form, his avarice remains,
And in his breast the love of lucre reigns.
For Saturn flying from victorious Jove,
Compell'd of old, in banishment to rove
Along th' Italian shore, a vessel found
Beyond the lake of wide Benacus bound;
He, for his passage, at a price agreed,
And with large gifts of gold the master fee'd.
But he the master (Carpus was he nam'd)
With thirst of gain, and love of gold inflam'd;
Prepar'd in chains the passenger to bind,
But to the god his face betray'd his mind,
And from the vessel in revenge he threw
Into the waves the pilot and his crew;

little fishermen of that sea, who is so covetous and cruell, that he gives no quarter to any; when hee takes his prize hee goes not to the shore to make his market, but greedily devoures it himselfe; yea, is such a cormorant, that he will not stay the dressing of it. He is called the wolfe of the water, but is indeed a monster of nature; for the wolfe spares his kinde, but hee will devoure his own nephewes ere they come to full growth. He is very gallant in apparell, and seemes to affect to go rather in silver than in gold, wherein he spares for no cost; for his habit is all layd with silver plate downe to the foot in scallop wise. Hee is a right man of warre, and is so slender built, and drawes so little water, as hee will land at pleasure, and take his prey where he list; no shallop shall follow where hee will lead. The pikes themselves are the taller ships, the pickerels of a middle sort, and the Jacks, the pinnaces amongst them, which are all armed according to their burden. The master or pilot sits at the prore, yet hath he the rudder so at command, that hee can winde and turne the vessell which way he will in the twinkling of an eye. He sets up but little sayles, because he would not bee discovered who he is, yea, many times no sail at all, but he trusts to the finnes, his oares. The youthfuller sort of pikes, whom through familiarity they call Jacks, are notable laddes indeed, and to their strength and bigness will fish as their fathers will. In a word, a man would easily bee mistaken in him in beholding him so handsome and gentle a creature, and never imagin him to be half so ravenous as he is; but fronti nulla fides." *A strange metamorphosis of man, transformed into a wilderness.* 1634.

Then

Then into fish the traytors he transform'd,
The traytors, still with love of lucre warm'd,
The sailing ship for golden fragments trace,
And prove themselves deriv'd from human race. *
If running waters overflow your lakes,
There best the barbel † thrive with speckled backs;
And roach, which shoot as swiftly thro' the flood
As arrows, flying from the bending wood; ‡

From

* To the tale of lucre respecting the carp, may be not inappropriately attached "a controuersie of a conquest in loue 'twixt Fortune and Venus."

Whilst fissher kest his line the houering fish to hooke,
By hap a rich man's daughter on the fissher kest hir looke.
Shee fryde with frantick loue, they marid eke at last:
Thus fissher was from lowe estate in top of treasure plast.
Stoode fortune by and smylde: 'how say you, dame,' quoth shee
To Venus, 'was this conquest your's, or is it due to mee?'
'Twas I (quoth Vulcan's wife) with help of Cupid's bowe,
That made this wanton wench to rage, and match his selfe so lowe.'
'Not so, 'twas Fortune I, that brought the trull in place;
And fortune was it that the man stoode so in mayden's grace;
By fortune fell their loue, 'twas fortune strake the stroke;
Then detter is this man to mee that did the match prouoke."

Epitaphes, Epigrams, &c. by George Turbervile.

† "Timorous barbels will not taste the bit
Till with their tayls they haue vnhooked it:
And all the bayts the fisher can deuise,
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies."

Sylvester's Du Bartas.

‡ ———— like as the litle roch
Must either be eat, or leap upon the shore,
When as the hungary pickerell doth approch,
And there finde death which it escapt before.

Baldwin's Owen Glendour, Mirrour for M. 1575.

A somewhat unfair and rapacious mode of fishing is occasionally adopted by anglers, who lay several rods, and have an increased number of gentles attached to each float; for which practice the only excuse is poor Cunningham's apology for breaking the sabbath, "the dinner lying at the bottom of

 the

From whence of darts they have obtain'd the name;
The mullets also love a living stream,

With

the river." To such marauders the following humourous ballad is applicable.

"You that fish for Dace and Roches,
Carpes or Tenches, Bonus neches,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Fryday signe was fishes.
Angler's yeares are made and spent,
All in Ember weekes and Lent.
Breake thy rod about thy noddle,
Throw thy wormes and flies by the pottle,
Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle,
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard,
To shave his beard;
That in case of started stitches
Hooke and line may mend thy breeches.

He that searches pools and dikes,
Halters Jackes, and strangles Pikes,
Let him know, though he think he wise is,
'Tis not a sport but an assizes.
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,
Are not tooke, but executed.
Breake thy rod, &c.

You whose pastes fox rivers throat,
And make Isis pay her groat,
That from May to parch October,
Scarce a Minew can slepe sober.
Be your fish in oven thrust,
And your owne Red-paste the crust.
Breake thy rod, &c.

Hookes and lines of larger sizes,
Such as the tyrant that troules devises,
Fishes nere beleive his fable,
What he calls a line is a cable;
That's a knave of endlesse rancor,
Who for a hooke doth cast an anoker.
Breake thy rod, &c.

But

With powts which in the muddy bottom lie;
Menows, which constant stores of eggs supply;
Lotes, on whose chins long hairy bristles grow;
And skates and wide-mouth'd lampreys, which below
Resemble eels, but gape like frogs above;
With fragrant fish,* which murm'ring fountains love,
Sweet to the smell like thyme's delightful flow'r;
Gudgeons who gravel greedily devour;
Perch like sea mullets both in taste and smell,
And pollards which within with prickles swell;
With gaping sheaths, and plaise, whom, if their snouts
Were less obtuse, we might mistake for trouts.†
In either stream the carp contented dwells,
With plenteous spawn thro' all the year she swells,

But of all men he is the cheater,
Who with small fish takes up the greater,
He makes carpes without all dudgeon,
Make a Jonas of a gudgen;
Cruell man that stayes on gravell
Fish that great with fish doth travell.
Breake thy rod, &c.

