Attending the Annual Meeting offers an opportunity to enjoy the great trout fishing on the Battenkill.

The membership and their friends are cordially invited to attend our fly fisherman’s holiday on the banks of the Battenkill this coming May 13. As in the past, it will be pleasant and relaxing and, also as in the past, a great deal will be accomplished at the business meeting. Officers will be elected and there will be our entertaining and exciting auction. Last year approximately $3,000 was raised by the sale of donated articles. At this time we do not know what items will be offered but most certainly the generous membership will again contribute original works of art, fine fly rods and reels... the genuine and valuable antique and articles of prime interest to the fly fisher. Last year’s angling books were eagerly bid upon and in this coming event there will be more volumes to gladden the heart of the reader and the collector.

It would be sincerely appreciated if contributors would forward their donations to the Museum in time to allow Museum personnel to make preparations for their eventual sale to the highest bidder.

A formal announcement will be mailed all members in the near future. Please make your reservations early or as soon as possible. And when you mail your auction items, please package carefully. Good fishing and we will be glad to see you.

The Officers, Staff and Trustees
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THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER, the magazine of THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FLY FISHING, is published quarterly by the MUSEUM at Manchester, Vermont 05254. Subscription is free with payment of membership dues. All correspondence, letters, manuscripts, photographs and materials should be forwarded care of the Curator. The MUSEUM and MAGAZINE are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographs, materials or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations which are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER are to be considered gratuitous and become the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Publication dates are January, April, July and October. Entered as Second Class matter at the U. S. Post Office, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

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Warblers and Arbutus with now and then a trout

by

John C. Phillips

Ardent naturalist, sportsman and Conservationist that he was, John C. Phillips, and A.L. Ripley, who composed and illustrated "A Sportsman's Scrap Book", from which this article was taken would be sick at heart to see the Cape Cod trout streams they knew and loved in their present condition. Where once the sea trout moved from the salt water to the small fresh water streams and spawning beds there are now dwellings, summer homes, ice cream stands, motels, gas stations and people numbering in summer into the millions. The loveliness of Cape Cod is long gone. On a recent trip to the Cape from Hyannis to Chatham, about 20 miles, there was not one square inch along the roadside that was not turned into a commercial enterprise. This article published in 1928 is truly historic.
Down on the south shore of the Bay State, from the head of Buzzard's Bay, out eastward almost to the elbow of the Cape, lies a belt of country cut by numerous little streams and rivers all flowing south and discharging into salt water creeks and marshes. Adapted especially well for trout, and highly peculiar in many of their features, their virtues and attractions have never been properly recorded either by the poet or the fisherman. The mountain streams of the Berkshires, the highlands of New Hampshire and New York have attracted their share of praise, but the lost waters of the "Cape" should be sketched into the annals of New England field sports, before their very channels are forgotten.

For every spring as the afternoon sun begins to linger warmly in the city streets and the elm buds thicken, our thoughts turn tenderly to these streams. We hereby express our feeling of persistent unrest; even the motor horns cry out with a new and more plaintive lament, and the warm breeze bears upon its wings a disturbing taint of oil. These are the opening days of the trout season in Massachusetts, days rich with memories; memories of streams which long ago have ceased to exist, resolved now into chains of manmade cranberry bogs or flooded to provide reservoirs with which to flow them. Memories of care-free fishermen who have years since taken their last trout, and of others grown so serious-minded and so swamped with responsibilities as to lose all inclination for expressing the animal-like joys of the season.

These lines are not addressed to the super-aesthetic, he who fisherman or not; but to lucky characters like some I know, whose childlike minds, unaffected by the race of time, have preserved a boundless spirit of the spring.

I think it is the sheer simplicity of the "Cape" woods that convey to the city-weary fisherman an indescribable feeling of rest and peace. Only a few forms of vegetation interrupt the eye and those mostly of a green and friendly sort. Here even the shrub oaks are loath to expose their naked branches until far into the winter. If you come across from Plymouth over the rolling and once much-burned pine barrens you will get, especially on a cloudy day, the most amazing colors, for the shrub oak hillsides take on a mauve and plum-like growth against the intense yellow-green of the pitch-pines. Perhaps this startling effect is due somewhat to contrast and intensified also by reflection from an ink-black sky, but mostly I am convinced it is due to the actual color of those dwarf trees that have just felt the new rush of sap in their tardy branches. But they do not look purple at all.

The shadbushes, those perfect almanacs of our hesitating New England spring, have not yet brightened the landscape, although around the city they may be fully blossomed, for be it known that the southwest wind from Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound blowing across the "Cape" over a still wintry ocean is as cold as a northwest wind at Boston, and all vegetation along the south shore is very far behind. Along the cold springy margins of the trout rivers it is even more delayed, which enables you to watch to full advantage the whole warbler migration amid bare trees and shrubs at a time when those little birds are screened by budding vegetation in other regions near by.

