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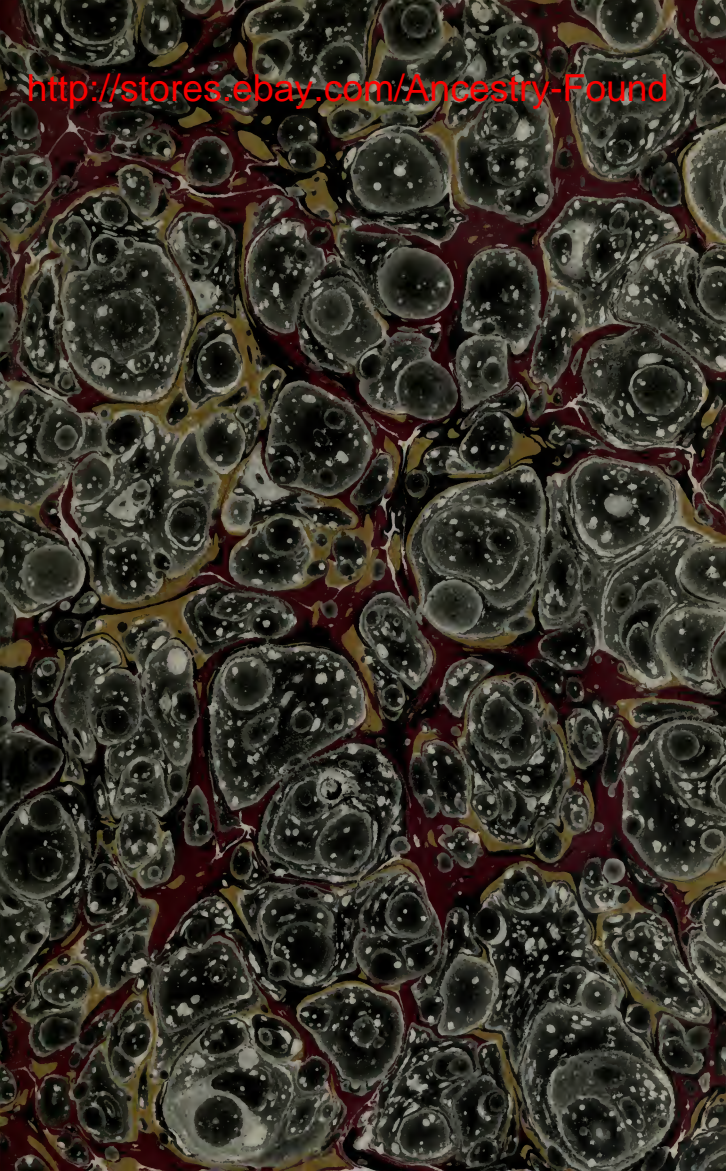
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TROUT AND SALMON FISHING

IN
WALES.

BY
GEORGE AGAR HANSARD.



SALMON LEAP AT PONT ABERGLASLLYN.

LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1834.

“ No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy, so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler ; for while the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, there we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness, as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Botelar said of strawberries, — ‘ Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did ; ’ and so, if I might judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling.” — IZAAC WALTON.

“ I call a river enriched with inhabitants, where rocks are landlords, and trouts tenants. For here ’s not a stream but is furnished with trouts ; I have angled them over from stem to stern ; and dragged them forth, brace after brace, with nothing but a hackle, or an artificial fly adapted to the season and proportioned to the life. Humour but the fish and you have his life, and that ’s as much as you can promise yourself. Oh ! the diversion I have had in these solitary streams ! believe me, Theophilus, it surpasseth report. I remember on a time, when the clouds let fall some extravagant drops, which in a manner discoloured the face of the water ; then it was among these stony cisterns, a little above that trembling stream, I have struck and killed many a brace of brave trouts ; — a reward beyond my labour and expense ! ” — FRANCKS. A.D. 1656.

LONDON :
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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H 24

TO
PROFESSOR WILSON,
ONE OF THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED FLY-FISHERS IN
GREAT BRITAIN,

THIS LITTLE WORK
IS DEDICATED,

BY
HIS VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

M844842
A 2

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by R. and J. Baskin

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* It is hardly necessary to inform the reader, that *Llyn* signifies Lake.

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THE SALMON.

MONARCH of the British seas, the salmon is allowed to be the most beautiful and best flavoured of all anadromous fishes ; that is, such as make fresh and salt water their alternate place of residence. They affect rather a cold climate. They take to the streams when but a little above the freezing point, and the temperature in which they seem most to delight and thrive is from 40 to 52 of Fahrenheit's scale. The regions of Europe where they are generally found may be reckoned from the Moselle, (a river which falls into the Rhine at Coblantz), to the Arctic circle. The streams upon the north-west coast of America, which run into the Pacific Ocean, are said by our late navigators to contain many of these fish ; yet the remarkable purity and moderate temperature of the rivers in this country, not being so warm in summer, nor so cold in winter, as they are in the same latitudes in other parts of Europe and America, render them more peculiarly favourable for the breed and haunt of the salmon. The American rivers, too, are frozen during the whole of the win-

ter ; ours, on the contrary, are never shut, at least but partially so, and therefore seldom prevent what fishermen call the *free run* of the fish.

Salmon generally deposit their spawn from the first of September to the end of October : those that come in the early part of the season from the sea begin first, and so in progression. As the milts and roes increase, they grow worse both in appearance and in flesh (which is indeed the case with all fish) ; for when the latter become as large as the duck-shot of the fowler, they are then no better eating than if they were shotten. Some time before the shedding of the spawn, they betake themselves to brooks branching from rivers, or remain in such retired shallows, as hardly to have their upper dorsal fin covered with the water in which they swim. There they make a kind of trough in the gravel, where the female drops her ova, and the male immediately thereafter emits a whitish fluid upon them, which has nearly the resemblance and feel of that substance to be found, or that bleeds, from lettuce, dandelion, or other milky plants. This operation being completed, the male and female proceed to throw up the gravel with wonderful precision. They do not form hillocks, as has been often said, nature having given them an instinct to lay the seeds of their future offspring in the safest manner, and in the least exposed situation ; for were it piled, or elevated, it would be liable to be swept away with winter floods, or blown into deep water by the early tempests of the spring. This is a process which

continues several days ; the male seems to be the most active both in the digging and in the covering of the pits ; he frequently dies by over exertion, and at all times is longer than the female in recovering his strength. Francks, whose knowledge of natural history as well as angling far exceeded that of any writer of his age, but whose work is almost unknown, and so rare that we are not aware of the existence of more than a single copy, has drawn the following quaint but accurate picture of this mysterious process of nature, to which he was himself an eye-witness :—“ As I was angling,” says he, “ one time on a sunshiny day, in these limpid and transparent streams of Ilay, I was constrained, in regard of the excessive heat, to relinquish her inflamed sandy shores, and seek umbrage (where I could get it) from some shady trees, but none I found there to harbour and relieve me. However, by this time I recovered a meadow which generously commoded me with a hawthorn bush, that nature had planted by the river side, which served me for a sanctuary, whose dilating boughs, spreading as an umbrella, defended me from the scorching rays of the sun ; where also I lay close concealed, the better to inspect nature’s curiosities. For whilst reposing myself under this tiffany shade of diversified leaves and flourishing twigs that hovered over the banks of this amorous Ilay, on a sudden I discovered a very large salmon leisurely swimming towards the leeward shore ; and having considered the sun at his meridian, I thought it needless to provoke her with a fly.

or any thing else, more especially at such a time when I knew her indisposed to divert herself either with food or frolic. When, note, the more circum-spectly I traced her with my eye to pursue her, the more and greater still was my admiration, because to mark her from place to place, till at last I saw her arrive on a bed of sand, which scarcely, to my apprehension, covered her with water; for I am confident it exceeded not the depth of one foot; where with her tail she wriggled to and fro, so long and oft, till I visibly discovered a flat slaty bluish stone, over which she oft-times contracted her body; nature provoking her to eject her belly, which at last she accomplished, to my surprising amazement: but this was not all; for as soon as that project was performed by the female with most accurate swiftness, she launched herself forth into the more solid deeps; which was no sooner performed, when as suddenly I recovered the view of another, as afterwards will appear by the following circumstances: for out of that solitary and profound depth of water, wherein the female had concealed herself, there sprung up a male, or something like him, that swam directly, as if haled with a cord, to that very place where that former fish had ejected her belly (but some call it spawn), and there performed such an admirable office as you will hardly believe, though I tell you the truth. The female, as I told you, has shot her belly upon a large and slaty bluish stone; and the male, as if by instinct to perform his office, dilates his fins and flutters about, till at last he directs himself over,

the ejected matter ; where, with his nose, as I then apprehended (though I will not warrant fish to have a scent), rooted as a swine, or something like it, yet were the waters at that time undisturbed ; when on a sudden, and with a violent motion of body, he throws himself about, invading the calms with a strong ebullition, as if some ponderous stone had struck the surface : but it was not long ere I saw him again, though, for the present, he seemed to me invisible. And then my observation led me curiously to observe him direct his head to the former place, and contract himself after the same manner which the other fish had formerly done. This I visibly and plainly saw ; which together with his active and exerting motion, a spermatic whiteness of a milky substance issued from him, not unlike to jellied cream ; all which remarks I signally notified, and by all the circumstances my judgment could direct to, I concluded him the milter, because there to shed and scatter his milt upon the ejected fore-mentioned belly. Having thus discharged himself with some little labour, and as little trouble, he suddenly recovers again the depth of the water with most accurate swiftness ; nor have I often seen a more violent motion, whose absence in a trice invites the female fish, and she no sooner returns to the place, dictated beyond doubt by the mediums of nature, works a trough like a cistern in sand or gravel, and as near as I could guess of her own proportion ; into which trough with nothing save the spring of her tail, she jumbles and tumbles in the

prima materia; so gently she covered it over with sand, and then left it to the great luminaries for vivification and the seminals, because having a prolific virtue and life quality innated in them. Life inevitably shines forth after certain days, accidents omitted; because the lustre of life is a thing so sacred, that the Lubeck of conspiracy strikes to blot it out. Thus much, therefore, as relates to the progeny of salmon, I, being an eye-witness, do boldly testify and as boldly divulge, if seeing be a good basis for any man's belief." *

* Another accurate observer has the following remarks, also derived from his personal experience: — "When the gib fish (the male) has found a stream that he likes, he makes a hole, as a swine works in the ground with his nose, his mouth being nailed close with the gib in its socket. When he has made this hole, a yard and a half or more long, and near a yard broad, he goes down to his mate under a root or stone, and in what manner he makes his addresses to her I cannot tell, but I have often seen the gib fish rush at his mate as if going to bite her, jostling her sometimes on one side, then on the other, chasing her from place to place, as we see a cock pigeon does the hen to her nest, till they come to the marriage bed he has been preparing for her. Here they lie at the lower end, close by the side of each other and pressing their bellies hard to the bottom, wriggle on the top of the bed, squeezing out the spawn from both of them with emotions and signs of pleasure. All the roes that are smit or touched by the milt, which is of a viscous quality, sink among the little stones and gravel; and those that are not touched by it are carried down the stream, and are delicious food for the many trouts that are watching the opportunity. Then the female leaves her mate, chasing away the small fish, while the male is working at the head of the bed,

In the beginning of April, when the rays of the sun become so warm as to reach the bottom of these shoals, the vivification of the spawn takes place. The young fry grows surprisingly fast. When the floods of May set in, an irresistible instinct hurries them down to the sea. It has been noticed that upon their entering into brackish water, they make a stop, and continue there for some time, which no doubt is gradually to prepare themselves for the new element which they are about to inhabit. In the months of July and August, these very fry, or smouts, come up as gilts to the same rivers which they left in May, and in this state they remain until November or December, and frequently longer, when they revisit the sea, and upon their next re-

covering the spawn with the gravel and sand, which he throws up with his head, making at the same time a new bed, and filling up the other. All this he does by himself, for I never saw the she fish along with the he, when he was making a new hole at the head of the other. Sometimes I have seen him lie still in the hole as if resting himself, and then in an hour or two brings up his mate again and proceeds as before.

“ In wet or haze, they will be three or four nights in finishing their work ; but frosty weather puts them in a hurry, and they have done in two nights or less, and hastening down to their holds, take the first opportunity of getting to sea. I have been the more particular in this article, because I have seen it often done, and in many places, both in the evenings and mornings, and sometimes at night with light. A salmon spawn heap will be three yards or more in length, and two feet or near a yard broad, and looks like a new made grave.” — *Northern Angler.*

turn from it to the fresh waters they then appear as perfect salmon. These positions, however, some naturalists reject, and assert that they are each of a distinct species. This idea is founded on the following observations: 1st, That gilse when they go up the rivers in July and August are full of spawn, therefore they must have arrived at maturity: we admit the fact, but deny the conclusion; for we have noticed them even in the smout state to contain the rudiments of milts and roes; and if we look at some land animals, we find them capable of reproduction long before they attain their full growth, which is undoubtedly the case with many fishes. The hog and rabbit scarcely leave the teat before they become parents themselves. 2dly, That perfect salmon sometimes weigh only five or six pounds, while gilse have been known to be upwards of six or seven pounds' weight; this is granted, but it surely is a very insufficient proof of their being of a different species. Have we not daily instances throughout the whole animal creation, that of the same species some are larger when growing, than others are at full growth? 3dly, That salmon are forked, and gilse straight in the tails: this is in some degree true; but it cannot be disputed that many animals change the appearance of their parts when approaching from an immature to a mature state. If gilse were a distinct species, they would in all probability appear in our rivers at all seasons, in the same manner as salmon; but it is a known fact, that they are seldom seen before the middle of July, or beginning of August; that is, until such

time as the salmon fry, which are carried down in May to the sea, have had time to grow sufficiently in size and strength to enable them to ascend their native stream. In confirmation of the truth of this circumstance, many fishermen have marked smouts, upon their journeying to the sea, and on their return as *gilses* knew them perfectly by the marks they had put upon them: nay more, these even remained upon some when they were caught after becoming salmon.

In all the tribe of migratory animals, whether of the air or of the water, few or none exhibit a more wonderful instinct than that of the salmon.

Scarcely have they enjoyed the light of the sun, when, without a guide or pilot, or parent to protect them, they undertake a journey often of some hundred miles, to visit an element with which they are totally unacquainted. They remain in the sea but for a short time, then return, and through toils and dangers ascend the very streams which they descended, in order to spawn on the spot which gave them birth. Those bred in the Linth are known to take their course up the Rhine, from that river into the Aar, then through the Lake of Zurich, and so again into their native stream. They effect their passage up the Thames, a considerable way above London, although annoyed by the keels and cables of various craft, the continual plying of oars, and all the filth and garbage of that overgrown metropolis. In like manner, over cascades, through many windings, rapid rivers, and extensive lakes, they push up into the very interior parts of North America, in or-

der to breed in their natal waters. This is an instinct beyond the power of naturalists to explain ; indeed it is but little, with all their boasted knowledge, that they can read, in nature's "infinite book of secrecy." There are, however, some instances of animals mistaking their instinct. The flesh-fly has been seen to deposit its eggs in the flower of the fetid stapelia, being deceived by the resemblance of its smell to that of carrion. So we have known salmon run up rivers in which they were not bred ; however, this is a circumstance which rarely happens.

HABITS.

Salmon delight in rivers which have alpine sources. They prefer to all others a gravelly, pebbly bottom, where there are large stones clear of every kind of slime. They avoid waters or streams flowing upon mundic ore, or that are impregnated with calcareous or selenetic particles. They are impatient of shade unless in the very heat of summer, and dislike to remain for any length of time in such parts of rivers where the banks are wooded, or near hanging rocks that exclude the sun from the pool. They are extremely sensible of approaching changes in the weather ; they then leap above the water, and apparently enjoy the prospect of coming rains and showery winds. Immediately before, and in the time of thunder, they keep close to the bottom, and are seemingly affected by every concussion of the air. They always lie with their heads point-

ing up the river, and seldom or never swim down the stream, unless on their journeying to the sea, when disturbed by the hawling or shooting of nets, the prowling of the otter, or when exhausted by the fatiguing tackle of the angler.

To the admirers of nature, no sight can be more gratifying than to observe salmon ascending torrents and vaulting over rocks of such height as no other fish would attempt. We have heard much said, and seen much written both in prose and verse, of the Kennerth, a salmon leap, upon the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire. Drayton, with some other poets and authors, in describing this place have mentioned that the salmon takes his tail in his teeth in making the spring or leap.

When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find,
 (Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind
 As he in season grows,) and stems the watry tract
 Where Tivy falling down doth make a cataract,
 Forc't by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
 As though within their bounds they meant her to enclose ;
 Heere when the labouring fish doth at the foot arrive,
 And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth strive,
 His tail takes in his teeth ; and bending like a bow
 That 's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throwe :
 Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
 That bended end to end, and flerted from the hand,
 Far off itself doth cast ; so doth the salmon vault.
 And if at first he fail, his second summersault
 He instantly assaies ; and from his nimble ring
 Still yarking, never leaves, until himself he fling
 Above the streamful top of the surrounding heap.

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

This assertion has been long, and still continues a vulgar error. There is, however, a more remarkable fall than this, called the Keith, upon the river Erich, in the county of Perth. That rock is about 13 feet high, and the whole river, which is a very considerable one, bursts through a cleft of only a few feet in breadth. From a long continuance of dry weather, and consequently when there is little water in the river, these fish lie in the pools and holes immediately below this cascade. It is at that time an amusing sight to survey them from the banks above, all regularly disposed tire above tire, resting upon their fins, and waiting with anxious and eager expectation for a coming flood, to assist them in their passage upwards. When this happens, they then all prepare to take the leap. In their first efforts they sometimes fail, and tumble down stupidified; but undismayed, and with an unremitting ardour, renew their attempts, until they prevail in gaining the summit of this fearful gap. On the river Liffy, in Ireland, there is a cataract about 19 feet high; here, in the salmon season, many of the inhabitants amuse themselves in observing the fish spring up the torrent. They frequently fall back many times before they surmount it; and baskets made of twigs are placed near the edge of the stream to catch them in their fall. At the falls of Kilmorack, in Scotland, where the salmon are very numerous, it is a common practice with the country people to lay branches of trees on the edges of the rocks: by this means they sometimes catch such of

the fish as miss their leap, which the foaming of the torrent not unfrequently causes them to do; and the late Lord Lovat, who often visited these falls, taking the hint from this circumstance, formed a determination to try a whimsical experiment on the same principle. Alongside one of the falls he ordered a kettle full of water to be placed over a fire; and many minutes had not elapsed before a large salmon, making a false leap, fell into it. This may seem incredible to persons who never saw one of those rude salmon leaps: but surely there is as great a chance of a fish falling into a kettle as on any given part of the adjacent rock, and it is a circumstance that would certainly take place many times in the course of a season were but the experiment tried.*

* “AR. We now direct our course towards the river Errit, where we may inform ourselves of a practice among the natives there, that murder a salmon without a rod, net, or spear; and cook him almost as soon as they catch him.

“TH. How can that be? pray unfold the riddle.

“AR. It is discoursed by every body, when a stranger comes among them, that the inhabitants presently run and fetch a pot, which they circumspectly place upon some part of a rock, and then dexterously convey some live coals under it (or it may be turf), which is no sooner fanned by the breath of air, but immediately the flames fly all about. Now you are to consider that the race of salmon, especially the female in the vernal equinox, is for the most part picking and casting against the rapid streams. And in this river Errit it's always observable, there are plenty of stumpy, knotty rocks, to which the native, without difficulty, can pass and repass from one rock to an-

A very singular circumstance is to be observed in the salmon as well as in the herring, which is, that on opening them, their stomachs contain no kind of food, either in a digested or undigested state. In mentioning this fact, we only allude to it while they are in our rivers; how it is with them, or on what they feed, during their abode in the sea, we cannot tell; for, from all the enquiries we have made, we never could hear of any being seen or taken at a distance from the shore; they are, it is true, sometimes caught upon headlands or friths, or

other; and the rather to facilitate this mortal design, they set the pot on some seeming floating rock, to which their observation directs them; which rock, it may be, is almost drowned in water. Now this artifice is no sooner performed by the rude engineer, but the salmon, because casting after the usual manner, often casts away her life, by leaping into the pot instead of into the pool.

“TH. I cannot approve of this murdering artifice.

“AR. Nor I neither, but the action is thus performed:—The salmon, you must know, by reason of agility of body and considerable strength, so bends and contracts herself by taking her tail (as is supposed) in her teeth; then like a well tempered spring that suddenly and smartly unbends and flies off; even so doth the salmon, by a strange dexterity, mount the air (out of the water) an incredible height; but because unprecautioned how to distinguish the elements, and perhaps wanting foresight of this imminent danger, she frequently encounters the boiling water, which no sooner she touches but her life is snatched away by the suffocating fumes that immediately strangle him; and thus the poor salmon becomes a prey to the native.”—FRANCKS, p. 127.

when entering into fresh water; and some rare instances are related of sprats and other small fish being found in their stomachs at these times.

The size of the salmon depends upon the river in which they were spawned, some producing large and others small fish. They have been taken in the Tay about seventy, and in the Tweed and Clyde between fifty and sixty pounds' weight.* In America, even in their very large rivers, they seldom exceed seventeen pounds. Indeed, every river has a distinct fish of its own, exhibiting not only a difference in size, but in appearance, and perceived as evidently as the variety in the breed of our bees and horses.

It is not an easy matter to determine to what age the salmon or other migratory fishes live, as they have so many snares and dangers to encounter, both in fresh and in salt waters, that few or none ever reach the years nature has assigned to them. Bacon says, but we think erroneously, "As the salmon grow fast their lives are but short, the same with the trouts; but the perch grows slowly, and lives long."† The old adage, "*soon ripe, soon rotten,*" is often applied with truth to the longevity of animals as well as of plants; but it is a rule that does

* A fish of the latter weight was, some few years ago, caught in the Wye, near Monmouth, and presented to the Duke of Beaufort, by J. Evans, Esq., of Chepstow. — *Edin. Ency.*

† *Salmones cito grandescunt, brevi vivunt, quod etiam faciunt truttæ; ac perca tarde crescit, et vivit diutius.* — *Hist. vitæ et mortis.*

not always hold in nature. The goose, that arrives at maturity in a few months, attains to a very old age ; and the carp and pike, both fast growers, have been known to live beyond a hundred years.

WELSH SALMON FLIES.

The flies ordinarily used by the native Welsh angler are very sober in colour, and few in number. The hooks they prefer are also large, and the execution altogether exceedingly coarse. Yet with these they manage to kill abundance of salmon *in favourable weather*. They affect to despise the gay and gaudy materials which enter into the composition of what are called Irish flies, without, however, being able to assign any better reason than that "they never tried any such, and are not used to them ;" the real reason, however, no doubt, is the difficulty of procuring any where but in large seaport towns the feathers of tropical and other foreign birds requisite for the purpose. We have now before us two specimens of the Teivi salmon fly, which were tied at Llandyssil, a village about thirteen miles from Cardigan, by one of the most celebrated anglers on that river.

A SPRING FLY.

Wings, the dark brown mottled feather of the bittern ; body, orange silk or worsted, with broad gold twist, and a smoky dun hackle for legs.

SUMMER FLY.

Wings, the brown mottled feather of a turkey-cock's wing, with a few of the green strands selected from the eye of a peacock's tail feather; body, yellow silk and gold twist, with a deep blood-red hackle for legs.

If the artist, however, wishes to astonish the natives, he will not fail to carry with him a couple of dozen of O'Shaugnessy's Limerick, or Cox or Kelly's (of Dublin) Irish manufacture: these being known to kill fish, when the others will not stir a fin. He will be thus, *ad utrumque paratus*. Bainbridge, in his clever treatise on fly fishing, mentions a fly, to the excellency of which we can fully bear testimony, on three very capital salmon rivers;—viz. the Dee, the Teivi, and the Ogmore. It is made as follows:—Wings, tips of the guinea-fowl's feather (*not stripped*); blood-red hackle, blood-red ostrich feather, and bright yellow hackle.

No person having any pretensions to be called a salmon fisher, can stand in need of instructions from a *book*, as to the method of managing his tackle, and the other minutiae of the art. We shall, however, subjoin a poetical description of the mode of playing and killing a salmon, which is so excellent, that it seems a perfect condensation of all that has ever been said or written on the subject:—

— should you lure

From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,

Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he following, cautious scans the fly,
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water checks his jealous fear :
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud : he desperate takes the death
 With sullen plunge ; at once he darts along,
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
 And flies aloft and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;
 Till floating hard upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

THE SEWIN. — (SALMO CAMBRICUS.)

White Trout in Ireland.

The Sewin differs from the common salmon in various particulars, that will not fail to strike the eye on comparing the two fishes. The general contour of the whole fish is slightly dissimilar ; the head is shorter and more sloping, and the lower jaw extends rather beyond the upper one, the precise contrary of which is observable in the salmon. The back is of a pale greyish colour, glossed with blue, and by no means so dark as in the former ; this greyish colour prevails under the scales, from the

back to the lateral line, beneath which the whole fish is of the brightest silver. Both on the back and sides, above and below the lateral line, the body is marked with dusky purple spots of a roundish shape, which, on close inspection, appear to be somewhat cruciform. The tail is slightly forked, but not semilunated as in the common salmon. When the fish is cut, it is of a pale red. In point of size, the sewin rarely exceeds eighteen inches, weighing from one to three pounds. They are, however, occasionally taken much larger in the Ogmore (Glamorganshire), the Cleddy, the Teivi, the upper part of the Neath river, and in the Towy. The Sewin, which is almost peculiar to Wales, is found in the greatest abundance in the southern parts. The best season for them is after the heavy floods in August, at which period they ascend the rivers from the sea, and continue to do so during the two succeeding months. They are found in the same places as the trout, but rise more freely; early in the morning, and about sunset, or in warm misty rain, are the most probable times for raising them. There are many gaudy flies sold for sewin fishing, but we find the two following sufficiently successful, and therefore never use any other:— When the water is clearing, or full, throw the red fly (p. 49.) as a stretcher. Make it on a good hook of No. 5., large in proportion, but do not put too much hackle, and let the silver thread be seen. The dropper is made with a light blue hen or cock's hackle (if reddish or coppery at the edges the

better); put two or three turns round the top of the shank of the hook, with a body below of a mixture of light orange wool and a little dark fur with yellow tips from a hare's ear, ribbed with gold thread: should the river be low, use a smaller hook; and if very full water, to the larger you may put wings made of the small spotted galino fowl's feather, or grouse's speckled feather, or a darkish spotted one from off a mallard's back. Use good sound gut for your bottom, for they are very strong, and yield noble sport. The angler is immediately made aware that he has hooked a sewin and not a common trout; for the former invariably leap out of the water immediately on being struck. It is very necessary to wind up hastily, or retreat quickly backwards in this sort of fishing; for they are apt to run in suddenly towards you, and if once allowed a slack line they most likely get away.

SAMLET, OR SCARLING.

In most of the Welsh rivers there is found a small fish like a trout, with eight or more blueish finger marks on its side, commonly called samlet or scarling. From July to October they are very numerous, being principally found in the shallow streams, they rise at any of the trout flies made small, especially the red dropper, and the best

time to take any considerable number is in a hot bright day and low water. Throw two flies, and put a small maggot well scoured in bran, on each hook, taking care the point and barb come well out; otherwise, the fish being small and light, and the skin of the maggot tough, you will fail to hook them. Get them speedily out, as this is a nimble fish, and very apt to wriggle off. In angling for scarlings, let your flies sink deeper than is customary in regular fly fishing: this is an unailing mode of having sport; when weather and water suit, it never fails, and you may take from ten to twenty dozen in a day, according to your expertness and perseverance. Scarlings abound in particular streams of the same river, for they seem to lie together in shoals. They are generally found, too, in little eddies, and behind stones in the middle of the river; also on the swift break or head of a stream; and we must again repeat, in the *very shallow streams*, where a trout angler would not suppose a fish could lie.

They are very delicious eating; but from their size, afford little sport, unless two or three are hooked at the same time; a circumstance by no means unusual.

SALMON PINK.

In March and April, the small salmon pinks or fry may be caught by the same means as samlets;

but they lie more densely in shoals, and are also found in deeper streams. Frequently the whole shoal, consisting of many thousands, will move in a body round the pool, and return again to the head of the stream.

THE TORGOCH, OR SALVELIAN CHARR.

This fish is at present most abundant in the waters of Llyn Cwyllian or of the Alpine Lakes situated in a deep valley on the west side of Snowdon. The Torgoch inhabited the Llanberis Lakes on the opposite side of the mountain, till within the last twenty years; since which time, they have entirely disappeared, the noxious waters of a neighbouring copper mine flowing into the lake, having destroyed the brood, as those fish inhabit only the purest waters.

Llyn Cwyllian is a vast lake of unknown depth, sheltered on one side by an abrupt mountain, which rises immediately out of the water, and in the deep recesses at the base of which, the Torgoch is supposed to pass the milder seasons of the year in perfect security. Those fish approach the shallow portions of the lake in winter about the middle of December, appearing in small shoals at a short distance from the shores, and are at this season taken in some plenty by a poor cottager, who resides in

the vicinity, and derives a small annual profit from the fishery, this delicious fish being in much request for the tables of the neighbouring gentry.

It is of an elegant and slender shape, the head long and rather pointed, and its hues splendid beyond all example among the indigenous fishes of this country. Nothing can exceed the fervid aspect of its colours when first taken; the scarlet of the belly may be truly said to emulate the glowing redness of the fiery element. The upper part of the head and back is of a deep purplish blue, blending into silvery in approaching the lateral line, beneath which the sides are tinged with yellow, passing into orange, and the orange into fine scarlet as it descends towards the belly. The whole of the back and sides are spotted in a most beautiful manner with fine red. The flesh is excellent and of a deep red colour. It is angled for with the ordinary large trout flies, but does not rise very freely — a worm or caddis succeeds better.

THE COMMON TROUT. — (SALMO FARIO.)

The trout is one of the most beautiful of the fresh water tribe of fishes. It is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, inhabiting rivers communicating with the sea, the waters of which are

pure and cold with a pebbly or rocky bottom, and is therefore found in the greatest numbers as well as perfection in the rapid streams among mountains.

Like the salmon, the trout swims with much velocity. The activity and strength of this fish is astonishing: at the commencement of the spawning season, in defiance of numerous obstacles, it rushes up rivers difficult of access, in search of the most retired spots to deposit its spawn; and in its progress, will leap to the height of four or five feet, over stones and other impediments in the course of the stream. The food of the trout consists of small fishes, testaceous animals, and flies which they catch by leaping out of the water; such as the Ephemeres, and Phryganæ, which hover near the surface. The spawning season is from October to the end of November, or later; the eggs are about the bigness of a pea, and of a bright orange colour.

With regard to size, the trout varies greatly; its ordinary length is about twelve inches. Those of Ireland, called by the natives Buddaghs, are found of a large size in Lough Neagh; and have been known to weigh thirty pounds.

About forty years ago, a trout was caught in the Thames near Hampton, which measured two feet nine inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. Another individual of the common species little inferior to this, taken out of a rivulet near Edinburgh, was for a considerable period preserved in the museum of that city; a third specimen weigh-

ing upwards of twenty-two pounds, is to be seen in the collection of curiosities at Berlin. The trouts of the Lake of Geneva have long been celebrated for their vast size; Walton remarks, "It is well known that in the Lake Lemman (the Lake of Geneva) there are trouts taken of three cubits long; and as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says, the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandize of that famous city." We have ourselves often angled in, and conversed with many of the old net fishers on that magnificent piece of water; and their testimony in all respects confirmed the truth of his observations. The largest are taken in the vicinity of Villeneuve, the spot where the lake receives the Rhone of the Valois. The flesh of many of these trouts is red like that of the Charr, and they are thence termed *saumonées*. Another sort, which they esteem beyond all others, are called *gardonnières*, because fed as they say on Gardons or Roach, which are frequently found undigested in their stomachs. These last are also salmon coloured; they are larger and thicker than the ordinary trouts, their scales being also lighter and more delicate in appearance.

The flesh of this fish is in universally high repute for the excellence of its flavour. It has been remarked that the trout is fat when other fish are thin, and meagre on the contrary, when others are fat; so that in winter, the flesh is white and of a bad flavour, but, in the summer, red and good. We may add that this difference in colour does not entirely

depend on the seasons ; having ourselves taken trout, both of the red and white kind, in the same month, in two contiguous streams of Cardiganshire (the Rheidol and the Istwith), one of which invariably produces the red, the other the white trout. Lakes also, though situated not two hundred yards apart, shall equally differ in the flavour and colour of their fish.* Walton says rightly, that the trout comes in and goes out with the buck, and is in high perfection in May.

As regards the longevity of trout, we copy the following paragraph from the Westmorland Advertiser:—“ Fifty three years ago, Mr. W. Hossop of Bond Hall, near Broughton in Furness, when a boy, placed a small fellbeck trout in a well in the orchard belonging to his family, where it remained ever since, until last week, when it departed this life, not through any sickness or infirmity attendant on old age, but for want of its natural element, water ; the severe drought drying up the spring that supplied the well, a circumstance unprecedented for the last sixty years : his lips and gills were perfectly white, his head was formerly black and of a large size. He

* In every country the nature of the water has a considerable influence on the quality as well as the quantity of the fish which it produces. The river in Augonnois, which takes its rise among the rocks about a league and a half from Rouelle in France, whose waters are very rapid, and never either freeze in winter, or become affected by the most violent summer heats, swarms with a prodigious quantity of trouts celebrated for their delicious flavour.

regularly came when summoned by his master by the name 'Ned,' to feed from his hand on snails, worms, and bread. This remarkable fish has been visited and considered a curiosity by the neighbouring country for several years."