Llewellyn's Men Miracles, &c. 1656.

* Thymallus.

† "The pike, the roach, the cheuen and the dace,
The bream, the barble with his bearded face,
The pearch, the gudgeon, and the siluer eele,
Which millers takeu in their ozier weele,
Dwell in the riuer as principall fish,
And giuen to Pan to garnish thy dish;
The salmon, trout, flounder and creuise,
Doe dwell in riuers where the menow is.
The princely carpe, and medicinable tench,
In bottom of a poole themselues doe trench."

Breton's Ourania.

And

And in all places and all seasons breeds,
In lakes as well as rivers: hence proceeds
The name of Cyprian, which the Cyprian dame
Bestow'd; the French to carp have chang'd the name.
Of all the fish that swim the wat'ry mead,
Not one in cunning can the carp exceed.
Sometimes when nets enclose the stream, she flies
To hollow rocks, and there in secret lies:
Sometimes the surface of the water skims,
And, springing o'er the net, undaunted swims;
Now motionless she lies beneath the flood,
Holds by a weed, or deep into the mud
Plunges her head, for fear against her will,
The nets should drag her and elude her skill:
Nay, not content with this, she oft will dive
Beneath the net, and not alone contrive
Means for her own escape, but pity take
On all her hapless brethren of the lake;
For rising, with her back she lifts the snares,
And frees the captives with officious cares;
The little fry in safety swim away,
And disappoint the nets of their expected prey. *
No other fish so great an age attain,
For the same carp, which from the wat'ry plain
The Valois' seated on the throne survey'd,
Now sees the sceptre by the Bourbons sway'd;

* Thus Montaigne relates of the *Scarus* "having swallowed the fisher's hooke, his fellowes will presently flocke about him, and nibble the line in sunder; and if any of them happen to be taken in a bow-net, some of his fellowes turning his head away, will put his taile in at the neck of the net, who with his teeth fast holding the same, never leave him, vntil they have pulled him out. The Barble fishes, if one of them chance to be engaged, will set the line against their backes, and with a fin they have, toothed like a sharp saw, presently saw and fret the same asunder." *Florio's translation of Montagne's Essays*, 1613, p. 266.

He

He now beholds the children, and admires
Their dress and customs so unlike their sires.
What greater wonder would he now express
Did he but know what signal triumphs bless
Our arms, thro' all the world attended with success?
Tho' age has whiten'd o'er the scaly backs
Of the old carp which swim the royal lakes;
They, neither barren, nor inactive, grow,
But still in sport the waves around 'em throw: *

Here

* The Dialogue of Creatures moralised, being one of the scarcest works of early typography, another extract may amuse. "Dialogo xlvi. Of a fyssh callyd a carpe, and a fissh called Tymallus. It happyd in a greate solempne feste, fisshes of the floode walkyd togidre aftyr dynar in great tranquillyte and peace for to take ther recreacyon and solace; but the carpe began to trowble the feste, erectynge hym self by pryde & saynge, I am worthy to be lawdyd aboue all othir, for my flesshe is delicate and swete more then it can be tolde of. I haue not be nourished nothir in dychesse, nor stondyngh watyrs, nor pondes; but I haue be brought vppe in the floode of the greate garde. Wherfore I owe to be prynce and regent amonge all yowe. Ther is a fissh callyd Tymallus, hauinge his name a flowre, for Timus is callyd a flowre; and this Tymallus is a fissh of the sre, as saith Isidore, Ethimologiarum, xii. and allthoughe that he be fauoureable in sight and delectable in taste, yet moreouir the fyssh of hym smellyth swete lyke a flowre and geuith a pleasaunte odour. And so this fyssh Tymallus, heringe this saynge of the carpe, had greate seorne of him and sterte forth & sayde: It is not as thou sayste, for I shine more bright then thowe, and excede the in odowre and relece. Who may be comparyd vnto me, for he that fyndith me hath a great tresowre. If thow haue thy dwellynge oonly in the watir of garde, I haue myn abydynge in many large floodes. And so emong them were great stryuis and contencyons. Wherfore the feste was tournyd in to great trowble, for some fauowryd the parte of the one and some of the othir, so that be lyklyhode there shuld haue growen greate myschefe emonge them: for euery of them began to snak at othir, & wolde haue torne eche other on smale pecys. Ther was monge all othir a fissh callyd Truta euyr mouyd to breke stryfe; and soo thys trowte for asmoche as she was agid, and wele lernyd, she spake and sayde: Bredryn, it is not good to stryue & fight for vayne lawdatowris and praysers; for I prayse not my self though some personis thinke