In the woody places the evergreen inkberry bushes glister among the rugged mossy pines; vivid andromeda and sheep laurel brighten the little round swamps, and in a few sheltered spots are some real holly trees. All these contribute to please the eye, so long used to the dreadful drab of our northern winter landscape and we seem to have come a long way south in a short sixty miles.

Although we are here to catch trout, we must notice other things: the tiny pink bells of the upland cranberry along the double-rutted, sandy cart tracks, and if we look ever so closely a white star buried among dry oak leaves. Down must we go on all fours scratching like the noisiest chewink among the partridge berries, sending last year's papery oak leaves flying, and suddenly exposing not one but a whole chain, maybe several chains, of white or pinky-white flowerlets. You who never have gathered arbutus will hardly realize the sport, the woodcraft, the friendly rivalry, and the rush for an even likelier bed. Never know the mushroom-like smell of the fresh-pulled stems, the very essence of spring-thawed soil, mixed with the priceless odor of the flowers themselves. That odor so intoxicating to the senses. You lose that earthy root-smell after a little, though the flowers may keep fresh for days, and even in their final decay give out, scarcely diminished, their exotic, almost overpowering scent. What would the perfume makers of Grasse not give for an acre or two of our Cape arbutus to bottle up for the mirrored boudoirs along the Riviera?

No one who has been there can quite forget the thrill of the first April day upon the Agawam, the Mashpee, or the Slug. There was something so entirely different about the surroundings of those streams, and their waters were so clean and pure, so even bank-full and so seldom in flood that they had a more permanent, a more perfect look than many another more famous. They never shrank to a greasy trickle in summer, or hid away amid rank tussock grass so that you could scarcely follow their windings. Those Cape streams were gentlemen streams for all of their short miles. Their beds were hard sand or bright beautiful gravel and the water flowed along under lovely dumps of andromeda, sheep laurel, or thickets of wild roses, dwarf oaks, and little stunted birches. Their banks would have murred deep through the heart of a pine and maple swamp and the sun shone through the gray-green beards of the usnea moss or sparkled on the scarlet flowers of the maples themselves. They did not rage around slippery boulders or roar down in troublesome falls, but their courses led them from gentle rapids and sparkling ripples into great pools that hollowed out caverns under the fantastic roots of a stunted, druid-like beech or maple, or anon burrowed down various back channels where ice-cold springs crept in under beds of the cleanest sphagnum moss.

Formed by nature to support a great wealth of fish life, instead of getting warmer, as most streams do in their descent, they actually grew colder clear down to tidal water. I often took midsummer temperatures in the Agawam through the "candy-striped" down past Eagle Hill to Glen Charlie Pond, and always found the water several degrees colder downstream than upstream. It was this interesting condition that made these Cape streams possible for the ever-elusive sea-run trout, for these phantom-like fish could run to tidal creeks in winter and up into cold water in stream or pond when the ocean water got too warm. So you mostly had two rather different types of trout. The ghostly wanderers from the bay that came and went like shadows in the night, but did not usually appear upstream in numbers until mid-May or later, and the longer, thinner, darker brook trout more or less independent of the sea-run habit.

Up these pearly white streams in late April, May, and June came great shoals of alewives to their spawning grounds in the ponds at the headwaters. We would stand on some bridge or near a sandy open piece of water watching with never ending fascination these mighty hosts forging up against the current, now fast, now haltingly, now in sudden panic forced back, the vanguard rushing upon the rear ranks until the whole vast army was in a turmoil and entire silvery regiments were splashing about on the sand bars, forced out of water by the pressure of their crowding companions.

We loved to see the alewives because the big seatrout followed in their wake, although it was sometimes impossible to throw a line with any chance of success until one alewife army, charging up on the flood tide, had paraded past and left a quiet interval before the next arrivals. There were other fish too, the most beautiful, as well as the rarest, the small red-fins with brilliant blood-red paddles
that we used to take occasionally in the upper Agawam along with hundreds of the common brook chub that were a positive nuisance at certain seasons. Great suckers as much as two or three pounds in weight came up the stream in May, and sometimes we would man a canoe and pole up the “sandy stretch” above Eagle Hill to try for them with a spear. These great fish always gave you a thrill, for in quick water they looked like the grandpa trout. They loved the deep, still sandy pools, pools usually avoided by trout, but darting a spear at them in moving water from the bow of a canoe was far harder than it looked, and successful strikes were the exception. But it was a novel method of fishing and required pretty good team work between the spearman and the paddler.

Eels, of course, came up at times, and some of our greatest disappointments were connected with their taking, for a smallish eel on a light rod can simulate for a few moments a very heavy trout. I can scarcely attempt to describe the sensation which comes over the elated and breathless angler when his soaring hopes are shattered by a sudden view of the nasty little black head of a wriggling eel attached to his leader, the hook always swallowed in toto.