"I have already told you," says Francks, "that the salmon is the king of fishes in the freshes, and now I must tell you the princely trout has his residence and principality in the same fluctuating element, partaking very much of the nature of salmon, admiring stiff and rapid streams in the Vernon Ingress; but he accosts the solitary deeps most months in the winter. In the spring you shall observe this active animal scud to the fords, where he flutters his fins at every silly fly, for that's his rendezvous; and there you'll find him, picking and gliding among stones in the bottom, to scour off, if possible, the slimy substance and scurf from his sickly sides, frequently occasioned through want of motion; and that when the sun vegetates and invigorates the creation, then is he invigorated with motion and activity, which argues a very great and unpardonable absurdity in the ignorant and incredulous angler, to fancy that perigrination debilitates and weakens him, when apparently it adds an additional strength; not well considering they were only told so, or peradventure they had read it in some printed book, concluding from thence an infallibility in the press.

But as I intend not to burden you with circumlocutions, for brevity's sake I shall range the trout

under the consideration of the first classes of fish. For that end, I must signalise his vivacity and vigour, his activity and courage, how natural they spring from the nature of this fish, till age or accident indispose and deprive him, not only of activity but of natural ability, who struggles with himself to outdo motion, and outlive if possible the law of his life. So that to prohibit him travel, you totally destroy him ; since he is a fish that can't live under confinement, and thus it happens to the race of salmon, for nature's laws are alike to both. In the summer's solstice he accosts the fords, making inspection and inquisition, after the variety of emmets and insects ; hovering his fins in every murmuring purling stream in rivers and rivulets, which not only puts a spur to the angler's exercise, but his expectations also : and this, if any thing, is the angler's Elysium, which I shall not insist upon here, because having enlarged upon it sufficiently already. In this place I shall only treat of the ground bait, which most commonly is a knotted or budded dew worm ; much of the nature and kind of the former, but not usually so large, as we procure for the salmon.

Now, as every angler concludes the trout to be a delicate fish for diversion, so others, as artists, consult him as a delicious entertainment. But the trout to entertain himself, as eagerly sucks in a well scoured red worm, as the wide mouthed Humber swallows up a full spring tide. For that end, grudge him not what he loves, and give him time to digest it. Your business is only to stand sentinel, and to keep a vi-

gilant eye and a diligent hand over him ; for patience is not only an exercise, but an excellence in anglers, provided they fall not asleep at their vocation, especially when angling or trolling with the ground bait ; which, upon probate, proves most profitable, after gluts of rain and discoloured waters : nor is this ground bait, otherwise than a worm, variously discoursed by me at several times, and in sundry places. For that end (to avoid repetitions) where the worm fails of success, make trial of the minnow, in sharps and scours, by dragging at the bottom or in mid water ; which, if performed (with the swivel), by the hand of an artist, he shall seldom, or rarely fail of success.

But for the fly fishing, if that be the artist's intention, let me soberly advise him to solicit moderate winds, rather than intemperate and violent gusts. Rally my reasons and sum them up ; you will find them more copious in my former conference, where at large I discourse and decipher both the shape, colour, and the proportion of flies ; for I hate tautologies, because hateful in themselves, and there is nothing more troublesome to an ingenious artist, than to be gluttoned by telling a story twice : the trout therefore, judiciously considered, his mouth is not by much so large as the salmon's, nor requires he so copious nor so large a hook, nor need his tackle be so robust or strong. But for the rod and line, take care that they in all respects be exactly tapered ; and to hit the mark as near as may be, let care be taken that the line in every part be equally stretched,

and the steel of your hook of an even temper ; nor matters it how light you are armed at the hook, so that, when you flourish your fly on the surface, be sure that you gain the head of the stream, and, if possible, the wind to facilitate your cast. But if the ground bait be your exercise, then let the length of your line seldom or rarely exceed the rule of your rod, whilst the fly diversion grants a larger charter. Distance and dimension also come under the consideration of every artist that is mindful to measure exact proportion by concealing himself from the streams he sports in ; so that, if at any time the fly fails of success, as frequently it has happened to myself and others, let the angler then have recourse to the ash-tree grub, the palmer worm, caterpillar, green or gray drake, the depinged grasshopper, or that truculent insect, the green munket of the owlder* tree. But if none of these baits presented succeed to profit, and the water, as we apprehend, remain discoloured, let him then assault the trout at the bottom, with that mutual allurements which I call the gilt tail ; for that of all worms allures him ashore.

The generous trout, to make the angler sport,
In deep and rapid streams will oft resort,
Where if you flourish but a fly, from thence
You hail a captive, but of fish the prince.

* *i. e.* Alder.

THE GRAYLING. — (SALMO THYMALLUS.)

The flesh of the grayling is held in very high estimation for its superior delicacy and flavour. In Switzerland, it is accounted the choicest of all fish.* It is taken in some of the Italian rivers and in France; in the last of which, the Loire is celebrated for producing it in great perfection. In some countries the grayling is so much admired, that the lower orders are forbidden, under severe penalties, to fish for them, they being reserved for the tables of the great. England produces this fish in some plenty, though still it must be classed among the more local species †; for, though they breed in the same rivers with trout; the majority of our streams are without them. Grayling are abundant in the upper portion of the Severn in Montgomeryshire, and in the streams that fall into it in North Wales.

* There is a river called the Grand Eau which falls into the Rhone near Bex in the Valois. We have taken immense numbers of grayling just at the point where the two rivers unite. There must have been some thousands congregated at that one spot. We hooked large fish at every throw. It was in August. Flies a light dun, and coch-y-bondy. This capital spot is about eleven miles from Vevay on the lake of Geneva. Pass the Castle of Chillon, Velleneuve, Roche; when near Bex, turn off the high-road by a path leading through a wood, and you will arrive at a fine open space of sand and gravel, with the Grand Eau on your left and the mighty Rhone in front: go to work directly; it is a place worth the whole journey from England.

† The Avon, near Salisbury, and the rivers of Hants and Derbyshire, are well stocked with grayling.

They are also found in the Wye and its tributaries ; very plentifully in the Lug, and also in the Dee. The quaint and curious writer whom we have already quoted more than once, has the following original remarks on the nature and manner of angling for this fish :—umber or grayling is an amorous fish, that loves a frolic as he loves his life, whose teeth water after every wasp, as his fins flutter after every fly ; for if it be but a fly or the produce of an insect, out of a generous curiosity he is ready to entertain it. Smooth and swift streams, more than any thing, enamour him, notwithstanding he declines the force of a torrent : nor shall you persuade him to quarrel with the gliding streams, provided they be sweet, clear, and shining. It is from these clear translucent waters, that the hackle and the artificial fly court him ashore. But of all natural insects which accommodate the art, the green drake is that sovereign opthalmic that opens his eyes, and shuts them again, with the hazard of his life, and loss of his element. Yet for this fly admirer, there is another bait, and that is the munket, or a sea-green grub, generated, as I take it, amongst owlder trees. The like product issues from the willows, so does it from the sallow, nor is the primp fence denied this vegetable animal, save only they are different in splendour and colour, as also as different in shape and proportion. Take then this insect from the alder tree, to refute the hypothesis of the incredulous angler ; which, if ingeniously cultivated by the art of angling, will upon proof of a

well managed examination, invite umber or grayling from the top, or mid water, to kiss your hand, or I'll break my rod and disclaim the art. Well then, as we consider the umber not over curious of deeps, we must consider him also, not over curious of shallows, contenting himself with a middle fate that directs him to the smoothest and stiffest streams, dedicating and devoting himself to motion, because a great admirer of peregrination; and though not so generally understood as the trout is, yet, give me leave to tell you, if you fish him finely, he will keep you company either in *Clwyd* or *Conway*, or in the glittering silver streams of *Wye*. Pray, therefore, when you fish, fish him finely, for he loves curiosity, neat and slender tackle; and, lady-like, you must touch him gently, — for, to speak plain English, he is tender about the chops, — otherwise perchance you defeat yourself, and so lose your design. A brandlin, if any thing, will entice him from the bottom; but the gilt tail of all worms, if upon change of water, will invite him ashore, though it cost him his life!

“ UMBER or grayling in the streams he'll lie,
 Hovering his fins at every silly fly;
 Fond of a feather; you shall see him rise
 At emmets, insects, hackles, drakes, and flies.”

THE CHUB.—(CYPRINUS JESUS.)

The chub is a native of Europe, and is, in some measure, peculiar to large rivers, where it lies in

holes, and the most shady and retired places. It is of a shy and retired disposition, subsisting on worms and insects. This fish is in no esteem for the table, being coarse and full of bones: it grows to a moderate size only, a chub of five or six pounds being very unusual. The colours vary a little, according to the season of the year. They are numerous in the Wye and Vyrnyew*, and take the red and black palmer flies. They afford no sport, being a cowardly, dead-hearted fish.

“ The chub, or chevin, is a fish of a supine nature, yet of a robust and rural disposition, had he but a heart to manage his strength; that upon examination is, by every one understood, better by half for diversion than diet — a coarse feeder, and himself as coarse to be fed on; yet of such a voracious appetite, that he scorns to see any thing he cannot eat, if other fish can; but my modesty constrains me to forbear mentioning it. Now the spring approaching, every thing enamours him, for then he haunts the fords for fashion. It is true he is an early riser, that will sport the angler at break of day, provided he furnish him with cod worms, cankers, caterpillars, cow-dung grubs, gentles, pastes tintured with gambogium, &c. But then you must cautiously obscure yourself, and appear like an angler, least in sight; yet still there's another way much better to surprise him, which is by dabling on the surface of the water, if circumspectly you conceal yourself behind a bush, or the more private and solitary shade of trees. But your engine for this

* Montgomeryshire.

encounter is a natural fly — either the flesh fly, the bank fly, the grey or green drake; but the green munket of the alder-tree excels all the rest, as the sun in excellency outlustres the stars. Moreover, you shall find him gaping after grasshoppers, or any other insect that presents in season. And, since nothing comes amiss, so nothing distastes him: and where the locust is, there is he; which, if well examined to the centre of the calms, he shall recompense the examinant with the reward of his life; always provided he but separate the body from the leatherish wing, which, by reason of its viscosity, is but rarely digested; nor is it otherwise by him well accepted.

It is true with green cheese some anglers do treat him, but then it succeeds best at the tail of a stream; at the fall of fords into the solitary deeps. And that you may know he affects variety, let the artist, at discretion, change the dairy-maid's commons for the beauty of a bright well-scoured red-worm, or the head of a frog in April and May, or a black snail sometimes in a dewy morning. These invitations make his teeth stand a water. But for salmon spawn, if you bring him that novel, you do your business, and his too; and shall have no cause, I assure you, to repent it, when, upon so fair an exchange, he trucks away his life for a trifle. But September approaching, you must bring him beef pith, for which he shall sacrifice all he has, and give you his carcass in exchange for his commons. What's more to be desired by the rule of dis-

cretion, except the angler be so indiscreet as not to accommodate him?

“ The Chub, of all fish in the silver Trént,
Invites the angler to the tournament;
Where, near the stream, you'll always find him ready
To meet the bait before it meets the eddy.”—FRANCKS.

GENERAL RULES FOR TROUT-FISHING.

“ When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair.
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stones; or from the hollow bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
And, as you lead it round with artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight, as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook.”

[The angler who does not dress his own flies (an art which, by the by, every one should learn,) will, perhaps, be glad to know that he can be well supplied at Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, by a man named Lewis, a hairdresser there, and a most scientific fly-fisher. Beyond Abergavenny, and near Crickhowel, at the spot where the Clydach pours its poisonous waters into the Uske, lives another professed fly-maker: we forget his name; but he is well known throughout Monmouthshire and the neighbouring counties.]

ALTHOUGH anglers residing, like the author of this work, within a few hundred paces of one of the most

productive streams in Great Britain, sometimes put their rods together in the month of February, it is merely because they are unwilling to "throw a chance away."* The season for fly-fishing, however, cannot be said regularly to commence before the middle of March; by which time the insect tribe have become pretty numerous. The best sport is then from eleven until about three o'clock; the trout generally taking home when they rise, and often under water, without breaking the surface, especially during the prevalence of cool winds. Brooks, and the lower part of rivers and sheltered streams (those, for instance, which flow between mountains), are to be selected in the early part of the spring.

April is certainly the best month in the year for trout fishing. The angler then rarely goes out without having sport, provided floods, or excessively stormy weather is not prevalent. In April, too, the rise of fish is stronger, earlier, and continues later than in March; and observe in frosty days, the flies do not appear so early †, or remain on the water so long as in mild open weather. The same rule holds good throughout May, unless the sand-flies are

* I did once take, upon the 6th day of December, one, and only one, of the biggest graylings and the best in season that I ever saw or tasted. I do usually take trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of March, but, almost every year, in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed.—COTTON.

† After a white frost, it is useless to commence before noon on the succeeding day.

abundant.* These insects are seen until about the middle of that month, in incalculable numbers, on the gravel by the river side, even during the continuance of sharp easterly winds.

In June, fish early and late. During hot, bright weather, the large trout conceal themselves "in their dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots of pendant trees," &c., but sally forth after sunset to feed upon the shallows. In windy weather, however, the green drakes and fern shaws appear in great numbers all day long, and the fish feed accordingly. Throughout July, and the greater part of August, the late and early fishing continues, except at those times when the shorn and ant flies are strong upon the water. After the first heavy flood in August, the mornings and evenings grow cool, and the rise of the fish then, and in September and October † (both capital months, notwithstanding what the owners of cockney subscription waters may assert), diminishes in the same proportion as it increased in March and April.

Speaking generally, the darker the day, and the stronger the wind, the better (provided you can

* The trout are so passionately fond of this fly, that they gorge themselves with their favourite food, and retire to their secret haunts; thereby disappointing the most skilful endeavours of the angler. — BAINBRIDGE.

† Should November be fine, angling may still be followed for about a fortnight in that month also. The author killed some beautiful fish, and had better sport on the 16th of Nov. 1833, than during the whole of the previous summer. The river was the Ewenny, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire.

manage your tackle), especially if the breeze is against, or across the stream. We usually avail ourselves of a wind inclining from west to north-north west, or from south to south-east. Heavy rains and floods frequently accompany the south-westerly winds, and when these are approaching, though the fish may be seen leaping in every direction, they never take well, and the angler is tempted repeatedly to change his fly : but the real cause of failure lies in the weather. There is, however, no general rule without an exception ; we have, occasionally, caught fish as fast as we could throw, during rain : but then it was in sudden passing showers only.

When a trout rises at your fly, make sure he has taken it before you strike ; more especially should he be of considerable size, or if the weather be windy : I have myself missed numbers, and have seen many others do the same, from the common fault of striking at the moment of the fish's rising.

If one or two good trouts accept your fly, depend upon it " all's right," and don't change it on account of a few false rises : however, notwithstanding this remark, if you have been successful with one species, and at length find it *generally* refused, you may conclude the fish are glutted with this sort, and are feeding on others, which you must endeavour to discover. This occurs frequently when any particular fly is very strong upon the water. We have frequently, in the time of the March brown, and in the middle of the flights of the purple, taken many with a light blue dun fly. In

windy weather, and low water, the game is found chiefly at the slow end of streams, or on the long flats of moderately deep water : you may then allow the fly to sink just below the surface, where it will be often taken, unperceived by you, as the roughness of the stream conceals the spring of the fish. On such days, remember to strike before you attempt to withdraw your fly for another cast, or you will often tear the hook out of a fish's mouth, or break your tackle by the weight of one so hooked. On bright, calm days, they rise in, or by the side of rough currents.

At the clearing of a flood, trouts are found in the shallow sides, or at the end of streams, and also on the fords, should any wind be stirring :—

“ Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whit'ning down the mossy tinctured stream,
 Descends the billowy foam ; now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod, fine tapering, with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed, the floating line,
 And all thy slender watery store prepare.”

THOMPSON.

But if you remark the sort of place where the first two or three good fish are taken, you will not only find others there at a future time, but have more or less success in similar situations for that day, provided the weather and water remain unchanged.

Always throw near the spot where froth, drift

wood, dead leaves, &c., are collected, and the current in which these matters swim down: try, also, just below the entrance of one rivulet into another; likewise where a mill water* joins the stream, and in the eddy at the bottom of a weir: in a word, never omit casting your flies into difficult places; among stones, into holes, under bushes, &c., which timorous anglers, fearful of endangering their tackle, generally pass by: there always lie the best fish.

If you have a rise, but fail to hook your game, either by striking prematurely, or from the fish having missed his spring, you may throw over him again almost directly, if he be a small one; but, if it be "the monarch of the brook," don't venture near the spot again for half an hour at least.

Be very cautious in approaching the water: if you are once seen, all chance of success is over. Throw sometimes up, sometimes down the stream, as you may be best concealed, and always fish your own side of a river, before you attempt a cast towards the opposite bank: the shadow of yourself or rod is equally inimical to success. Either kneel,

* At the opening of sluices or mill-dams, the course of the water should be pursued, as the fish swim up the stream, seeking food, which the stream brings down with it, and the angler may expect good diversion. Some years ago, at a small rivulet, called Grace-dieu Brook, in Leicestershire, I embraced the opportunity of fishing down the stream as a mill began to work, and which had not been going for several days, for want of water. It was on the approach of dusk; and, in the course of a very short time, I caught three-and-twenty fine trout with the lob-worm. — JOHNSON'S *Sporting Cabinet*.

stoop, or throw from behind bushes or stumps, &c. : in short, avail yourself of every advantage to effect the grand point of keeping out of sight. Charles Cotton, the companion of Walton, justly characterises, "fishing fine, and far off," as the perfection of angling.

When you have struck a fish, keep a strong pull on him, and don't let the reel run but from absolute necessity ; for, with the least slack line, he will be apt to get off. In playing a trout, endeavour to keep your rod directly over him, and be careful in leading him forwards, as, should the hold be slight, the least violence will tear the hook out of his mouth. If the shore be shallow and free from bushes, retire backwards in a stooping position, and he will come to land very easily ; but if the bank be steep, drown him well first, and as you weigh him up, be careful he touch neither bush nor grass, as these will cause your prey to struggle excessively, and probably break his hold. On this, and on the judgment necessary in playing a large trout, Francks has the following judicious remarks :—

“ And now, Theophilus, I must reprove your precipitancy, because a great error in young anglers. Be mindful, therefore, to observe directions in handling and managing your rod and line, and cautiously keeping yourself out of sight : all which precautions are requisite accomplishments, which, of necessity, ought to be understood by every ingenious angler : and so is that secret of striking, which should never be used with violence ; be-

cause, by a moderate touch, and a slender proportion of strength, the artist, for the most part, has best success. Another caution you must take along with you; I mean, when you observe your game to make an out,—that is, when he bolts, or when he launcheth himself to the utmost extent of your rod and line,—which a well-fed fish at all times frequently attempts upon the least advantage he gains of the angler, be mindful, therefore, to throw him line enough, if provided you purpose to see his destruction; yet with this caution, that you be not too liberal. On the other hand, too straight a line brings equal hazard; so that to poise your fish and your foresight together, is by keeping one eye at the point of your rod, and the other be sure you direct on your game; which comes nearest the mediums of art, and the rules and rudiments of your precedent directions. But this great round may be easily solved; for if, when you discover your fish fag his fins, you may rationally conclude he then struggles with death: and then is your time to trifle him ashore on some smooth shelf of sand, where you may boldly land him, before his scales encounter the soil.

“Lest precipitancy spoil sport, I’ll preponder my rudiments; and they prognosticate here’s a fish, or something like it, a fair hansel for a foolish fisher. This capering, for aught I know, may cost him his life, for I resolve to hold his nose to the grindstone: dance on and die, that is the way to your silent sepulchre; for upon that silty, gravelly shelf of sand

I resolve to land him, or lose all I have. And now I fancy him weary of life, as aged people that are burdened with infirmities; yet I want courage to encounter him, lest fearing to lose him, which if I do, I impair my reputation. However, here is nobody but trees to reprove me, except these rocks, and they will tell no tales. Well, then, as he wants no agility to evade me, I'll endeavour with activity to approach him: so that the difference between us will be only this,—he covets acquaintance with but one element, and I would compel him to examine another. Now he runs, to divert me, or himself; but I must invite him nearer home, for I fancy no such distance. Though his fins fag, his tail riggles, his strength declines, his gills look languid, and his mettle decreaseth,—all which interpret tokens of submission,—still the best news I bring him is summons of death. Yet let not my rashness pre-engage me to the loss of my game; for to neglect my rudiments is to ruin my design, which, in plain terms, is the destruction of this resolute fish; who seemingly now measures and mingles his proportion with more than one element, and, doomed to a trance, he prostrates himself on the surface of the calms, dead to apprehension, save only I want credit to believe him dead, when calling to mind my former precipitancy, that invited me to a loss: and so may this adventure prove, if I look not well about me, to land and strand him on that shelf of sand, where I resolve with my rod to survey his dimensions. Welcome ashore, my languishing combatant, if only to entertain my friend Arnoldus.”

Take out two or three gut bottoms ready made*, that you may speedily remedy an accident; for when fish are in the humour, no time is to be lost, especially at the commencement of the season.

Examine frequently the knots of your gut, more particularly that part close to the head of the fly; look also to the hook's point, should you lose a fish or two.

A small pocket-book or tin box, containing a dozen flies, selected from such as are in season, will be quite sufficient for a day's fishing. Of these six should be smaller than the rest, that you may alter the size agreeably to the fulness of the water, or the state of the weather. If you make any while out, catch the natural fly, and, seated on your basket in some sheltered corner, try your skill, remembering to make the artificial body rather under the colour of the natural insect; viz., yellows less bright; dark flies, a little lighter; and pay strict attention to what shade your feather carries in the water, some appearing lighter when wetted, others much darker. Always take a few of the real flies home to be copied during unfavourable weather: you will find them in the eddies and in the froth.

The length and strength of rod must, of course, be proportioned to the size of the fish you may expect, and the width of the water on which you sport. A stiffer rod is to be preferred, as enabling the angler to throw with more exactness; it is also

* Procure a hank of gut; select a sufficient number of lengths for the purpose, and simply tie them together with water knots; cut off the ends close; *but use no whipping.*

of great advantage in a strong breeze : the best line is that formed of hair only, and, if spun, so as to increase in thickness more rapidly than those usually sold at the tackle shops, you will be enabled to throw against the wind when necessary. It may be observed, he who uses a knotted line without a reel (a practice very usual in Wales) is more likely to cast his fly with precision, than the man who constantly varies his length ; yet this method is attended by inconveniences, more than counterbalancing the advantages attributable to it : as when throwing in close bushy places, or in playing and landing a heavy fish. Finally, never forget that neatness in casting, fineness of tackle, exactness in colours, and judgment in using them, are the only modes of ensuring success.*

* The angler who uses fine tackle, or single hairs, in clean, clear, and large waters, and properly conceals himself, will take much more fish than he who fishes coarse, or in sight ; especially when the former has a reel on his rod, with a running line, and if he wades in shallows and sharps in fishing for trout. The angler should be careful to fit the link to the water : the rest of the line is not so material. A reddish sorrel hair, when the water is somewhat red, on the decline of a flood ; a light chestnut, when the water is of a grey colour : a lead-colour hair is preferable when the water is of an iron hue, which it frequently is in many rivers, when full without overflowing ; an amber foot-line, free from chalky white, or knitty specks, is best when the water is low and clear as crystal. — JOHNSON'S *Sportsman's Cabinet*, vol. i. p. 339.

NATURAL FLIES PECULIAR TO THE WELSH RIVERS ;

WITH THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MODES OF IMITATING AND USING
THEM.

IT will be necessary that the fly-maker provide himself with the following materials, in order to imitate the various natural insects herein described : though very few, in comparison with those enumerated in other works, they will be found amply sufficient for all useful purposes.

Cock's feathers. — Black, brown, dark, and light blue ; dun, dark dun, with reddish edges ; dun with yellowish spots ; dull and light ginger ; dark freckled ; red, with black root and black stripe up the stem ; full red point and jet black root more than a third of its length ; light red with sooty root ; yellow-dyed hackles.

Hen's feathers. — Dark and light blue ; light blue with reddish or copping edges ; dark slaty hackles ; yellowish, brownish, and speckled ; yellowish dun ; weak blue dun from the rump, and light dun neck or body feathers.

Peacock's herl. — Coppery tinged ; greenish ; greenish yellow, and brown.

Black ostrich's herl.

Gallino fowl's spotted feathers.

Hen pheasant's wing feathers.

Grouse's spotted feathers.

Woodcock's spotted feathers.

Partridge's feathers. — Spotted tail feathers of a young partridge, and loose-fibred body feathers.

Wild mallard's feathers. — Brown speckled feather from off the back ; light spotted feather from near the rump ; and the same feather dyed yellowish-green.

Golden plover's dun feathers tipped with yellow, from the wing.

Size of Hooks to be used in making the following Artificial Flies :—

Four-winged brown and blue dun	-	-	No. 8. or 9.
March brown	-	-	8.
Cow-dung and green-tail fly	-	-	9.
Purple and sand-fly	-	-	10.
Stone fly	-	-	6.
Hawthorn fly	-	-	10. & 11.
Black gnat	-	-	12.
Oil fly	-	-	8.
Yellow sallow fly	-	-	10.
Green and grey drake	-	-	6.
Fern shaw	-	-	8.
Shorn flies	-	-	9.
Red spinna	-	-	9. or 10.
Sky blue	-	-	9.

Ant flies	-	-	-	-	11. & 12.
Pale blue	-	-	-	-	9.
Willow fly and coch-y-bondy	-	-	-	-	9. or 10.
General flies	-	-	-	-	8. or 9.
Sewin flies	-	-	-	-	5.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
 Let Nature guide thee. Sometimes golden wire
 The glittering bellies of the flies require ;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail :
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the glowing insect proper wings ;
 Silk of all colours must their aid impart,
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.

GAY's *Rural Sports*.

THE FOUR-WINGED BROWN, SOMETIMES CALLED
 THE RED FLY, PEACOCK FLY, DARK BROWN,
 DARK CLARET, ETC.

SEASON.—February, March, and to the middle of April.

Description of the natural fly.—This is the first
 insect that appears upon the water : in an open
 season we have seen it as early as January 23d.
 Its four wings, lying flat on the back, one over the
 other, appear, when open, of a light dun, much
 veined, and are somewhat longer than the body ;

they are fixed low down the back, and when it is flying, or fluttering along the surface of the water, which it frequently does, the four wings are distinctly visible. It has two long horns, or feelers, six legs, and the lower part of the body is nearly the size of the upper portion, and does not run taper. At its first appearance the body and legs are of a dull black; as the weather becomes warmer, the under part of the tail changes to a dirty tawny, and the legs to an ash colour. Towards the end of March, and in April, the body is of a brownish black, and the legs and under part of the tail of a dirty yellow. It becomes dark if a frost occur, and light if the weather continues mild. The wings do not vary.

In January, February, and till near the end of March, the red fly is on the water from about eleven o'clock till three; after that, until about the 24th April, which is the latest period at which we have ever seen it, it appears as early as eight o'clock, and continues till near mid-day. In February, a lump of whitish eggs protrudes from the end of the tail: the middle of that month until the end of March is the season when these flies are most numerous, after which we have frequently seen small ones very dark. It abounds more on those rivers or brooks whose banks are woody, than elsewhere.

Directions for making the artificial fly.— We always hackle it or make it as a ruff, like all the

other four-winged flies whose wings lie along their back ; for, when floating upon the water, they make that appearance. The following imitation will succeed, even when the blue dun and March brown are strong on. Take a weak light and yellowish brown dun hen's feather, either from the neck, or any part of the body ; wind two or three times close together, a little below the top of the shank of the hook, and make the body clear below it, of a mixture of ruddy black sheep's wool, mingled with orange ; use yellow silk, and rib up the body with it. Finish close to the feather, with two half hitches. Of course make the mixture, lighter or darker, according to the season, remembering that the black wool shows very powerfully when wet, and allow for it in mixing. The size of the fly will point out to you the size of the hook ; you may, indeed, make it rather larger than nature, as at this season of the year the water is generally pretty full, and the weather rough.

THE BLUE DUN.

SEASON.—The middle of February to the middle of April, and likewise again in October.

Natural. — Has two wings, which are upright on the back, like the butterfly's ; these, when it first appears in February, are of a smoky blue colour. The head, with its two short feelers, or horns, are

dark red ; the chest, from whence the legs proceed, is of a dull black ; the tail part of the body the same, ribbed with dull green yellow ; of which colour are the six legs and two whisks at the tail. At the beginning of March the wings and legs are lighter, the body of an ash colour ; in April the wings are still lighter, and the body quite yellow.

The principal season is all March, till about the middle of April. Its general time of appearing is from about eleven till three o'clock. They are then larger than when they become more numerous ; and are more plentiful, and are on the water earlier and later, in mild days, than in cold weather.

Artificial.— In February and March, make the wings of any weak feather, from about the rump of a blue dun hen, which is the same colour inside and out ; or from the inner part of the wing of a starling. For the body, use the under blue dun fur of a fox, or light lead-coloured shalloon ; tie and rib with split primrose silk, and pick out the dubbing, so that the wings may appear. Legs, a dun hackle, yellowish at the point : the forked tail of two of the finer fibres from the feather of which you make the wings, which, as the flies grow lighter, may be made from the light part of the starling's wing ; mix some fine greenish yellow wool with your fur, and use yellow silk. In April, martens' yellow fur, and bright yellow silk.

As winged flies are more delicate to tie than hackles or ruffs, we have found the following method answer equally well, and indeed better, if the water has been clear and shallow, or the day bright:— At first, use two or three turns of a cock or hen's hackle (the latter is preferable), as near the colour of the fly's wing as possible, and for the body, corduroy or dark ash silk; after that, a lighter hackle, with light ash, ribbed with split primrose silk, and sometimes the primrose silk only; lastly, the hackle, still lighter, and bright yellow silk, and this will take fish when the March brown is upon the water.

THE MARCH BROWN, BROWN DRAKE, COB FLY
(*in Wales*), GREY CAUGHLAN (*Ireland*).

SEASON.—Middle of March to the middle of April.

IF, during this season, you are early at the river, throw first the four-winged brown, then the blue dun; and, just before you expect the March brown to come on, use that, until two o'clock, and then return to the blue dun.

Natural.— In shape like the blue dun, but a larger and bolder fly. The colour of the wings is a blue dun with a yellow cast in it, spotted with dark brown; at the root of the larger wings, you will find two smaller ones. The under part of the body, at the first appearance of the fly, is of a red-

dish chocolate, striped or ribbed with pale yellow ; the back is of a deeper chocolate ; the six legs are dirty orange yellow ; the two whisks at the tail of the colour of the wings ; and its two feelers, as well as the head and chest, dark. As the spring advances, the whole fly becomes lighter and smaller, till the body, at last, is a light reddish buff, ribbed with yellow.

They seldom appear in any considerable number before the 15th of March, and from that month, until the middle of April, is their season ; they afterwards continually lessen in number. They are numerous in warm gloomy days, and appear in several sudden flights, seldom before eleven, or after two o'clock. If the water is low in their season, the rise of the fish at them is truly astonishing, and is then generally in the heart of the streams : it lasts nearly five or six minutes at a time, and the water appears agitated, as if two or three persons were continually scattering in handfuls of fine gravel. During this rise you can scarcely take any fish, however naturally made may be your fly. Just before and between the flights, is the principal time : though you may sometimes succeed a little during the flight, should the water be in the state of clearing after a flood. They are more numerous in rapid rivers than in slower currents. The greatest rise we ever saw of them was on the Usk, near Brecon.

Artificial. — Their wings and whisks at the tail,

may be made from the spotted tail feathers of a young partridge. For the body, use the dark fur which has yellow tips from a hare's ear, and tie it on with reddish buff silk; if you are inclined to use a hackle for legs, let it be a dun cock's, or a small partridge's feather. As the fly grows lighter, alter the body, and use the yellow buff fur from a hare's ear, tied with pale yellow; and let the hackle be a light dun with yellow edges, or a dull ginger one. There is also some part of a woodcock's feathers which match the wings of this fly excellently well; and we have likewise made them from a speckled hen's feather.

THE COW-DUNG FLY.

SEASON.—March and April.

Natural.—It is needless to give a description of an insect so well known, as it is always found on the cow-plats in the fields, from February to November. I shall only observe, it is the female (which is smaller, and of a more green cast, than the male), that most frequents the water, in the cool windy days, from the end of February till the end of April. They are not seen in any great numbers, on the water, at once; but if you perceive one or two, and no other fly, then is the time for the

Artificial.—Take one of the dun feathers, tipped with yellow, out of the wing of a golden plover, wind it round the top of the hook, like a hackle,

and under it put a thickish body of green yellow wool: tie with bright yellow silk. As a golden plover's feather is not always to be procured, you may use the reddish dun feather from a landrail, either as a hackle or wings; or even a light ginger hackle or starling's wing, with the above body, will answer; for, being used only in rough water, the imitation need not be so very exact.

THE GREEN TAIL, OR GRANNAM FLY.

SEASON.—April.

Natural.— They have four wings, which lie sloping over the body, so as to entirely hide it, and are of a light and yellowish dun, with brown sandy spots. The head and body very dark, with a whitish stripe on the sides of the tail, where there is sometimes a lump of green eggs, which, in handling the fly, will drop off: they have six legs, of a ginger colour, and two black feelers at the head. They are to be seen from the end of March till late in May; but the exact time depends entirely upon the weather; for a wet season destroys them, as a fine one brings and continues them.