Here safe the depths no longer they explore;
But, their huge bulk extending near the shore,
Take freely from our hands what we bestow,
And grace the royal streams at Fountainbleau:
But, chiefly they rejoice, when, near the side,
Great Lewis walks, and as in youthful pride,
Strong both in body and in mind remains,
And all youth's vigour ev'n in age retains:
We could not think he sixty years had reign'd,
Did we not count our gains by sea and land;
Or view his grandsons round the monarch stand.
Tho' the rich pike, to entertain your guest,
Smokes on the board and decks a royal feast;
Yet must you not this cruel savage place
In the same ponds that lodge the finny race:
In the same tow'r you might as well unite,
The fearful pigeons and the rav'nous kite;
In the same yard the fox with chickens keep,
Or place the hungry wolf with harmless sheep.
For he, the tyrant of the wat'ry plains
Devours all fish, nor from his kind abstains;

thinke me worthy to be commendid; for it is wryttyn, the mowth of an othir man mote commende the and not thyn owne, for all commendacyon and lawde of hym self is fowle in ye. mouth of the spekar. Therefore bettyr hit is that those that prayse them self goo togider to the see iuge, that is, the Dolphyn, which is a iuste iuge and a rightfull and dredinge god, for he shall rightfully determyn this mater. This counsell plesyd them well, and forth went these twayn togider vnto the Dolphyn and shewyd to him all ther myndes, and to ther power comendid the self. To whom the Dolphyn sayde: children, I neuyr sawe yowe tell this tyme, for ye be alwaye hydde in the floodes, and I am steinge in the great wawys of the see; wherfore I cannot gyue ryghtfull sentence betwene yowe, but yf I first assaye and make a taste of yowe. And thus saynge, he gaue a sprynge and swalowyd them in both two, and sayde,

Noman owith hym self to commende,
Aboue all other, laste he offende.'

Unless

Unless hoarse frogs infest the fenny place;
For then he feasts on the loquacious race;
Dragg'd from the filthy mud, they croak in vain,
And with loud babblings ev'n in death complain.
Or when a goose sports on the azure wave,
Delighting in the stream her limbs to lave,
Or dips her head, and with a clam'rous sound,
Provokes the rain, and throws the water round;
The pike arrests the fowl with hungry jaws,
And to the bottom of the river draws;
Nay, as a boy in the smooth current swims,
His teeth he fixes in his tender limbs. *

* Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on Walton, has given several stories of the voracity of this fish. The diurnals, which seldom neglect to propagate the marvellous, in the year 1800 related, that "a yearling calf was heard to make an uncommon noise by the side of the river Blackwater, where it had been drinking; on going up to it, there was a large pike hanging to its nostrils, which had seized the calf while it was drinking, and which the animal had dragged about fifty yards from the river. One of the people disengaged them, by striking the pike with a stone which killed it. There were found in the belly of this voracious fish, a large rat, a perch entire, besides part of several other fish. The pike weighed 35 pounds." The conclusion of the story, proving there was no provocative from hunger, renders the veracity of the first part doubtful; otherwise similar relations have been made. A common-sized Jack, placed by mistake on the wrong side of the division in a keep, destroying in a few hours near thirty gudgeons, (a small brace of perch escaping) is a circumstance within my own knowledge; but, whatever may be its propensity for the gudgeon, the reader must decide the credit due to a newspaper of 1801 for the following story. "A party angling at Sunbury, one of them sat across the head of the boat, as a punishment inflicted on him for wearing his spurs. Another having caught a gudgeon, stuck it on one of the spurs, which he not perceiving, in about a few minutes a large jack bit at the gudgeon, and the spur being crane-necked, entangled in the gills of the Jack, which, in attempting to extricate itself, actually pulled the unfortunate person out of the boat. He was with difficulty dragged on shore, and the fish taken, which was of a prodigious size."

The

The trout loves rivers in obscure retreats;
Thrown into standing water, she forgets
Her former beauty, and neglects her love,
And all the flesh will then insipid prove;
From hence remember, with a timely care,
For trout a running water to prepare:
Near some wide river's mouth a place provide,
And with smooth grass and turf adorn the side;
Let the clear bottom shining gravel show,
And gently murm'ring o'er smooth pebbles flow.
This situation always grateful proves,
For still the trout a murm'ring current loves,
And still the same desires her bosom warm,
Nor has she chang'd her manner with her form:*

For

* The following extract from a modern poem disguised with antique semblance, is too appropriate to the history of the trout to be omitted.

——"When atop the hoary western hill,
The ruddie sun appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

On the green bank a truant school-boy stands;
Well has this urchin markt her mery play,
And ashen rod obeys his guileful hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with listly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblant of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slyly nibbling, prudish from it flies,
'Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypright

Deepe

For once she liv'd a nymph of spotless fame
In an obscure retreat, and Truta was her name.
It chanc'd that in a flow'ry path she stray'd,
Where a clear river with the pebble play'd,
And just disturb'd the silence of the shade.
Truta now seated near the spreading trees,
Enjoys the coolness of the passing breeze;
In the clear stream she casts her modest eyes,
And in a fillet her fair tresses lies.
While in this solitude she thus remains,
And dies her beauteous face with various stains;
It chanc'd the robber Lucius, thro' the shade,
With eager eyes perceiv'd the lonely maid;
He saw and lov'd her riches, on her face,
For both her dress and form appear'd with equal grace.
The nymph now heard the rustling with affright;
She saw a man, and trembled at the sight;
Swiftly along the winding shore she fled,
And cry'd, and vow'd, and call'd the gods to aid.
Truta despairing sought, with trembling speed,
A rock that overlooked the wat'ry mead;
Hither she bent her course, the summit gain'd,
And thought her virtue now might be maintain'd

Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dread affright;
In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcom'd the retourning ray,
When by the riv'lets banks, with blushes coy,
April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streams, she pants, she gasps, and dies!"

Mickle's Syr Martyn, Can. I.