There may be better trout to eat than the native trout of Eagle Hill Brook; there may be fatter ones, whiter-sided, and more elegantly shaped; but I have never seen them. Even a little two-year-old fellow of six or seven inches has all the perfect grace of a salmon in miniature, almost the same type of coloration too, with his belly and sides so white that the pink spots are never a prominent feature. We seldom see in Eagle Hill those slim dark snaky fish that are typical of other Massachusetts and New Hampshire streams, long-headed, under-shot, with tapering bodies and wide brilliant-red spots, although dark fish do occur in Red Brook where the water is stained. The color of Eagle Hill fish was in perfect harmony with the silvery scales and bluish-white or golden-yellow pebbles that paved the floors of their home, and their rapid growth and thickly muscled bodies were made possible by a tremendous supply of food: salt water minnows, smelts, and shrimps. In the spring their stomachs were just crammed with caddis larvae, water beetles and helgromites, while in late summer they were provided with millions of young alewives caught on their first migration to the sea. These were happy, lucky trout.

I have sketched after a fashion some of the features of these lost Cape streams and hope that I have pointed out the reasons for thinking them unique. There are others somewhat similar, so I am told, on Long Island, but of them I cannot speak except at second hand.

And now let me try to convey an impression of the changing seasons on our old stream at Eagle Hill from the opening day in April to those May days, when the barren Cape uplands come to life.

There are at least three things that we go to the Cape streams for nowadays where formerly there was only one, the all-important trout. Now our first fishing day must be in part devoted to the search for arbutus which is at its best from early April to the end of that month. In severe seasons even later than that.

Thirty years ago we started fishing on April 1st and many a rough day have we waded from the “stave” mill down past Eagle Hill to the “end of fishing,” our lines perhaps freezing on our reels and the northwest wind whistling across the open pine barrens. But it was always surprising to find how comparatively comfortable the temperature would feel while we were wading the stream bed sheltered from the worst of the wind. The bright spring sun shining down and glancing off the ripples had such power that toward afternoon we would find our unaccustomed winter-weakened eyes sore and tired. Something of the motion of the stream would be imparted to our tired heads so that we felt quite dizzy and “heady” by evening.

Life along the stream was not at its best those first days, but the sheer joy of feeling your feet on the stream bottom, of stepping slowly and quietly so as to approach a well-remembered spot without kicking up a bunch of waterweeds, or disturbing the softer sand banks was more than enough excitement even though trout were scarce. There was the joy of seeing each pool again—they were every one known by name—and searching for minute over-winter changes in their depths or the set of the current under the bank.

Here a once famous trout haunt silted up with too much sand and changed into a chub or sucker hole, there a new gravelly run appearing under a maple root where was only sand before, a spot which might rush to sudden fame by holding its first fish. And then the associations of each and every turn of the river: here is “seven-trout pool” where we stood in our tracks one long ago day and took as many beauties, one after another. There is “pounder pool,” a little gravelly spring that a stranger would never think worthy of the trouble of a rather difficult east to the left and under a maple tree; here “double-hook run,” where a quarter-pounder swallowed a minnow, ran across stream and took a worm bait and was then reeled up simultaneously by surprised pair of anglers, both fast in the same fish.

Yes, the first day was glorious, but the big ones had not arrived and the woods were still silent except for the whistle of newly arrived field sparrows or the welcome of the chickadees. But grouse were feeding along the stream banks in goodly numbers; sufficient to warm the sportsman’s heart, and they would burst away in the most tempting fashion, though if you followed this stream in November you were sure to be badly disappointed. And if it was a warm season and the day fine, the angler might be greeted by the few liquid notes of a Wilson’s thrush.

April 2nd is now a little later. We have just recovered from our astonishment at the first startling green along the edge of the Sudbury meadows, where the water drop and the new sedge is suddenly exposed as a band of blazing green. Never have we seen, never shall see, such vivid green again. Banked up against the faded brown of last year’s matted skeletons of grasses it spreads away upriver a dazzling emerald strip following the windings of the stream. Each day the barren sprout clothed hills around Boston are taking on richer, more varied tints, and here and there a single tree matured beyond its fellows stands out a blushing tender kind of green. How goes it now with our little Cape rivers? What changes have these few weeks brought, what luck shall reward our trout-enhungered souls?

This is to all, especially the fisherman, the most intoxicating season of the year. Against the pitch-pine and Inkberry woods along the Cape roads the shad bushes flourished, the common and the bronzy-leaved kinds, have appeared like magic snow we never quite know whence, so unsuspected their presence a few days before. The white oaks have scarcely changed at all since our last visit and the low shrub oaks are as bare and purple as they were a couple of weeks since.