In their season, they appear in flights from ten till four or five o'clock, and are easily known by their short returns, in a zig-zag manner, in numbers together, over the water. They abound mostly in those rivers whose sides are covered with orl (i. e. alder) trees, and may be seen running very fast on their leaves.

Artificial.—When they are flying, their wings appear of a light dun, and their body dark; and for that reason we always make them with a light yellowish dun hen's hackle, round the top of the hook, and the body of dark fur, with yellow tips from a hare's ear, tied on with green silk, which should be seen at the tail. Or thus: wings from those of a hen pheasant, where you perceive the colour answers; two turns of a small light ginger hackle for legs; a little mole's fur for body, with a tail of the green silk.

THE PURPLE, OR IRON BLUE FLY.

SEASON.—April and May.

Natural.—In shape resembling the blue dun, but much smaller. The wings a clear purple, the body a reddish dark purple, legs almost white, and two whisks at the tail. They begin to appear early in April, but towards the end of the month, and about the middle of May, is their greatest season. They are never seen in any considerable numbers but in cloudy, showery days, when the fish take them more freely than any of the other flies on the water at the same time. From about ten till three or four o'clock, is their usual time of appearing, and, being a small fly, they are most numerous in the middle of the day.

Artificial.—Make them with a dark blue dun hackle, and use reddish purple silk only for the body. As winged flies, use a hen blackbird's wing

feather for the wings, and water rat's fur, with purple silk, for the body.

THE SAND, GRAVEL, OR SPIDER FLY.

SEASON.—From towards the end of April till past the middle of May.

Natural.— They have more the appearance of a long-legged spider than a fly. Their two small brown wings, the colour of a new oak table, lie flat on the back; their bodies are thin, and of a lead colour; they have six legs, which are very long, and rather black. In bright days, with an easterly wind, at the end of April, and till near the middle of May, if the weather continues bright and the water low, you will see them in great numbers on the sand, near the river side, where they are generally struggling three or four together, and are blown thus along the surface of the water; at these moments the fish rise strongly at them, and then is the time to throw your artificial fly, which, if made neatly, and cast lightly, will succeed.

Artificial.— The weather and water being both bright, use a long rod and a light line, the bottom being of the smallest round gut you can procure, with the finest wire, taking care to have the wind in your favour. Wind a wren's tail feather twice or thrice, at most, round the top of the shank of the hook, and make a small body below it of mole's fur and lead-coloured silk. We have usually had most sport from about ten till two o'clock, and find

the fish generally towards the end of the streams. If May should be wet, or with full water, you must not expect the sport which a bright frosty time will give.

STONE FLY, WITH THE WATER CRICKET, CREEPER,
OR CRAB OF THE STONE FLY.

SEASON.—The crab, from the end of April to the end of May.
The fly, from the end of May to the beginning of July.

Natural. — From the end of April till near the middle of July, you will find, in the rocky and stony rivers and brooks of Wales, under the loose stones near the water's edge, and generally towards the upper end of the stream, first the crab of the stone fly, in shape like an earwig, but much larger, and of a dark colour, nearly inclining to black. It has two whisks and two feelers, without wings. Towards the middle or end of a warm May, when you perceive their empty cases sticking upon the pebbles, are found, in the same places, the stone fly, of a similar shape, but lighter and larger, being a full inch in size. At their first appearance their bodies are nearly black, except under the throat and belly, which are of a strong yellow; the six legs are also of a dirty yellow. When they are numerous, in the middle of June, the wings are lighter, their bodies of a drab or stone colour, and the whisks and legs much lighter.

Artificial. — In the early part of the season wind a dark speckled cock's hackle round the top of the hook, which must be rather large; make the body of black sheep's wool mixed with strong yellow, and ribbed with waxed silk. In June use a lighter hackle, with drab-coloured wool and lighter yellow, ribbed with primrose silk.

For a winged fly, you will find on the back of a wild mallard a dark, brownish, spotted feather, which is very suitable for the purpose; the legs a darker dun hackle, the body of black and yellow wool, ribbed with waxed yellow silk. In June, the lighter part of the same, or a goose's or dun hen's weak feather, with a lighter hackle, and drab and pale yellow wool, ribbed with primrose. The time to use them is during a strong breeze, when the water is rather low: when you will perceive them paddling or fluttering along the surface, generally early in the morning, or towards evening. Throw principally on the ruffled deeps, and particularly on the end of those currents where you observe they abound; for, though plentiful on the river, they are not found on every one of its streams. If a heavy flood should happen in their season, or full water continue, they are hardly worth attending to, as it either sweeps them off, or prevents their appearance.

THE HAWTHORN FLY.

SEASON.—May.

Natural.—It is in appearance somewhat similar to a large house fly, except that its chest is full, and the tail very small in proportion to the body; the wings lie flat, one over the other, on the back. Its burnished, black, woolly legs are longer than those of the common fly; the body is of a varnished black, and woolly; the wings very light, the outside being edged with black. There is a variety, whose wings are of a raven black, and the tail much thicker; a third sort, only much smaller, resembles the first in shape and colour. In their season, which is principally during May, you will see them falling on the froth and dead water in warm calm days, and also flying on the sunny sheltered side of a hawthorn hedge or ash tree. They are easily known, as their long legs hang down and make an angle with the body, the head being the point of it. They abound in rivers and brooks which run near hawthorn hedges, and are to be used only when seen abundantly on the water, in low water and calm days.

Artificial.—For the larger sort, use the light part of a starling's wing, with two turns only of a long-fibred black hackle; the body of black ostrich herl. In making the smaller sort, leave out the hackle. Tackle very fine, the hook light, and proportioned to the fly.

THE BLACK GNAT.

SEASON.—Principally May and June.

Natural.—Like a very small house fly. The tail tapers to a point; the wings are very light, the body dark: they begin to appear early or late in May, according to the mildness or warmth of the season, and are seen hovering in great numbers together, generally over the end or side of a stream, or on some particular part of a still water, where you will see the fish rise at them as they fall on its surface in couples. At first they appear about two o'clock; and as the cool evening approaches you lose them. After May, they are solely an evening fly, from about five or six o'clock, till the edge of night. As the wind, during the summer months, generally sinks towards evening, you will perceive, where they are on the still water, by the fish rising at them; and having a long rod, a light line with the finest bottom, a small and light wired hook, a neatly made fly, and by keeping well off the water, you may succeed. Your sport on the still pools will be but moderate, unless you are very skilful, and use the utmost caution, throwing with great nicety in the ripple near the fish's rising, and in the direction you perceive he swims. Towards the tail and at the side of streams your success is more certain: they continue almost all the summer, and should only be used in calm hot evenings.

Artificial.—Make it on the lightest hook, of No. 12., breaking the shank short; use a very light blue dun hen's hackle; the body of a small herl of a peacock's tail feather, the fibres of which should be very short and thinly scattered. Where the fish are small, and the river free from any foul bottom, tie your fly on a fine glass-coloured round hair, the other part of the footline being single hair, which falls excessively light, and will lie on the water; but, without much practice and care, it will be snapped off in throwing.

THE OAK FLY, CALLED ALSO THE ASH FLY, WOODCOCK FLY, CANNON FLY, DOWNHILL FLY, APPLE-TREE FLY, ETC.

SEASON.—May and June.

Natural.—About the size of a flesh fly, but with a slender body; the head, in colour, resembles that of a house fly; the chest, back, and body where the legs spring are of a bluish lead colour. The tail consists of about six rings; the back is of an orange yellow; the belly rather whiter. It has four or five rows of black spots on the sides; the last two rings of the tail taper abruptly, and are entirely black; the six legs are yellow, spotted with black; its two wings of a brownish yellow, veined with black: they lie on the back, like those of the large flesh fly. You will find them principally in May and the beginning of June, and even now and then

until August, in hot calm days, standing with their heads downwards, generally on the shady side of trunks of large oak, ash, willow, apple, cherry, and the pear trees in the fields adjoining rivers.

We use them only in the natural way to dib with.

THE ORL FLY, BY SOME CALLED ALDER FLY, WITHY FLY, ORANGE TAWNY, ORANGE BROWN, GRIZZLE HACKLE, CAMLET FLY, OR BASTARD CADDIS.

SEASON.—From the beginning of May till the middle of June.

Natural.—It has four cloak wings, like the green-tail fly, of a yellowish smoky colour, strongly chequered with black; the wings rise in a ridge over the back and body, which they entirely hide; the two feelers, legs, head, and body are of a dull reddish black, excepting the under part of the tail, which is first of a blood red, and afterwards of a Seville orange colour. It abounds mostly on brooks or rivers whose sides are wooded by orl or alder bushes, on which, during their season, they are always found. They do not hover over the stream like other aquatic insects, but, being rather a fly, fly, are seen crossing from bush to bush, and on rails by the river's side, running very fast, and frequently falling on the water. You may use them any time of the day after the sun is well up, till evening: they are most plentiful in windy days.

Artificial.—Make it of a dark freckled cock's hackle, round the top of the shank of the hook, and the body either of black sheep's wool, with

waxed Seville orange-coloured silk, or with a coppery tinged peacock's herl twisted round the silk, and worked on together. As a winged fly, make it from the brown speckled feather on a wild mallard's back, a very dark hackle for legs, and the body of chocolate and orange wool well mixed, tied on with reddish silk.

THE YELLOW SALLY, OR GOSLIN FLY.

SEASON.—Middle of May till middle of June.

Natural.—In shape like the four-winged brown, but much smaller. It has two whisks at the tail; and, except its black varnished eyes, is entirely of a lemon colour: about the middle of May and the beginning of June is their season, but we have seen them plentiful in July. They are most numerous towards evening, but are not a fly of much consequence.

Artificial.—A white hackle, dyed with the inner bark of the barberry tree, and lemon silk for the body. One of the lighter feathers tipped with yellow from a golden plover's wing, answers fully as well.

THE GREEN DRAKE, OR YELLOW CADDOW.*

SEASON.—End of May till middle of June.

Natural.—In shape also like the March brown,

* "Now, as the sun declines, may be seen emerging from the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a while till its

but much larger, the body being a full inch in length, with three very long dark whisks at the tail, and two feelers; the wings are of a greenish yellow, with dark spots; the body and legs of a yellowish white, with similar spots, darker towards the extremity of the tail. They differ a little in colour, according to the length of time they have been in a flying state, and abound mostly in clear sedgy rivers.

The green drake is in season from the 20th of May till the 20th of June, but is most plentiful just at the end of the one month and the beginning of the next; a dry season and low water is most favourable for this fly, which may be used from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, and when they are abundant, no other fly will be taken.

Artificial.— The wings are made from a wild mallard's light spotted feather, from the sides towards

wings are dried for flight, the misnamed *May-fly*. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birth-place, it flutters restlessly up and down the same spot, during its whole æra of a summer evening, and at last dies, as the dying streaks of day are leaving the western horizon: and yet, who shall say in that space of time it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life; that it has not felt all the freshness of youth, all the vigour of maturity, all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the pangs of death itself: in short, who shall satisfy us that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours and *our* fourscore years?"—

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

the rump, stained a greenish yellow; the head of peacock's herl; the body of yellowish wool from the testicles of a ram (which may be had of the butchers or skinners), mixed, towards the extremity of the tail, in a little dark bear's hair, or ruddy black sheep's wool, the three whisks of any dark hairs from a fitchet's tail; the legs by two turns of a bittern's hackle taken from under the wings, or a small mallard's feather dyed yellow: as this is a large fly, let your hook be moderately large also, and long in the shank. If there happen windy good fishing days during their season, you will have sport with the artificial; if otherwise, dib with the natural fly.

GREY DRAKE, THE TILT UP, OR UP AND DOWN
FLY.

SEASON.—End of May to the middle of June.

Natural.—Of these there are two sorts: that which frequents the water is in shape and size like the green drake; the wings are transparent, rather dark, and spotted like a mallard's feather; near the head and chest rather blackish. The body is almost white, darkening a little towards the tail. The three whisks, the feelers, and legs, nearly black. They are seen towards the evening rising up and down over the water, and are found in the same rivers and brooks as the green drake, their first appearance being much about the same time,

but they continue on a few days longer. When the grey drake appears in the evening, you must substitute him for the green.

Artificial.—The wings are made of a mallard's feather, which may be chosen exactly to the colour; the head of peacock's herl, or ruddy black sheep's wool; the body of white shalloon, with a very small quantity of pale yellow with it, darkened with ruddy black sheep's wool at the extremity of the tail. The three whisks as the green drake, and an almost black hackle for legs. The same hook as the last fly.

The green and grey drakes are by no means general flies; several English and many of the Welsh rivers being without them.

THE FERNSHAW, HAZEL, OR BUTTON FLY.

SEASON.—Principally June.

Natural.—They are of the cockchafer beetle species, and nearly of the same shape, but much smaller; being about the size of half a horse-bean. The outside shell wing cases are of a yellowish red, nearly the colour of a cockchafer's; they have two veined and transparent wings, of a dark smoky colour, under the shell cases, which they can extend beyond them; the chest, head, body, and legs are of a varnished greenish black, covered with a kind of short whitish hair or wool: they have two feelers, divided at the end into three parts.

Their principal season is towards the middle of

June ; but they may be seen from the end of May till a fortnight in July. They are frequently found in the mowing grass, and are probably hatched in the earth. They are also found very abundantly on the under side of young fern and on hazel-trees. In some seasons, they are uncommonly numerous, but fall off in others. Wet weather prevents their appearance.

Artificial. — They are made of a red cock's hackle, with a black root, and a black stripe up the stem, commonly called a *Marlow buz feather*. Their bodies are formed in a lump, with one black ostrich and two greenish peacock's herls : break the shank of the hook short. This imitation is best taken at their first appearance ; for, when they become very numerous, the fish, being glutted with them, refuse even the natural fly.

They are an excellent bait to dib with.

THE BLACK-SHELLED SHORN FLY, CALLED ALSO THE BEAN FLY, AND CARROT FLY ; BEING FREQUENTLY FOUND UPON THESE PLANTS.

SEASON.—June.

Natural. — This fly is likewise of the cockchafer beetle species, which it resembles in shape ; their shelled wing cases, wings, feelers, and lower leg joints are of a greyish black : the inferior portion of the body and thighs are of a scarlet orange colour ; and, from this appearance, it is sometimes called the coal of fire. During the still, warm,

gloomy days of June, they swarm in prodigious numbers, and every fish you take will be full of them: *then* lose not the opportunity, as these flies soon disappear.

Artificial.—Whilst the rivers are shallow, which is best for them, make it of a black hackle and deep orange silk; but when full of water, mix a little scarlet and orange shalloon for the body. The best time is towards the middle of the day.

THE RED-SHELLED SHORN FLY

SEASON.—June and July.

Natural.—Of the same shape as the last, but different in colour. The outside shelled wing cases are of a yellowish red; the lower wings of a sooty, the head, chest, and tail of a bright reddish orange colour, the belly dark, black varnished eyes; the legs reddish orange, intermixed with black. They appear much about the same time as the others, and continue all July; but are rarely so numerous.

Artificial.—They are made by a light red and a sooty hackle; body of orange silk.

To be used only in low water, and on gloomy days.

THE RED SPINNER

Is shaped like the blue dun. The wings are very transparent, and of a coppery cast; body, reddish brown striped with yellow; legs yellow, and two

very long whisks at the tail. They make their first appearance in the evenings of June, and continue all July. After a hot dry day, they keep continually rising and falling in the air until the approach of night.

Artificial. — We have always made them with a darkish dun hackle, inclining to redness, or reddish at the edges; with brown dubbing, ribbed with full yellow silk or flat gold tinsel; but are not much inclined to use them, finding the sky blue to answer better.

THE SKY BLUE.

SEASON.—Middle of June until the middle of September.

Natural. — This fly appears about the middle of June, and is principally an evening fly till July is over. Then, as the evenings grow cold, he appears in the middle of warm days till towards the close of September. It is the same shape as the blue dun, but rather smaller; its wings are of a fine light blue, and the body and legs of an orangy yellow.

Artificial. — At this time of the year, the water being generally clear and low, make it with only a light blue hen's hackle, and silk of the colour of that on which gold lace is made, with a small quantity of orange wool. For wings, use the lightest part of a starling's feather, with a pale ginger hackle, and the above silk and wool.

THE LARGE RED AND BLACK ANTS.

SEASON.—In July.

It is needless to describe the form of these insects, which are merely winged ants or pismires, except that their tails are more bottle-shaped at this time.

Natural.—The wings of the red are light and yellowish, the body yellowish brown, and the legs light ginger.

The artificial is made from the light yellow part of a thrush's quill feather; the legs by a small ginger hackle, with the fibres taken off from one side; and the body from a yellowish herl near the eye of a peacock's feather. We have known the hackle and herl answer better without wings.

Natural.—The wings of the black ant are very light and glossy; the body and legs nearly inclining to black.

The artificial may be made as the other, or from the light part of a starling's wing, for we know of no feather that will exactly match it; the body of brown peacock's herl, with a brownish or almost black hackle, or, as said of the other, the hackle and herl alone.

They appear, if the season be hot and the water low, about the beginning of July, and are generally seen from mid-day till three or four o'clock; but, unless well looked after, are not observed. In a wet season, they are entirely lost. Towards the

end of August, a smaller sort of each kind come down; but it requires great nicety either to use or make them. We believe no angler ever goes out purposely to fish with the ant-fly; yet, if in this season he should observe the fish rising much, without seeing any fly on, he must then look carefully for the ant-fly on the eddies, froth, or still water; and will most probably discover the rise is at these flies.

THE PALE BLUE.

SEASON.— August, September, and October.

Natural.— Also like the blue dun, but smaller; the wings very light pale blue, the body and legs of a primrose colour; comes on in August and continues till October, and is succeeded by the blue dun: though a delicate fly, it is most numerous in cool windy days, from about ten till four o'clock.

Artificial.— Use a very pale blue hackle, with marten's yellow fur, and primrose silk.

THE WILLOW FLY.

SEASON.— August, September, and October.

Natural.— Like the four-winged brown, but much smaller, the wings lying more slopingly upon the back: these, at the first appearance, are of a dark slaty colour, and the body of a sooty black,—afterwards, the under part of the tail becomes of a tawny or dirty yellow, and the wings and legs somewhat lighter. As the cool weather approaches, they re-

turn to their first appearance. The willow fly is tolerably numerous in August, continues so all September, and falls off as October passes. It appears mostly on the water in showery windy weather, but you may see many of them running about on the orl bushes in the sunny days.

THE DROP FLY.

The only dropper we ever use, and which will take fish all the season, is made with a full red cock's hackle, having a jet black root for more than a third of its length; the body of black ostrich herl, ribbed with silver thread, and the hackle ruffed down over it between the ribs; do not allow the feather to be too rank, and always select a hook one size smaller than that of your end fly; loop it on the gut bottom near a yard above your stretcher, and do not use more than about three inches of gut, which should be rather stout*, that it may hold stiffly off the line.

This is also a capital *end* fly, when the water is just clearing from a flood.

GENERAL FLIES,

OR THOSE SUITED TO ANGLERS WHO HAVE NO OPPORTUNITY OF ATTENDING TO THE SEASONS OF THE NATURAL FLIES.

Many persons, whose avocations will only permit the occasional exercise of the amusement of an-

* Hogs' bristles answer for this purpose exceedingly well.

gling, and who consequently have neither leisure nor opportunity to attend to the different seasons of the natural flies, content themselves with the use of three sorts only (with the dropper just described) during the whole season; viz. a light blue hackle with a pale yellow body; the same hackle with a peacock's herl body; or a dark blue or dun with a peacock's herl body. These will be tolerably successful on what is called a good fishing day, or in full water; but in bright calm weather, with low water, a neat imitation of the natural fly in season can only be depended on.

BUSH OR SHADE FISHING.

Arnoldus. — Observe that bush, whose slender branches wantonly dangle, sporting themselves in the cusp of the water: there's no stream, you may observe, nor any thing in motion, nor the least breath of air to invade the calms. In case I kill a trout on that silent surface, what will you think on't?

Theophilus. — I'll think you an artist.

Arn. — When?

Theoph. — When I see your success.

Arn. — Have amongst them, then. — Now, there's what I promised you.

FRANCKS.

There are in all parts of Great Britain many small rivers and brooks, which, from being overgrown with bushes, or having their banks clothed with tall trees, can only be fished by dibbing or

daping, viz. with a long rod, a short strong line, and a natural fly or grub.

Though this mode of angling is accompanied with less exercise than regular fly-fishing, yet the largest trout are taken by it. It requires a stiff rod; a stronger line may be used; this portion of the tackle being *never* in the water except when a fish is hooked. The bottom part should be of stout silkworm gut, and the hook proportioned to the size of the fly, about No. 3. for the brown beetle, and No. 7. for other flies. When these are small, it will be advisable to put on two at once, as they frequently fall in couples upon the water. This double bait has also the advantage of more completely concealing the hook. A strong line is recommended for daping, because, in this mode of angling, the best sport is invariably in the most difficult and confined situations, where skill and management can be of little use, and your dependence must be entirely on the strength and goodness of your tackle. Under "the tangled roots of pendent oaks," within those deep dark holes from which the light of day is excluded by a mass of tangled briars, among floating driftwood, or the branches of a fallen tree, that is often found to occupy the entire bed of the stream, and where good trout will almost invariably be found, it would be impossible to play a fish, the only safe plan being to have him out immediately.

As almost every insect that crawls or flies, furnishes at one period or another grateful food for

the trout, the angler can never be at a loss for baits. The hawthorn fly, the green and grey drake, the stone fly, the brown beetle or cockchafer, the black beetle, and the brackenclock, used in this way, will be found very killing baits.

As I have been walking, says the author of the Northern Angler, by the river side, in clear sunshiny days, when I was tired of catching the small fry in the streams, I have observed large trouts run from under the shade of bushes, that hang over a yard or two upon the pools: I longed to have some of these; and, after many ineffectual essays, and several trials, I contrived at last to catch the best trouts that were in the pool.

I generally begin fishing in the shade, or under bushes, in May, and continue it all the three following months, which we call the four hot months. Most anglers, at this season, fish only in the mornings and evenings, unless the sky is cloudy, and there is a brisk wind on the pools; then one may have good sport, and kill large fish.

In the hot season, however, when there is no wind and the sun is shining, from ten o'clock in the morning until about four or five in the afternoon is the best time for shade fishing; but, before you try this method, if you expect to succeed, you must be furnished with the following tackle:—

First, a rod, about twelve feet long, with a good stiff top of what wood you please. Then you must have a bag of good scoured maiden lobs, bosworms, and brandlings; another little bag with cod-

baits, earth grubs, cowplat grubs, &c., and a horn with May-flies as long as they are to be found, beetles, or large moths, &c. Some of these, however, you should have.

Next, for your line, you must provide good strong Indian grass, or silkworm gut, though I would rather recommend a good silk line; and, as the best of all, a line made of swine's bristles.

This should not be above a yard long; and where there is some difficulty in getting your top rod through the bushes, not above half a yard, which, when baited, you may wrap loosely seven or eight times about the rod top; and when you have thrust it beyond the bush, turn it round as many times, and let the bait drop into the water.

There is a great deal of caution necessary in managing your rod and line. Some pools are shaded only here and there with a bush or two. In such places, you may fish with a line a yard long or more; but be sure to make your approaches cautiously; for the great fish lie very near the top of the water, watching the fall of flies or other insects from the bushes where they are bred or harboured. Though you do not see them, they will see you at your first coming, and scud away into the pool, not returning, perhaps, for an hour.

I have been often agreeably amused, sitting behind a bush that has hung over the water two yards or more, to observe the trouts taking their rounds, and patrolling in order, according to their quality. Sometimes I have seen three or four private men

coming up together under the shade; and presently an officer, or man of quality, of double size, approaches from his country seat under a bank or great stone, and rushes among them, as furiously as I once saw a young justice of the peace do upon three poor anglers. As I cannot approve of such proceedings, I have, with some extraordinary pleasure, revenged the weaker upon the stronger, by dropping my bait half a yard before him. With what an air of authority have I seen the qualified — what shall I call him? — extend his jaws, and take in the delicious morsel, and then marching slowly off in quest of more, till stopped by a smart stroke which I have given him; though there is no occasion to do so in this way of fishing; for the great ones always hook themselves.

Here let me advise the bush angler never to allow a fish to get down his head, unless he is sure there are no roots of trees or weeds near. Keep him at the top of the water, where his fins and strength are of little service to him. He can thrust out his rod beyond the bush, and there work him till he is quite tired, and lies still. He may then be easily landed with a hook or net fastened to a handle, which should be two yards and a half long.

The angler will derive benefit from attending to the following observations:—Although the shade of trees and bushes is much larger and more extensive on the south side of the river than on the north, I have invariably found the fish larger and more numerous on the former side. Probably the superior heat of

the sun on the north side may occasion more flies, erucas, and insects to creep upon those bushes, and consequently the trout are found to flock in great number under them.

When the trees, &c. are very close, take a hedging bill or hatchet, and cut off two or three branches here and there, at convenient distances ; thus leaving small openings, through which the rod and line may be easily introduced. This must, of course, be done some time before you commence fishing.

Should the angler meet with a spot thus overgrown with underwood, &c., where, perhaps, there is a long pool, and no angling with the fly or throwing the line, and have with him neither of the above instruments, there he may be sure of many and large fish. Never, for this reason, which commonly deters timorous or inexperienced sportsmen, never pass such pools, however troublesome to get at. It will be often necessary to creep under trees and bushes, dragging the rod by the top ; yet he will be well paid for the trouble. Whilst manœuvring to get in the bait, throw a brandling or grub, &c. into the water, and the fish will take the bait the more boldly.

There is one particular mode by which I have killed more fish than by any other :— Dress the hook with a brown head, and with pretty large wings of a mottled drake's feather, or a starling's wing, and a bristle upon the back of the hook ; put on a large grub, cod-bait, beetle, or grasshopper, and have a little bottle with dissolved assafœtida, or some strong-

scented oil; dip the end of this bait into it. I have never known a fish refuse it, that has not either seen me or been chased away.

There are some pools that have no bushes at all, but only hollow banks in certain places, under which the great fish will lie in the daytime. I have gone softly to such places, and have dropped in a suitable bait close by the bank, and have presently had a good fish. When I use cork, shammy, or buff, instead of natural baits, I always dip them in some strong-scented oil for shade fishing; because the fish approaches leisurely, and, if he does not smell something like the natural bait, will not take it, though ever so well imitated.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ANGLING STATIONS
IN
North and South Wales.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

THE principal rivers are the Tâf, the Tawe or Tawy, the Nedd or Neath, the Llychwyr or Loughor, the Ewenny, the Ogmore, and the Rhymni or Romney. The banks of these, and of the numerous smaller streams of the mountains, are in most places distinguished for the picturesque grandeur or rich beauty of their scenery.

THE TÂF.

This romantic stream is formed by the junction, on the northern border of the county, near Coedycummer, of two streams, called respectively the Tâf Vawr and the Tâf Vechan, "the greater and lesser Tâf," which descend from the highest mountains of South Wales, the beacons of Brecknockshire. On reaching Quaker's Yard, about twelve miles below Merthyr Tydvil, it is joined by a mountain-stream, called Bargoed Tâf; still lower,

by the Cynon, which descends from the parish of Penderin, in Brecknockshire ; and a few miles further this river is augmented from the same side by the waters of the two Rhonddas. After flowing nearly southward, it passes Llandaff and Cardiff, and falls into the Bristol Channel. Its stream, in dry weather, is frequently scanty ; but in cases of sudden rains or thaws, the waters of this, as of all other mountain rivers, roll over their rocky bed in an impetuous and destructive torrent. The vicinity of Merthyr Tydvil, has greatly contributed to render certain portions of the Tâf unworthy the angler's attention. The poisonous matter discharged into it from the iron-works, and the lawless practices of the forgers, continually diminish the stock of fish. In dry seasons, these depredators assemble in bands, and, wading into the streams armed with sledge hammers, contrive, by violently striking the stones under which the trout are concealed, to destroy an incredible quantity of fish of all sizes.

THE TOWY

Enters from Brecknockshire a little below Ystradgynlais : after receiving the upper and lower Clydach, it empties itself into the bay of Swansea. There is no angling in this river until you reach the neighbourhood of Languike, about seven or eight miles from Swansea, the copper and coal works having poisoned the waters to a considerable distance from its mouth.

FLIES: the blues, dark and light; the grouse hackle, wren's tail, and coch-y-bondy.

THE OGMORE.

The source whence this celebrated salmon river takes its rise is situated in a wild and mountainous part of the county, forming a portion of the parish of Ystravodwg. After a course of nearly fourteen miles, it falls into the Bristol Channel below the town of Bridgend. Seven miles from its mouth, and about two below the village of Llangeinor, the stream separates into two branches, known by the names of the Little and Big Ogmores. At this point there is very good fishing. The western arm is the only one on which fly angling is practicable, the other being thickly encumbered with wood, which, however, forms no impediment to the running worm and natural fly; neither can the former method be followed much above a place called Blackmill, eight miles from Bridgend, for the same reason.

This water is in very few instances so wide as not to be commanded from either bank by a two-handed rod. From the village of Bryn-y-minyn, or Butter Hill, down to the ruins of Ogmores Castle, about half a mile from its mouth, the river is exceedingly open, and abounds with long gravels and beautifully purling streams. At St. Bride's Minor, called in Welsh Llans-anfraid, it is augmented by the Llunvy, a tolerably good river, and at Bryn-y-minyn by the Garw, a still better, but not adapted for fly-fishing: you must dape only. Begin to

angle from about half a mile above Blackmill down to Bryn-y-minyn bridge. In the neighbourhood of St. Bride's are found the best salmon and trout, and near the bridge on which the tram-road crosses the river are beautiful streams, reaching for a distance of a mile and a half. Thence, with some few interruptions, to Bridgend. At the weir, and above and below the stone bridge, near the gate of Sir John Nichol's* park, we have killed many noble fish: thence down to Ogmore Castle, where the Ewenny flows in. During February, March, and April, the salmon fry swarm in every part of the Ogmore and its tributaries. The trout, though numerous, are not very large, seldom exceeding two pounds in weight: they are commonly much smaller. In July and the three succeeding months a small fish called scarlings, resembling the samlet in form, and having a number of spots like finger-marks, on its sides, are also very plentiful, and, though they afford but little diversion, are delicious food.

The Ogmore has always been distinguished for its salmon, and there are few rivers in Wales more productive of this fish. Notwithstanding every destructive engine that ingenuity can invent is made use of for their capture by the idle and dissolute population of Bridgend, the supply of salmon and sewin appears to suffer no diminution; and the skilful, persevering fisherman need on no occasion return home with an empty pannier. From the commence-

* The present Judge of the Admiralty. ;

ment of the spawning season, at the latter end of September, until January, parties are engaged every moonless night in spearing salmon by torchlight, whilst roaming upon the shallow, gravelly streams in search of a suitable spot for depositing their ova. On such situations they congregate to the number of twenty or thirty in a shoal, rooting up the bed of the river like hogs. The poachers, aware of their favourite haunts, assemble about midnight; and having kindled a small bundle of straw, by means of a tinder-box, one of the party holds the light over the water, being closely followed by the spearman, armed with a heavy trident, and behind walks a third person, carrying on his back a large supply of fuel, as, in windy nights, especially, the straw is rapidly consumed. The instant that the surface of the stream becomes illumined by the torch which renders every object, even the smallest portion of gravel, distinctly visible, the whole shoal of salmon dart towards the light, and the spearman, instantly selecting the largest fish, hurls his weapon with unerring aim, and, if an old hand, never fails of transfixing his scaly prey. He then immediately throws the fish upon the bank, and, quickly disengaging the spear with his foot, stands ready to repeat the blow. It frequently happens that, if he strike a large fish, the poacher is compelled to leap into the stream; for the salmon proves exceedingly strong in his element. These depredators proceed, in a similar manner, from station to station, until the approach

of day warns them to depart. The quantity thus destroyed in one season is immense, every farm and mill being provided with its winter stock of dried salmon.* One Thomas of the Leychard,

* A somewhat similar mode of killing salmon is practised upon the vast lakes of the British dominions in Canada. "The evening," says Captain Head, "turned out remarkably fine, and the water was smooth as a looking-glass. Every thing was ready for my fish-spearing expedition; the preparations for which were extremely simple. The fish-spear consisted of a straight handle, about fifteen feet long, to which a couple of barbed iron spikes, of sufficient size to pierce a moderately-sized salmon, were affixed. The birch bark, for the purpose of light, was prepared in pieces of three or four double, each the size of a large quarto book; and one at a time of these was stuck in a cleft pole, five or six feet long, placed at the head of the canoe, overhanging the water in such a manner that the blazing bark might shine upon it. It was no sooner dark than I went to the water's edge, where Liberté and another Canadian were ready with the canoe. As he held the vessel to the shore, I steadied myself by his shoulder, and, stepping in cautiously, took my seat in the middle. The canoe was a very egg-shell, and as cranky as a washing-tub, more fitted to carry ghosts than men; while Liberté was as ugly as Charon himself: a boy of twelve years old could have carried it, notwithstanding it was to hold three of us. We had an establishment of tinder and matches, and some pieces of fat pork, cut into slips, as a substitute for candles. As soon as we embarked, the men paddled away along shore towards the head of the bay; and when we came near some small streams which set into the oay, we stopped, and, the men having struck a light, kindled the birch-bark in the cleft pole. Crackling like soft fat, the unctuous matter produced a clear flame, which lighted up the watery depth beneath us to the brightness of day. The light ashes, which fell

about two miles from Bridgend, on the road to St. Bride's Minor, is the most skilful and determined

occasionally from the fire, caused a ripple, which, for a moment, confused the objects beneath; but otherwise, at a depth of ten feet, every thing was clear and resplendent. The slightest form was distinctly visible; every pebble; even the beetle that crawled upon the ground. We passed some perch, lying close to the bottom; and soon after a rapid quiver of the water announced the presence of some larger fish. Liberté now became animated, and, pointing his spear in the proper direction, made signal to the man in the stern to give way. He struck once — twice — without success; but the third time brought up a large fish on his spear. It was a sucking carp; worthless, full of bones, and very watery. However, we pursued the remainder, and killed two more. We advanced nearer the head of the bay; and at the same time saw two other lights proceeding from the canoes of Indians who had visited the neighbourhood, and were pursuing the same occupation as ourselves. All of a sudden, Liberté again sounded an alarm, and off we were again in pursuit of a fish, which I could not for a long time see; a fine salmon trout, but of a nature infinitely wilder than the carp. We chased him like lightning, turning and doubling in his wake, till I was obliged to hold both sides of the canoe, to keep myself from being thrown out into the water. However, I caught sight of the fish every now and then, when he was for a moment still; then he made a dart, and all again was secure. We were some minutes after him, having lost and come upon him again; but finally he eluded our pursuits, and made his way into deep water, till the glimmer of his silver sides was lost in the lurid gleam that, becoming by rapid degrees more and more opaque, confined to its very narrow limits our subaqueous prospect. I changed places with Liberté, with some risk of being upset, and took the spear, kneeling down in the head of the canoe. We had

poacher of this description in Glamorganshire. Thomas Johns of Bryn-y-minyn is another worthy of the same stamp.