Cheaply

Cheaply with loss of life: while here she stood,
And just prepar'd to leap into the flood,
Lucius approach'd, and while he held behind
Her flow'ry vest, that flutter'd in the wind,
Chang'd into fish an equal fate they bore,
And though transform'd in shape, yet, as before,
The pike of slaughter fond and fierce appears,
And still the trout retains her female fears!
Beauty and virgin modesty remains,
Diversify'd with crimson tinted stains;
And, once the fairest nymph that trod the plain,
Swims fairest fish of all the finny train. *

Not pikes alone defile the streams with blood,
But over all the brethren of the flood,
Perpetual discord bears tyrannic sway,
And all the stronger on the weaker prey.
As among men the great the small oppress,
And still the same confusion and distress,
Which in the city and the forest reign,
Distract the tenants of the wat'ry plain.
Banish'd from earth, peace could not find a place
Beneath the streams, among the finny race;
But, since for want they otherwise would die,
Regard this fury with indulgent eye.
Why need I mention all the waste of blood,
Which the fierce otter causes in the flood;
Among the willows secretly he lies,
And from the shore surveys, with eager eyes,

* "To observe the ravenous disposition of the pike, the sociable condition of the trout, the various discolouring of the polypus, the strong digestion of the porpoise, would beget in the curious surveyors of nature, much admiration. And then to compare the natures of these water inhabitants with ourselves, who follow, for most part, the bent of our desires, as if we were estranged from that beauty which incomparably most adornes us, and drenched in the lees of our owne corruptions, which makes man most unlike himselfe, by idolatrizing that which gives the greatest blemish to his excellence." *Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry*, 1638.

The

The sport or battles of the wat'ry breed,
And swiftly swimming with resistless speed,
Defeats the hostile bands, and makes the warriors bleed.
Few deaths assuage the hunger of the foe;
No bounds his hate and savage fury know;
The fish he bowels, stains the stream with blood,
And mangled bodies float upon the flood:
The otter heaps in caverns of the shore
The fish half eaten and besmear'd with gore;
Of slaughter proud, he there delights to dwell,
And the long night enjoys the nauseous smell.
Snares for the beast, and gins, let others lay,
Or into traps by tempting baits betray;
But you with missive weapons in your hand,
Conceal'd from view behind a thicket stand;
And while on fraud he muses on the shore,
Or tir'd returns with jaws besmear'd with gore,
The felon slay, and throw into the flood
His wounded body for your fishes food:
But first tear off the skin (for fear your fry
Should from the dead, as from the living fly,)
Which some rich matron will rejoice to buy.
If you should find the young ones, steal away,
In th' absence of the dam, the tender prey,
And by his youthful years yet pliant, breed
The gentle otter to the fishing trade;
For when suspended in the stream you place
Your flaxen snares, to catch the finny race,
He will explore each cavern and retreat,
And rouse the fish, and hunt them to the net:*

As

* "It is a very crafty and subtill beast, yet it is sometimes tamed, and vsed in the northern parts of the world, especially in Scandinauia to driue the fishes into the fishermen's nets: for so great is the sagacity and scence of smelling in this beast, that he can directly winde the fishes in the waters a mile

As dogs drive trembling stags into the snare,
Or by the scent pursue the fleeting hare.
In these amusements while I pass the day,
Autumnal hours roll unperceiv'd away;
When tir'd of town and study, I retreat,
My honour'd friend, * to thy fair country seat;
Where you with all the rural sports invite,
But most with mirth and attic wit delight;
For tho' your seat, which from the neighb'ring stream
Derives its name, is first in my esteem;
Yet, in your absence, nor the flow'ry beds,
Nor silver floods can please, nor painted meads,
Nor ev'n the stream which in a mournful strain
Appears with me to murmur and complain;
No longer now the verdant laurel grove,
Where oft, in contemplation wrapt, I rove,
Can without you poetic thoughts inspire,
Or reconcile me to the tuneful quire.
When pleasure to the plains returns with you,
Together oft we take delight to view
Th' obsequious otter, thirsting after blood,
Chase thro' the stream the natives of the flood;
Or near the stew, which with a bounteous hand
Your ancestors prepar'd, together stand

mile or two off, and therefore the fishers make great aduantage of them, yet do they forbeare his vse because he deuoureth more then needeth, for he is neuer so tamed that he forgeteth his old rauening; being tamed, on the land he is very full of sport and game..... The flesh of this beast is both cold and filthy, because it feedeth vpon stinking fish, and therefore not fit to be eaten. Tragus writeth that this notwithstanding is dressed to bee eaten in many places of Germany. And I hear that the Carthusian fryers, or monkes (whether you wil,) which are forbidden to touch al manner of flesh, of other foure-footed beasts, yet are they not prohibited the eating of otters," *Edward Topsell's Historie of foure-footed beastes.* 1607.

* Duke de Ressegeuer.

To

To see him dive for food, and joyful draw
The gasping captives from his bloody jaw.*

Among

* Could an animal be thus tutored for use on the sea coast, in addition to the amusement, it would save many qualms to the summer excursionist.

"Whyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayte,
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,
Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye;
The trembling fish he feeles with line extent,
And paised hand." Hercules Furens, 1581.

This is a pigmy's mimic of the

"—— day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
When giant stood on shore of sea to fish;
For angling rod, he took a sturdy oake,
For line a cable, that in storm ne're broke;
His hook was such as heads the end of pole,
To pluck down house, ere fire consumes it whole;
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood, to bob for whale;
Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back."

The last lines, with trifling alteration are inserted in the Poetical Works of Dr. King, born 1663, but certainly not the production of that facetious writer. They are copied from the mock romance printed with "The Loves of Hero and Leander, and other choice pieces of drollery, &c." 1653. From a ballad in the same collection, which appears to have been made on the setting fire to London-bridge, the following humourous stanzas are selected.

"Into the chips there fell a spark
Which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known into Southwark,
Which lives beyond the Thames.

For *loe* the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath,
O're which as many fishes fly,
As birds therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridg,
Not far from place of landing;
And though the building was full big,
It fell down *not with standing*.