But the stream is no longer the silent river. It is fairly bustling with the drowsy gurgling sizzle of the parulas, “chip-er-chi-er, chee-ee-ee-ee,” coming from the red-budded swamp maples. The little blue and yellow creatures are flashing back and forth across the stream and now and then one alights within a few feet of the lone fisherman. The males carry on their mimic warfare at a couple of yards from his face and help to make the day eventful. These are among the first of the warblers to arrive in large numbers, and soon they are joined by great flights of redstarts, black-and-white creepers, chestnut-sided and Maryland yellowthroats, that seem to use these sheltered northpointing valleys as regular migration roads. Nowhere else in Massachusetts have I seen these particular species so concentrated as on certain parts of the Cape streams. So much so, that it used to
be a regular habit with us, after the day's troutting was over at Eagle Hill, to pole a canoe upriver and float silently down, just watching the hosts of the warbler tribe. Not a great many species would be identified on these paddles, but owing to the yet leafless trees the birds were a far more notable sight than in other places and one got much closer to them than when walking about with a pair of field glasses at home.

The great flight of parulas is largely over by the last week in May, but a good number remain to breed, and sometimes in June your face will collide with a tuft of usnea moss hanging over the brook, out of which there will pop a nesting warbler. A peek inside discloses a craftily concealed set of eggs in the interior of one of those gray maple beards.

Cheewinks and catbirds help to make the stream banks lively and under the pitch-pines the needles are torn aside where the industrious "ground robins" dig their hundreds of little holes. The stream banks may still look dead enough with an array of faded sweet-fern, steeple bush, and wild-rose stems, but they are not all asleep, for there now hangs over the water's edge an occasional cluster of pure white bells, the first flowers of the leather leaf or andromeda. Flowers are not plentiful in these cold-bottomed valleys, so the few violets that grow there are all the more appreciated.

The trout are come now and so are the alewives, and often the latter are so thickly concentrated in a favorite trout hole that we have to wait until they pass in order to fish in peace. Sometimes we fowl-hooked one of these nervous fellows when casting for nobler quarry, and a lively run would the silvery little fish make if he was fast in the tail or belly.

In early May the water was still cold and the trout could be found in the warmer parts of the streams; those places would be deserted later on. Sometimes far upstream, where the brook was mostly pond water and had not yet been joined by many springs, it paid to fish the open, unsheltered riffles out in midstream, not for large fish, but for the little seven- and eight-inch beauties that were as fat as butter and as white as a ghost. Although the "worm" was about as deadly as any lure, a trout fin or a minnow was quite as good, and better for teasing out the larger fish. Flies were all right for the small ones out in mid-stream, but we did little with them in the deep pools or in the holes under the banks, where we had to float a bait very cautiously.

The "sandy stretch" in Eagle Hill was at its best in early May; a mile-long piece of wide river, well grown up to water weeds later on, but having the most delectable little gravelly-floored pockets here and there under the banks that we had to approach carefully, because the stream slipped along quietly here and it could easily be "riled" if one stepped in the wrong place. Just such another piece of water was the lower Monument River, a little above the tidewater, but muddier and harder to fish.

"Halfway pool," "tin-can pool," "the two islands," and "the Eagle tree," what memories do those names unfold! And here it should be recorded that Eagle Hill or Agawam River twenty-five years ago was a veritable resort for these great birds. On a fine morning in May or June when the alewives were well on the run, we could see from the cape door two or three, sometimes as many as five or six huge eagles sitting on the bare branches of the great dead white pine about a quarter of a mile up the stream. Directly below their perch the river was wide and shallow and the sand bars were covered with "herring scales" where the big birds had torn off the silver scales before bolting their breakfast. The place was well chosen, for from it they could watch the schools approaching and when a lot of black-backed herring were stranded on a sand bar they could pounce down and take as many as they wished. But now that alewives have failed to run as they used to on the Agawam, eagles have gone elsewhere, and one the striking sights of that lovely river has passed forever.

That stream was a good place to see the rare otter, and I suppose I have run across the shy beasts at least eight or ten times in the course of many wanderings with rod and canoe — a good many glimpses for a place only fifty miles from Boston. Once I watched a pair playing and fishing and saw one of them dive and bring up a huge red perch, when both of them swam ashore with it and disappeared in thick brush. A few deer held out in this little wilderness, and in the Falmouth woods when there were none in the rest of eastern Massachusetts; but for some reason or other we seldom saw anything but their tracks.

As you walked downstairs in May or June you began to look up, and found school after school of goldfinches disturbed in schools from mid-stream, dashed up on both sides, so clumsily that they often hit your boot a resounding whack. The chubs could be approached so closely that one could look right down at the little fellows while wading past, but the trout was a different matter entirely. Every now and then as you made a step forward a darting shadow broke away for the deepest edge of the river and under cover of the bank raced up abreast of you and then behind you upstream. But so many vague shadows of flitting warblers were darting back and forth on the golden stream floor that half the time you scarcely knew which were fish and which birds.