THE EWENNY

Is the best river in Glamorganshire for large trout. We have seldom caught any there weighing less than a pound, and they frequently weigh four or five. It is a small river, but abounds with the most beautiful purling streams, and its banks are generally very open, especially that portion flowing through the common, in the vicinity of Coychurch. From Pencoed, about four miles from Bridgend down to Moor Mill;—at the little stone bridge, a few hundred yards from the latter place;—in the mill-pond below* ;—and thence

regularly replenished our lights, which burnt out every five minutes, or thereabouts. We went back again to where we left the carp, and found them again. I struck at them several times, but without success. I saw some perch close to the bottom, and I speared one of them. We were in about ten feet water, and I found it very necessary to aim at least a foot below the object. I saw also at the bottom a hideous-looking fish; yellow, with black spots; the body like that of a snake, with a large head; about a foot and a half long, and somewhat in form resembling the small fish found under stones in running streams in England, and called the miller's thumb. I speared him, and found him so strong that I verily expected he would have broken the handle of the spear: he was what the Canadians call a cat-fish."

* In this pool we once hooked ten large trout in the distance of a hundred yards.

as far as the bridge, crossing the new mail road from Cowbridge, are the finest angling stations on the unpreserved portion of the Ewenny. The heaviest fish, however, lie from below the last-named bridge to the river's confluence with the Ogmore, near the castle of that name; but, before you attempt to angle in this part, it will be necessary to obtain permission from Colonel Turberville, of Ewenny Abbey, who, we believe, never refuses it to the fair angler. We once took seven large trout near a mill, situated about half a mile from the mouth of the river, without moving twenty yards from the spot where we had first stationed ourselves. The flies were, a blue dun fly, with a body composed of a mixture of green and yellow wool and gold thread; dropper, a coch-y-bondy. There are some excellent anglers and fly-tiers, who haunt and poach this stream. A shoemaker, and a deaf and dumb man of the village near its mouth; — Stradling of Bridgend, and Jenkins, a one-armed man, of the same place, are also capital fishermen; yet to employ or encourage them in any way serves only to confirm them in their mal-practices. Cotton, of St. Bride's Minor, the Earl of Dunraven's keeper, is a most expert salmon fisher.

The principal Fishing Stations are, —

BETTWS on Ogmore, five miles from Bridgend, watered also by the Llwynvi and the Garw.

BLAEN GWRACH on the Gwrach. This village is situated near the head of the Vale of Neath, here

seen in all its varied and romantic beauty: the striking character of its scenery, abounding with luxuriant verdure, is heightened by contrast with the sterile brow of a lofty mountain which towers above the neighbouring hills, and whose rocky declivities are indented by numerous deep fissures, through which, after heavy rains or rapid thaws, the waters rush down in impetuous torrents.—
Salmon, trout, sewin, &c.

ST. BRIDE'S MAJOR, on the Ogmore, near Bridgend.* — *Fine salmon fishing.*

* This place holds a distinguished rank in the ancient history of the principality, and is celebrated as having been one of the earliest known residences of its princes. The castle and manor of Dunraven formerly belonged to Sir Arnold Butler; but on the extinction of the male branches of that family they were conveyed by a daughter in marriage to the family of Vaughan. According to local tradition, confirmed by subsequent discoveries, the last of the Vaughans who possessed the manor was in the habit of inhumanly setting up decoy lights, to mislead vessels in the Channel, in order to increase his revenues by "wrecks de mer," to which, as lord of the manor, he became entitled. Within sight of the house was a rock, dry at low water, to which two of his sons having gone to divert themselves, and neglecting to secure their boat, it floated away, and they were left on the rock until the return of the tide, and perished in sight of the family, who vainly attempted to afford them assistance. During the confusion occasioned in the family by this melancholy event, the third son, a child only just able to walk, fell into a large vessel of whey, and was drowned; and the proprietor, thus left childless, sold the estate to an ancestor of the late Thomas Wyndham, Esq. of Dunraven Castle. — LEWIS.

GLYN CONNON on the Tâf, seven miles and a half from Merthyr Tydvil. This hamlet overlooks the valleys of the Tâf and the Cynon. — *Salmon, sewin, and trout.*

GLYN CORWG, eight miles from Neath. The parish comprises some of the highest mountains in Glamorganshire. In Blaen Gwrach, through which flows the Neath river, is a lake called Llyn Bach, nearly a mile in circumference: there are also numerous fine brooks. — *Excellent angling.*

BLAEN HONDDAN, one mile and three quarters from Neath, is pleasantly situated on the western bank of Neath river, in the midst of very beautiful scenery.

ABERDARE, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Dar, near its confluence with the Cynon, in the delightful vale of that name. — *Salmon, sewin, trout, &c.*

CRYNAUT, seven miles from Neath, on the Dulas river.

HENDREWWEN, seven miles from Loughor on the Loughor. — *Salmon, trout, &c.*

HENGOED, ten miles from Merthy, on the Romney.

ILSTON, seven miles and a half from Swansea. This beautiful rural village, situated in the peninsula of Gower, is watered by a rivulet called Pennarth Pill, winding through a beautiful dell, in which are the ruins of a very ancient chapel.

LLANBLETHIAN, near Cowbridge. This village is intersected by the river Thaw, remarkable for the size of its trout and eels. The former are sometimes caught weighing eight pounds.

LLANDEILO, eight miles and a half from Swansea, on the Loughor. — *Good trout, &c.*

LLANDOUGH, one mile and a quarter from Cowbridge, on the Dhaw, which here winds through a beautiful little valley, richly wooded, and abounding with picturesque scenery.

PONT NEATH VECHAN, ten miles from Neath, on the Neath river. This village stands at the head of the valley, on the confines of the two counties of Glamorgan and Brecknock, and at the confluence of *five rivers*; each of them contributing its rocks, woods, and waterfalls, to that general grandeur and magnificence, which here seems to be brought together as in a focus. The Neath river, on which the village stands, is the principal: its double head is mentioned by Drayton.

The source of that branch which fertilises the spot in question is at the distance of some miles, due north: but the Neath Vechan division rises far to the north-east, on Mouchdeny mountain; and, after dividing the counties of Brecknock and Glamorganshire, in a wide and circuitous sweep, joins its sister stream just at Pont Neath Vechan. The other tributary rivers are the Meltè and the Hepstè rising from different, but not far distant, sources; and, after their union, pouring themselves into Purthin river, which likewise receives Tragath, and conveys its collected waters into the Neath. Augmented by such copious contributions, the Neath river rolls through its vale in a body and with a force that are truly majestic. The number of cas-

cedes in every direction, within three or four miles of this place, is so great, that it is difficult, and, perhaps, unnecessary, to visit them all. Neath, Meltè, Tragath, and Purthin, have each of them one, besides the remarkable cavern through which the Meltè runs, and Hepstè has five, not to mention the three on the Glamorganshire rivers that join the Neath between Pont Neath Vechan and the sea. Those on the Tragath, Hepstè, and Meltè, comprise the boldest and most characteristic features; forming a portion of as sublime and romantic a scene as can well be conceived in this or any other country; indeed, this vale, extending from the town of Neath to beyond Pont Neath Vechan, comprises one of the finest scenes in South Wales. Notwithstanding, that it is thus, as it were, environed by the finest and most productive rivers, and situated among scenes of such unrivalled beauty, this calm, placid retreat is almost unknown to anglers. In our frequent visits, we never saw or heard of any one engaged in pursuits similar to our own. About ten years ago, however, a very worthy "brother of the angle" (no fly-fisher, by the by) stumbled upon this oasis in the desert, and found ample employment for about five weeks, in attending to his four rods, laid down together; the fish (trout and sewin) taking as fast as he could rebait the hooks. He used brandlings, caddis, and gentles. It was in the month of July, and there had been much previous rain. The greatest weight of fish taken in any one day, was thirty-five pounds.

LLANGAN, three miles and a half from Cowbridge. The Ewenny river. — *Salmon, sewin, trout, eels.*

LLANGUIKE, five miles from Neath, on the river Tawe, which here flows through a beautiful and romantic vale, to which it gives its name. — *Salmon, sewin, &c.*

LLARHIDIAN, eleven miles from Swansea, on the river Burry. — *Salmon, sewin, trout, &c.*

LLANVABEN, nine miles from Merthyr, between the rivers Tâf and Rumney.

LLANWONNO, twelve miles from Cardiff, on the Tâf. In the vicinity are the Clydach, the Rhondda, and the Cynon. — *Good angling.*

ST. MARY HILL, four miles from Cowbridge, on the Ewenny river.

MISKIN, five miles from Cowbridge, on the river Ely. — *Good trout.*

NEATH GENOL *, ten miles from Neath, on the Neath river.

NEATH NEDD (Upper), twelve miles from Neath,

* There is here an ancient mansion called Abperergwm House. Oliver Cromwell, who was in some degree related to the ancestor of the present proprietor, is said to have halted at this place on his way to Milford Haven, and to have despatched messengers to acquaint the family of his arrival. Receiving no encouragement, he fired a few shots over the mansion, by way of intimidation, and departed, without offering any further violence. This traditional account derives corroboration from the discovery of some cannon balls on turning up the ground near the house in 1831.

is situated in the finest portion of the vale of that name.

PENCOED, four miles from Bridgend, on the Ewenny.

PENDOYLAN ("the head of the two groves"), five miles from Cowbridge, on the Elay.

PETERSTON, seven miles from Cardiff, on the Elay. — *Good in the spring only.*

PYLE, a pretty village, eleven miles and a half from Neath: on the Pyle, an excellent stream.

RESOLVEND, seven miles from Neath, on the Neath. Many beautiful cascades.

RHWNGDWY CLYDACH, seven miles from Swansea, between the lower and upper Clydach rivers.

RHYDGWERN, near Caerphilly, on the Romney.

RHUDDRY, eight miles from Cardiff, on the Romney.

CHERITON, sixteen miles from Swansea, near the confluence of the rivers Barry and Loughor.

GLYN TAF, at the confluence of the rivers Tâf and Rhondda. The bridge Pont y Prydd, celebrated for the singularity of its architecture, crosses the steep banks of the Tâf at this place, near the village of Newbridge.

All these rivers abound with fine fish.

THE LAKES of Glamorganshire are small, and few in number: the principal one is Kenvig Pool (between Margam Park and the sea coast). It lies near the shore, in the midst of sands, and contains no trout, but abundance of perch, eels, &c.

Of those among the mountains, the most remarkable is, Llyn Vawr, below the lofty Peak of Pencraig. It has plenty of fish, and prodigious quantities of wild fowl.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

“ Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sat upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head ;
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till Contemplation had her fill.” *Grongar Hill.*

THE principal rivers are the Twyi, or Towy ; the Tâf, or Tave ; the Llychwyr, or Loughor ; the Teivi ; and the Gwendraeth Vawr and Gwendraeth Vach, or greater and lesser Gwendraeth ; there are, besides, numerous smaller streams.

THE TOWY,

The largest and most important river in South Wales, rises in the wildest part of Cardigan, between Strata Florida and the borders of Brecknock. After a southerly course of ten miles, it enters Carmarthenshire, near Ystrad Florida, and pursues the same direction through a romantic valley for about eight miles further, to Llandovery, where the mountains recede on either side, leaving,

in the interval, a rich and beautiful valley of considerable width, through which the Towy winds, gradually assuming a more majestic character. After a further course of about twenty-seven miles, it reaches the metropolis of the county.

This river is celebrated throughout Wales for the flavour and quantity of its fish, consisting of *salmon, sewin, trout, lampreys, eels, &c.*

The tributaries of the Towy are — the Gwilli, which joins it at Abergwilly; and the Cothy, which rising at Cwm Cothy, near the borders of Cardiganshire, falls into the Towy above the mouth of the Gwilli, after a course of about twenty-four miles; the Bran, near Llandovery; the Swaddy, (descending from the small lake at the northern extremity of the Carmarthenshire Beacon), near Llangatock; and the Cynnen, to the south of Llandilo. — *Sewin, salmon, trout, and eels.*

THE TÂF, OR TAVE,

Springs from the Llanvynonach Mountains in Pembrokeshire, and having formed for a short distance the boundary between that county and Carmarthenshire, flows to St. Clears, where it receives the Cowyn. The Tâf receives the small rivers Morlais and Cathgenni, with many considerable brooks.—*This is a fine river, containing salmon, sewin, &c.*

THE LOUGHOR

Springs in a copious stream from a rock called the “Eye of Loughor,” in the parish of Llandilo

Vawr; near its source it forms a fine cascade, precipitating itself over a ledge of limestone rocks eighteen feet in height; and after a course of about eighteen miles, in which it receives the Ammon, a stream larger than itself, and several smaller rivers, falls into the creek of Loughor, Glamorganshire.

THE GWENDRAETH VAWR AND THE GWENDRAETH
VACH

Have their source in a lake on the Great Mountain, and fall into the Bay of Carmarthen.—*These rivers also abound with salmon, sewin, trout, eels, &c.*

The principal Fishing Stations are,—

PONT AR DULAS, or the bridge upon the Dulas, about ten miles from Swansea. This river produces the sewin in great perfection during the summer months, when they ascend in shoals from the sea. To the north of Pont ar Dulas are six or seven good trout streams: there is also abundance of game. South Wales possesses few spots more attractive to the lover of field sports.

ABERNANT; five miles from Carmarthen, on the banks of the Cowyn.

LLAN, five miles and a half from Carmarthen, on the Gwendraeth Vach river.

LLANARTHNEY, seven miles and a half from Carmarthen, on the Towy. This village is surrounded by a profusion of the richest and most picturesque scenery. Situated on the south bank of the Towy, on one of the finest reaches of that beautiful river,

it appears to be entirely enclosed by lofty hills: the distant mountains which form one side of the vale of Cothy, receding to the north, open a passage for that stream to its confluence with the Towy. The shattered walls of Dryslyn Castle crown the summit of an isolated rocky eminence, which rises abruptly out of the vale; and a little further westward, is a larger eminence, the celebrated Grongar Hill. Under the shelter of a blackthorn, still remaining on its summit, Dyer is said to have composed the poem which has conferred an immortality on his name.

LLANBOIDY, six miles and a half from St. Clears, on a tributary of the Tâf.

BRECHVA, eleven miles from Carmarthen. Two very beautiful brooks unite close to this village, and flow towards the Cothy, through the meadows opposite the only public-house there. Higher up in the mountains is another little river*, which is very

* While fishing this stream, in the summer of 1828, the author experienced a pleasing instance of the simplicity of manners and genuine hospitality that distinguishes the peasantry of the agricultural districts of Wales. In crossing the mountain, at the foot of which the Brechva stream murmurs over its rocky bed, and precipitates itself in a hundred little cascades towards its junction with the Cothy, he was espied by a farmer, apparently engaged in collecting his cattle, that had strayed over the unbounded right of pasture attached to the mountain farms. The temptation of examining a stranger, obtaining an insight into his pursuits, destination, &c. was too strong to be resisted in a country where so little occurs to interrupt the monotony of rustic life, and where the dress and appearance of an English-

full of small delicate trout; they rise eagerly at any of the lesser artificial flies.*

LLANDOWROR, two miles from St. Clears, between the Hirwaun and the Taf; both of which abound with fine salmon and trout.

CAYO, eight miles from Llandovery, at the confluence of the Cothy and Twrch.—*This is a very*

man furnishes conversation to a whole district for many days. The man, accordingly, quitted his occupation, and with hasty strides came up, just as we had cast our flies upon the surface of a beautiful little pool, the basin of one of those tiny cascades just mentioned. The first throw was successful; a brace of trouts, yellow as gold and spotted like a leopard, rose, one to each fly, or rather sprang out of the water and caught them ere they fell. The simple Welshman, delighted at this capture, and at the dexterity with which he considered it was effected, left his cattle to wander *ad libitum*, and solicited permission to carry our fishing-pannier and landing-net, and, in fact, remained until evening; by which time the former contained an excellent dish of fish. After being regaled at his farm on some excellent substantial fare, we presented the contents of the basket to his children, and continued our route to Brechva; with difficulty escaping from our host's pressing invitation to pass the night and the next day under his roof.

* As the angler, when in this neighbourhood, will be compelled to sleep at Brechva, he will do well to sally forth, before sunrise, the following morning, and fish the Cothy (which runs about a quarter of a mile from his inn), just at the spot where these united streams flow into it. He cannot fail of sport; there are always trout, and salmon too, on the feed there: as he passes through the meadows, he will see the former, in the pools of the brook, a dozen together.

superior angling station, both rivers being full of trout and salmon.

BLAEN SWADDE, six miles and a half from Llangadock. The name signifies the "head of the Swadde," which pursues its course through the hamlet, having its source in a beautiful lake on a declivity of the Black Mountain, near the confines of Brecknockshire. — *Good angling.*

DERWYDD, three miles and a half from Llandilo Vawr, on the Cynnen.

GLYN, twelve miles from Carmarthen, on a branch of the Gwendraeth Vach.

GLYN, nine miles from Llandilo Vawr, on the Cothy. — *Good.*

ICOLD, six miles from Carmarthen, on the Towy. Here is a salmon weir, at which large quantities of fish are caught.

KILAY, seven miles from Carmarthen, on the Gwendraeth Vach.

LLANDEBIE, five miles and a half from Carmarthen, on the river Loughor.

MYDRIM, eight miles from Carmarthen, at the confluence of the Avon and Dewi Vawr.

CONVIL, six miles and a half from Carmarthen, on the Bela and Gwilli.

LLANSADWRN, three miles from Llangadock, on a small river tributary to the Towy.

LLANVIHANGEL ARATH, twelve miles from Carmarthen, on the Teivi.—*A beautiful angling station.*

LLANGELLEN, five miles from Newcastle Emlyn, on the Teivi.—*Another beautiful station.*

LLANTHOYSAINT, six miles from Llangadock. This place is beautifully situated on the confines of Brecknockshire; from which it is separated by a chain of hills called the Black Mountain, that portion of which, within this parish, forms the loftiest elevation in the county. It is situated on the river Swadde.

LLANGATHEN, eleven miles from Carmarthen, on the Towy.

MAESCWDIN INN, three miles from Llangattock, on the Towy.

CAPEL PILIN, eight miles from Llandovery, on the Towy.

EGGLWYSVAIR, four miles from Llarne, on the Tâf.

PUMSANT, six miles S.E. of Lampeter, on the Cothy.—*A good angling station.*

LAKES OF CARMARTHENSHIRE.

In a hollow at the base of the highest pinnacle of the Black Mountain, called the Van or Beacon, is Llyn Van, a fine lake of beautifully transparent water, in the form of a parallelogram, nearly a mile in length, and about ninety-six feet in depth. The sombre aspect of the dark red precipitous rocks that form the eastern boundary of this extensive sheet of water, and the general air of sterility which characterises all the surrounding objects, are finely contrasted with the high state of cultivation which embellishes the lower grounds of its vicinity.

Though the situation is so elevated that the snow remains unmelted upon the shore for the greater portion of the year, this lake abounds with trout and eels of superior quality. When a strong breeze ruffles the surface of Llyn Van, the rise of the fish is almost incredible, and can be compared only to violent rain, or the effect that would be produced by casting handfuls of gravel upon its surface. We once spent an entire day on its wild, rocky shores, and were, for that period at least, perfectly satiated with sport. The trout threw themselves out of the water in summersaults, by hundreds at once; and the effect was most singular, as their golden spotted sides flashed and glittered in the sunbeams that occasionally broke through the gloom which overspread the atmosphere. Fortunately for the lover of angling, from the shallow rocky bottom of this lake near the shore, it is useless to attempt dragging with a net; while its great depth towards the centre, would render any similar method of fishing equally unprofitable, even could a boat be conveyed to the lofty rugged mountain hollow in which it is situated. The trout are therefore propagated in immense numbers, undiminished by the successful devices adopted for their destruction in waters less difficult of approach, and they consequently, for the most part, die of old age; very few persons being willing to encounter the toil and fatigue of the ascent. In the grousing season, a tent is generally erected on the shores of Llyn Van, and the sportsmen occasionally vary

their pursuits, by angling when the breeze is sufficiently strong for the purpose. In stormy weather its surface is greatly agitated, and the fish are then often thrown ashore in considerable numbers.* The best road to ascend the Van Mountain is either from Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire; or from Devynnock, near Brecknock.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

The rivers and brooks of this county are so numerous, and of so beautiful a character, that they

* Mr. St. John, in his recent amusing work, entitled "Egypt and Mohammed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile," mentions a similar fact in reference to the waters of Lake Mœris: — "When we had reached the beach," says he, "both sight and smell were struck by prodigious numbers of dead fish; which having, as the natives afterwards informed us, recently perished through cold, had been driven ashore by a tempestuous north wind. The quantity was incredible; lining the shore in heaps as far as the eye could reach, as if a multitude of fishermen had just emptied their nets there. They were exceedingly varied in form and size; some measuring nearly five feet in length, and of more than proportionate thickness; and of these many hundreds lay among the smaller fry, upon the mud; while others were scarcely larger than a herring. In general, the larger were closer to the water; the smaller, in many instances, having been carried by the waves twenty or thirty yards inland. The stench arising from so great a quantity of fish putrefying in the sun was almost insupportable, and must have communicated a pestilential quality to the atmosphere. As far as we proceeded — which may have been, perhaps, two miles — the quantity of fish upon the beach continued undiminished." — Vol. ii. p. 240, 241.

constitute one of its principal attractions; perhaps no spot in the kingdom is so well furnished with water, a small portion only excepted, viz. the western extremity of Castlemartin. The principal rivers will be hereafter enumerated; but, in all directions, many pretty rills cross the county at the distance of every half'mile, and though they are lost in the sea, or unite their waters with those of the larger streams within a mile or two of their source, yet they abound with trout; and, though narrow and shallow, are penetrated up their sources by vast quantities of salmon and sewin during the spawning season.

The rivers are—the Western Cleddy, the Eastern Cleddy, the Gwaun, or the Gwain, the Nevern, and the Teivy, the Syvynvy, the Newgall, the Duad, the Guadan, the Cych, the Alan, the Cyllall, and the Hig.

THE WESTERN CLEDDY,

Called Cleddy Gwyn, or the “Fair,” rises at Llygad Cleddy, or the “Eye of Cleddy,” near Fishguard, and flows into the sea below Haverfordwest.

THE EASTERN CLEDDY,

Called Cleddy Du, the “Black or Swarthy,” rises among the Precelly Mountains, at a place called Blaen y Gors, in the parish of Mynachlog ddu, and, after receiving the Syvynvy and numerous smaller streams, joins the Western Cleddy between Picton and Mynwere.

THE GWAUN, OR GWAIN,

Also has its source in the Precelly Mountains, and, after a romantic course of about twenty miles falls into the sea at Fishguard.

THE NEVERN

Has a similar origin, near the mountain of Vrenni Vawr.*

* There is a fine brook of the same name in Monmouthshire, which rises in the neighbourhood of Trelleck, and, after a course of about eight miles, falls into the Severn near the New Passage, below Caldicot Bridge. Flowing through a moorland plain, its current, though deep, is by no means rapid, and in summer is filled with weeds. Caldicot Castle, a splendid relic of feudal magnificence, once the property of the "haughty Bolingbroke," and still forming a portion of the royal domains, stands on its eastern bank; and it is thence downwards, until the Nevern joins the salt water, that the fish are largest and most abundant.

This stream is well stocked with fine trout, flounders, and eels. There is no other species of fish; and in the spring, before the weeds grow to any considerable height, there are few spots in Monmouthshire more deserving the angler's attention; the water flowing over a fine chalky soil, and the banks from the castle to the sea being on both sides unencumbered with wood. Trout of five pounds have occasionally been taken with a fly. A short time since, the son of Mr. Baldwyn, a youth then about fifteen years of age, hooked and killed one of the above weight, opposite the old castle.

In the neighbouring meadows, are a number of curious pits of clear water, generally very deep, and covered at the bottom with moss, through which a copious spring is continually bubbling: they are, from this circumstance, called "whirlpools" by the

THE NEWGALL

Falls into St. Bride's Bay.

THE SOLVA

Also flows into St. Bride's Bay.

THE CYCH.

A small river. It rises in the Precelly range, and falls into the Teivy below Kennorth. — *Salmon, sewin, red and common trout, eels, &c.*

The GUADAN BROOK, near the town of Solva. Cross the river Solva, ascend the Grîbyn hill, and on the other side is a sweet little valley, through which this stream ripples; and though its whole course does not exceed a mile, it abounds with fine red trout.

natives. These pools furnish very large trouts, and prodigious quantities of beautiful silver-bellied eels. Nothing can be done with the former, unless the surface of the water be curled by a strong western breeze; in which case the sport is superior to that obtainable in the brook itself.

It may be well to state farther, for the information of strangers, that the Nevern is about five miles from Chepstow; and that a lame man, named Williams, an excellent fly-tier and fisherman, and deeply versed in every one of its holes and eddies — lives at Penlyn Castle, a neighbouring village. He will be a useful guide to such as have no objection to that sort of incumbrance. The right of fishing belongs to Colonel Lewis, of St. Pierre, who never objects to the pursuits of the fair angler.

In addition to the red and blue (see page 56.), the Granam fly is very numerous upon this brook in the month of April.

The principal Fishing Stations in Pembrokeshire are,—

TRECOON and its vicinity, three miles from Fishguard. The vale through which the Cyllell flows might, at a very small expense, be laid under water, so as to form a most magnificent lake, capable of producing the choicest fish, the trout of the above river being large, red, and of high flavour.

BAYVILL, three miles from Newport, on a tributary of the Nevern.

FORD, seven miles from Haverfordwest, on the Cleddy river.—*An excellent angling station.*

JORDANSTONE, four miles from Fishguard, on a stream which falls into the Hig.

LAMPETER VELVREY, three miles from Narbeth, on the river Marlais.

LAWHADEN, three miles and a half from Narbeth. This village is built on the summit of a lofty ridge overhanging the Cleddy. The church is beautifully situated on the margin of the river, under a richly wooded eminence, above which towers the majestic ruins of a venerable castle.—*A beautiful fishing station.*

LLANDEWI VELVREY, two miles from Narbeth, on the Tâf.

LLANERCHLLWYDOG, four miles from Fishguard, romantically situated on the river Gwayn.

LLANGOLMAN, nine miles from Narbeth, on the Eastern Cleddy.

LLANVAIR NANT Y GOVE, four miles from Fishguard, on the Gwavn.

LLANVIHANGEL PENBEDW, five miles from Cardigan, near the source of the Nevern.

LLANYCEVN, thirteen miles from Haverfordwest, the E. Cleddy, and numerous tributary streams. — *Fine angling.*

MANERDIVY, six miles from Newcastle Emlyn, on the Teivi.

MELINEY, eight miles from Cardigan — several branches of the Nevern. — *Fine angling.*

MYNWERE, four miles and a half from Narbeth, on the Cleddy. — *Fine angling.*

ST. THOMAS, one mile and a half from Haverfordwest, on a tributary of the Cleddy.

TREFGARN, five miles from Haverfordwest.

NUDBAXTON, on the Cleddy.

CAMROSS, four miles from Haverfordwest, on a branch of the Cleddy.

ROCH, seven miles from Haverfordwest, on a good but nameless stream.

CAPEL COLMAN, seven miles from Newcastle Emlyn, on a good stream called the Dylas.

LETTERSTON, ten miles from Haverfordwest, advantageously situated between two branches of the Cleddy.

LLANRIAN, seven miles from St. David's, on a nameless stream.

ST. NICHOLAS, five miles west of Fishguard, on a nameless stream.

CASTLEMARTIN, six miles from Pembroke, on a nameless stream.

KILRHEDYN, five miles from Newcastle, on the Cutch.

ST. LAWRENCE, about eight miles from Fishguard, on the Hig; a good salmon, sewin, and trout river.

PEMBROKESHIRE HAS FEW LAKES.

There are two near Lanychair Church, about three miles from Fishguard; also near St. David's, on the western side of the county.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

THE principal rivers of the county are—the Wye, the Uske, the Irvon, the Tawe, the Tâf, and the Nedd, or Neath.

THE WYE,

With a trifling exception at Glasbury, washes the northern boundary of this county, and divides it from Radnorshire for about thirty-three miles in length; after which it enters Herefordshire, near Hay, and falls into the Severn below Chepstow. In this river are found salmon, trout, grayling, pike, perch, lastsprings, samlet, or salmon pink, chub, dace, loach, gudgeons, eels, roach, lampreys, shad, bullheads, crayfish, minnows, and muscles. The salmon and pike are remarkably good. The trout are not in equal estimation with epicures, the flesh being white, and they have neither the firmness nor flavour of those caught in the Uske. This, however, is of little consequence to

the sportsman. It is remarkable that the crayfish, or fresh-water lobster, is found in many brooks running into the Wye; but seldom or never in those falling into the Uske or the Irvon. Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to remove them into the rivers of Carmarthenshire and Glamorganshire, and even into some brooks communicating with the Irvon, *which empties itself into the Wye*, but when thus conveyed, they soon disappear. Not being found dead, and their vacant shells being never seen, they consequently either emigrate, or are totally devoured by the indigenious inhabitants of the stream, to which they are thus unnaturally introduced; and who, perhaps, dislike the company of these intruders.

THE USKE

Has its source on the northern side of the Carmarthenshire beacons, some miles above Trecastle, and, receiving the waters of numerous small streams from every side, flows eastward to the capital of the county, and thence by the town of Crickhowel, a little below which, it enters Monmouthshire. Its waters abound with fish of various kinds; especially salmon and trout, for the latter of which it is much celebrated. The angler, however, is recommended not to commence operations until he reaches the immediate neighbourhood of Crickhowel, as, between that town and Abergavenny the Clydach flows into the Uske, and poisons its waters by the refuse of the iron works which it carries down with it.

THE IRVON.

The least known (to Englishmen) of the Welsh rivers, are by far the most worthy of name and acquaintance. The Irvon is, probably, as little familiar to the summer visitors of Wales as any foreign stream not commercial, yet in its course of about twenty-five miles, ere it falls into the Uske near Builth, few routes conduct us through so many charming scenes. Every mile of this course is such as Walton would have deemed worthy of commemoration by a song. The Irvon, receiving the Chwernwy, the Dylas or Dulas, and other streams from the north, forms the channel through which are poured nearly all the superfluous waters of that part of the county lying northward of the Eppynt Hills, and joins the Wye a little above the town of Builth, after a course of about twenty miles.

THE LLYNVI

Has its source above Savaddan Lake, and flows into the Wye near Pipton Chapel.

THE TÂF

Is formed by two streams, called Tâf Vawr, and Tâf Bechan, which descend turbulently and precipitously from the beacons of Brecknockshire, over limestone precipices, and unite on the southern border of the county near Merthyr Tidvil. — *Good at some distance from Merthyr, in the spring of the year.*

THE NEATH

Has a similar source further westward, and, together with several other streams, by which it is shortly after joined, forms various grand and beautiful cascades.

THE MELTÉ AND HEPSTÉ

Are worthy of notice, both for the excellent sewin and trout which they contain, and for their numerous and beautiful cascades.

Principal Fishing Stations.

CRAY, nine miles and a half from Brecknock, at the junction of the Cray with the Uske.

CRICKADARN, eleven miles and a half from Hay, on the river Wye, and near the Clettwr.

CRICKHOWEL, thirteen miles from Brecknock, on the Uske. — *This is a very celebrated fishing station. The river here abounds with trout and salmon.*

ABERLLYVNI, four miles from Hay, beautifully situated at the conflux of the Llynvi and the Wye. — *Good angling.*

BATTLE, two miles and three quarters from Brecknock, at the meeting of the rivers Yseir and Uske.

BRECKNOCK, on the Uske; the best anglers and the finest fishing in South Wales are found in the vicinity of Brecknock.

BRONLLYS, seven miles and a half from Hay, near the Llynvi.

GLASBURY, four miles from Hay, on the Wye.