And

Among the sportive tenants of the lake,
Wide havoc water-rats and beavers make:
These foes with subtlety alone pursue:
If from the shore you at a distance view
A beaver plunge into the stream, in vain
You'll hope by darts a conquest to obtain;
The conscious robber dives beneath the flood,
Nor to the bank returns where late he stood.
If reeds and rushes should your lakes infest,
Cut not away the heads and leave the rest;
The stems corrupt, if suffered to remain,
And from the roots fresh crops appear again:
But with a little skiff destroy the reeds;
With gloves upon their hands some hold the heads,
With stretch'd-out arms, against the adverse waves;
While others row with oars; or with long staves
The boat together with the rushes strove,
And to the shore the reedy forest move.
Since nothing to the natives of the flood
Is more destructive than the want of food,
Throw grains of corn, or scatter crumbs of bread,
And if, of some unknown distemper dead,
You chance to find a sheep, or in the yoke
An ox should yield to death's untimely stroke,
To feast your hungry fish their bodies throw,
Or pounded acorns and cheap pulse bestow;
With figs by constant show'rs corrupted grown,
And apples from the trees untimely blown:
For famine will compel the wat'ry breed
Like beasts on flesh, on grass like sheep to feed,
With fruit like birds to fill their hungry maw,
And on their kind to rush with greedy jaw.

And eke into the water fell,
So many pewter dishes;
That a man might have taken up very well
Both boyld and roasted fishes."

The

The eel, swift-gliding thro' the wat'ry plain,
Devours the fry, and smaller finny train,
And smelts, and gudgeons, seek the shore in vain.
In bulk with years while other fishes rise,
Why gudgeons, loach, and smelts are small in size,
And still the old continue dwarfs, relate
The rise, ye Muses, of the minim state.
Where, with a tardy current, near the sea,
The Po in slow meanders takes its way,
A band of children on the borders stood,
Engag'd in play, and in the silver flood
Threw stones, which, sliding on the wat'ry plain,
Now seem to sink and now emerge again.
Beneath the stream the sisters of the sea
Then list'ning sat to Clio's tales, whom she
Amused with amours of absent Ephiré.
When Ægle first the dashing pebbles heard,
She at the surface of the stream appear'd,
Enjoin'd the boys to leave the river's side,
And added threats; they bold her threats defy'd,
And casting impious stones, in scorn they cry;
" Lo, thus to your complainings, we reply!"
Ægle affrighted soon return'd again,
And filling with her shrieks the wat'ry plain;
" Ye gods shall this audacious crew," she cries,
" Who me with taunting words and stones defies,
Escape unhurt? shall youth their crime excuse?
No age unpunish'd must the gods abuse!
Call then a monster from the neighb'ring main,
To wreak our vengeance on the impious train."
She said, and Ocean to the sisters gave
A dreadful form, which rose above the wave.
The boys beheld and trembled at the sight,
And try'd to fly, but fear arrests their flight;
Breathless they fell, their limbs the monster tore,
And in the river cast 'em from the shore;

Then

Then shook his head, and in the silver flood
Wip'd from his dropping jaws the streaming blood.
The nymphs the slaughter saw and heard the cries,
And feasted with revenge their eager eyes.
What female heart but may by youth be gain'd?
And beauty in the boys that still remain'd
Like a fair flow'r which yielding to the share
Reclines its drooping head, but still continues fair.
How credulous is Love! * they see the shore
O'erspread with bodies, all besmear'd with gore,
Yet hope by fear they fell, and signs of life explore;

Their

* Flecknoe, in the character of a young female enamorist, says, "it is with lovers as it is with anglers, who feed fishes till they are caught, but caught once, feed on them; so it will be long enough ere she bite at the bait, unless he has more to bait her with than fine words or lamentable compliments." Upon the subject of love the angler's muse seldom drags a simile from the tackle; or floats the lines in a stream of sorrow to bait a barbed hook with a gentle heart. Turbervile introduces an allusion to the art, where he writes in "dispraysе of Women that allure and loue not."

"That troupe of honest dames
those Grisels all are gone;
No Lucrece now is left aliue,
ne Cleopatra none.
Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is fleeted by:
They myrrors were, dame Nature made
hir skilful hande to try.
Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth yeeld a woorser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest matrones staine.
Deceit in their delight,
great fraude in friendly lookes:
They spoyle the fish for friendship's sake,
that houer on their hookes.
They buye the baite to deare
that so their freedome loze;
And they the more deceitfull are,
that so can craft and gloze."

The

Their hands the heart, no longer beating, try,
Or their fair fingers ope th' unwilling eye;
Another seeking whether yet the breath
Hangs on the lips, nor quite extinct by death,
Joins her's to their's, compassionately kind,
And leaves, unseen, a tender kiss behind.
But these their cares were vain, for death's cold hand,
Had clos'd the eyes of all the youthful band;
And now their weeping ghosts were seen to gain
The darksome realms of Pluto's dreary reign:
With pray'rs and tears stern Charon they implore,
To take and waft them to the Stygian shore;
And if or youth or beauty could prevail,
His breast had melted at their mournful tale.
The nymphs, with pity mov'd, the gods implor'd
That to their bodies life might be restor'd;

The contrariety of love is also thus depicted in the sign Cancer, fourth book of Palengenius, translated by Barnaby Googe.

"——— if so be that loue weare not
by God's aduisement right,
To euery man apoynted here,
by limites parted iust:
No dout of al might one be loued,
and on them all should lust,
And euery man might safe enioy
the damsel that he likes:
But as the fisher doth not take
the fishes all in dikes;
Nor foulers all the birdes do catch,
nor hunters all do kill;
But euery one his chance doth take,
obtaines, and hathe his will;
So, loue to euery one is dele
by God's arbitrement;
So doth the seruaunt, base, ful oft
his lady wel content."