Then suddenly as you fished there came a violent pull, perhaps a pinky flash in a dark hole and an angry splash followed by a murmur of line in the ferrules, as your feet of slack ran out. No chub this. There is a sulky pause and a worrying series of sharp tugs. You struck and turned over a pink or silver bar of flesh, all zigzagging dash and animation. Gradually you drew him up so that you could see him clearly, a ghost fish looking scarcely real or solid, poised in this colorless stream. And it was always astonishing to see how the size of fish in those Cape streams was dwarfed. They never, while at the end of the leader, looked nearly as large as they really were, although I remember waters elsewhere that dwarfed the fish instead of magnifying them. So at last when you finally made a neat sweep with the net you were a little surprised to find this ghost fish a solid body, threshing mightily amid the net strands.

May was the best month of all on most of the Cape trout waters. A typical May morning would be cold, often frosty, with perhaps a brisk breeze from the northwest. By the time the sun was up it beat warmly against the door of the camp at Eagle Hill and the newly risen, shivering campers, still half dressed, cast open to let in the grateful rays, for it was far warmer outside than in. If the water was too cold the trout would do well not to start before eight or nine o'clock and from then until early afternoon he would have all the best of it. Probably by eleven or twelve the wind would have shifted to a brisk southwester, coming up the river and making casting difficult, but that was the best time to take trout.

Those were no balmy inland southwester, but cold bracing sea-winds, ruffling up the whole length of the bay and borcal enough to hold back the vegetation all along its path. But they had desirable features in that they and the cold spring water kept the mosquitoes in check until long after fishing in the brooks around Boston became a near torture. Frosts were and are almost the rule in those valleys well into June, and I well remember an extremely severe one in July, so late that it actually withered the full-grown white oak leaves high up on the larger trees.

Quiet as those days were on the upper Agawam there would come to us in the first days of May the regular fusillades of the shooters in Hog Island Narrows intercepting the White-winged scoters or "May white wings" as they came north up the bay to fly overland across the Cape. And we sometimes took a hand in this picturesque style of shooting, now almost forgotten.

Let us get back into the stream again, pull up our boots to the limit and look expectantly down its clear windings. We walk along the pinkish-pebbly subaqueous paths that wind between great bronzy-green beds of water crowfoot gently waving to and fro in the crystal depths. I think there is no water plant so beautiful as this aquatic buttercup, for such it really is. Late in
May there peep out from among its dark leaf masses that look wholly unlike true leaves, little white flower buds which, though small, startle one, they shine so diamond-white against the rich greens. Beside this striking plant growth are the bright scarlet leaf tufts of a rush (Juncus militaris) that ornament the sandy or gravelly places where the current is not too swift. These patches of intense color remind one of the bright red willow rootlets that are often seen around the edges of ponds near the base of some ancient willow tree.

It would be all too easy to linger indefinitely over the fascinating advances of the Cape spring. Each time we came across the Plymouth barrens, and it used to be pretty often, new wonders were about us. The purple color of the bare shrub oaks changed to a wide-spread coppery bronze, for these dwarf trees were now in flower and their leaves just unfolding. Even at that stage we notice frost-nipped hollows where there has been almost no change as yet. The larger white oaks shed from their three-inch leaves a tender yellow-green color and a clump of small poplars have a bright silvery sheen by contrast. Little dwarffish cherries are in a burst of white blossom along the roadsides and the pitchpines with their two or three inches of new growth look yellower than a month ago.

Now if you come with me to the top of Eagle Hill where the old camp still stands, sixty or seventy feet above the stream, and if you look north up-river past the Eagle tree, the wealth of color is simply dazzling. For the maples have spread their scarlet seed-wings and blaze as in the autumn, while some of the new shrub oak leaves are a most amazing carmine or deep purplish magenta. Among these blood-red trees mingle delicate-leaved birches against it all stand out the larger pines, solemnly black-green along the edge of the river.

It is not my idea to say much about the actual fishing for Cape trout, but to try to create a picture of a typical Cape stream at different seasons of the year, with the shrubs and trees and bird life that were so highly characteristic. But as long as we have shipped unaware to the subject of fishing it might be noted that although some Cape streams were almost created for the fly fisherman, with broad shallows open to the sky, and little gravelly holes under either bank, it was seldom that we could get the best fish without bait. Scores of times I have fished with a fly when trout were rising everywhere but have only been able to take an occasional small one, while a rod following close behind with a seductive worm, a "minnow", or perhaps a cross-cut section of a "scaled" herring, would be having remarkable luck.

Of course we could sink our flies with split shot, run them deep under the banks and take a good many medium-sized fish, but that is scarcely fly fishing, and if you have lost caste to that extent you might as well get the satisfaction of knowing that you are armed correctly for the big ones. True, down in the lower tidal waters large trout will in certain places rise well to the fly, yes, almost out into the open salt water, among the waving beds of eel grass, but that is only for a few short weeks in early spring. To prove this I could take you down to Amos's Landing on the Mashpee River and paddle downstream of the low tide, fishing the open places in the eel grass with a fly. It was something of a sensation when first we tried it, to take a beautiful silvery sea-run fish right out of salt water with Poponossett Bay in sight.