DRIFFIN HONDDU, seven miles from Brecknock, on the Honddu.

LLAN WRTH RHYD, "the Church by the Ford," on the Irvon. This is a wild and small, but truly characteristic Welsh village. A rude bridge, a wooded vale, with the river Irvon winding away into the defiles of the romantic mountains embosoming all its course; cottages of true Welsh character, with piles of peat larger than the houses, and that sort of green cool light which mountains cast over the landscapes of the valley, form this scene. Following the river by a bowered road, the traveller finds himself in front of a somewhat antique-looking mansion, so delightfully close to the cool pastoral stream, that a "brother of the angle" can sit and pursue his sport from the window in a sunny shower.

ABERGWESSYN, a short distance from the above. Two small churches stand on either side of the river. There is a good public house here, and plenty of trout and salmon.

ST. DAVID'S, at the confluence of the Tarrell and the Uske.

DEVYNOCK, nine miles from Brecknock, at the confluence of the Lenni and the Uske.

GRWYNE VAWR, six miles and three-quarters from Crickhowel, on the Grwyne Vawr stream.

GWENDDWR, "the Fair Water," seven miles from Builth, on the Wye.

GWRAVOG, "the Summer Bank," five miles from Builth, on the Irvon.

HAY, on the Wye. — *An excellent fishing station.*

GLANGRWNY, two miles from Crickhowel, where the Greater and Lesser Grwny, two streams, flow into the Uske. — *This is one of the best stations in the county.*

LLANDEDEWI 'R CWM, "the Church of St. David in the Vale," two miles and a half from Builth. It is very pleasantly situated on the Dihoner, near its junction with the Wye, and comprehends much rich and beautiful scenery. The village occupies a beautiful eminence, at the foot of which flows the river, which is here but narrow; on its banks, near the church, is some romantic scenery, as also in a deep glen, through which flows the small brook Bwlch. — *Excellent salmon, trout, and grayling.*

LLANDEVAILLOG VACH, two miles and a half from Brecknock. Though small, this village is of prepossessing appearance, delightfully situated on the western bank of the river Honddu, which washes the churchyard wall in its course to join the Uske. One of the most pleasing scenes in the Vale of Honddu is viewed in the approach to Llandevaillog church: opposite to the heights, under which stands Glan Honddu, several woody knolls, terminating in verdant meadows, slope gently towards the margin of the river, partially seen emerging from a thick grove which covers its precipitous banks; the church tower just rises above the dark foliage of the venerable yews by which it is surrounded, while in the back ground the landscape appears to be entirely enclosed by successive ranges of distant hills.

LLANDILO 'R VAN, twelve miles from Brecknock. Here are three brooks; the Mawen, the Ethrym, and the Cilieni; the two former unite near the church, and about a mile lower down, flow into the latter, which preserves its name until it falls into the Uske at Pontmaes.

LLANELLY, four miles from Abergavenny.—*Fish upwards towards Crickhowel.* The Clydach here falls into, and poisons the waters of the Uske.

LLANGAMMARCH, nine miles from Builth, situated at the point where a mountain stream flows into the Irvon.—*Good angling.* The prospect here commands a view of the Irvon from Llamcamddwr to the influx of the river Dulais: the banks of which are finely wooded throughout this part of its course.

LANGENEY, one mile and a half from Crickhowel, on the Grwyney. The vale of Grwyney, in which the village is embosomed, is enclosed by lofty hills clothed with the richest groves; and the stream bordered on each side by beautifully verdant meadows.

LLANGYNIDER, five miles from Crickhowel, on the Uske.

LLANVIHANGEL CWM DDU, four miles from Crickhowel. The vale in which it is situated, is watered by the river Rhyangoll, or “the sheltered stream.”

LLANVIHANGEL TAL Y LLYN, at the head of Llangorse Pool.—*Perch, pike, and eels.*

LLANWRTYD, twelve miles from Llandovery. The Irvon and several small streams.

MAESCAR, seven miles from Brecknock, on the Uske.

MERTHYR CYNOG, eight miles from Brecknock, between the Yseir and the Honddu.

PENBYBALLT, eight miles from Builth, at the junction of the Cammarch and the Irvon.—*Salmon, trout, and eels.* Near the church is a celebrated inn, called Tavern y pridd.

PENPONT, five miles from Brecknock, at the confluence of the Camlais and the Uske. The beautiful seat of Parry Williams, Esq.

PIPTON, four miles and a half from Hay, between the Llynvi and the Wye.

RHOSVERRIG, one mile and a half from Builth, between the Wye and the Whevri: *the latter river is famous for the abundance and excellence of its trout.*

PONTVAN, four miles from Brecknock, on the Yseir.

TALGARTH, nine miles from Brecknock, on an eminence rising gently from the river Ennig, which, after precipitating itself over several successive ledges of rock, falls into the river Llynvi.

TRALLONG, five miles and a half from Brecknock. The Bran and the Celieni, which fall into the Uske.

TRETOWER, three miles from Crickhowel, on the river Rhiangol, which, after passing through the beautiful vale of Cwmdu, falls into the Uske near this place. Adjoining the Castle grounds is "the fair place of Henry Vehan, Esq.," now a farm-

house. Among the descendants of that ancient family was Sir Roger Vaughan, knighted in the agonies of death, by Henry the Fifth, on the field of Agincourt, together with Sir David Gam and two others of his brave countrymen, who received their death wounds in their sovereign's defence.

YSTRADVELLTRY, fifteen miles from Brecknock, beautifully situated in the sequestered vale of Melté, on a branch of that river, which in summer, when the water is low, runs through a confined rocky channel till it arrives nearly opposite the village, where it enters a whirlpool on its southern bank, and disappears until it reaches a very remarkable cavern, a little below PORTH YR OGOV, or, "the Mouth of the Cave." Through this cavern the Melté pursues its course, rushing over the rocky fragments that obstruct its progress; and near the centre precipitates itself from a considerable height into a deep abyss, where the roaring of the cataract and the darkness of the cavern tend to excite a sensation of awe. At the distance of a few hundred feet, the river reappears, and, in time of floods, bursts out with prodigious force, forming a series of cataracts of uncommon grandeur and beauty. From a projecting cliff at the eastern side of the vale, the river, just above its confluence with the Hepsté, descends in one unbroken sheet, forming a magnificent cascade of which the noise is tremendous; and such is the violence of its fall, that it loses every appearance of water, and as-

sumes that of heavy spray and foam. From this point the river struggles through a deep channel, obstructed by rocks projecting on each side of its precipitous banks, and diverting its current into a variety of fantastic directions, for nearly three miles, until it falls into the Neath or Nedd Vechan. There are several other fine cataracts in the immediate vicinity.—*Fish directly under the various falls.* There is abundance of trout, &c. in this wild but hospitable neighbourhood. The spring of the year affords the most diversion, as in dry summers the rapid streams become very shallow. At such times, a bottom of single stallion's hair, a very fine light hook, and a tough brandling thrown out like the artificial fly, will be very successful. — ARTIFICIAL FLIES—the blue, the red, and the brown, — the oil fly and the sky blue.

THE LAKES OF BRECKNOCK.

LLYN SAVADON (BETWEEN CRICKHOWEL AND BRECKNOCK).

This lake is also known by the names of Llangorse Mere, Brecknock Mere, and sometimes Welshpool. It is a very beautiful sheet of water, about two miles in length, one in breadth, and five in circumference, and is broadest between the churches of Llangorse and Langasty tal y Lynn. On approaching the source of the Llynvi, or "Lake Water," it takes a sweep, and the river flows

through the midst of it, without deigning (as the good folks of the neighbouring villages assert) to mix its waters with those of the lake.* The general depth is about ten feet, the deepest part being near Llangorse and Catherdine, where it measures twelve or fifteen yards. As the lake diminishes very gradually from the centre towards the shore, flat-bottomed boats can alone be used.

This water contains pike, perch, and eels of an enormous size. The former are sometimes caught weighing thirty or forty pounds, but they are inferior in flavour to those of the Wye. The perch are generally small, five or six together weighing not more than a pound; of these there is a great abundance. Some are occasionally taken of three pounds; and when of that size, are considered a great delicacy. They are caught with nets, pitched in the middle of the pool, for the fishermen cannot drag them to land; also by angling, ground baits, &c. All persons having property adjoining the lake, possess the right of keeping a boat upon its waters, and many are also kept by the fishermen residing in the village of Llangorse.

On the sides of this lake, for a considerable distance from the shore, are reeds of different kinds, but principally that elegant species the *Arundo phragmites*, here of luxuriant growth and great beauty.

* This appears to be a universal popular error: the same thing being asserted of the Rhone in its passage through the Lake of Geneva, and also of the Dee in its course through that of Bala.

The surrounding scenery is pleasingly varied; and from the higher grounds are some fine prospects over the distant country, comprehending, on the east, the Black Mountains of Talgarth. Concerning the original formation of Llangorse Pool, a strange anecdote is preserved among the Harleian MSS. No. 6831. — A young man of small property pays his addresses to the Lady of Llan-safeddon, by whom he is rejected on account of his inferiority of fortune; upon which he robs and murders a carrier. After displaying his ill-gotten wealth, he again offers himself, and being interrogated how he acquired it, he confesses his crime to her under an injunction of secrecy; still she refuses him, until he repairs to the grave of the deceased and appeases his ghost. This he readily undertakes. Upon approaching the spot, a hollow voice is heard to exclaim, "Is there no vengeance for innocent blood?" another answers, "Not until the ninth generation." Satisfied to find the evil day so far protracted, the lady marries him, and their issue multiplies so fast, that the parents survive until that period. Still the judgment does not immediately follow: whereupon, in derision of the prophecy, they prepare a great feast; but in the midst of their jollity and triumph, a mighty earthquake swallows up the whole family, and their houses and lands are covered by the lake. It is an undoubted fact, that the peasantry on its banks firmly believe in the truth of this tradition; and they still point out to the stranger, when the water

is clear and unruffled, the ruins of these ancient dwellings scattered over its rocky bed.

The other lakes are, —

PWLL BIVERY, a few miles from Capel Callwen.

LLYN VAWR, about six miles from Devynnock.

RADNORSHIRE.

Oh, sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,

How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!

Once again I see these hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,

Little lines of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral forms

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke

Sent up in silence from among the trees!

With some uncertain notice, as might seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire

The hermit sits alone.

WORDSWORTH.

The principal rivers are — the Wye, with some of its tributaries, the Teme, the Ithon, the Eddwy, the Cynaron, the Bachwy, the Arrow, the Lug, the Endwell, the Clarwen, Weyhill Brook, the Gwythel, the Elain, &c.

THE WYE.

The romantic and rapid Wye, whose scenery has been so frequently the subject of both pen and pencil, rises on the southern side of Plinlimmon Mountain in Montgomeryshire, about a mile from

the source of the Severn, into which it flows below Chepstow, Monmouthshire. — *Salmon, trout, grayling, pike, chub, eels, roach, dace, gudgeons, &c.*

THE ELAIN,

Anglicè, “the Roe,” also affording many attractions to the admirers of the picturesque as well as to the angler, is a powerful stream from the westward, which, for several miles, separates the north-western extremity of the county of Radnor, from Brecknockshire. It falls into the Wye.

THE ITHON,

Descends from the north-western mountains, and, after a course of about twenty miles, joins the Wye at Disserth, where it is of equal magnitude with that river itself.

THE EDDWY,

An excellent trout stream, also falling into the Wye, four miles below Builth.

THE MACHWY,

A stream celebrated for the picturesque gloominess of the scenery upon its banks, falls into the Wye a few miles lower down.

THE TEME,

Rises in the Kerry Hills, Montgomeryshire, and enters Shropshire near the town of Knighton.

The LUG, the SOMERGIL, and the ARROW, are all tributary to the Wye, but do not join it in this county.

The principal Fishing Stations are, —

ABEREDW four miles and a half from Builth, at the mouth of the river Eddwy where it joins the Wye. This little stream is famous for its trout and eels. Within the short distance of a quarter of a mile from the village, are many objects of great interest. The churchyard is bounded on one side by a steep precipice, at the base of which flows the Eddwy, which from this point winds through a narrow defile of rocks rising on one side to a height of nearly three hundred feet, and romantically varied by alternate stratifications of naked cliffs and green-sward, partially concealed by hanging woods; on the other side, the rocks, though their elevation is inferior, have a more striking character. Here a bold projecting cliff threatens with immediate destruction the traveller passing beneath it; there a perpendicular wall of solid rock, upwards of one hundred feet in height, presents its unbroken front, richly mantled with mosses, ivy, and other parasitical plants, and in the clefts of which the larger birds build their nests. Among these rocks is a rude excavation about six feet square, called "Llewellyn's Cave," said to have been occasionally used as a place of refuge by that brave but unfortunate prince.*

* At a short distance north-west from the church, and at the head of this glen, was a castle, the ruins of which are yet

BEGUILDY, six miles and a half from Knighton, on the Teme.

standing on the banks of the Wye, consisting only of the fragment of a tower or bastion, and part of a wall. During the defensive war which he waged against the English monarch, the Welsh prince summoned his adherents to a private conference at this castle. Of the disastrous results of this movement, a variety of accounts have been given; the most authentic of which appears to be, that, having marched to Aberedw, he was there surprised by a superior force of the enemy from Herefordshire, under the command of Edward Mortimer and John Giffard, to whom intelligence of his arrival had been treacherously communicated by some of the inhabitants of this place. Thus unexpectedly attacked, Llewellyn fled with his men towards Builth; taking the precaution of ordering the shoes of his horse to be reversed; there being snow on the ground. This stratagem was, however, made known to the enemy by a blacksmith of Aberedw. Being arrived at the bridge over the Wye, he crossed it, and issued orders for its immediate demolition, before his pursuers arrived. Thus checked in their progress, the English returned to a ford, eight miles lower down on the river, which was known to some of the party—still called Caban Twm Bâch, or “Little Tom’s ferry-boat”—and thus effected a passage. Meanwhile Llewellyn proceeded to Builth; but failing in his attempts to procure help from the garrison, he advanced westward up the Vale of Irvon, on the south side, for about three miles, where he crossed the river, a little above Llanyis church, over a bridge called Pont y Coed, or “the Bridge of the Wood,” and stationed the few troops that had accompanied him in an advantageous position on the north side of that river, with a view to defend the bridge. The English, on coming up, made an attempt to obtain possession of it; but failing, they discovered a ford at a short distance, which a detachment of

LLANSANTFRAID, in Elvel, five miles from Builth, near the junction of a small stream with the Eddwy.

CEONPAWL, seven miles from Rhaidir, on the Clywedog brook which falls into the Ithon.—*A good stream.*

LLANBADON VAWR, twelve miles from Builth, on the Ithon.—*Excellent.*

DISSERTH, five miles from Builth, near the confluence of the Ithon with the Wye.—*Excellent.*

LLANDRIDNOD five miles from Penybout, near the banks of the Ithon.—*Celebrated for trout and grayling.*

their troops secretly crossed, and coming behind the Welsh unawares, attacked them in the rear and routed them; and Llewellyn himself was slain in a small dell, since called Cwm Llewellyn, or “Llewellyn’s Dingle,” about one hundred yards from the scene of action, by one Adam de Francton, who plunged his spear into his body without knowing the rank of his victim, and immediately joined his party in pursuit of the flying foe. Returning after the engagement—probably in search of plunder—De Francton discovered that he had wounded the Welsh prince, who was still alive; and on stripping him he found a letter in cipher, and his privy seal concealed on his person. Francton immediately cut off the prince’s head, and sent it to the King of England. The body was dragged a short distance, to a place where the road from Builth branches off in two directions; one leading to Llanavon Vawr, and the other to Llangammach. Here it was interred; the spot being still called Ceon bedd Llewellyn, “the Ridge of Llewellyn’s Grave.” From their behaviour on this occasion, the opprobrious designation of “Traitors of Aberedw” is said to have been bestowed on its inhabitants by this unfortunate prince. — LEWIS.

There is in this neighbourhood an unlimited range of both shooting and fishing.*

GWILLER, two miles from New Radnor, near the source of the Somergill brook. Here is also the celebrated cascade called "Water break its neck," which, after precipitating itself perpendicularly in

* Captain Hinde, while angling for trout under that most beautiful spot, the Alpine Bridge, near Llandridnod, unexpectedly hooked a salmon. The slight nature of the line, minnow tackle, and the want of a landing-net, rendered the chances of securing so large a fish altogether hopeless. By the most skilful and scientific management, however, the salmon remained on the hook for about two hours; when it was perceived that the line had in part given way, several of the hairs having become untwisted. A severe struggle now took place between the fish and the Captain, occasioned by a most rigorous attack upon the salmon by two enormous eels, which continued the chase within the circumscribed space of seven or eight yards. The consequence was, that, either by their contortions, or some lucky accident, that portion of the line before imperfect was made whole, by a knot forming itself on the sound part above and below that which had become untwisted. Three hours had expired, when the salmon was so far exhausted as to admit of being pulled to the edge of a rock several yards above the water, and a gentleman present introduced his fingers into its mouth, with the intention of assisting in landing it; the line being much too weak to bear the weight. The fish, however, got away when half raised from the water, and made one more furious attempt to break the line; in which, however, it failed; and was then, by means of a large salmon hook, safely landed, after a most heroic struggle of three hours and ten minutes. The weight of the salmon, one hour after being taken out of the water, was nine pounds ten ounces. — JOHNSON.

a fall of seventy feet, joins the Somergill.—The Lake Llanillyn is in this neighbourhood.—*An excellent fishing station.*

KENNARTH, two miles and a half from Rhaidir, on the Merthyd brook, which joins the Wye in the vicinity.—Near Discoed is a stream called the Best brook.

LLANBEDR PANISCASTLE, on the little river Bachwy, which falls into the Wye. Boughlyn pool, containing trout and eels, is in this parish.

LLANDEILO GRABAN, five miles from Builth, on the banks of the Wye. The Bachwy here forms a beautiful cascade, round which is some beautiful scenery. From the loftier hills, also, the prospects are extensive and magnificent. On the side next Brecknockshire, nearly the whole of the mountains of that county are conspicuous in one grand continuous chain, extending more than thirty miles.—*An excellent spot for angling—lodgings may easily be obtained at any farmhouse within the parish.*

LLANDEWI YSTRADENNY, four miles from Pen y Bout, on the Ithon. The scenery is magnificent.—*Good angling.*

BUILTH*, fifteen miles from Brecknock, roman-

* In the spring of 1825, the channel of the Wye and the Irvon, in the neighbourhood of this town, became almost dry. In both rivers, the mortality of salmon, trout, grayling, and other fish, was most distressing, owing to the unusual heat and consequent drought. The ardent temperature of the water had driven the fish in shoals to the points at which the colder rills are poured into the rivers; and where these were not to

tically situated on the Wye. The portion of the river in the vicinity of this town is remarkably well stocked with salmon, trout, and grayling; as, indeed, are all its numerous tributary streams. There is, perhaps, no better fishing station in South Wales.

LLANSTEPHEN, seven miles and a half from Hay, on the Wye.

LLANVIHANGEL HELYGEN, five miles from Pen y Bout, in the vicinity of the Ithon and the Dulais.—*Excellent. Salmon, trout, and grayling.*

LLANVIHANGEL NANT MELAN, two miles and a half from New Radnor, on the Somergill. The most beautiful village in this county.

MAES GWYN, two miles from Rhaider, near the Dulais, and in the vicinity of a beautiful lake called Llyn Gwyn.

MICHAEL CHURCH upon ARROW, four miles and a half from Kington, on the Arrow.—*An excellent river.*

NEW CHURCH, six miles and a half from Kington, on the Arrow.

PILLITH, three miles and a half from Knighton, on the Lug.—*Famous for its trout and grayling.*

DISCOED, two miles and a half from Presteign, near the Lug.

be found, salmon and trout of the largest size were seen to emerge into the shallows, turn up, and the greater portion of them perished. A few, after remaining in a state of apparent torpor for some time, were observed to recover on the approach of night, and to regain a more congenial situation in their native element.

PAINSCASTLE, six miles from Hay, on the Bachwy, which nearly encircles the village.

PRESTEIGN, eight miles from Radnor. This is a very beautiful little town, situated on the Lug.—*The trout and grayling caught in the neighbourhood, are, perhaps, of a superior quality to all others found in that stream.*

OLD RADNOR, two miles and a half from New Radnor, on the Somergill and Hendwell.—*Both famous for their trout and eels.*

ELLAN, five miles from Rhaidar, on the Ellan—a very good little river.

LLANBISTER, twelve miles from Knighton, on the Ithon.—*Beautiful scenery, and excellent angling.*

TRAWSCOED, five miles from Builth, between the rivers Ithon and Wye, near the spot where the former flows into the latter.—*Excellent angling; salmon, trout, grayling, chub, &c.*

THE LAKES OF RADNOR.

Radnorshire contains several small lakes worthy of mention, viz. one in the vicinity of Rhaiader, near the road leading from that town to Aberystwith, the most picturesque and interesting within its limits.

LLYN GWYN, a piece of water of considerable size, situated within a few miles of Rhaiader, in the opposite direction.—*Perch, trout, and eels.*

LLYN LLANIDIN, about a mile in circumference, of considerable depth, containing abundance of fish,

and singularly situated near Llanvichangel-nant-Melan, two miles and a half from New Radnor.

LLYN BYCHLLYN, near Paniscastle.—*Trout, eels, &c.*

LLYN GWINGY, on the borders of Cardigan.—*Trout, eels, &c.*

LLYN HENDWELL, a small lake, abounding with trout and eels, near Old Radnor.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

“ Sith I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet before
 The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardigian shore,
 She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast ;
 Which of thy castors once, but now can only boast
 The salmons of all floods most plentiful in thee.
 Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be ;
 Then, Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like wat’ry kind,
 Unto whose care great Neptune hath assigned
 The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes delight,
 Assist her ; and while she your dwelling shall recite,
 Be present in her work ; let her your graces view
 That to succeeding times them lively she may shew.”

DRAYTON.

The rivers of Cardigan are exceedingly numerous, there being no valley unwatered by a fine stream ; they afford plenty of the finest salmon, salmon trout, sewin, trout, samlets, scarlings, eels, &c.

The principal of these is the Teivi, which rises from Llyn-Teivi, or Teivy pool, on the mountain about two miles north of Strata Florida. It issues

from the lake by so small an outlet, as scarcely to accredit its relation to the noble river into which it soon afterwards expands. After receiving a small stream about a mile and a half from its source, it flows about a mile further, to a place called Pont Lywd, where it is joined by the Moywn, issuing from Llyn Egnart. Its other tributaries are the Glaslwd, Meyrig, Marchnant, Flûr, Camddwr, Berwyn, Cives, Brêvi, the lower and upper Clywedog, Frwd, Croyddyn, Crannel, Ryddlan, Clettwr, Einon, Cerry, and Cerdyn, besides innumerable small streams and brooks.

THE AËRON

Rises from Llyn Aeddwen, in the parish of Llan-ryrystydd; having, during the whole of its course, with only some slight deviation, formed the arc of a circle, it falls into the sea near Llandewy Aberath. Between this river and the Teivi are eighteen brooks and rivulets, all communicating with the salt water, and, like them, abounding with salmon, salmon trout, sewin, &c. &c.

THE CLEDON

Has a south-easterly course, is about six miles in extent, and falls into the sea at Llansainfraid, about three quarters of a mile from Aberlon.

THE WIRRAI

Rises in the mountains above Cwrn-r-olchva, and passes the village of Llanvihangel Lledrod in a northerly direction. No streams intervene between

this and the Ystwith, the next river for our consideration.

THE YSTWITH

Rises in the mountains, about three miles from Llangibby, on the Wye, and falls into the Rheidol at Aberystwith. It is a beautiful river for angling, and receives in its course to the sea upwards of twenty-three tributary streams.

THE RHEIDOL

Rises in a lake called Llyn Rheidol, in the Plinlimmon Mountains, and flows into the sea at Aberyst. The falls of the Rheidol are deservedly celebrated. The basin into which the river precipitates itself is agitated like a sea by the violence of the shock: the rocks that have planted themselves across its channel are of enormous size; the hue of the waters is dark, while the surrounding cliffs rise perpendicularly many hundred feet above the gazer's head; nothing glitters through the gloom but the foam of the torrent; nothing invades the deep silence but its sound. Opposite to this stupendous object, on a precipice of forests, at the height of more than a hundred and fifty yards, stands the inn called the Hafod Arms. The Rheidol soon afterwards meets with the Mynach, but the cascades on the two rivers are not within sight of each other.

THE MYNACH,

Or "Monk's River," rises on the east side of the mountains east of Spthy Ce'n vaen. The first fall

of this truly Acherontic stream is about forty yards south-west of the bridge, where it is confined to narrow limits by the rocks, and is projected about six feet over the ridge, into a basin at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, where it rages ingulphed between protruding crags. The third fall is diminished to twenty feet, from which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of one hundred and ten feet. Bursting into light in a volume of foam, which had before been obscured by the hanging branches of the wide-spreading beech, it seems to threaten, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations. The river, therefore, falls two hundred and eight perpendicular feet, without allowing for the declivity of the three pools. To this must be added one hundred and fourteen, which makes the perpendicular height three hundred and twenty-two feet.*

THE LERY

Rises in the mountains not far from the Camddwr, close to a house called Waun Hescog. After a course of seven miles from Tal y bout, it flows into the sea near Moel ynys.

THE DEYVI

Rises in Merionethshire, and flows into the sea near Melindwr.

* Meyrick's Cardigan.

THE ELAN

Rises in the mountains to the south of Cwn Ystwyth, and, after running rather more than a mile and a half, expands into a lake. About four miles farther it falls into the Wye.

THE CLAERWEN

Rises in the lake Llyn ruddon Vach, and flows into another called Llyn ruddon Vawr.

THE TOWY

Rises in this county, near a lake called Llyn ddu, and flows into the sea below the town of Carmarthen.

THE DOTHIE

Rises in a lake called Llyn Berwyn, not far from the source of the river of that name, and after a course of about ten miles, during which it receives the Pyscottwr, a celebrated trout and salmon river, falls into the Towy.

THE PYSCOTTWR

Rises in a vale to the west of the mountains that confine the Dothie. It obtained its name from the number of fish which its waters furnish. It also falls into the Towy.

The principal Fishing Stations are, —

DIHEWYD, eight miles from Lampeter, on the Mydur.

DOTHIE CAMDDWR, fourteen miles and a half from Lampeter, on the Camddwr — *a very excellent little river.*

GWNNWS ISAV, ten miles from Aberystwith, on the Ystwith.

HENLLAN, three miles and a half from Newcastle Emlyn, beautifully situated on the Teivi. Here are many interesting cascades formed by a rivulet flowing into that river a little above the bridge: they are called the “Henllan Falls,” and are the most picturesque in this portion of the Vale of Teivi. The whole scenery of the river at this place is eminently beautiful; the channel of the stream being contracted by huge masses of rock, over which it rushes with great impetuosity, and the banks on either side are clothed with luxuriant groves.

LLANARTH*, thirteen miles from Lampeter, on the Llethy. The scenery is embellished by beautiful wooded dingles and sterile mountains.

ABERAËRON, twenty-three miles from Cardigan, on the Aëron. — *Fish up the stream: vast quantities of trout and salmon.*

LLANDDEINIOL, seven miles from Aberystwith on the Gwyrri — *a good stream.*

LLANDEWY ABERARATH, thirteen miles from Lampeter, at the mouth of the Arth.

LLANDYSSIL, eight miles from Newcastle Emlyn,

* The Earl of Richmond, on the second night after the landing at Milford Haven, encamped his forces, on his route to Bosworth Field, at Wern Newydd, in this neighbourhood; where he was hospitably received by Einon ab Davydd Llwyd. — LEWIS.

on a beautiful reach of the Teivi. In the vicinity is the Cettwr, and other smaller streams.—*This is a very fine angling station for salmon, sewin, and trout.*

CARON UNCH CLAWDEL, or Strata Florida, six miles from Tregarron, and two miles from the lake whence the Teivi takes its rise.—*This is among the finest fishing stations in South Wales.*

PONT TRECEFEL, near Tregarron, on the Teivi, where it receives the Berwyn, — *another excellent stream.*

TREGARRON, thirty-nine miles from Cardigan, on the Berwyn, at a small distance from its confluence with the Teivi.

LLANYCHAERON, eleven miles from Lampeter, on the Aëron.— *This is a beautiful and picturesque spot, affording excellent salmon fishing; — fish downwards.*

TALSARN, six miles from Lampeter, on the Aëron.

LLANGEITHO, eight miles and a half from Lampeter, beautifully situated on the Aëron. The village is sheltered nearly on all sides by hills, clothed with woods or ornamented with the richest verdure; and, where the view is not bounded by the surrounding heights, there is a fine prospect of the Vale of Aëron.

BLAENCLOWON VACH, twelve miles from Lampeter, on the Clettwr.

CLARACH, three miles from Aberystwith, on the Clarach.

LLÂVAN, eight miles from Aberystwith, on the Ystwith.

LLANWNNEN, on the Teivi and Granell. *Excellent.*

MAESMAWR, eight miles from Aberystwith, on the Maesmor.

MELINDWR, in the Vale of Rheidol. The scenery is extremely beautiful, especially at Pont y Pren, where the dark rocks rise on one side nearly four hundred feet above the bed of that river. Through a chasm among these, a mountain stream issues, forming a fine cascade, and turning a small mill, which can only be approached by a rude bridge composed of the trunk of a tree.

SCYBOR, twelve miles from Aberystwith, on the Einon, near its junction with the Dovey.

TREMAEN, the river ARBERTH.*

TREVLYN, two miles from Tregarron, on the Teivi.

YSPYTTY YSTRAD MEURIE, thirteen miles from Aberystwith, on the Meurie. — *An excellent station, surrounded by numerous other fine streams.*

PONT RHYD FEN DIGID VILLAGE, three miles from the lakes on the Teivi. — *This is one of the best stations on the river. Salmon, sewin, trout.*

The Teivy is certainly one of the best, if not the very best salmon, trout, and sewin river in South Wales. The former are excellent, the latter larger

* Here is a spot called Rhydwenwynvarch, or “the Poisoned Ford;” which is supposed to have received that appellation from the water having been poisoned to destroy an invading army.

and better conditioned than we can remember to have taken elsewhere. The nearer you ascend towards its source, the more productive it becomes. Above Lampeter, trout of three and four pounds are by no means uncommon: thirty pounds' weight may be taken in a day by fly fishing, or trolling with either the artificial or natural minnow. The caddis drawn upon a winged hook, and thrown out like an artificial fly, is another most killing bait. Stone flies are also very numerous among the pebbles on the fine long stretches of gravel that form the shores of this beautiful river. A species of trout, called by the Welsh *Byrch*, swarm in the Teivi about September and October: they weigh from three to fifteen pounds each; and are also to be caught at the mouths of the Rheidol and the Ystwith, two of the tributaries of the Teivi, for a considerable distance *in the salt water*.*

* A Portuguese gentleman from Bahia, a fellow-passenger on board an English ship, observed the sailors fishing without success, when we were surrounded by bonitos. Without saying a word, he went to a hen-coop, procured some feathers and a hook, made a rough sort of fly, and soon caught more fish than could be useful to the company. Others tried the same means, but without equal success. The most extraordinary instance of perseverance in this way which I ever met with, was afforded by an Indian boy about thirteen or fourteen years of age. Having begged a hook, he sat himself down, and from junk patiently spun himself a line, well adapted to the size of the hook, and strong beyond what could be expected from such materials. For a float, he took the thigh bone of a fowl which had been picked at dinner, worked

LAKES OF CARDIGANSHIRE.

THE TEIVI LAKES.

Llyn Teivi, and the other lakes of this district, are situated at the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of Ystrad Fflur. As there is no path, it will be difficult to find them without a guide to whom their situation is known, and the least aberration might expose a stranger to the risk of passing the night in this rather inhospitable region. There is nothing particularly observable on the ascent. The Vale of Ystrad Fflur, though far from rich, presents the only features of vegetation within view, and therefore looks pleasant. The road to the top is long and tedious, the acclivity on this side of the mountain being by no means abrupt. On this eminence is found a cluster of lakes, of which Llyn Teivi is the principal: its circumference may be about a mile and a half. It is said never to have been fathomed,

off the two ends, and formed a hollow tube, through which he passed the line, and plugged up the ends: thus the float was fastened at what he deemed the proper distance from the bait. He then tied the other end of the line round his left arm, so that he had both hands at liberty. In fine weather, he threw the float and bait as far from the gangway of the vessel as he could, drawing it in again very quickly, hand over hand. If he caught nothing by one cast, he threw another; and continued doing so at every moment of leisure from duty. His patience and activity were inexhaustible: his employment proved useful to us all. — Luccock's *Notes on Brazil*.

and is encircled by a perpendicular ridge, which at once feeds and confines its everlasting waters. The other lakes being higher, there is here no prospect, except in the direction of Ystrad Fflur. The rocks and stones with which the soil is encumbered, without any relief of wood, or kindly vegetation, render the whole aspect of the mountain uncouth and repulsive. This cheerless appearance, however, is amply compensated to the angler by the excellent sport the pools afford. On leaving Llyn Teivi, a walk of a few minutes will bring you to the summit of the mountain, and at once in view of four more lakes, each within a few yards of the other. The largest cannot be less in circumference than Llyn Teivi, and is much less formal in its shape, being narrower in the middle. The smallest, occupying the highest ground, is circular, and in appearance resembles a volcanic crater. It is about three quarters of a mile in size. These, according to the peasantry, have also never been fathomed. Their effect is considerably heightened by the strong degree of agitation to which they are subjected by their exposure; and the scene, though totally desolate, is not deficient in grandeur. The sixth lake is some little way off; and there is a seventh, between Pentre Rhydvediged and Castle Irvon, called Llyn Vathey Cringlas. This last, a mile in circumference, is of a beautiful oblong form, and occupies the ground where the town of Tregarron is said formerly to have stood. All the Teivi pools are much frequented by wild fowl, and a gun should form part of

the angler's equipments; he will have noble diversion, if fond of duck shooting.