 But

But when their pray'rs the gods no longer heard,
They draw 'em in the stream to be interr'd:
Soon as their lifeless limbs had touch'd the wave,
Another form they to the children gave:
Each hand contracted in a fin appears,
And the rough skin a scaly substance wears;
The form of a hook'd tail united, took
Their feet and legs; the tenant of the brook
To stem the adverse waves unceasing tries;
Resembling youth in manners and in size.
For these are always small: by turns we see
They sport and fret, now quarrel, now agree;
And still like what they were before remain,
Peevish in play, yet loath to leave the train.
Now to the caution of the Muse attend,
Your fish from nightly robbers to defend;
Boards at the bottom arm'd with spikes prepare,
To catch the net and disappoint the snare.
But those are most destructive, who, with food,
Throw poison mixt or lime into the flood;
Soon as infected, tortur'd with the pain,
The fish shoots swiftly thro' the wat'ry plain;
Or giddily in various circles swims,
And just the surface of the water skims,
To fan his lungs with draughts of vital air,
And cool the scorching heat that rages there.
But still the pois'nous drugs his breast torment;
And now his strength is gone, his vigour spent;
Now he sucks in his last remains of breath,
Supinely floating on the waves in death.
Ev'n the dire author of the mischief grieves,
When, for a paltry gain, he thus perceives
The lakes exhausted of their scaly breed,
And blames the arts from whence such ills proceed.

Now

Now that your stew-ponds may with ease afford
Supplies of fish, well-fatted for your board,
With a slight wall a narrow place enclose,
Where the full river from its channel flows;
The tinkling of the stream, or sav'ry bait,
Will tempt the fish to try the sweet deceit;
The wickers opening readily admit
The breed, but never their return permit:
Here to your captives plenteous dainties throw,
Which soon will thrive and fit for table grow.
Some few years past, as all good Christians feed
In spring-time only on the scaly breed; *

Let

* "Fishes are like their element, and place
Wherein they live, both cold and moist, a race
Of flegmatic creatures, yet they are meat
Which dry and choleric tempers may well eat;
And those who would look smug, or else snout-fair,
May take this liver-cooling dish for fare.
In fervid seasons, and in climates hot
Use them: but if the Beare the helm hath got,
Or under Charles his seven-starr'd heavy wane,
From this dull nourishment let them refraine.———
Sweet river-fishes slimy, and gross diet,
Are glibbery, and make egression quiet,
More nourishing than sea-fish, and of these,
Those (which the current streams and gravel please,
And do abhorre annoyances of sinks,
Which spoil their channels with their loathsome stinks)
Are most delicious, such as pearch and trout;
Your mud-fish all incline you to the gout.
But those delighting in sweet scowres, refine
Their squamy sides, and clarifie their line."

Gayton's Longevity.

"Another remedy against the dearth of things, especially victuals, is to restore the vse of fish to the ancient credit and estimation: and hereupon *Bodine* taketh occasion to commend our custome of England for obseruing fish dayes in the weeke. And for effecting of the like in Fraunce, he propoundeth

Let out the water from your open'd lake,
And all the finny race in baskets take:
The water rushes out, the dams and mounds
Remov'd, thro' valleys and o'er stones resounds,

poundeth the example of the prince and magistrate whom the people will imitate. We may wish that both the one and the other were duly executed or obserued, whereby fishing would be better maintained, and most especially the nauigation: and flesh would in some seasons of the yeare be vsed more commodiously, and better for the health of man. The great number of all sorts and kinds of fish according to the obseruation of the Romaines (noted by Maister Bodine) ought to moue vs thereunto; fish being so pure a creature, that were it not, that we see the same subiect vnto diseases, it wold be very doubtfull, whether the same amongst other creatures was cursed for man's transgression, the scripture speaking only that the earth was cursed therefore: considering also the prouerbe, *as sound as a fish*; and if any be subiect to diseases it is fish of riuers, or of standing waters and fish-ponds, which may be cured by strawing much parsley into the water. And because that flesh and fish are two principall things for the food of man, and that our purpose is not to omit any thing, that incidently may be handled for the good of the commonwealth, therefore will it not be exorbitant the rule of our methode to discourse somewhat thereof. The best season of the yeare to eate fish is from September vntill March, if we will regard the goodnesse of the fish: howbeit that for the increase of beasts, we are commanded with great reason and consideration, to eate most fish in March and Aprill, when he loseth his taste. The fresh fish of riuers is of more digestion, and better for sicke persons; but the sea-fish is of more nourishment. All fish being moist and cold of nature, is qualified by the addition of salt, and being eaten with much bread cannot do any hurt, especially vnto cholericke persons, with whose complexion it agreeth best. And whereas all other creatures do first decay and putrifie in the belly, the fish doth first putrifie in the head: for no otherr reason, but that hauing only one gut the meate doth easily passe the same, without digestion or corruption; which by staying long with other creatures causeth putrifaction: an argument that fish is more healthfull then flesh, howbeit that (through the continuall vse) flesh is more agreeable with our nature." *England's vieww, in the vnmasking of two paradoxes: with a replication vnto the answer of Maister Iohn Bodine, by Gerrard de Malynes, Merchant. Oct.* 1603.

And

And swells the streams admiring, without rain,
To see their waves roll swiftly to the main.
Meanwhile the wand'ring fish swims up and down
Confus'd, and when the stream is almost gone,
Still follows the remains; whom, from the lake
Sliding, the wicker snares a captive make:
Here with his much-lov'd stream, his life he leaves,
And his last parting breath the air receives.
Lest the whole breed should undistinguish'd die,
Take the small fish that at the bottom lie,
In a new pond the little wand'rers place;
And there preserve the hopes of all the race.
They swim surpris'd, the vacant lakes survey,
And all their father's wat'ry empire sway.
The ponds now drain'd, the cautious eel lies roll'd
Deep in the mud, and wound in many a fold.
While here he lurks, conceal'd beneath the ooze,
With griping hand the smooth deceiver close; *
Lest he, like fortune, when you think the prey
Securely your's, should subtly glide away.
No sweeping drag-net should the race alarm,
That through your streams, congenial breeding swarm;
Lest you destroy young natives of the flood,
And all your fruit prove blighted in the bud;
Bow nets still use; or, in a darksome night,
Fires on the margin of the river light;
Struck with the dazzling flame, ne'er seen before,
Surpris'd they slow approach the shining shore;

* Sero sapiunt Phryges.

