

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

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Scenes and recollections of fly-fishing, in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland by  
Stephen Oliver

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**STEPHEN OLIVER**

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OF  
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NORTHUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND, AND  
WESTMORLAND.

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

*William B. Chatto*



LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1834.

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C. Whittington, Tooke Court, Chancery Lane.

SH 439  
C 53

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

17286

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



## A DAY IN COQUETDALE.



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

*The Fisher’s Gurland for 1832.*

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

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

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

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

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