

**DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON  
FISHING IN THE TWEED; WITH A  
SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE  
NATURAL HISTORY AND HABITS  
OF THE SALMON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649751723

Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed; With a Short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon by William Scrope

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Cover @ 2017

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**WILLIAM SCROPE**

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OF  
SALMON FISHING  
IN  
THE TWEED;

WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF  
THE NATURAL HISTORY AND HABITS OF THE SALMON.

BY WILLIAM SCROPE, ESQ. F.L.S.  
AUTHOR OF "THE ART OF DEER STALKING."

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"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes."—VIRGIL. *Georg.* lib. ii.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.  
1854.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,  
And on such pleasing fancies feel their fill,—  
So I the fields and meadows green may view,  
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will  
Among the daisies, and the violets blue,  
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,  
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,  
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.”

J. Davors.

TO  
THE LORD POLWARTH

The following Pages are inscribed,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
THE HAPPY DAYS SPENT IN HIS COMPANIONSHIP ON THE BANKS OF  
THE TWEED,  
AND THE SOCIAL INTERCOURSE ENJOYED FOR SO MANY YEARS  
AT MEETOUN,  
BY HIS SINCERE AND FAITHFUL FRIEND  
THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

“ I WILL write a sort of a Book on Fishing,” said I to my friend Mr. Lobworm ; when a fresh breeze from the gentle south swept over the meadows, “ stealing and giving odours,” and reminded me of the many calm and pleasant hours I had spent by the margin of some crystal stream.

“ You really had better do no such thing,” replied Lob. — He was a man of few words.

“ Your very polite reason, if you please?”

“ Why the subject is utterly exhausted ; ninety-nine books have been written upon it already, and no man was ever the wiser for any one of them, although many are clever and entertaining, and moreover abound in excellent instructions.”

“ Hold ! you forget dear old Izaak,” said I, “ whose dainty and primitive work, the emanation of a beautiful mind, has made many a man both wiser and better ; for it is dictated throughout by that wisdom of which it is written, ‘ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’ ”

“Therefore it is,” replied Lobworm, “that I would have you by all means to refrain: that book will always stand unrivalled and unapproachable. Excuse me, but ‘*ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*’”

“Nay, nay, you cannot for a moment imagine that I shall attempt such a flight as that. I have read of Icarus, and also of the Uhn Tailor, who on the first trial of his patent wings fell into the Danube, instead of pitching upon the opposite bank; so, as I cannot touch the summits, I must perforce be content to creep on level lands,—‘*timidus procella:*’—mine shall be a work quite of another character.”

“There is not the least doubt of that, I think,” said Mr. Lobworm. “Know likewise,” continued he (I never knew him so loquacious or so disagreeable before),—“know likewise, to thy discomfort, nay, to thy utter confusion, that a book has lately appeared yeleft ‘*The Rod and the Gun,*’ so amusingly written, and so complete in all its parts, that there is not the least occasion for you to burthen Mr. Murray’s shelves with stale precepts that no one will attend to.”

“Pretty discouraging that, most certainly,” I responded. “And then we have ‘*Salmonia,*’ which is, or ought to be, a settler too; and also a scientific work by Mr. Colquhoun, who touches

deftly on the subject. But I tell you this, Sir Oracle, that although I see a hundred good reasons why I should abandon my design, yet I am resolved to persist: it is my destiny—that is a classical reason. You know that, to the great edification of our youth, the pious Æneas gives no better reason for the hundred rascally and much admired things he was in the habit of executing in his expedition to Latium.

“ I only hope the public will be so good as not to be discerning; because if they are, I shall have you, my most tender and amiable friend, eternally dinging in my ears, ‘ There, did not I tell you so? But you would not be ruled by me, so you must take the consequences.’ ”

At the end of this colloquy, and when left alone, I began to reflect a little; and although at first I could not help thinking my gentleman somewhat hasty, yet I came to the conclusion that he was partly, if not entirely, in the right. So I began to listen a little to reason, and contracted my plan, resolving to treat on *Salmon Fishing* alone, as it is practised in the *Tweed*; for although various authors have written some pages on the sport, yet I am not aware that any one has as yet gone far into the subject, or given any precepts, or treated of the various methods available to the sportsman of killing these