"The prouerbe saieth, so longe the potte to water goes,
That at the lengthe it broke returnes, which is appli'de to those,
That longe with wyles, and shiftes, haue cloaked wicked partes,
Whoe haue at lengthe bene paied home, and had their iust desertes;
Euen as the slymie eele, that ofte did slippe awaie,
Yet, with figge leaues at lengthe was catch'de & made the fisshers praie."
Geffrey Whitney's Emblems, 1586.

While

While thus for knowledge greedy they appear,
Or to the crackling billets lend an ear,
Insnare with nets, or fix 'em with a spear. *

Still other arts your leisure may employ,
Amusement yield, nor all the race destroy:
On the green margin dark secluded stand
A taper angle waving in your hand;
The wand'ring prey with choicest bait invite,
And fatal steel conceal'd by art from sight. †

Once

* "The glow-worme shining in a frosty night,
Is an admirable thing in shepheard's sight.
Twentie of these wormes put in a small glasse,
Stopped so close that no issue doe passe;
Hang'd in a bow-net and suncke to the ground,
Of a poole, or lake, broad, and profound:
Will take such plentie of excellent fish,
As well may furnish an Emperor's dish."

Breton's Ourania.

† To Anglers.

"O take away that wily, treach'rous hook!
Why are the harmless tenants of the brook
(Secure, poor things, till now, amongst each other)
To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish that from the flood you court,
May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother.

It makes Humanity, sweet maiden! weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed:
It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping float
The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thread the wild mazes of their native stream,
And unmolested through each thicket stray;
I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous tide,
And now upon the tempting surface play.

The

Once on the grassy border of a flood
A boy, and round a youthful circle stood,
With floated line, and rod, did next prepare,
The 'guileful charm to hide the barbed snare;
The boy commanded silence with a nod,
And threw his twisted line into the flood:
By chance a mullet in the stream appear'd
Large, and conspicuous by a length of beard:
He nibbled at the bait in sportive play,
And then refusing seem'd to swim away.
Now with the current down the stream he glides
Now with his tail the adverse waves divides;

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel,
Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel,
When legal vengeance drags him to her den:
His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,
Defy not torture better than a worm—
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm
Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
To wage unequal combat with a fish:
So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,
Than view them smoaking on the glutton's dish.

Enough for me if, while I roam at ease,
And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks, the breeze
That wantons there, upon her silken wings,
Health's genial hand its bounty shall bestow,
And on my cheek impress the livid glow,
And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines farewell,
No more shall sports like these my bosom swell—
No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me:
Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage may burn—
Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn—
And, dying for its injur'd brethren, choak me." J. T.

But

But soon returns the odour to regain,
And winds in circles through the wat'ry plain;
Thus heedless moths display their painted wings,
And flutter round the flame which sure destruction brings
Meanwhile the boys, attentive, scarce appear
To breathe, by turns inflam'd with hope and fear;
Now certain, now despairing of their prize,
On this alone they fix their greedy eyes;
At length fear yields to hunger, and the bait
He credulously swallow the deceit
Soon by his blood discovering, he in vain
Attempts to void the hook and ease the pain;
When, from his mouth the steel he would withdraw,
Deeper the steel is rooted in his jaw;
The fisher jerks his rod, with nimble hand,
And throws the mullet gasping on the sand;
He, looking on the river in despair,
Leap'd slightly twice or thrice into the air,
But when his strength unable now he found
To lift his ponderous body from the ground,
Flapping his tail upon the bank in death
He struggling panted and resign'd his breath;
Not one there was of all that there appear'd,
But touch'd the fins and gently strok'd the beard,
Here then a boy, that stood upon the strand,
Thus with a tale amus'd the youthful band:
Barbus, whose name was from his beard deriv'd,
Had almost at an hundred years arriv'd;
Now weak with age and stooping to the ground,
His brow was rugged and with wrinkles crown'd:
His mouth was wide, his feeble head hung down,
His teeth were lost, his hands were bony grown;
Thick on his chin a bunch of hair remain'd,
And his weak steps a knotty staff sustain'd.
Oft, in his youthful years near streams he stood,
And cast his lines and nets into the flood.

And

And as we find that length of years destroys
The strength, but not the love of former joys,
He, tho' grown old, resorted to the shore,
And haunted still the streams he lov'd before;
Still was he pleas'd and eager to betray,
With hooks conceal'd by baits the finny prey.*
As once the old man, on a river's side,
Aim'd at a fish that near the shore he spy'd;
His tottering footsteps fail'd to keep their hold,
And headlong from the slipp'ry bank he roll'd;
Now with the rapid current he contends,
Large draughts of water swallows, and extends
His feeble arms, but, hoping most to gain
By pray'rs success, he vows but vows in vain.
His breathless body, floating down the brook,
Great Jove beheld, and kind compassion took:
"Live still," he cry'd, "but in the stream remain,
And dwell for ever with the finny train;
Death was so near at hand, you need not grieve
For a short space a feeble trunk to leave."
Now forth his arms as leathern fins extend,
And in a tail his feet contracted blend;
The form of scales his tatter'd garments wore;
His back look'd dry and wither'd as before;
Still on his chin a length of beard remain'd,
His teeth he lost, but harmless gums retain'd,
These, in a fish, the marks of age are deem'd,
For age alone the mullets are esteem'd;
And length of years, by which all other things
Decay, to these increase of honour brings.