MAES LLYN, "the Lake of the Field," near Tregarron. — *Fine trout and eels.*

LAKE BERWYN, whence flows the river of that name, and also the Dothie. — *Famous for its trout and eels.*

LAKE EQUANT, about a mile in circumference. — *Trout and eels: many of the former are very large, and cut red like salmon.*

LLYN HÎR, or "the Long Lake," which lies about three hundred yards from the Teivi, has the finest fish. They are not very fond of the fly, but greedily take a well-scoured worm, maggot, or caddis. The peasantry destroy a great number of these noble trout by night lines. A single individual lays down from one to two dozen, and he generally finds himself fully occupied during the whole of the night in disengaging the fish.

The pool styled *par excellence* "Teivi Lake," and all those in its neighbourhood, are full of red trout; in some, of two or three pounds; in others, they are all small, and are more easily taken in proportion as they decrease in size.

LLYN GORLAN, about one hundred and fifty yards from the last-mentioned lakes. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN AEDDWEN, the source of the Aëron, in the parish of Llawrhystydd. — *Great numbers of trout and eels.* Many of the former are of the species called Tngoch, or red-bellied.

LLYN VANOD, where a small stream flows into the Aeron. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN VACH, about three quarters of a mile from Llynanod, the source of the Arth,—a good trouting stream, which, a short distance further, flows through another lake about the same size.—*Good angling in both.*

LLYN IWAN UCHA, “Upper John’s Lake,” one of the heads of the Kerrin river. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN RHEIDOL, the source of the Rheidol, in the Plimlimmon Mountains. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN IWAN ISSAV, “Lower John’s Lake,” the sources of the Mirrick. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN PENRHAIDER the source of the Dyvi, about four miles from Machynlleth. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN GWYNGI, the source of the river Gwyngi. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN RUDDON VACH.—Llyn Ruddon Vawr, about two miles in circumference: the former is the source of the Claerwen, and has abundance of trout and eels.

LLYN GYNON, about two miles in circumference, the source of one of the tributaries of the Claerwen. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN DDU, the source of one of the tributaries of the Towy. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN GORAST. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN CREQUANT, near Llyn Ddu. — *Abundance of trout and eels.*

LLYN COCH HWYAD, “the Pool of the Red

Duck," about three miles from Mallwyd. A stream flows out of it into the Talfolog River. There are some prodigious trout in this lake: we have taken them upwards of five pounds' weight. It also abounds with wildfowl, and with thousands of sandpipers, which are delicious eating, and will make a luxurious addition to the angler's repast.

THE WELSH CORACLE, OR FISHING-BOAT.

There is a remarkable number of these curious vessels always to be seen on the river Teivi. They are constructed of willow twigs, in the manner of basket-work, and are covered with a raw hide or canvass pitched in such a manner as to be waterproof. They are generally five feet and a half long, and four broad; their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape resembles the half of a walnut-shell. A seat crosses just above the centre, toward the broad end. The angler paddles with one hand, and casts his flies with the other; and, when his work is finished, brings home his boat on his back. These coracles are specimens of original British navigation, according to Cæsar, who turned them to good account in his Spanish expedition against Pompey: for Cæsar's bridges over the Sagre being carried away by the torrent, he transported his legions across it in vessels of this construction:—

“Imperat militibus Cæsar ut naves faciant cujus generis cum superioribus annis usus Britanniae docuerat. Carinæ primum ut ac statumina ex levi materia fiebant: reliquum corpus navium viminibus contextum coriis integebatur.” — *Bell. Civ. lib. i.*

Pliny, in his account of Britain, speaks of a six days' navigation in the open sea with these coracles:—“ Timæus historicus à Britannia introrsus sex dierum navigatione abesse dicit insulam Mictim, in qua candidum plumbum proveniat. Ad eam Britannos vitilibus navigiis corio circumsutis navigare.”—*Plin. Hist. Nat.* l. iv. c. 16.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

“ Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view !
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low,
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.” }
 Dyer.

The chief rivers are, the Severn, with its tributaries, the Vyrnwy and the Tanat; all of which descend eastward from the mountain ridge running across the western part of the county;—and the Dovey or Dyvi, flowing westward from the same ridge: the romantic Wye also has its source on the southern side of Plinlimmon, in Montgomeryshire, and, pursuing a south-easterly course by Llangurig, soon enters Radnorshire.

THE SEVERN

Rises in a powerful stream from a chalybeate spring

on the eastern side of Plinlimmon, about half a mile from the source of the Wye, whence it descends, as a mountain torrent, eastward towards the town of Llanidloes, under the name of Havren, traversing the narrow valley called Glyn Havren. In this early part of its course, it is joined by the streams of the Bachwy and Glâslyn, all formed by the waters of the numerous springs dispersed in the surrounding mosses; and, forming a junction with the Clywedog near Llanidloes, it loses the violence of its character, and, taking a north-easterly direction, flows through a broad and pleasant valley, by Newtown, receiving the waters of the Mirol at Abermule, and of the Rhiw at Berriew, or Aber-Rhiw; besides smaller rivulets. It is afterwards joined by the Vyrnwy.

THE VYRNWY

Has its source in two branches, one of which rises in the vicinity of Bwlch y Vedven, near the confines of Merionethshire, and flows east by Llanvair, where it enters the Vale of Meivod; and the other near Llanwddyn, which runs eastward till it meets the former branch at Mathraual;—after this junction it is called the Vyrnwy.

This river is at present, and has ever been distinguished for the abundance, variety, and excellence of its fish—salmon, trout, grayling, roach, dace, pike, &c. &c. The epithet *piscosus amnis* is peculiarly bestowed on it by the old chroniclers, —a reputation which is also shared by its nu-

merous tributaries. The principal of these, the Tanat, rises in the Berwyn mountains, and is joined, a little below the village of Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant, by the small river Rhaiadr, which descends from the same mountainous district along the confines of Denbighshire, and forms the grand cataract of Pystyll Rhaiadr.

THE DOVEY,

Descending from the foot of Aran Mowddwy, a mountain of the Berwyn range in Merionethshire, flows by the town of Dinasmowddwy, and thence into the Tanat.

The Tanat and the Dovey are both excellent rivers.

Principal Fishing Stations.

BERRIEW, five miles from Welshpool, at the junction of the Rhiw and the Severn, whence this village is distant about three quarters of a mile, on the banks of the river Rhiw, and on the road between Welshpool and Newtown.

LLANGURIG, five miles from Llanidloes, near the source of the Wye.

LLANIDLOES, twenty-two miles from Montgomery. This town is built in a beautiful and fertile vale, watered by the Severn, which has its source within the parish. The scenery is highly picturesque, the hills surrounding the town forming a rich and striking contrast to the barren heights seen at a distance, among which the great mountain Plinlimmon forms a conspicuous object. On the road leading from Aberystwith, after passing the stone

bridge, about two miles from the town, is a genteel farm-house, close to which flows a beautiful and well-stocked trout stream.

The Clywedog, another fine trout and grayling river, joins the Severn near this town.

LLANWDDYN, twelve miles from Llanvyllin, a beautiful village on the Owddyn, a tributary of the Vyrnwy.—*Abundance of salmon, trout, grayling, &c.*

MEIVOD (the “lowly champaign dwelling”), five miles from Llanvair, on the Vyrnwy, formed by the union of the Banwy and the Avon Llanwddyn, which meet at this place, where it first begins to expand its waters, that, previously to their entering the valley, were confined by the depth of the banks and the rapidity of the current: from this circumstance it derived its original name, Evyrnwy, or the “spreading river,” now written Vyrnwy. In this neighbourhood are two other streams, the Brogan and the Colwyn.—*This is an excellent fishing station.*

LLANGYNIEW, two miles and a half from Llanvair Caereinion. This place, situated on the bank of the river Banwy, no great distance from its junction with the other branch of the Vyrnwy, is at the western extremity of the Vale of Meivod. The Oweddyn also joins the Banwy, a little below Mathraval. These tributaries of the Vyrnwy still retain their ancient celebrity for salmon, trout, grayling, &c., which obtained for them the appellation of *piscosi amnes*. On the Banwy is a beautiful waterfall, near Dôlaney Bridge.

LLANGYNOG, on the Tanat, eight miles from Llanvyllin.

ABERAVESP, three miles from Newtown, at the confluence of the Havesp with the Severn.

BETTWS, four miles from Newtown, a pleasant village near the junction of the Bechan with the Severn. The road leading from Brynderwen Bridge to Garthmael is very beautiful; the high grounds on the north side are richly planted, from the base to the summit, with trees and shrubs of various kinds; and the scenery, enlivened by the meandering of the river Severn, presents, especially in the autumn, when every variety of tint is seen to advantage on the wood-crowned heights, one of the most pleasing and interesting spectacles in this part of the principality.*

* On the summit of a lofty conical hill, commanding an extensive prospect of the Vale of Severn and the surrounding country, is Castle Dol y Vorwyn, or "*the Castle of the Virgin's Meadow.*" The name is supposed to allude to the traditionary story of Havren, daughter of Locrinus, king of Britain; who, having married Essylt, in violation of a former pledge given to Gwenddolan, daughter of Corineus, who had accompanied Brutus into Britain, was compelled, by a threat of hostilities, to fulfil his engagement to the latter; and, concealing Essylt, whom he pretended to have banished from the kingdom, he married Gwenddolan. On the death of Corineus, Locrinus divorced her, and declared Essylt queen; but when Gwenddolan succeeded to the throne, on Locrinus's death, she, in retaliation, caused her rival, together with her daughter Havren, to be drowned in the river Severn. From this circumstance, the river is supposed to have derived its name originally: "Ys Havren," and by contraction Severn; from whence are deduced the Latin name Sabrina, and the English Severn.—LEWIS.

CEMMAS (“an amphitheatre”), seven miles from Machynlleth, on the Dovey.

BLAEN GLESYRCH, six miles from Machynllech, on the Dylas.

BÔDAIOCH, five miles from Llanidloes, on the Tarannon.

DAROWEN, or, “Owen’s Oak,” six miles from Machynllech, on the river Twymyn.

GLYN TRÊVNANT, five miles from Llanidloes, at the junction of three streams which form the river Trêvnant.

GWERN Y BWLCH, seven miles and a half from Machynllech, on the Avon Yale.

LLANDINAM, six miles and a half from Llanidloes. This village is beautifully situated on the bank of the Severn.

LLANDYSILIO, eight miles from Welshpool, on the Vyrnwy.

LLANDRINIO, nine miles from Welshpool, at the confluence of the Severn and Vyrnwy. — *A beautiful angling station.*

LLANERVUL, five miles from Llanvair, pleasantly situated on the Banwy.

LLANMEREWIG, four miles from Newtown, on the rivers Severn and Mule.

LLANSANTFAID YN MECHAN, six miles from Llanvyllin, near the confluence of the Tanat and the Vyrnwy.

LLANVECHAN, four miles from Llanvyllin, on the Cain.

LLANVYLLIN, twelve miles from Welshpool. The Abel, the Cain, and the Vyrnwy.

LLANWNNOG, six miles and a half from Newtown, on the Severn and Tarannon: the surrounding landscape presents a series of rich mountain scenery. In the vicinity are some fine lakes.

MACHYNLLETH, thirty-nine miles from Montgomery, on the banks of the Dovey. At Uwch y Garreg, near this town, is Pystyll Rhaiadr, one of the finest waterfalls in Wales.

MONTGOMERY, seven miles and a half from Welshpool, on the banks of the Severn. Its environs are strikingly beautiful.

NEWTOWN, eight miles from Montgomery, in a beautiful valley, on the Severn banks.

TAVOLOG, nine miles from Machynllech, on the Tavolog.

TREWERN, four miles from Welshpool, on the Severn.

LAKES OF MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

In the Parish of Llaneval are, —

LLYN Y BUGAIL (“the Shepherd’s Pool”), near Machyllech, about three quarters of a mile up the Plinlimmon mountain, is celebrated for its highly flavoured trout, which have been known to reach the weight of fourteen pounds.* It is, however,

* This is a species different from the common, and generally styled the great lake trout. Sir W. Jardine and Professor Rennie

at present so much poached during the spawning season, when the fish ascend the small stream which

say it is the most powerful of our freshwater fishes, exceeding the salmon in actual force, though not in activity. If hooked upon tackle of moderate strength, they afford excellent sport; but the general method of fishing for them is almost as well adapted for catching sharks as trout: the angler being apparently more anxious to have it in his power to state that he had caught a fish of such a size than to enjoy the pleasures of the sport itself. However, to the credit of both parties, it may be stated that the very strongest tackle is sometimes snapped in two by its first tremendous springs. The ordinary method of fishing for this kind of trout is with a powerful rod, from a boat rowing at the rate of from three to four miles an hour; the lure a common trout, from about three to ten inches in length, baited upon six or eight salmon hooks, tied back to back upon strong gimp, assisted by two swivels, and the wheel-line strong whip-cord. Yet all this, in the first impetuous efforts of the fish to regain its liberty, is frequently carried away for ever into the crystal depths of Loch Awe. Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, one of the most accomplished fishermen in Europe, gives the following graphic and humorous sketch of an evening's angling for lake trout:—

“ Lie on your oars, for we know the water. The bottom of this shallow bay — for 't is nowhere ten feet, in places sludgy, and in places firm almost as greensward; for we have waded it of yore many a time up to our chin — till we had to take to our fins — there! Mr. Yellowlees was in right earnest, and we have him as fast as an otter. There he goes, snoring and snuving along, as deep as he can — steady, boys, steady — and seems disposed to pay a visit to Rabbit Island. There is a mystery in this we do not very clearly comprehend — the uniformity of our friend's conduct becomes puzzling — he is an unaccountable character. He surely cannot be an eel; yet,

empties itself into the lake, that a trout above two pounds is now rarely met with. Of these, how-

for a trout, he manifests an unnatural love of mud on a fine day. Row shoreward — Proctor, do as we bid you — she draws but little water — run her up bang on that green brae — then hand us the crutch, for we must finish this affair on *terra firma*. Loch Awe is certainly a beautiful piece of water. The islands are disposed so picturesquely — we want no assistance but the crutch — here we are, with elbow-room and on stable footing ; and we shall wind up, retiring from the water's edge as people do from a levee, with their faces towards the king. Do you see them yellowing, you Tory? What bellies! Why, we knew by the dead weight that there were *three* ; for they kept all pulling against one another ; nor were we long in discovering the complicated movement of triplets. Pounders each — same weight to an ounce — same family — all bright as stars. Never could we endure angling from a boat. What loss of time in getting the *whoppers* wiled into the landing-net! What loss of peace of mind, in letting them off, when their snouts, like those of Chinese pigs, were within a few yards of the gunwale, and when, with a last convulsive effort, they whaumled themselves over, with their splashing tails, and disappeared for ever. Now for five flies — wind on our back — no tree within an acre — no shrub higher than the bracken — no reed, rush, or water-lily in all the bay. What hinders that we should, what the Cockneys call, *whip* with a dozen? We have set the lake afeed; epicure and glutton are alike rushing to destruction; trouts of the most abstemious habits cannot withstand the temptation of such exquisite evening fare; and we are much mistaken if here be not an old dotard — a lean and slippery pantaloon, who had long given up attempting vainly to catch flies, and found it as much as he could do to overtake the slower sort of worms. Him we shall

ever, there is an abundance, as well as of fine eels. In this pool are taken the hog-backed trout, which

not return to his native element, to drag out a pitiable existence, but leave him where he lies, to die — he is dead already —

‘ For he is old and miserably poor.’

Two dozen in two hours, we call fair sport ; and we think they will average not less, Proctor, than a pound. Lascelles and North against any two in England ! We beseech you, only look at yonder noses — thick as frogs — as pow heads ! There, that was lightly dropped among them ; each fatal feather seeming to melt on the water like a snow-flake. We have done the deed, Proctor, we have done the deed ; we feel that we have five. Observe how they will come to light in succession ; a size larger and larger, with a monster at the tail fly. Even so. To explain the reason why, would perplex a master of arts. Five seem about fifty, when all dancing about together in an irregular figure ; but they have sorely ravelled our gear. It matters not ; for it must be wearing well on towards eight o'clock, and we dine at sunset.

“ Why keep we so far from shore ? Whirr, whirr, whirr ! *SALMO FEROX*, as sure as a gun ! The maddened monster has already run out ten fathom of chain cable. His spring is not so sinewy as a salmon's of the same size ; but his rush is more tremendous, and he dives like one of the damned in Michael Angelo's “ Last Judgment.” All the twelve barbs are gorged, and not, but with the loss of his torn-out entrails, can he escape death. Give us an oar, or he will break the rope — There, we follow him at equal speed, sternmost ; but canny, canny ! for if the devil doubles upon us, he may play mischief yet, by getting under our keel. — That is noble ! There he sails, some twenty fathom off, parallel to our pinnace, at the rate of six knots, and bearing — for we are giving him the *bult* — right down upon Laracha Ban, as if towards spawning

has the appearance of being much deformed: he has a small head, and is very brilliantly marked. Until about twenty years ago, Llyn Bugail was entirely without fish.* Two gentlemen, one of whom was the late Captain Jones, R.N., grousing on Plinlimmon, the conversation turned upon the peculiarity of this lake being entirely destitute of the finny race, and the possibility of stocking it from a neighbouring rivulet. A staff net was procured, and some dozens of small trout, caught in the river Rheidol, were turned into the lake, which at that time swarmed with millions of horse leeches. Some of the trout, when placed in the pool, lay upon their sides, faint and exhausted. Strange as it may appear, the rapacious leeches attached themselves to the sick fish, and actually devoured them; others of the trout were more vigorous; these and their progeny have enforced the *lex talionis* with a vengeance, and not a leech is now to be seen!

LLYN Y GRINWYDDEN, or the "pool of the withered tree," situated on a rocky hill, and said to be of unfathomable depth. It is about seventy yards in length, and contains no fish but eels and carp.

ground, in the genial month of August: but never again shall he enjoy his love. See! he turns up a side like a house. Ay, that is, indeed, a most commodious landing-place, and ere he is aware of water too shallow to hide his back fin, will be whallopping upon the yellow sand."

* Cambrian Quarterly.

LLYN HIR, or the "long pool," about 300 yards in length, and 150 in breadth. It contains excellent red trout, but in very hot summers is nearly dried up.

LLYN CADWIW, a lake of remarkably clear water, formerly containing great numbers of fine trout, which have been nearly extirpated by the introduction of pike. There is here, however, good trolling, and excellent sport may be obtained by suspending baits by a short line to inflated bladders, and turning them loose on the windward side of the pool.*

* "The principal sport to take a pike is, to procure a goose, or gander, or duck; take one of the pike lines, as I have showed you before, tie the line under the left wing, and over the right wing, as a man weareth his belt; turn the goose loose in a pond where pikes are, there is no doubt of pleasure betwixt the goose and the pike. It is the greatest pleasure that a noble gentleman in Shropshire giveth his friends for entertainment. There is no question, among all this fishing, but we shall take a brace of good pikes.

" A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
 A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
 In killing a pike, but the forked stick
 With a slit and a bladder, and that other fine trick,
 Which our artists call Snap, with a goose or a duck,
 Will kill two to one, if thou have any luck.
 The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
 To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
 When a pike suns himself and a frogging doth go,
 The two-inched hook is better, I know,
 Than the ord'nary snaring: but still I must cry,
 When the pike is at home, minde the cookery.

" Now I will pawn my credit, that I will show a way either

This lake, which lies on an eminence, is about a mile in circumference, and has, some deep

in maire, or pond, or river, that shall take more pikes than any troller shall with his rod. And thus it is: — First, take a forked stick, a line of twelve yards long wound upon it. At the upper end leave a yard, either to tie a bunch of rags or a bladder to buoy up the fish, to carry the bait from the ground, that the fish may swim clear. The bait must be live fish, either dace, gudgeon, or roach, or a small trout. The forked stick must have a slit on one side of the fork, that you may put the line in, that the live fish may swim at that gage you set the fish to swim at, that when the pike taketh the bait, he may have full liberty of line for his feed; you may turn all these loose, either in pond or river, all day long, the more the better, and do it in a pond with the wind: at night, set a small weight, such as may stay the buoy, as a ship lyeth at anchor, until the fish feedeth; for the river, you must turn all loose with the stream: two or three be sufficient to show pleasure. Gaged at such a depth, they will go current down the stream: there is no doubt of pleasure if there be pikes: the hooks must be double hooks; the shanks somewhat shorter than ordinary. My reason is, the shorter the hooks be in the shank, it will hurt the live fish the less, and it must be armed with small wire well seasoned: but I hold a hook armed with twisted silk to be better, for it will also hurt the live fish the less. If you arm your hook with wire, the needle must be made with a hook at the end thereof: if you arm your hook with silk, if it be double, the same needle will serve; but if you arm the hook single, the needle must be made with an eye, and then you must take one of the baits alive, which you can get, and with one of your needles enter the fish within a straw breadth of the gill; so put the needle between the skin and the fish, then put the needle out at the hindmost fin, drawing the arming through the fish until the hook come to

hollows open to the south-west and north-west, within which the collected winds burst impetuously through an opening on the ridge parallel with the direction of the pool, and agitate its waters with great violence.

LLYN MAWR, the "great lake," near Llanwnnog.

LLYN TARW, the "bull's lake."

LLYN DÛ, the "black lake," in the same parish, south of Llyn Mawr.

GLAS LLYN, "blue lake," at the foot of Plinlimmon. — *Red and common trout, eels.*

lie close to the body; but I hold it better, if it be armed with wire, to take off the hook and put the needle in at the hindmost fin, and so to come forth at the gill, and it will hurt the live fish the less.* So knit the arming with the live fish to the line, then put off into maire or pond with the wind, in the river with the stream: the more you put of them in the maire, you are like to have the more pleasure; for the river, three or four will be sufficient." — BARKER.

* The whole of this proceeding is so atrociously cruel, that no angler of the present day would practise it, but use a dead bait instead.

MERIONETHSHIRE.

“ And since each one is praised for her peculiar things,
 So MERVINIA is rich in mountains, lakes, and springs;
 And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
 As others by their towns and fruitful tillage graced.
 And therefore to recount her rivers from their springs,
 Abridging all delays, MERVINIA thus begins.”

DRAYTON.

The principal rivers are, the Dee, the Maw, the Dovey, the Dwyryd, and the Dysynni : there are also the Worrion, the Traethbach, *the Maes y pandy**, the Dyffryngwn, the Diflas, the Cwmcelli, the Cowarch, the Twrch, the Llew, the Dee, the Bychan, the Treweryn, the Lymauduon, the Eden, and the Cain ; besides a hundred other nameless streams, Merionethshire, and the neighbouring county of Carnarvon, may be truly named the Paradise of anglers, the whole district being diversified with woods, lakes, rivers, torrents, cataracts, and all the varied decorations of nature in her wildest garb.

THE DEE

Has its source within a short distance of Bala lake, which it soon enters a little below Llamrwchyllyn : issuing from this extensive sheet of water near the town of Bala, it takes a north-north-east direction through the beautiful vale of Edeyrnion, and, afterwards passing the town of Corwen, flows through

* A beautiful trout stream.

the picturesque vales of Glyndyvrddy and Llangollen into the southern part of Denbighshire.

THE MAW

Rises in the mountains of the north-east part of the county, and flows first southward, and then south-westward, by the village of Llanvachrek, towards Llanelltyd, where it is joined by the Wonion.

THE WONION,

Equal in size to the Maw, rises near the source of the Dee, at a place called Drws y Nant, and, winding through a narrow valley in a less turbulent stream than is usual with rivers having a mountainous origin, passes the town of Dolgelly. — *A beautiful trout stream.*

THE DOVEY

Rises at the foot of Aran Mowddwy, and flows southward through the rich vale to which it gives its name; and passing by the small town of Dinas Mowddwy, enters the western part of Montgomeryshire, where it becomes the southern boundary of Merionethshire.

THE DWYRHYD

Rises in the mountains on the northern side of the county, and gradually losing its character of a mountain torrent as it emerges into a more level district, flows in beautiful meanders through the celebrated Vale of Festiniog.

THE DYSYNNI

Descends in an irregular course from Cader Idris, and passing through the lake of Taly Llyn, flows into the sea a little to the north of Towyn. — *These are well stocked salmon and trout rivers.*

The principal Fishing Stations are, —

LLANDRILLO, five miles from Corwen, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Dee. — *Salmon, trout, and grayling fishing.*

LLANEGRIN, five miles from Towyn, on the beautiful little river, the Dysynni.

LLANGOWER, three miles from Bala, finely situated, with its ancient little church, and gigantic yew tree on the margin of the lake, of whose excellence as an angling station I have spoken elsewhere.

LLANSANFRAID GLYN DYVRDWY*, three miles from Corwen, on the Dee, and in the vicinity of many brooks, its tributaries. From Tŷn y Caeran, above Rhaggat, in this parish, is a fine view extending over the fertile vale of Edeyrnion, through which the Dee, in its numerous windings, appears and disappears, amidst hanging woods and plantations, and assumes the appearance of small lakes scattered through the vale, in which the town of Corwen and

* In the village is a small building, now a dwelling-house, called Carchardy Owain Glyndwr, or, "Owain Glyndwr's Prison House," in which that renowned chieftain is said to have confined the captives whom he took in battle. — LEWIS.

the Berwyn range of mountains are seen to peculiar advantage.—*Salmon, trout, grayling, perch, jack, &c.*

LLANWCHLLYN, five miles from Bala, at the confluence of the Slew, the Twrch, and the Dee, all which flow into the lake. This neighbourhood affords fine angling, and is adorned with the most sublime scenery; the most remarkable feature of which is Bwlch y Groes, or “the Pass of the Cross,”—one of the most difficult and arduous in North Wales, encircled with precipitous mountains, occasionally varied by verdant declivities and sheep-walks. The pass itself is a dreary flat, approached by a steep, narrow, tortuous path, terminating at the crucifix from which it derives its name, and near which is a beautiful cascade, formed by the Twrch, a rapid mountain torrent rushing from the Arans, and precipitating itself with violence over huge masses of broken rock heaped on each other in its bed. The water, thus diverted from its course, forces itself through the fissures in the rocks, which are occasionally interspersed with various plants that have taken root in them, and descends with renewed violence into its channel across the road.

HAVODVADOG, four miles from Bala, on the Tre-weryn. It is the first tributary of the Dee.—*A good trout river.*

LLANYCIL, “the Church in the Retreat,” so called from its retired situation in a sequestered part of the county, being nearly surrounded with moun-

tains. It is on the western side of Bala Lake, about a mile from the town, and is a good sporting residence.

TRAWSVYNYDD, twelve miles from Dolgelly, on the Bychan.—*Good trout fishing.*

LLANVACHRETH, three miles and a half from Dolgelly, on a tributary of the Mawddoch.—*An excellent fishing station.*

TOWYN, sixteen miles from Dolgelly. This town stands in a fine situation, about a mile from the sea coast, near the mouth of the river Dysynni, in a small and pleasant vale watered by that stream.—*Fine salmon fishing: there is also a vast quantity of wildfowl on the Dysynni.*

LLANVIHANGEL Y TRAETHAN, three miles from Harlech, on the river Dwyryd. The village is near the Traethbach sands, and it will be necessary to go a mile or two up towards the source, where are several small lakes, especially Llyn y Vedw, Llyn Eidaw, and Llyn Glyn.

ARTHOE CHAPEL, three miles from Barmouth. There are about eleven fine streams within a very short distance of each other, that flow into the estuary forming Barmouth Harbour.—*All of them contain salmon, trout, sewin, mullet, eels, &c.*

LLANBEDER, three miles from Harlech, on the Bychan.—*Salmon, trout, and eels.*

HENDRE LLWYNGWR, eleven miles south-west of Dolgelly.—*A fine river, abounding with salmon, sewin, trout, eels, and mullet.*

DOLODGWYN, eight miles south-west from Tal y

Llyn, on a fine stream flowing into the Dysynni river.—*Salmon, trout, and eels.*

PONT DOLGOFILIA, eight miles north of Dolgelly, on the Mawddoch.—*Salmon, trout, and eels.*

ABEALEVNNY, two miles south-east of Tal y Llyn, on the Dovey, near two of its tributaries.

DINASMOUDDU, or DINASMOUTHY, on the Dovey.—*A very fine angling station.*

DOLYGAMMED, four miles from Dolgelly, on the Avon.

MAES YR FUTTEN, four miles south of Bala, on a tributary of the Rhiwedog river. — *Fine trout fishing.*

There is very good angling in the stream which flows out of Tal y Llyn Lake, towards Towyn. About two or three miles from the village is a favourite spot, where the river pours itself over a ledge of rock; and the bank being rather lofty on one side, the pool below the fall is generally in shade. It is famous for salmon, particularly in the neighbourhood of Penniarth.

FESTINIOG. — This village is pleasantly situated on an eminence between the rivers Dwyrryd and Cynvael, on the road from the western coast to Ysphyly Ivan and Bala Lake. The Vale of Festiniog is encompassed by lofty hills, the slopes of which are, in many places, well clothed with wood, finely varied with projecting rocks and green-sward, and contrasted with the rich corn-fields and meadows skirting the margin of the Dwyrryd.

Near the village are two fine cataracts, called the Falls of the Cynvael: the upper is composed of three steep rocky precipices, over which the waters of the Cynvael are impelled into a dark deep basin, overshadowed by flanking rocks. In the pools below these falls are numbers of very fine salmon and trout.

About three hundred yards farther, the river is crossed by a rustic stone bridge; and at an equal distance lower occurs the other cataract, consisting of a broad sheet of water, sweeping over a slightly shelving rock, about forty feet high, from the bottom of which it rushes, with murmuring impetuosity, through a narrow chasm, glistening among the loose fragments that oppose its progress; and, falling from slope to slope, at length gains a smoother channel, and winds placidly through the vale to its junction with the Dwyryhd.

This is a capital place. Fail not to try at the bottom of these falls, and also in the river beyond. In the warm months, the stream occasionally appears, towards nightfall, *quite alive*, from the constant ripple produced by the rising of the fish. The only flies necessary are — the March brown, the wren's tail, the dark and light blue duns, the coch y body; and, in the months of September and October, a fly with body of the sandy fur from between a hare's fore leg, winged with a rail's feather.

LAKES OF MERIONETHSHIRE.

TAL Y LLYN.

“ There is a sweet accordant harmony
 In this fair scene. —
 These sloping banks, with tree, and shrub, and flower
 Bedeck'd ; and these pure waters, where the sky
 In its deep blueness shines so peacefully ;—
 Shines all unbroken, save with sudden light,
 When some fair swan majestically bright,
 Flashes her snow-white beauty on the eye ;—
 Shines all unbroken ; save by dewy shade,
 When from the delicate birch a dewy tear
 The west wind brushes. Even the bees' blithe trade,
 The lark's clear carols, sound too loudly here :
 A spot it is for far off music made,
 Stillness and rest.” —

This place derives its name from the situation of its church, at the head of a beautiful lake, embosomed in green hills, called Llyn Mwyngil, somewhat more than a mile in length, and about half a mile in breadth. The scenery is strikingly romantic: there is another pool within the limits of the parish, called Llyncae, at the foot of Cader Idris ; it is about a quarter of a mile long, and nearly of equal breadth, and connected by a small stream with Llyn Mwyngil. The vale in which it is situated is so contracted, as to leave, for a considerable part of its length, only a very narrow road on each side of the lake, from the clear surface of which are reflected its precipitous declivities. Towards the

extremity of the vale, it contracts gradually into the form of a river rushing rapidly through a stone arch into a very narrow pass ; having on one of side the church, and on the other the small cluster of houses that form the village, embosomed in trees. At the distance of a mile or two beyond the church, the sterile and rugged hills almost meet : they are broken into numberless crags, of which some are perpendicular and sharply pointed ; but the greater number project horizontally, and impend with threatening gloom over the vale beneath. One of these precipices, from its resemblance in form to a harp, has been called Pen y Delyn ; and another, from a tradition that it was formerly the practice to throw thieves from its summit, has been denominated Llam y Lledron, or “ the Thieves’ Leap.”

Tal y Llyn is the property of Colonel Vaughan, of Hengwrt and Rug, who purchased it for no other purpose than that of affording his friends the enjoyment of angling in it. The stranger, who has never heard of this generous-hearted Welshman, is equally welcome to participate in the sport without the trouble and annoyance of begging a day’s fishing, or of even intimating his intention to the proprietor. The Colonel has also provided a boat for those who visit the lake, which is always to be had, if disengaged, by application at the inn, now or very recently in the occupation of one Roberts.

Three mountain streams pay their tribute to this lake. It contains two species of fish ; the large lake trout of eight or ten pounds’ weight, and the common

river trout. The latter are, of course, much oftener on the hook than the former; and the general size caught in fly-fishing may be said to average from one to two and a half, or three pounds. They are a handsome fish, and exceedingly game.*

Speaking generally, the flies found most successful at Tal y Llyn, are the March brown, the blue dun, the coch y bondy, and the black gnat; three of these should be on the footline together, as in lake fishing it is the universal custom to use that number of flies. The blue dun and the orl fly are also good. Dress them smaller than for river fishing; and use the finest tackle.