It seems quite certain that originally all these Cape trout ran down to brackish creeks after spawning in October, or possibly at times upstream to natural ponds. I am certain this must have been so in such streams as Eagle Hill, Tihonet, and Maple Springs. For I have very carefully fished and examined almost with a microscope the whole of Eagle Hill in January and have never seen the slightest evidence of fish life; and during one spring when a certain fish-way was out of commission below Glen Charlie, not one single trout appeared until fish navigation was made possible around the middle of May. But on the other hand, if you placed a few thousand quarter-pound hatchery trout in the stream in late summer or autumn you would find a good many of them there on April 1st the following spring, but what a contrast they made to the beautiful fat silvery native fish. For these strangers were seedy-looking, and black with uncovered ragged gills and a half starved expression. They had not learned to forage or to migrate, and I always felt that most of them here to grief in some way or another, for they never derived the slightest benefit by stocking a stream like Eagle Hill where the trout were free to go to the sea. This does not mean that the present-day streams, cranberry bogs, reservoirs and what not are not benefited by stocking and screening - quite the opposite; they can only be maintained by stocking, since the old spawning places are ruined, but it was quite evident that few hatchery trout acquired the migratory habit soon enough to save themselves from a kind of slow starvation.

The upper parts of some Cape streams were naturally almost troutless owing to the warm waters which flowed out of such ponds as Half-Way, Mashpee, Great Herring, and others. And yet before these upper waters grew too warm in May or early June we could often take trout in places where they only lived a short season. It is possible that some trout made their homes deep down around cold springs, even in those pickerel infested lakes, for it was well known that along certain stretches of the shore of Mashpee Lake a fair string of fish could sometimes be taken on a fly in March or April by simply wading alongshore in two or three feet of water.

Probably under primitive conditions pickerel were not especially destructive to trout in the cooler, rapid parts of the Cape rivers, but now that their courses are interrupted by dams and flowage, the fresh-water sharks have not only grown more plentiful but seem to have increased in size. The original brook pickerel as I knew them in Eagle Hill thirty years ago were small, harmless fellows not over one-quarter of a pound in weight, usually much less, but the new lake formed by the Glen Charlie dam produced an entirely different type of pickerel that at once began to ruin the trout fishing.

It was always a thing to wonder at, even in the old days, to see the number of trout in that stream that bore marks of having been wounded by pickerel, probably on their way through the Wareham ponds in early spring. Sometimes a complete pickerel tooth pattern was printed on one side of a fresh-caught trout, and you could almost estimate the size of the pickerel that had made this unsuccessful onslaught.

The wonder is that any small trout lived to complete the journey; and I can only suppose that they must have passed up that three-mile battle front either very rapidly or by night, when the sun-loving pickerel was less actively on feed.

And how about size of trout the eager angler will ask? Well, the typical "salters" was a fish of a pound to one and a quarter pounds. Fish over one and a half were large fish even in the old days. My largest was a trout of three pounds even, taken in the Monument River just beside a steam dredger while the Cape Cod canal was building. There is a record of a fish of three pounds six ounces taken from the Tihonet waters, and rumors of four-pound fish are still to be heard. At Eagle Hill the largest I ever weighted was just two and a quarter, and a fish over one and a half was rare indeed in that stream.

Nearly a hundred years ago when Jerome Smith wrote his natural history of the fishes of Massachusetts, about the same weights for "salters" are given for these very rivers. Three pounds was considered "a very large fish" though a fabulous weight of "nearly five pounds" is mentioned by that not too reliable author.

Now if we wish we will go up the Mashpee River and start in fishing at Asher's path, where generations of trout anglers have passed before us at Mashpee, as Smith used to call it. There we would carefully "scale" a fresh-caught "herring" and divide
it into silvery chunks by making three length-wise cuts and lots of
crosscuts to provide the time-honored lure, in use for a hun-
dred years, and heaven only knows how much longer. I could
point out the various shady "hides" built at the angles of the
brook in order to coax the big trout to come up river. With a
line about two feet long and a stiff-tipped rod the novitiate
could learn the Indian method of teasing out "salters" by run-
ning the bait up and down far under the "hide" and jerking it
up against the current with short rapid strokes. For the larger
salters are not often found feeding out in the stream and nearly
always lie well under the deepest shade, where you must pre-
sent the bait absolutely at their noses and in such a way as to
wake them up and arouse their appetites. At the same time you
must learn to shake off innumerable eight- or nine-inch trout
that fairly swarm in this brook and are so voracious that you
can take them almost between your feet as you stand at the
head of a pool.