* "The angler's sport is full of patience, and if he lose his hooke, he makes a faire fishing.

The fish in the river is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a baite it will cost him his life."

Wit's private wealth, stored with choise of commodities to content the minde, by N. Breton. 1639.

I to the fable lent a list'ning ear,
And thus began; when I both see and hear
The various arts of fishers, and survey
How they the fish deceitfully betray,
Reflect I must with equal grief and truth;
That the same arts deceive unwary youth,
The snares, of old for fish alone design'd,
Are now employ'd to captivate mankind;
Man catches man, and by the bait betrays*
With proffer'd kindness, or, still cunning, lays
Nets to entrap th' unwary, and embroils
Cities and towns to profit from the spoils.
For you, dear youths, soft pleasure lies in wait,
And hides her hook beneath a honey'd bait,
But all her treach'rous gifts will only gain
For a short joy a lasting load of pain.
Here when the bait allures the fish to taste
The transient pleasure of a sweet repast,
You see for this how dearly he must pay;
Life is the purchase, and himself the prey.
Thus soft allurements serve to varnish o'er
The frauds of pleasure, unperceiv'd before;
But if a youth is once inspir'd, he'll find
He cannot void the poison from his mind;
No more than could the fish when snar'd withdraw
The crooked steel from his tormented jaw;
While lasting grief for short delights he gains,
Still rues his transient joys with ever-during pains. †

* "Think when thou seest the baite
whereon is thy delite,
That hidden hookes are hard at hande
to bane thee when thou bite." Turbervile.

† "Fyshe, hyghte pisces, and hathe that name of Pascendo, fedynge, as Isodore sayth libro xii. ca. vi. Fyshe licketh the erthe and watry herbes, & so get they meete and nouryshynge. Also they benne called Reptilia, crepyng,

crepyng, bycause in swimmynge they seme as they did crepe: for in swymming they crepe, though they synke downe to the bottom. Wherof speketh Ambrose in Exameron, and saythe, that bitwene fyshe and water is great nighnes of kynred. For withoute water they may not long lyue; and they lyue not longe with onelye brethynge, withoute drawynge of water. And they haue a maner lyknes and kynd of crepyng, for, whyle a fyshe swymmeth, by shrynkyng and drawynge together of his body, he draweth and gathereth hym selfe in to les length, and anone stretcheth hym selfe agayne, and entendeth to passe forth in the water; and by that dyligence he putteth the water backewarde, and passeth itself forwarde. Therfore he vseth finnes in swymmynge, as a foule vseth fethers in fleenge. But all other wyse in swymmynge a fyshe meueth his fynnes fro the hynder parte dounwarde, and as it were with armes, or ores, he clippeth the water, & holdeth it, and stretcheth hym selfe forwarde. But a byrde meueth his fethers vpwarde, and gadereth thayre, and compelleth it to passe out backeward by large stretchynge of wyndes, and so by violente puttynge of ayre backewarde the bodye meuith forwarde. And kyndes of fyshe ben dyuerse in many maner wyse ..... Some abyde only in the see, and some in ryuers and pondes, and in other freshe waters, and some ben meane bytwene these two maner fyshes, and torne and come now to fresh water, and nowe to salte water to gette them meate. And fishe that come out of the salte water in to freshe haue lykynge in the freshenes therof, and ben fattid: and ayenwarde, and this fyshe nowe abydeth in the see & nowe in freshe water. And manye ryuer fyshes maye not taste saltnesse of the see, for if he catchyth salte water, he dieth sodaynely, and torneth vp the wombe, and fleteeth aboue the water, & that is token of death in all manner of fyshe both of see and of freshe water. And fyshe that is bredde in the see hath hard scales and thycke, bycause of drynes of the salte water; and ryuer fyshe haue subtyll scales and neshe backe bones. Back bones in fyshes ben nedefull to restreyne the fleshe therof that is fletynge, for kynde neshenesse therof. And Auycen techeth to chese good fyshe by kynde of the place wherin they ben noryshed and fedde. And in li. ii. ca. vii. he sayth, that in this maner choys of fyshe is in place, in whiche hit dwelleth. For suche as abyde in stonye places ben beste and swetest, and in freshe rennynge water, in whiche is no corrupcion, ne no slyme, ne wose, nor stondynge lakes, ne in welles, nor in small pyttes that renne not in riuers, in whom ben noo welles. And he saythe there, that some see fyshes ben good; for those that ben subtyll ben beste, and ben nourished in the depe see and no where elles. And fyshe that abyde in waters, that ben vnheled with blastes of wynde, that bloweth the water somtime fro them, are better than those that ben not so serued. And those that ben in waters that ben strongly meued and continually

tinually labored, benne better than those that ben in standynge water. And soo see fyshe is better than ryuer fyshe. And ryuer fyshe better than lake fishe, namely if they ben ferre fro the ryuers and fro the see. For they that haue rest in theyr rotynnes & filthe, are not washed nother clensed by ryuer that cometh therin, nor by see. And therfore suche fyshe is euyll sauoured, and soone roten. Also both see fyshe and ryuer fyshe is better in the northe see, and in the east see, than in the south see, for by stronge blastes of wynde the water is moued and clensed and made subtyll. And therefore fishe of that water meueth more and trauayleth, and ben more clensid of their superfluitie." *Anno M D XXXV Bertholomevs de proprietatibvs rervm. Londini in aedibvs Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. Cvm privilegio a rege indvlto. Folio.*

THE END.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.