From before daybreak until about eight o'clock, and from five in the evening until long after dark, are the best seasons for angling in the warm sunny days of summer. In cloudy weather, when a good stiff breeze curls the lake, a boat is necessary. About sunset, however, when the mountains throw their dark shadows over its surface, you will frequently have excellent sport by fishing round the margin from the shore. It is no unusual feat to take thirty or forty pounds of fish in a single day's angling at Tal y Llyn. Living is exceedingly cheap: a man will fare sumptuously at the rate of about two shillings per day, lodging included.

The lakes of Wales possess one peculiar ad-

* "Two gentlemen fly-fishing in the neighbourhood of Tal y Llyn, North Wales, killed in six days 512 trout, averaging three quarters of a pound each." — JOHNSON'S *Sportsman's Cabinet*, Sept. 1833.

vantage ; there are, in almost every instance, small rivers flowing in or out of them. When tired of your boat, you may forthwith repair to the stream, which, being stocked by the pool from whence it issues, will always afford good sport.

BALA LAKE.

Above that pool, and so beneath that flood,
 Are salmon caught, and many a fish full good :
 But *in* the same there will no salmon be,
 And in that pool you shall no whiting see.

CHURCHYARD'S *Worthiness of Wales.*

This lake, called also Llyn Tegid and Pimbee Mere, is the largest in Wales, being about four miles in length, and, in some places, nearly one in breadth. The greatest depth, which is opposite Bryn Golen, is about forty-six yards. When the wind rushes from the mountains, at the upper end, its overflowing occasions great damage : in stormy weather, it receives a vast accession of water from the mountain torrents, and rises to the height of seven or eight feet above its ordinary level, covering a considerable portion of the vales of Penllyn and Edeyrnion, and even endangering the safety of the town itself. The river Dee has its source under Aran Penllyn, a high mountain at the head of the lake, through which it has been said, by Giraldus Cambrensis, Drayton, and others, to flow without mingling its waters ; as the Rhone is fabled to pass through the Lake of Geneva, and the classic Alpheus through the

Adriatic Sea. This opinion is partly founded on the assertion, that salmon, which are plentiful in the river, are never found in the lake; nor are gwyniaid, which swim in shoals in the latter, seen, except rarely, in the former; but this may be accounted for by the instinct which all creatures exhibit, in resorting only to those haunts most congenial to their habits, and most convenient for feeding and shelter. The lake abounds with pike, perch, trout, and eels; there are also a few roach, and innumerable gwyniaid (so called from the whiteness of their scales),—a species of fish found only in Alpine waters, and resembling whittings in flavour, which spawn in December, and are caught in great numbers in spring and summer. The fishery in the thirteenth century belonged to the abbot and monks of Basingweik; the whole is now the property of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart., who has a handsome villa, called Glyn Llyn, pleasantly situated on the margin of the lake.*

* The following local tradition is vulgarly connected with the formation of this piece of water, in common with most other large lakes of Wales:—“In the far-gone ages, when the Cymri were yet lords of the Beautiful Isle, there lived in the valley where the lake now stands, a prince, the richest and the proudest in all the land of Gwynedd. But it was known that his treasures, his palaces, and his hunting grounds, were the wages of sin; and as he first entered his palace door, a voice was heard from the distant mountains, crying out, ‘Edivar a ddaw! Edivar a ddaw!’ (Repentance will come! repentance will come!) ‘When will repentance come?’ asked the prince. ‘At the third generation!’ replied the voice; and

LLYN BODLYN, near Barmouth.— *Trout and eels.*
 LLYN CWM HOWEL, near Corsy Gedol, contains
 a deformed species of trout.

a deep thunderclap broke from the mountains, that seemed to join all their echoes in one terrific acclamation of assent.

“ The wilful prince laughed at the voice, and still went on in his crimes, careless of God and man, plundering and murdering the poor peasants around him; and many a time has he been heard to burst into a loud and frantic laughter, as the hymn from the distant church rose faintly upon his ear.

* * * * *

“ An old harper from the neighbouring mountains was one night summoned to the palace. He heard on his way that they were rejoicing at the birth of the first child born to the prince’s eldest son. When the harper arrived in the hall, there was such feasting, and so great a number of lords and ladies, that he had never seen any thing equal to it before; and when he began to strike upon his harp, it was a beautiful sight to behold the dance of those proud-eyed gentlemen, and those damsels, with necks as white as a morning cloud that rises blanched from the ocean. And so it went on; and the old harper was not a whit less delighted to play to them, than they to dance to his music.

“ It was now just midnight; there was a pause in the dance, and the old harper was left in his nook quite alone, when suddenly he heard a little voice half whispering, half singing, in his ear, ‘ Edivar, Edivar!’ He turned round, and saw a small bird hovering in the air, beckoning him to follow, and he followed as fast as an infirm old man could. He did not at all know the meaning of this; but still he thought he must obey the summons. At last they got fairly out of the different windings of the palace porticos, into the clear cold moonshine; when the old man began to hesitate; still he

LLYN IRDDIN, near Barmouth. — *Trout and eels.*

LLYN RAITHLYN, near Trawsvynydd, a very beautiful sheet of water, remarkable for a variety of the perch, having a distorted spine. There are also trout and eels.

LLYN PAIR, or Pool of the Cauldron, about three

saw the little bird between him and the moon's disk, beckoning so sorrowfully, and heard her call out again, 'Edivar! Edivar!' so awfully, and yet so mournfully, that it might have been a *Christian's* voice; and he was afraid not to follow. Thus they went on, over bogs, and through woods and thickets; the little bird still floating before, like a cloud, always guiding him along the safest and smoothest paths; but whenever he paused even for a single minute, she again wailed out, (in a tone that reminded him of his own little Gwenhwyvar's dying shriek, when she fell into and perished in *Glaslyn**,) 'Edivar! Edivar!'

They had now reached the top of the mountain, a considerable distance from the palace, and the harper was faint and weary; and once more he ventured to pause, but he no longer heard that little warning voice, hurrying him down the other side of the mountain. He listened; still there was no sound, save the rustling of the torrent at his feet, or the occasional tinkle of the distant sheep-bell. He now reflected how foolishly he had acted, in allowing his old weak brain to lead him away from the castle, and turned back, in hopes that he might again reach it in time for the next dance. But his amazement was indescribable, when, on turning round, he could see nothing of the castle; — all beneath him was a wide, calm expanse of lake, and his harp floating on the surface of the waters."—*Cambrian Quarterly.*

* The Blue Lake.

miles from Towyn, on the old Maçynnllch road, through the mountains. The outlet of this lake is among large rocks, and the stream falls into another black pool below, and thence runs into the sea by Bodtalog.—*This lake contains very large trout, and fine eels.*

LLYN CONGLOG, “the Angular Lake,” eleven miles west of Bala, the source of the Felinrhyd river.—*Trout and eels.*

LLYN TREWERYN, “the Transparent Lake,” nine miles from Bala, and about a mile from the above.—*Excellent trout and eels ; also perch.*

LLYN ARENNIOG, a short distance from Llyn Treweryn, and connected with it, and with Llyn Conlog, by a small river.—*Fine trout and eels. All the pools in the vicinity of the Arenniog Mountains abound with fish.*

LLYN CREGENAN, “the Lake of Shells,” four miles south west of Dolgelly: a river flows from it into Barmouth Harbour.—*Trout and eels in the lake, and fine salmon in the river.*

LYNN GADER, “the Lake of the Keep,” one mile and a half from Dolgelly: a river flows into this lake.—*Trout and eels.*

LLYN GEIRW, “the Lake of Torrents,” about five miles south-west of Dolgelly, connected with Barmouth Harbour by a fine river replenished with *salmon, trout, sewin, eels, &c.*

LLYN CYNWCH.

LLYN ELIDER, Llanvrothen.*

* The name of the parish in which the lake is situated.

LLYN TEEWYN UCHA AND ISA, Upper and Lower Teewyn lakes, Llandecwyn.

LLYN Y CWM BYCHAN.

LLYN CREINI, "the Lake of Adoration," on Cewyn Creini.

LLYN CWM MYNACH, Llanyltyd.

LLYN DDU, "the Black Pool," Llanvihangel Penant.

LLYN MYNYLLOD, Llandervel.

LLYN SERN, "the agitated Lake," Trawsvynydd.

LLYN TRIGRAIENYN, "the Lake of the Three Pebbles," (three vast stones,) which Idris is said to have pulled out of his shoes there,—Tid y Llyn, about five miles west from Dinas Mouthy.

LLYN URDDYN, "the Lake of 'Consecration,'" Llanddwywan.

LLYN Y DIVAS, "the Pool of the Fort," Bedgellert.

LLYN Y GADER, "the Lake of the Keep," Dogellau.

LLYN Y MOWYNION, "the Maiden's Lake," Festiniog.

LLYN Y OROR, "the Lake of the Border," Bettws.

LLYNIAU* DDUON, "the Black Pools."

DENBIGHSHIRE.

The principal rivers are,—the Dee, the Clwyd, and the Conway; beside which, the smaller rapid streams descending from the mountains, towards any of

* The plural of *Llyn*.

these three great channels, or from the south-eastern extremity of the county, towards the Severn, are very numerous.

THE DEE,

Descending from Llyn Tegid, or Bala Lake, in Merionethshire, enters the county a few miles below the small town of Corwen, through the picturesque Vale of Llangollen; and on reaching the eastern side of Denbighshire, it becomes its boundary, and forms the line of division between England and Wales. Its chief tributaries are—the Alwen, which has its source in one of the lakes in the western parts of the county; the Ceiriog, a torrent that descends from the slate mountains, in the hundred of Chirk; the Clyweddog, which it receives from the westward, a little below Bangor; and the Alyn, which, rising in the mountains about Llandegla, flows northward towards Flintshire.*

* Most anglers on the Dee were well acquainted with the eccentric William Abernethy, or “Boattie,” as he was more frequently called. He was the oldest salmon fisher on that river, and, for upwards of fifty years, had constantly passed his time in angling. He was so well known upon that water, that no person considered himself a perfect fisherman, or instructed in the art, without being acquainted with Boattie; and, to the last, he was so devoted to his profession, that the day before he died, he directed himself to be carried to see the river, in order to ascertain whether it was in good order for fishing, expecting to be again enabled to kill a salmon, which he had only a few days previously accomplished.—*Old Sporting Magazine.*

THE CLWYD

Descends northward from a small lake among the hills on the southern border of the county, through the rich and spacious vale to which it gives its name, being joined in its course by numerous streams from the mountains on either side. Its chief tributary is the Aled, a stream that rises near the source of the Alwen.

THE TANNAT

Rises on the borders of Merionethshire, and falls into the Severn. — *This is an excellent little river through the whole of its course.*

THE KHAIADU

Falls into the Tannat. — *Another excellent salmon and trout river.*

THE CEIRIOG,

Flowing into the Dee, formerly possessed plenty of fish, but has latterly been much poached: there are, however, a few good stations.

THE YWICH

Rises on the confines of Merionethshire, and, after passing through a small lake, near Llanarmon Mynydd Mawr, falls into the Tannat. — *The lake and river are both excellent.*

The principal Fishing Stations are, —

ABERGELE, twelve miles from Denbigh, a town pleasantly situated in a vale, watered by the Geley.

About a mile up, is a village at the meeting of two streams, tributaries to this river.—*Both are good stations. Salmon, trout, &c.*

CYFEILIOG, five miles from Ruthven. The Clwyd. There are also several small streams in the neighbourhood.—*Salmon, grayling trout, &c.*

GLYN TRAIAN, two miles from Llangollen, on the Dee.

LLANGERNIEW, eight miles from Denbigh, on the Elwy. The scenery in this neighbourhood is, perhaps, among the most rugged and mountainous in the county.—*It is an admirable spot for angling, having several rivers in its vicinity.*

BODARI, four miles from Denbigh. This village is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the two rivers, Conway and Caerken, and is an excellent place for angling.

EIDDA, four miles from Pentre Voelas; the river Conway, which flows from a lake at no great distance.

GYTHERIN, six miles from Llanrust, in the vicinity of three rivers, the Elwy, the Aled, and Alwen; upon the first of which, about two miles from its source, the village is pleasantly situated: within the parish are three noble lakes.

LLANARMON*, four miles and a half from Ruthin, pleasantly situated on the Alyn.

* Throughout the vale in which this village is built, and on every neighbouring eminence, are numerous tumuli: in 1810, one of the largest was opened in the township of Gelli-

LLANELDILON, five miles and a half from Ruthvin, in the vale of Clwyd.

LLANGEDWIN, ten miles from Oswestry, on the Tanat.

LLANGOLLEN, thirteen miles from Ruthin, beautifully situated in a deep and narrow valley on the river Dee. The vale of Llangollen is deservedly celebrated as containing, in proportion to its extent, a greater variety of interesting objects than, probably, any other in the principality. The river Dee, winding through this vale, which is enclosed by lofty hills, glides along, in some parts of its course, in a broad and unruffled surface, and in others rushes impetuously over the shelving rocks which interrupt its progress, adding equal beauty and fertility to this charming tract. On the summit of an isolated rocky mountain, rising precipitously on the northern side of the vale, to the height of 1045 feet above the sea, are the magnificent ruins of Castel Dinas Bran, occupying the whole summit of the mountain, the base of which is washed by the river, here, about 250 feet above the same level; on the opposite bank of which is the town of Llangollen, sheltered by a continuous chain of hills. In this neighbour-

guinan, and found to contain the skeleton of a horse and his rider, in the position in which they might have fallen: near the ribs of the horse was found a brass spur, weighing seventeen ounces. — LEWIS.

hood resided "the Ladies of Llangollen."* There is excellent fishing throughout the whole of the

* "Lady Eleanor Butler, then (1788) about twenty-eight years of age, was born in Dublin: an orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable, and lovely heiress. Her hand was sought by the first families in Ireland; but she very early announced her aversion to marriage. This taste for independence she never concealed; yet no woman was more remarkable for mildness, modesty, and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy, she was the intimate friend of Miss Ponsonby. By a singular coincidence of events (which struck their imaginations), they were both born at Dublin in the same year, and on the same day; and became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy, from this, that Heaven had created them for each other, to perform together the voyage of life. Their sensibility enabled them to realise the illusion; and their friendship, so increased with their age, that at seventeen they mutually promised to preserve their liberty, and never to part from each other; and formed from that moment the plan of withdrawing from the world, and permanently fixing themselves in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscapes of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose their place of retreat.

"On arriving at Llangollen, they found, on the summit of a mountain, a small isolated cottage, in a delightful situation; and there it was that they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however, traced their steps, and brought them back to Dublin; but they declared they would return to their mountain as soon as they should have attained their majority. In fact, at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and arguments of relatives, these ladies quitted Ireland for ever, and went to Llangollen. Miss Ponsonby was not rich, but Lady Eleanor enjoyed a considerable fortune: she purchased the land about the mountain, with the little cottage,

vale. Salmon, trout, and grayling, abound in the Dee. The favourite flies are the blue dun, the

and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior, of the greatest elegance.

“The two friends possessed, at the foot of the hill, a meadow for their flocks, a beautiful farm-house, and a kitchen-garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possessed the most cultivated minds, resided in that solitude for seven years, without having slept out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless, they are far from reserved, frequently visiting the neighbouring gentry, and receiving, with equal politeness and kindness, travellers, who are either coming from or going to Ireland, and who may be recommended to their attention by their old friends.

“They possess an excellent library of the best English, French, and Italian authors; and the interior of the house is remarkable for the beauty of its proportions, the convenient distribution of its apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and furniture, and the noble prospects visible from all the windows. The drawing-room is adorned with charming landscapes, drawn, and painted after nature, by Miss Ponsonby. The arts are cultivated, with equal success and modesty; and you admire their productions in this secluded spot, with a feeling which you could not experience elsewhere; and are delighted to find so much merit, sheltered from the attacks of satire and envy, and talents free from ostentation and pride, which never desire other suffrages than those of friendship. I must not quit Llangollen, without mentioning the pure manners of that part of Wales. The two friends assured us, that often, when they quitted home to walk in the neighbourhood, they left the key in their cottage door, though they had a considerable quantity of silver plate and other valuable articles, which might have easily been carried away. The inn§

coch y bondy, the iron blue, the pale blue, and the wren's tail.

LLANRHAIADR YN MOCHANT, twelve miles from Oswestry, on the river Moch, or "Rapid," which here separates the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery, and, at the distance of four miles from the village, forms the much admired waterfall of Pistyll Rhaiadr, which renders this place, during the summer months, the resort of numerous visitors. The perpendicular height of this fall is 240 feet, and the scenery around it, though in some places sterile and destitute of wood, is strikingly grand. The river, flowing through a narrow valley, terminating in a precipitous declivity of the Berwyn Mountains, after gliding over a shelving rock for a short distance, precipitates itself, with great noise and velocity, down a steep descent of more than 150 feet, and, being interrupted in its fall by a projecting mass of rock, through which it has worn a channel, forms a second fall to the base of the mountain, beneath a lofty arch, from Pystill Rhaidr. The river Mole pursues its course through the village into the Tannat, a large stream descending from the hills

of Llangollen are distinguished by the neatness peculiar to England." — *Madame de Genlis*.

"Lady Emily Butler, the friend and companion of Miss Ponsonby, the sister of the celebrated speaker of the Irish parliament, died at Plas Newydd, near Llangollen, on the 2d June, 1829. Her loss will be severely felt by the surrounding poor." — *Cambrian Mag.*

above Penrant : this last river has another tributary, called the Twrch.— *Trout are caught close under the fall ; there is also fine angling at the bridge just below.*

LLANYMENECH, twelve miles from Chirk, on the Vyrnyw. This is a beautiful angling station. A few miles from the village the Vyrnyw joins the Severn ; and the Cynlleth and the Tannat are in the immediate vicinity.— *Abundance of trout and samlets : the orange fly seems a favourite here.*

PONT RID MERIDYDD on the Tannat : below the bridge is plenty of fish, exceedingly lively and well fed, and weighing, generally, about two pounds.

LLANSILLIN, six miles from Oswestry, finely situated on the river Cynleth.— *Good angling.*

LLANVAIR DRYFFIN CLWYD, two miles from Ruthin, a beautiful spot on the banks of the Clwyd, in the spacious vale of that name.

LLANVAIR TALHAVIN, seven miles from Abergele, in a vale near the confluence of the Elwy and the Aled.

PONT RUFFYDD, at the meeting of the Clwyd and the Wheeler.

PENTRE VOELAS, sixteen miles from Denbigh, on the Conway, an excellent fishing station.

WIGVAIR, two miles from St. Asaph, on the Elwy.

LAKES OF DENBIGHSHIRE.

LLYN ALWEN, the source of the Alwen.

LLYN ALET*, the source of the Alet, about eight miles east of Llanwrst, is enclosed on almost every side by mountains covered with barren heath. — *It has fine trout and eels.*

LLYN MOELURE, about eight miles from Llanwrst: this and the former one, have fine streams flowing in and out of them. — *The latter are well stocked with trout and eels.*

A LAKE near Llansannon.

LLYN LLYMBUN, the source of the Bachan River, not far from Nant Llyn.

CHWTH LLYN, the source of the Clodwen, about five miles from Llanwrst.

LLYN CONWAY, the source of the Conway; a beautiful sheet of water, well stocked with fish.

LLYN SERNE, the source of the Serne, near Llyn Conway.

CORACLE FISHING ON THE DEE.

As the Dee is a river much encumbered with wood, and of very considerable breadth, after it issues from Bala Lake, it is difficult to fish it from the sides with any chance of success. In this river we have often used the coracle with success. This light bark, says a correspondent of the *Old Sporting Magazine* †, enables the fisherman to float down the

* Johnson says, a trout taken in Llyn Alet, in Derbyshire, which is famous for its excellent kind, was singularly marked and shaped. It measured seventeen inches in length, depth three inches and three quarters, and weight one pound ten ounces. — *Sporting Dictionary.*

† Vol. v. 3d series.

river, steering to whatever side he thinks most likely for success, and impeding or hastening his progress as he may think advisable; and it is as wonderful how slowly he can make it float in a rapid stream, as how fast he can get it on when there is no stream at all; or even work it up against a slight current. The rod, for this purpose, of course, should be light enough to be conveniently used with one hand. The line is, generally, about half again as long as the rod, and reels are seldom used, as they can follow a large fish, unless he should strike up a very stiff current, and kill him without giving him any more line: however, I certainly think the reel a very useful appendage even in a coracle; though I have heard several old hands say, they could do very well without it: but this is in the early part of the salmon season. About the beginning of August, the reel is mostly resorted to; nevertheless, salmon, eight or ten pounds weight, have been frequently killed out of coracles without one.

One day, in the beginning of June, sauntering over one of the bridges of this river, I perceived a weather-beaten old Welshman coming down in his coracle. I walked forwards till I got alongside of him, and attentively observed all his operations. I was very much struck with the appearance of this venerable angler. A broad-brimmed straw-hat, round which were twisted several fly-bottoms, protected his aged brows from the sun. His seat was firm, his keen eye continually on his flies; and he possessed that indispensable requisite for a good

sportsman, viz., sympathy between his hand and eye, both of which seemed to act by the same momentary impulse. In the fore-part of his vessel was placed a landing-net and a basket, lined with rushes, half filled with the objects of his pursuit. Both sides of the Dee are here thickly wooded; and I really thought never before to have seen a genuine fisherman. His line, to be sure, was not long; but the style in which he threw it under the wide-extending branches of the majestic oaks, was most surprising, and his flies alighted upon the water almost imperceptibly. Of the many wily captures which I saw him make, I will only trouble the reader with one:—The hole in which he threw his fly was so covered with bushes, that, though I pique myself on a competent knowledge of fly-fishing, I should never have attempted to throw into such a place. A large fish rose at it; but, I suppose, experience having taught him caution, he refused it, when the old fellow, in spite of every impediment, cast it again, so as to light like a feather, exactly above the spot where the fish rose. This art was irresistible: the fish seized it in an instant; and, in about two minutes, the old man's eyes sparkled at seeing a trout of about a pound, and in excellent condition, safe in his landing-net. Upon looking at my watch, I now found it time to steer homewards, and was just about to depart, when, casting my eyes down the river, I perceived, what is very common in rapid streams, that in one part, the main body of the water took

its silent though swift course, for the space of about ten yards, in a deep channel, between the bank and some huge stones, or, rather, a small rock; while the white bubbling stream in every other part proclaimed its shallowness; which, together with a great quantity of stones peering their heads above the surface, render it utterly impassable for a coracle. The passage through this deep place I determined to await; but a moment's reflection made me laugh at my own folly, in supposing that any one would be so daring as to attempt to pass through such a charybdis, when the means of avoiding it were so easy, viz., to land, take his vessel upon his back, and walk by the place. But what was my astonishment when I perceived the old angler, upon approaching it, leaning back, and, making good use of his paddle, glide quickly ("medio gurgite") between the rock and the bank, and arrive safely in the steady current on the other side, when a turn in the river, together with a tuft of intervening trees, shortly obscured him from my astonished eyes. There are only three anglers on the Dee who dare venture through this dangerous strait, and several have been cap-sized in attempting its passage.

It requires much skill to keep the coracle steady, and direct it in its proper course, even in still water: but in a running stream, the difficulty is, of course, greatly increased, and where, indeed, any person but an expert swimmer would be rash to

venture; for, I have known a naval officer, who, though a capital hand at a coracle, was upset twice in going about a quarter of a mile down a river where he had never been before.

CAERNARVONSHIRE.

The county of Caernarvon is traversed by a chain of the loftiest mountains in Wales, which rise gradually in height, from the extremity in Bardsey, to Snowdon, the centre of the chain, where they as gradually diminish to the other extremity, the promontory of Penmaen Bach, in Conway Bay. The elevation, which bears the name of Snowdon, is a rocky mass, composed of various cliffs of different heights; some of which are but little overtopped by the peak itself. The summit of this eminence is about twelve hundred yards above the level of high-water-mark, and forms a mere point, being only ten or twelve feet in diameter. Round this point a circular wall has been built, which is extremely convenient for the traveller to sit on, and thus enjoy at his ease the grand prospects that present themselves on every side.

From the summit the mountain appears as if propped by four buttresses, between which are many deep *cwms*, or hollows. In the distant bottom of three of these are one or more lakes. The whole

of this district, indeed, affords the greatest temptations to the angler.

THE CONWAY.

The rivers of Caernarvonshire are very numerous ; but, owing to the peninsular situation of the country, for the most part run only a short course, from the mountains immediately to the sea : but the waters of some of them are very copious. The Conway, which is the principal, forms an exception, taking a lengthened course through a spacious and delightful valley. Issuing from Llyn Conway, near the point of junction of the three counties of Caernarvon, Denbigh, and Merionethshire, it first takes a southerly, afterwards a north-easterly, and, lastly, a northerly course ; at first precipitating its waters in successive falls, until, emerging under the high-wooded cliffs of Gwydir, it rushes into the vale of Nant Conway, meanders in beautiful curves to the town of Aberconway, where it melts into a noble river, and then falls into the Irish sea. In this course of about twenty miles, it is joined by about as many fine streams, of which the principal are the Machno, the Ceirio, and the Llugwy, all from Caernarvonshire.

THE SEIONT,

A small and rapid river, has its source in a lake, on the eastern side of Snowdon, whence, suddenly turning to the north-west, it flows through the

beautiful but (to the angler) ruined lakes of Llanberis.

THE GWYRVAI,

A stream much resembling the Seiout in size and character, takes a course nearly parallel with it, and falls into the Menai. — *Abundance of salmon, trout, &c.*

The principal Fishings Stations are,—

BETTWS Y COED, three miles south of Llanwrst. This village is situated in a beautiful vale, surrounded on all sides by the Caernarvonshire and Denbighshire mountains, and near the confluence of the Llugwy and the Conway. Over the former of these rivers, about half a mile from the church, is an iron bridge, of one noble arch, beautifully ornamented with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, with an inscription in Roman capitals, purporting that it was erected in the year of the Battle of Waterloo. There is also a bridge, of a very singular construction, over the latter river, called Pont y Pair, consisting of four arches, resting upon masses of precipitous rock, which, in high floods, form several magnificent cascades below the bridge. The three rivers, Conway, Llugwy, and Lleder, unite in the parish; and, in their course through this mountainous district, form numerous and majestic cataracts, called, “the Falls of the Llugwy, the Machno, and the Conway;” the last of which, after rushing violently through rocks of tremendous

height, forms four smaller cataracts, which are seen in succession from the same spot.

TREVRIEW, on the road from Aberconway to Llanwrst.

CAPEL CERRIG, fourteen miles from Bangor, on the road from Holyhead to Dublin. This place, from its vicinity to Snowdon and several of the finest lakes, has for a long time past been much visited by sportsmen, especially since the erection of a spacious hôtel by the late Lord Penrhyn. More agreeable and retired accommodations may, however, be found in some of the neighbouring villages; as Garth, Pont Newydd, &c. Seven or eight miles from Capel Cerrig are five or six lakes, besides many rivers and brooks, all containing salmon and trout.

DOL Y GARROG, four miles from Llanwrst, on the Conway.

LLANYSTYNDWY, six miles from Pullheli. This little village stands in a fine vale, watered by the river Dwy.

YSPYTTY IVAN, three miles from Pentre Veolas, near the source of the Conway.

BETTWS GARMON, four miles south-east from Caernarvon, on the road to Bethgelart. The scenery in the neighbourhood is very magnificent, part of the base of Snowdon being within the limits of the parish. Behind the church is the mountain Moel Eilio, rising to the height of 2377 feet above the level of the sea; and, on the south of it, is Mynydd Mawr, of less elevation, though seen to greater advantage

from the road. These are finely softened and contrasted by many lakes much resorted to by sportsmen and artists, the latter of whom find, in the beautiful scenery around them, some of the finest subjects for the pencil.

LLANBEDR, five miles from Llanwrst, on the Conway.

LLAN DEONIOLEN, five miles from Caernarvon, on the Seiont: near Penllyn, in this parish, lived the celebrated Margaret Uch Evan, whom Pennant calls "The Queen of the Lakes." Her cottage still exists; and few females in the country have attained so great celebrity as Margaret. Being passionately fond of field sports, she kept a great number of the various kinds of dogs used in this chase: she is said to have destroyed more foxes in one year, than all the confederate hunts did in ten. She rowed well, and could play both on the harp and the fiddle. Margaret was also an excellent joiner; and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the county. She was also a good angler, blacksmith, shoemaker, and boat-builder. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and, while she was under contract to convey the ore from the Llanberis copper mine down the lakes, she built her own boats. This extraordinary female died at a very advanced age.

LLANWRST, twenty miles from Denbigh, on the Conway, in the beautiful and extensive vale of Llanwrst.

LLANVEHANGEL Y PENNANT, five miles from Tremadoc, on a fine stream in a valley.

DOLWYDDELAN, eight miles from Llanwrst, on the Ledan.

LLANNOR, two miles from Pwllheli, beautifully situated at the junction of two streams.

PONT ABERGLASLYN SALMON LEAP. Beddgelert is the place to which strangers usually resort who wish to see Pont Aberglaslyn, or to angle in the river, which here abounds with salmon and trout. The name of this place signifies, in Welsh, the " Bridge of the Blue Pool ;" but it is more usually called the Devil's Bridge.

About a mile beyond Beddgelert, the road winds along a narrow stony vale, where the huge cliffs on each side approach so nearly as to leave only just sufficient width for the road, and the impetuous torrent that rolls along the side of it.

A few yards above the bridge, the river precipitates itself in a fall of eight or ten feet, over a range of rocks occupying nearly the whole of its bed. This cataract is noted as a salmon leap, being only a few miles from the sea. In the course of an hour twenty or thirty fish may be seen attempting to spring over the barrier ; but a piece of netting, which the renters of the fishery place there for the purpose of preventing them, has so increased its height that they do not often succeed. Fatigued with their vain efforts to gain the upper stream, the fish retire to the still water below, where they are either taken in nets or killed by harpoons, as many as five or six fine

fish by one person in the course of an hour. The general weight of salmon caught near Pont Aberglaslyn in August and September, is from one to eighteen pounds. About the month of October they are taken much larger. The fishery belongs to the Wynne family, who let it to the fishermen at a comparatively small rent. In the reign of Henry IV. this river was royal property, and it is by no means improbable that anciently it might have belonged to the princes of Wales; salmon being the most useful, and consequently the most valuable, fish the Welsh possessed. It was even reckoned among the game; being, perhaps, the only species preserved by their laws.

There is a priory of Black Canons of the order of St. Gilbert at Beddgelert, founded about 1198 by Llewelyn the Great. It was dedicated to St. Mary, in gratitude for the preservation of his infant son from the attack of a wolf which, during the absence of the family on a hunting excursion, had entered the house, where it was killed by his favourite greyhound Gelert, while attempting to seize the child in its cradle.

The following are two interesting poetical versions of this tradition: —

THE heavy clouds, which through the night
 Have hung on Snowdon's head,
 Are changing now to fleecy white —
 Now blushing rosy red;
 The streaming lake, the dusky sea,
 Sleep on in morn's serenity.

What breaks the silence on the hill?

What wakes the starting hare? —

The rustling copse, the splashing rill,

The pack's release declare :

O'er heath and moss, through moor and brake,

Their deep-mouth'd tones the echoes break.

Llewelyn, on his fiery steed,

Calls to him every hound ;

And all obey the call with speed,

Save one, which ne'er was found

Till now neglectfully to scorn

Llewelyn's voice, Llewelyn's horn.

“ Ah ! where is faithful Gelert gone,

The fleetest of his race ;

The high-prized gift of royal John,

The leader of the chase ;

So bold, so staunch, so keenly true ? ”

Again his horn the monarch blew,

But Gelert came not. “ Oh ! away,

While yet the dews are sheen,

We'll track the deer, ere shines the day

Through Glaslyn's valley green —

On, on ! ere Wyddfa's † peak is won,

Our eye shall greet the rising sun.”

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From bracken couch up springs the deer ;

Behold him stand to listen,

Shake his wet flanks, his antlers rear,

Which yet with dew-drops glisten ;

Then, bounding o'er the vales afar,

Vanish like meteoric star.

† “ The conspicuous ; ” the highest peak of Snowdon.

Meantime, with noses on the ground,
 In silence through the glen,
 The pack move on ; the leading hound
 Now marks the scent, and then
 Gives tongue ; now bursts the joyous cry,
 The hunter's glorious minstrelsy !

Along Snowdonia's gentler sweep
 Awhile at ease they run ;
 Now clamber up the rugged steep,
 Just kindling in the sun ;
 And now they dash into the hollow,
 Where neither man nor horse can follow.

Again rejoin'd, the lengthen'd train
 Like magic lantern pass,
 In momentary shadowy chain,
 O'er thy blue lake, Llynglas !
 With nostrils wide, nerve, joint, and sinew strain'd,
 Panting with toil, the high red ridge is gain'd.

Here, on the dizzy height, they pause
 To catch the fresh-blown air ;
 Terrific nature overawes
 The boldest rider there.
 From either hand a pebble hurl'd,
 Would plunge into the lower world :

'Tis but another step to dare
 Eryri's * loftiest peak —
 " Press on, my steed, the hounds are there ! "
 So did the chieftain speak.
 His well-tried charger soon the point has won ;
 Llewellyn waves his cap — the chase is done.

* The " Eagle's Craig ;" the name for Snowdon.

For, far below, his piercing eye
 Descries a mangled heap
 Of broken limbs, still quivering, lie :
 At one tremendous leap
 The stag had dash'd through with fearless bound ;
 And thus a death more merciful had found
 Than spearman's murderous lance, or tooth of madden'd
 hound.