Not sporty fishing you will say. Perhaps not, but a "salter"
is a wild trout with five times the struggle of a mountain-brean
fish; and when you land him, and you often don't, you feel as
elated as if you had a salmon.

Such trout are too good to throw into a pan to be frizzled up
with a lot of oily-tasting lard or bacon. Take one of three-
quarters of a pound weight up to one and one-half pound or so,
split him and broil him, and if he is a fresh-run "salter", you
will never want to eat trout "camp fashion" again. For those fish
just up from the sea are as pink and firm of flesh as any salmon,
taste as good as a fresh-run grille and ought to be treated as well
in the kitchen. And they are splendid baked "a la Mashpee" in
a pan of deep fat with all "innards" intact.

And here let me throw in a word of caution. If you want
your trout, any trout, to taste as well when you get them home
as they did when you cooked them in camp, follow this. It took
me ten years to find out this simple fact myself, although a mo-
moment's thought ought to have sufficed. And here is the point.
Never pack your fish in sphagnum moss, tempting and cool as
it always looks, unless it is such a hot day that you simply do
not dare to put them unprotected into your creel. And what is
more, don't carry them home packed in this way. By prefer-
ence wrap each fish carefully in a piece of clean paper and then
surround the lot with cracked ice, using the moss around it, that
is if you are going to submit your fish to a long journey.

The fact is that if fresh trout are packed for any length of
time in actual contact with moss they will acquire a muddy or
slightly cellar-like flavor which is very disagreeable to some
palates, though others quite as well educated do not seem to
notice the difference at all. Some folks take it for granted that
trout are good just because they are trout. Hence the idiotic
demand for liver-fed hatchery fish that will scarce stand com-
parison to a sculpin!

But I am wandering more and more from the subject, if in-
deed I ever had one when I began this paper. It were best not
to dwell too long on the advancing season for the sensation, one
might almost say the astonishment of the budding time is re-
placed by a less exciting period. Vegetation comes then to a
kind of stasis, mosquitoes swarm about the fisherman and
numerous quawks croak and squabble over the spent and drift-
ing alewives. That is a season to fish more than it is to admire,
and since this in not so much of fish as fishing places, we will
leave the valley until the next April

A SPORTSMAN'S SCRAPBOOK
by John C. Phillips, 1928

Antiquity of The Fishing Reel

Editor Forest and Stream:

In that incomparable work "Sport with Gun and Rod" there is
an article by the editor, Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, entitled "On
the Invention of the Reel."

Prof. Mayer states the first mention of the reel that he has
been able to find is in Barker's "Art of Angling," London, 1651.

There is no mention of the reel in the first edition of Walton,
1653, but he refers to it in the second edition, 1655, as some-
thing used by others, although he seems to have had but a
slight personal knowledge of its use. The American editor of
Walton, Dr. Bethune, says in a footnote in the American edition
of 1847 (for my copy of which I am indebted to Prof. Mayer)
that "the history of the reel is a fine subject for the angling
archaeologist. Its origin is as yet in deep obscurity." During the
past summer I cut from a newspaper a slip, the contents of
which go to show that the reel antedates Barker's mention of it
at least 600 years and seems to lift its origin from obscurity. I
was so interested in the newspaper cutting that I neglected to
note the paper from which I took it, but think it was the
American Art Journal. This is it:

"In some notes upon an exhibition of antiquities, which was
opened in Tokio on the 1st of November, the Japan Mail
writes: 'There is one room, the contents of which alone will
amply repay a visit. Its walls are entirely covered with pictures
by the old Chinese masters. Two of them, gents from an anti-
quarian standpoint, hang inside a case which stands at the en-
trance. They are by painters of the Sung period -- Baian and
Riushomen -- and, apart from their merits as works of art, one
of them established the fact that reels were used by Chinese
anglers in the eleventh century. What is that there that Chinese
civilization did not possess?' Since first reading the above extract I
have but little more than glanced at the American and English
angling journals, and it is possible that mention has already been
made therein of the fact quoted, still I trust it may prove inter-
esting and novel to some, at least, of your readers. If the writer
in the Japan Mail had given a description of the reel of the
eleventh century as it appeared when delineated by Mr. Gaiian or
Mr. Riushomen, he would perhaps have gratified an angler's
natural curiosity, but had he done so there is no guarantee that
the reel would not have been patented in America inside of a
month thereafter.

A. N. Cheney.

\*1885 probably, as I cut the extract from the paper early in
1886.
Virginia Barbecues

by

Thaddeus Norris

Your article entitled "Clam bakes and Barbecues" in your issue of September 9th, has awakened memories of many happy occurrences in the Old Dominion in "days of Auld Lang Syne," and why now in the decline of life

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind."