* * * * *

Swift as the wind Llewelyn's courser flies,
 And safe his master to his home has brought ;
 The chieftain lifts the latch, and forward hies
 To kiss the infant of his tender thought.
 'Twas ever thus the nurs'ry first he sought ;
 And, though fatigued with toil of war or chase,
 Or summer's heat, or winter's cold, he caught
 From wife and children's smile and loved embrace
 New life, that gave his soul refreshing resting place.

His features all with glowing rapture bright,
 Parental transport kindling in his eye,
 His buoyant spirit dancing with delight,
 He gently opes the door his babe to spy :
 But horror fills his frame ; pale agony
 Makes to its source the curdling blood rebound,
 When overturn'd he sees the cradle lie ;
 The clothes in loose confusion scatter'd round,
 And with his jaws all gore, beholds his favourite hound.

“ Gelert, hast thou devour'd my child ? ”
 The frantic father cried ;
 Then drew his sword, with anger wild,
 And plunged it in his side.

The faithful creature, as he fell,
 Lick'd his old master's feet ;
 His heavy groans, his dying yell,
 Ran through the whole retreat.

But, what is that soul-thrilling voice,
 That shrill-awakening cry,
 Like spirit from the dead? — a voice
 That tells of bliss gone by?

“ Yet — hush ! — again — it is my boy —
 Where art thou, cherub — where ?
 He moves — he lives ! — What joy ! what joy !
 My lost one, art thou there ? ”

There, where the clothes were lightly thrown,
 In slumber unmolested,
 Till waked by Gelert's dying groan,
 The little babe had rested.

Llewelyn's first high transport o'er,
 He search'd with anxious care
 The blood-stain'd heaps that strew'd the floor,
 To find if aught were there.

What could unveil the mystery ? —
 When lo ! beneath the bed,
 With fangs still grinning horribly,
 A hideous wolf lay dead.

“ Ah, faithful dog ! too late I see
 The tale of bloody strife ;
 Thy courage, thy fidelity,
 Have saved my darling's life.

“ And thine I’ve sacrificed to rage,
 That fired my soul to madness ;
 Time may roll on, ’t will ne’er assuage
 This heart’s remorseful sadness.

“ A pious monument I’ll rear
 In memory of the brave ;
 And passers-by will drop a tear
 On faithful Gelert’s grave.” *Cambrian Quarterly.*

GELERT’S GRAVE.

THE spearmen heard the bugle’s sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn ;
 And many a brach and many a hound
 Obey’d Llewellyn’s horn.

But still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer ;
 “ Come, Gelert, come ! wert never last
 Llewellyn’s horn to hear.

“ Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race,
 So true, so brave ; a lamb at home —
 A lion in the chase ? ”

’Twas only at Llewelyn’s board
 The faithful Gelert fed ;
 He watch’d, he served, he cheer’d his lord,
 And sentinel’d his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved ;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewelyn homeward hied ;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore —
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet ;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child — no voice replied ;
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hellhound ! my child's by thee devour'd !
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt the vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh : —
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd ;
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain ;
 For now the truth was clear,
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe —
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic blow which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue ! "

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck'd ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearmen pass
 Or forester, unmoved ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear ;
 And there, as evening fell,
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of " Gelert's grave."

THE CATARACT OF THE LLUGWY. The Llugwy is an impetuous little torrent, on which are several cascades ; the most celebrated of which is Rhaiader y Wenol, or the " Cataract of the Swallow." At the

upper part, the water is precipitated in an unbroken sheet down a rock almost perpendicularly; but below, its course is varied by being directed over a smooth and slanting bed. Its lofty banks are embellished on both sides with fine trees; and the different tints of the oak, birch, and hazel, scattered around, and hanging from the bare rocks, add an indescribable charm to the landscape. When swollen by a heavy shower of rain, the cataract is full twenty yards wide; and the masses of rock carried along with it, and lodged at its base at different times, throw it foaming in all directions, till collecting its waters into a deep basin, in the centre of a very rugged channel, it rushes down a narrow glen.

This fall is a few miles from Llanwrst. As may be supposed, from its being a tributary to the Conway, there is excellent fishing in portions of the Llugwy down to its junction with that river, particularly after a summer shower. The fish are similar to those found in the Conway.

LAKES OF CAERNARVONSHIRE.

SNOWDON.

Around this "king of hills" are many lakes of crystal water, plentifully stored with trout, &c., as are all the brooks that issue from them. Of these fish, some are peculiar to alpine waters, while others are of extraordinary conformation;

there are, besides, many fine pools scattered through the other districts of this county, amounting in the whole to upwards of fifty.

The principal are, —

OGWEN LAKE, so called from the name of the river issuing from it, meaning no more than the head of the river Ogwen. Opinions vary with respect to the meaning of the word, some supposing it to be so named from its foaming descent out of the lake, and that it signifies the white fall or foaming stream. But when it is considered that the word Gwen, applied to a woman or to a river, means “fair,” and is of the feminine gender, and that many rivers of clear crystal water have that appellation; it seems not improbable that Og is a corruption of Eog, “Salmon,” an old British word little used in North Wales, though in some parts of the south they have no other name for that fish. In pronouncing diphthongs, one of the vowels is frequently omitted for the sake of euphony, instead, therefore, of calling this word Eogwen, they said with much more facility Ogwen, “the fair, or bright salmon river,” an appellation it richly deserves.

The lake is well stored with large trout, which in colour and flavour surpass all fish of the kind known in any of the Caernarvonshire lakes. Their hue is bright yellow; while in other waters they have generally a darker or blackish cast externally, and when dressed are more white internally; but the Ogwen trout cuts red as salmon in full season.

This lake also contains excellent eels. It is situated five miles from Capel Aerig. The river Ogwen also abounds with trout, and with salmon in its season; but though the former vary according to the different soils through which the river flows, it is never found of the same colour and taste with the trout of the lake.

LAKE OF CWM IDWEL, at the bottom of an immense precipice above one hundred yards in perpendicular height; the hollow in which the lake is situated is called Cwm Idwel: it is close to the former. Like most of the pools in these hills, it is well stored with fish, in colour darker than those of Ogwen, neither are they so well tasted. This is however of no moment to the sportsman.

LLYN CWM CYWION, a small pool, from which runs "the 'Chicken's Brook," It is a famous place for harbouring grouse.

LLYN FFYNNON LIGWY, at the foot of Carnedd Llewelyn, contains plenty of trout.

LLANBERIS LAKES. These two beautiful pools are connected by a canal, called Bala' r-ddeulyn, "the junction of the two lakes." The copper works which stand on the shore of the upper pool, have destroyed most of the fish in both, especially the char, with which they formerly abounded. It was remarked, that some of these fish were caught in the sea at the mouths of rivers on this coast, after they disappeared from the lakes.

On the east side of Snowdon, in the vale of Nanhwynen, are three lakes, viz.

LLYN Y DINAS, the "Lake of the Fort."

LLYN GWYNAN, "Gwynan's Lake."

LLYN GLASLYN, the "Azure Lake."

LLYN CÔCH, the "Red Lake," on Bron y Fedw farm, on the west side of Snowdon hill, connected with Llyn Glas by a stream.

LLYN DU YR ARDDW, the "Black Lake of Arddw," further to the north, in Cwm Brwynog farm.

LAKES OF NANTLLE, situated in a romantic valley, are each near a mile in length, divided by an isthmus twenty yards wide. On the right of the lakes, at the foot of Cader Idris, is an ancient stone edifice, where Edward the First, delighted with the spot, frequently spent a fortnight.

The Nantlle lakes still contain fish, but they have been greatly injured by the influx of water from the copper works.

NANT GWYNAN, to the right of Bwlch yr Eisteddfa, or the "Pass of the Irishmen," is a grand cascade descending from Fynnon Las, a large pool in one of the chasms of Snowdon. The fall appears about three hundred feet high, and it forms the river Glaslyn. A short distance farther, is the vale of Nant Gwynan, a rich spot, embellished by fine woods, and two pools of considerable magnitude, covering, probably, two thousand acres of ground. — *These lakes, and the river Glaslyn, contain beautiful fish.*

LLYN CWELLYN. During the winter season, the red char, a species of fish which is principally confined to Winander Mere and Coniston Water, two

lakes in the north of England, were formerly caught here in more considerable quantities than at present. These fish are called by the Welsh Torgoch, or *Red Belly*, from the under parts near the tail being of this colour. They only appear about the time of the winter solstice, and continue to be caught but a very little while; seldom longer than a fortnight. They rarely wander out of the pool, but traverse it from shore to shore; and were formerly so abundant, that twenty or thirty dozen have been caught during one night by a single net. The catching of the fish was, however, so precarious, that perhaps not above ten or a dozen in the whole would be taken during the rest of the season. In the frosts and rigours of December, they sport and play near the margin of the pools, where they are taken; but in the heats of summer, confine themselves entirely to the deep and central parts of the water, that abound with large stones and mud. In the Llanberis lakes, before the copper-mine was established, these fish were so numerous, that the average number annually caught was a hundred dozen.* There are also the common trout.

* This species is very properly denominated the alpine char by Linnæus, from its constant residence in the high and mountainous parts of Europe. Seldom does this species venture into any running stream; its principal resorts are the cold lakes of the Lapland Alps, where it is fed by the innumerable larvæ of gnats that infest those dreary regions. When the Laplanders migrate to the distant lakes during summer, they find a ready and luxuriant repast in these fish, which to them

LLYN GEIRRIONYDD, where the Forthlwyd flows into the Conway. There is another smaller lake, connected with it by a nameless stream.

LLYN BOGYNNYD, three miles from Llanwrst, the source of a small river falling into the Llugwy, from whence the lake is distant about three miles.

LLYN BOCHLWYD is situated high up in the hollow of a hill. This lake, like its neighbour Ogwen, is well furnished with trout and eels. Being fortunately very stony and rough at the bottom, a net can be drawn only in one part.

are extremely palatable without any sauce; accustomed to temperance and exercise, the hardy natives are independent of the inventions of epicurism. This species is also found in Siberia, in the Cabel, the Forn, and the rivers which run into them. But the largest and most beautiful chars are found in Winander Mere, in Westmorland, where there are three species, the red, the gilt, and the case char. These kinds are nearly similar in their external appearance; but the time and manner of their spawning are so different, as to afford room for their specification into three distinct species. The case char spawns about Michaelmas, and chiefly in a river that runs into the lake, called the Bratty. The spawning season of the gill char is from the beginning of January to the end of March; they never ascend the river, but make choice of a springy part of the lake, where the bottom is smooth and sandy. The manner of taking these fish is commonly with nets, or allure trammels, as they are called, which are furnished with bait to the fish, and left set for several days, till they are known to enter them.

Linnæus wonders, and with reason, what those trout that inhabit the mountain lakes can live upon during winter; as being constantly covered with snow and ice, they offer neither plants, insects, nor other fish.

LLYN AFANGI, "the Beaver's Pool," a wide, still deep piece of water, just below the confluence of the Conway and the Lleder, formerly the resort of the animal whose name it bears, and whose skin was more highly prized in Wales than that of the ermine.

LLYN GAMMEL, LLYN MAONOD, in the vale of Festniog: frequented by sportsmen, particularly the first; the trout and eels caught here being well-flavoured.

LLYN COWLID, a large lake, the source of the Daly garrog, a beautiful stream which falls into the Conway, near Llanbedreenyn, about five miles from Llanwrst.

LLYN'Y ELIDER VAWR; LLYN CERRIG, close to Capel Cerrig: these lakes are connected with Llyn Idwel, by the river Llugwy.

LLYN TAL Y LLYN, a large lake near Llanwrst.

LLYN CRAFANT, a fine lake in the same neighbourhood.

LLYN Y CWN, "the Pool of Dogs." This Alpine lake was first made generally known from the assertion of Giraldus Cambrensis, that it contained a singular kind of trout, perch, and eels which all wanted the left eye. Few persons seem to have given credit to this account. Mr. Edward Lloyd, however, says, that a Caernarvonshire fisherman informed him he had several times caught monocular trout in Llyn y Cwn, and that these had all a distortion of the spine. The Honourable Daines Barrington also declares that, on accurate enquiry,

he had heard of monocular trout here within the memory of persons then living. We confess, our own experience does not enable us to confirm his statement.

LLYN FFYNNON Y GWAS, "the Servant's Pool;" so named from a shepherd who was drowned there while washing his sheep: the Avon flows into this lake.

TULL DU, "the Black Cleft." The river flowing out of Llyn Cwn is seen rolling down this deep fissure, and is broken in its descent by a hundred projecting craigs. After hard rain, the accumulation of water rushes in a vast cataract from the height of 150 yards.—*Angle in the pool at the bottom of the fall.*

It will be quite sufficient here to observe, once for all, that any fisherman, possessing even the most ordinary skill, will find sport even to satiety on one or the other of these lakes, and in the streams flowing out of them. The *Welsh brown*, or cob-fly, dressed lighter in proportion as the season advances, the blue dun, in all its various shades, from dark to bright; the *indispensable* coch y bondy, the wren's tail, the orl, the sky-blue, and the black gnat, form a list of flies sufficient, as old Walton observes, to condemn every trout in these waters. Those who do not tye their own, will do well not to make a selection until in the neighbourhood where they intend to sport, as long experience enables the native angler to adapt *his colours* to the waters of his neighbourhood with a precision to which a fly-maker less favourably situated could not be expected to attain.

FLINTSHIRE.

The principal rivers are the Dee, the Clwyd, and the Alyn.

The principal Fishing Stations are,—

BODVARI, four miles from Denbigh: this village is pleasantly situated near the confluence of the rivers Clwyd and Whielor.—*Excellent salmon and trout.*

HANMER, five miles from Ellesmere. It was anciently called *Handmere*, and subsequently *Hanmere*, from a spacious mere, or lake, in form resembling a human hand, on one side of which the village is pleasantly situated.

HOPE, twelve miles and a half from Flint, on the northern side of the river Alyn.

YSCEIVIOG, three miles and a half from Holywell, on the Clwyd.

NANNERCH, five miles from Holywell, near the source of the river Whielor.

RHUDDLAN, sixteen miles from Flint, on the Clwyd.

ST. ASAPH, eighteen miles from Mold, on the Elwy.

CWM, three miles from Ruddlan, on the Clwyd, a village in a sequestered hollow, enclosed by lofty hills, from whence is a fine prospect over the fertile vale of Clwyd.

TOWYN ABERGELAN, twelve miles from Denbigh, on the Gelan.

DYSERTH, eight miles from Holywell, on a tributary of the Clwyd.

CAERGWYRLE, twelve miles and a half from Flint, on the Allen.

LAKES OF FLINTSHIRE.

The only pool of any consequence is LLYN HELIG, about five miles from Holywell.

“ MEMORANDA

OF

Fish taken in the counties of Glamorgan and Caermarthen, in one year's angling, commencing 11th April, 1753, and terminating 10th April, 1754, inclusive	-	6272
Ditto in the counties of Pembroke, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, and Derby, from 11th April, 1754, to 24th October following	-	3758
1756. Ditto in the counties of York, Salop, and Glamorgan	- - -	3739
1757. Ditto in the county of Glamorgan	-	9272
1758. Ditto in the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor, and Hereford	- -	7762
1759. Ditto in the same counties	- -	3490
1760. Ditto in the county of Glamorgan	-	2150
1761. Ditto in the same county	- -	2522

1762. Fish taken in the counties of Glamorgan and Caermarthen	- - -	3183
1763. Ditto in the county of Caermarthen		3158
1764. Ditto in the county of Caermarthen to 23d July, being my last day's angling in the principality	- - - -	1814
		<hr/>
The whole given to the public	-	47,120
		<hr/>

“ The rich, the poor, the sick, and the healthy have tasted of the labour of my hands. In the first nine months in the year 1751, I took, in the counties of Pembroke and Caermarthen alone, above a thousand trouts; and, though I have taken trouts in every month of the year since, yet I could not in any one year reach that number. Perhaps I have done it before 1751; but I did not then keep an account all the year round, only noted those days in which I had diversion more than common.

“ N.B. There were some pike and chub, eel and flounder taken, which are not noted in the above account.”

Had I the honour, says Sir John Hawkins, of being acquainted with this laborious sportsman, I would possibly have reminded him of that excellent maxim, “ Ne quid nimis,” *i. e.* “ *Nothing too much.*” The pleasure of angling consists not so much in the number of fish we catch, as in the pleasure of an art, the gratification of our hopes, and the reward of our skill and ingenuity: were it possible for an angler to be sure of every cast of his fly, so that for

six hours together his hook should never come home without a fish to it, angling would be no more a recreation than the sawing of stone, or the pumping of water.*

* Ellis's Walton.

WELSH PHRASES.

IN traversing the wild and mountainous districts of North and South Wales, where the finest angling is invariably found, the pedestrian will experience considerable difficulty and embarrassment, unless acquainted partially, at least, with the native language. In these situations, towns and villages are but thinly scattered, and the angler must depend for information on the peasant, whom he may encounter on the mountain top, or the inhabitants of the solitary farm-house, where, more frequently than at inns, he will be compelled to seek food and shelter for the night. Their hospitality is unbounded, in proportion to their humble means; but it must be solicited in their own language, English being comparatively unknown.

The following list of words and phrases are sufficient for all common purposes; and where the traveller is unequal to their pronunciation, he had better *show* the passage to the individual to whom he addresses his enquiries.

THE ANGLER'S MONTHS.

<i>March</i>	-	-	-	Mawrth.
<i>April</i>	-	-	-	Ebrill.
<i>May</i>	-	-	-	Mai.
<i>June</i>	-	-	-	Mehefin.
<i>July</i>	-	-	-	Gorphenaf.

<i>August</i>	-	-	-	Awst.
<i>September</i>	-	-	-	Medi.
<i>October</i>	-	-	-	Hydref.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

<i>Spring</i>	-	-	-	Y gwanwyn.
<i>Summer</i>	-	-	-	Yr haf.
<i>Autumn</i>	-	-	-	Hydref, y cynhauaf.
<i>Winter</i>	-	-	-	Y gauaf.

ANIMALS.

<i>A dog</i>	-	-	-	Ci.
<i>A horse</i>	-	-	-	Ceffyl.
<i>A poney</i>	-	-	-	Merlyn.

COLOURS.

<i>Grey</i>	-	-	-	Llwyd.
<i>Yellow</i>	-	-	-	Melyn.
<i>Black</i>	-	-	-	Du.
<i>Purple</i>	-	-	-	Rhudd.
<i>Red</i>	-	-	-	Côch.
<i>Green</i>	-	-	-	Gwyrdd.

MEALS.

<i>Breakfast</i>	-	-	-	Boreufwyd.
<i>Luncheon</i>	-	-	-	Bwyd canol dydd.
<i>Dinner</i>	-	-	-	Cinio.
<i>Tea</i>	-	-	-	Tê.
<i>Supper</i>	-	-	-	Swpper, cwynos.

EATING AND DRINKING.

<i>Bread</i>	-	-	-	Bara.
<i>Butter</i>	-	-	-	Ymenyn.
<i>Cheese</i>	-	-	-	Caws.
<i>Bread and Butter</i>	-	-	-	Bara a menyn.
<i>Bread and cheese</i>	-	-	-	Bara a caws.
<i>Mutton</i>	-	-	-	Cig dafad.
<i>Beef</i>	-	-	-	Cig eidion.
<i>Veal</i>	-	-	-	Cig llo.
<i>Pork</i>	-	-	-	Cig môch.
<i>Bacon, ham</i>	-	-	-	Cig mochyn.
<i>Roast mutton</i>	-	-	-	Cig dafad rhostiedig.
<i>Boiled mutton</i>	-	-	-	Cig dafad berwedig.
<i>Fish</i>	-	-	-	Pysg, pysgod.
<i>Fowls</i>	-	-	-	Cowion ieir.
<i>Ducks</i>	-	-	-	Hwyaïd.
<i>A goose</i>	-	-	-	Gwydd.
<i>An egg</i>	-	-	-	Wy.
<i>Poached eggs</i>	-	-	-	Wyau berwedig.
<i>Broiled ham</i>	-	-	-	Ham golosgedig.
<i>Salad</i>	-	-	-	Bwyd lysiau.
<i>A lettuce</i>	-	-	-	Gölaeth, lettis.
<i>Green peas</i>	-	-	-	Pys gleision.
<i>Potatoes</i>	-	-	-	Cloron.
<i>Mustard</i>	-	-	-	Cethw.
<i>Pepper</i>	-	-	-	Pupyr.
<i>Salt</i>	-	-	-	Halen.
<i>A plate</i>	-	-	-	Plât.
<i>A spoon</i>	-	-	-	Llwy.
<i>A glass</i>	-	-	-	Gwydr.
<i>A wine glass</i>	-	-	-	Gwydryn.
<i>A jug</i>	-	-	-	Jwg.
<i>A cup</i>	-	-	-	Cwpan.

<i>A teacup</i>	-	-	-	Cwpan dê.
<i>A pint</i>	-	-	-	Peint.
<i>A quart</i>	-	-	-	Chwart.
<i>Brandy</i>	-	-	-	Brandi.
<i>Rum</i>	-	-	-	Rym.
<i>Gin</i>	-	-	-	Gin.
<i>Ale</i>	-	-	-	Cwrw (pronounced kooroo.)
<i>Porter</i>	-	-	-	Porter.
<i>Beer</i>	-	-	-	Bîr.
<i>Wine</i>	-	-	-	Gwin.

OF THE COUNTRY.

<i>A village</i>	-	-	-	Pentref.
<i>A country house</i>	-	-	-	Ty gwlad.
<i>A farm</i>	-	-	-	Tyddyn.
<i>A field</i>	-	-	-	Cae.
<i>A hill</i>	-	-	-	Bryn.
<i>A mountain pass</i>	-	-	-	Bwlch dau fynydd.
<i>A mountain</i>	-	-	-	Mynydd.
<i>A valley</i>	-	-	-	Dyffryn.
<i>A wood</i>	-	-	-	Coed.
<i>A cliff</i>	-	-	-	Dibyn.
<i>A river</i>	-	-	-	Afon.
<i>A lake</i>	-	-	-	Llyn.
<i>A waterfall</i>	-	-	-	Rhaiadr.
<i>A rock</i>	-	-	-	Craig.
<i>A glen</i>	-	-	-	Glan.
<i>A hollow way</i>	-	-	-	Ffordd-genol.
<i>A town</i>	-	-	-	Tref.
<i>A bridge</i>	-	-	-	Pont.
<i>A church</i>	-	-	-	Llan, eglwys.
<i>A house</i>	-	-	-	Tŷ.
<i>The market</i>	-	-	-	Y farchand.
<i>An inn</i>	-	-	-	Gwestdŷ.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

<i>A clergyman</i>	-	-	Offeiriad.
<i>A doctor</i>	-	-	Meddyg.
<i>A surgeon</i>	-	-	_____
<i>A druggist</i>	-	-	Meddyginiaethwr.
<i>A bookseller</i>	-	-	Llyfrwerthydd.
<i>A butcher</i>	-	-	Cigydd.
<i>A baker</i>	-	-	Pobydd.
<i>A grocer</i>	-	-	Perlysieuydd.
<i>A blacksmith</i>	-	-	Gôf.
<i>A tailor</i>	-	-	Taeliwr.
<i>A shoemaker</i>	-	-	Crydd.
<i>A tavern keeper</i>	-	-	Tafarnwr.
<i>A barber</i>	-	-	Barfwr.
<i>A farmer</i>	-	-	Tyddynwr.
<i>A master</i>	-	-	Meistr.
<i>A servant</i>	-	-	Gwas.

STATIONERY.

<i>Paper</i>	-	-	Papyr.
<i>Pens</i>	-	-	Ysgrifelli.
<i>Ink</i>	-	-	Dud.
<i>Wafers</i>	-	-	Llethenau.
<i>Wax</i>	-	-	Cŵyr.
<i>A book</i>	-	-	Llyfr.

COINS.

<i>A halfpenny</i>	-	-	Dimai.
<i>A penny</i>	-	-	Ceiniog.
<i>Two-pence</i>	-	-	Dwy geiniog.
<i>Three-pence</i>	-	-	Tair ceiniog.

<i>Four-pence</i>	-	-	-	Pedair ceiniog.
<i>Six-pence</i>	-	-	-	Chwech ceiniog.
<i>Eight-pence</i>	-	-	-	Wyth ceiniog.
<i>Ten-pence</i>	-	-	-	Deg ceiniog.
<i>One shilling</i>	-	-	-	Un swllt.
<i>Half a crown</i>	-	-	-	Hanner coron.
<i>A crown</i>	-	-	-	Coron.
<i>A pound sterling</i>	-	-	-	Punt.

CARDINAL NUMBERS.

<i>One</i>	-	-	-	Un.
<i>Two</i>	-	-	-	Dau, <i>fem.</i> dwy.
<i>Three</i>	-	-	-	Tri, <i>fem.</i> tair.
<i>Four</i>	-	-	-	Pedwar, <i>fem.</i> pedair.
<i>Five</i>	-	-	-	Pump, <i>fem.</i> pemp.
<i>Six</i>	-	-	-	Chwech.
<i>Seven</i>	-	-	-	Saith.
<i>Eight</i>	-	-	-	Wyth.
<i>Nine</i>	-	-	-	Naw.
<i>Ten</i>	-	-	-	Deg.
<i>Eleven</i>	-	-	-	Unarddeg.
<i>Twelve</i>	-	-	-	Dewddeg.
<i>Thirteen</i>	-	-	-	Triarddeg.
<i>Fourteen</i>	-	-	-	Pedwararddeg.
<i>Fifteen</i>	-	-	-	Pymtheg.
<i>Sixteen</i>	-	-	-	Unarbytheg.
<i>Seventeen</i>	-	-	-	Dauarbytheg.
<i>Eighteen</i>	-	-	-	Triarbytheg.
<i>Nineteen</i>	-	-	-	Pedwararbytheg.
<i>Twenty</i>	-	-	-	Ugain.
<i>Thirty</i>	-	-	-	Degarugain.
<i>Forty</i>	-	-	-	Deugain.
<i>Fifty</i>	-	-	-	Degadugain.
<i>Sixty</i>	-	-	-	Tri ugain.

<i>Seventy</i>	-	-	Deg a-thri ugain.
<i>Eighty</i>	-	-	Pedwar ugain.
<i>Ninety</i>	-	-	Deg a-phedwar ugain.
<i>A hundred</i>	-	-	Cant.
<i>A thousand</i>	-	-	Mild.
<i>A million</i>	-	-	Myrddiwn.

PHRASES.

<i>Landlord</i>	-	-	Gwr y tŷ.
<i>Waiter</i>	-	-	Disgwytydd.
<i>Can you let me have a bed?</i>			A fedrwch chwi a dael i mi gael gwely?
<i>Can I sleep here?</i>	-	-	A allaf fi gys gu yma?
<i>Yes, you can</i>	-	-	Gallwch.
<i>No, you cannot</i>	-	-	Na allwch.
<i>Show me my room</i>	-	-	Dangoswch i mi fy ystafell.
<i>Are the sheets well aired?</i>			A ydynt y cynfasau wedi eu sychu yn dda?
<i>Bring me a candle</i>	-	-	Dowch a chanwyll i mi.
<i>I want supper</i>	-	-	Mae arnaf eisieu swpper.
<i>Give me a mutton chop</i>	-	-	Rhowch i mi olwyth o gig dafad.
<i>Eggs and bacon, &c. &c.</i>	-	-	Cig moch acd wyau, &c. &c.
<i>I shall want my supper at</i>			Mi fydd arnaf eisiau swpper
7, 8, 9, 10 o'clock	-	-	am saith, wyth, naw, deg o'r gloch.
<i>Is supper ready?</i>	-	-	A ydyw y swpper yn barod?
<i>Bring me some of your best ale</i>	-	-	Dowch i mi ychydig o eich cwrw goreu.
<i>A glass of rum and water,</i>			Gwydraid o rym a dwr,
<i>brandy and water; warm,</i>			brandi a dwr; cynhes,
<i>cold</i>	-	-	oer.

GOING TO BED.

<i>I want a candle</i>	-	Y mae arnaf eisieu canwyll.
<i>I want some warm water and salt to bathe my feet.*</i>		Y mae arnaf eisieu ychydig o ddwr twymyn a halen i olchi fy nhraed.
<i>I want a towel</i>	-	Y mae arnaf eisieu tywel.
<i>I want some soap</i>	-	Y mae arnaf eisieu peth sebon.
<i>Call me at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 o'clock</i>	-	Galwch fi yn y boreu am bedwar, pump, chwech, saith, wyth, o'r gloch.
<i>Have you cleaned my shoes?</i>		A landasoch chwi fy esgidiau?

BREAKFAST.

<i>I want breakfast</i>	-	Mae arnaf eisiau boreu-fwyd.
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TRAVELLING.

<i>How many miles is it to——?</i>		Pa sawl milltir sydd i ——?
<i>Can we cross the mountain to ——?</i>		A ydyw y ffordd yn dda i ——?
<i>Yes. No.</i>	-	Oes. Nagoes.
<i>What is the name of that ——?</i>		Beth yw enw nyna ——?
<i>Is that ——?</i>	-	Pa le y mae ——?
<i>Which is the way to ——?</i>	-	Pa un yw y ffordd i ——?
<i>Thank you</i>	-	Diolch i chwi.
<i>Where is the nearest inn?</i>	-	Y'mhle y mae y gwesty nesaf?
<i>Is there an inn? is there a village near this place?</i>		A oes gwesty, a oes pentref yn agos ynna?

* The best restorative when the feet are injured by walking.

<i>Where can we get something to eat and drink?</i>	-	Y'mhle y gallwn ni gael rhywbeth i'w fwyta a'i yfed?
<i>What have you for dinner?</i>	-	Beth sy gauddoch i cinio.
<i>Bring the bill</i>	-	Dowch ar bil.
<i>That is for yourself</i>	-	Dyna 'nyrna i chwi eich hun.

AT A COTTAGE.

<i>I am fatigued</i>	-	Yr wyf yn flinedig.
<i>May I enter your cottage?</i>	-	A allaf fi fyned inewn i ieich bwthyn?

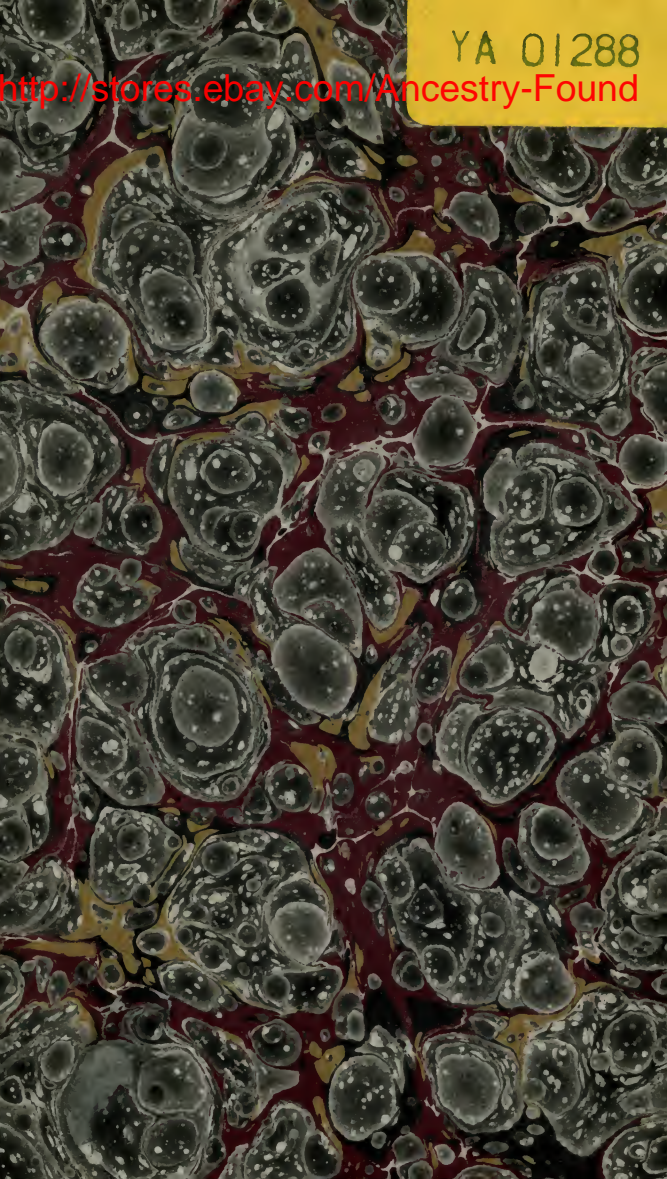
<i>A fish</i>	-	Gwyniedyn, pysgodyn.
<i>A whiting</i>	-	Gwyniad.
<i>A salmon</i>	-	Gleisiad,
<i>A charr</i>	-	Torgoch.
<i>A trout</i>	-	Brythyll.
<i>Water fly</i>	-	Car'wdwr.
<i>An artificial fly or feather</i>	-	Pluen, pluen, cylionyn.
<i>A hook</i>	-	Bach pysgota.
<i>A fishing rod</i>	-	Genweiriwr.
<i>A fisher's pannier</i>	-	Bancyr.
<i>To tie the hook</i>	-	Ban cawiauw bach.
<i>To fish</i>	-	Pysgota, hely pysgod.
<i>Freshwater fish</i>	-	Pysgod afon.
<i>A fisherman</i>	-	Pysgodwr.

For a more extensive vocabulary, the reader is referred to "ROBERTS'S WELSH INTERPRETER."

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