So let me refresh my recollection of old incidents and old scenes and describe as well as I can the different kinds of barbecues in which I have participated, and firstly--

The little squirrel barbecue.-- This was an occasion on which there was less hilarity, or I might say, less noisy mirth than on any other, but one in which true sportsmanship was involved, and with the addition of a dinner that could not be surpassed. Two or four might engage in a barbecue of this kind. If four, there was a tryking place; generally a cool spring in the forest or by its margin, where we would meet at noon. If two, any spring so located that we might come upon it at that hour.

June, July or August were the proper months; for the new litter of squirrels were then young, when their flesh had that crispy tenderness and flavor that can scarcely be equalled by any other game. The pair that hunted in company were generally equipped, one with a squirrel rifle and the other with a shot gun. For when the dogs "treed" the game would frequently seek the topmost bunch of leaves, where the least wind would sometimes prevent he of the rifle from drawing a steady bead and the shot would, of necessity be conceded to the "scatter gun." We started always early, sometimes before sun rise, and as a uniform rule were mounted on sure footed horses, that would "stand fire."

Squirrels do not stir much, at least in the Southern forests, after ten o'clock, when a trail soon becomes cold, and the sport slackens, or temporarily ends by noon. This is the time of rest for men, horses, and dogs. So we halt at the spring, loosen our bunches of squirrels from the crups, take off saddles, hitch or hobble our nags, and prepare to cook dinner.

We draw from capacious saddlebags, first the flask and lay it in the spring, then our roll of buttered bread or biscuit, and cold ham thinly sliced, our pepper and salt and raw middling -- in polite parlance, now called "breakfast-bacon" -- the use to which the latter is applied will be described anon. The first and all important thing in the programme is building the fire. The best place is between two large logs lying, say two feet apart, in the absence of which, forked sticks as large as one can manage to cut with his pocket knife are sharpened, and stuck rectangularly into the ground where the fire is to be made, the forks of these corner sticks being in the same plane and eighteen inches or so above the surface of the ground. By the time a good bed of coals has accumulated, the squirrels have been dressed, and it is a little interesting to a novice to witness the dexterity of an old woodman, who with a slit in the belly and a notch in the skin across the back, and then inserting the thumb and fingers of each hand, with a vigorous pull denudes and disembowels the little rodent. After washing and seasoning them properly they are "spitted." This is done by sharpening, and then hardening under the ashes, the ends of stout switches of sufficient length to reach across the fire. A switch is thrust through the flank, belly and shoulder on one side, and another switch on the opposite side of the squirrel; the sides having been spread out and distended. Two poles are now placed longitudinally on each side of the bed of coals, the ends resting securely in the forks of the stakes at each corner. The squirrels are then placed side by side over the fire; the ends of the switches on which they are spitted resting on the poles. As soon as they are heated through and through, the basting begins. This is done by laying a slice of middling in the belly of each squirrel if the bellies are uppermost, or over their backs when they are turned, (four or five turnings are necessary) or the middling may be "bunched" on the end of a long stick and used in that way. The squirrels should be cooked slowly, and for this reason it is sometimes necessary to spread the ashes or a sprinkling of earth over the coals, the same being removed to give them a final browning. They should be buttered as soon as they are taken off, and gashed a little with the point of a pocket knife that the juices may flow and combining with the butter make the meat more succulent. Young squirrels thus cooked with a slice of ham as a condiment, and the cold buttered beaten biscuits, is a dinner fit for a King; aye -- "better still sirr" -- fit for an honest hungry hunter.

Three or four hours are thus wiled away, and it may be a nap indulged in, until the squirrels are again out of their holes and nests, and running on the ground, leave fresh trails for the dogs. The old squirrels, which are easily distinguished, especially if they are males -- are taken home to make soup of next day, and they make good soup, or to give away to one's neighbors.

Frequently through the Summer there were squirrel barbecues, where a goodly number would meet at some well known and more accessible spring, and there was a more elaborate cuisine and more jollity.

There were also barbecues, as described by "Captain," with a "fish fry" as an adjunct, where neighboring farmers and country store keepers would contribute and attend. Where long rough tables and benches were extemporized and crockery borrowed for the occasion. Where longpits were dug and much wood burnt in them to produce coals over which fat spitted muttons, shoals, and chickens, and squirrels were roasted, and hams and squirrel soup were boiled; the latter well seasoned with onions and smoked middling. Where there was sometimes a little speech making, always card play, and not unfrequently quarter races; for what was a young Virginian of those days without his horse? I fear that one of the sequences of "the late unpleasantness" is that such meetings are not so frequent as of yore.

The most delectable of such gatherings, however, was the "Ladies Barbecue" -- the "Dancing Barbecue," where matrons and maidens who danced were invited to attend, and at which no one could accuse Virginians of being aristocratic. This "institution" descended to newer States, of which the Old Dominion may be called the mother; to Kentucky, to Tennessee, and other States where an "institution" of another sort has been wiped out. This kind of barbecue was the most enjoyable of all. Ladies came in fine carriages, and in all sorts of two and four wheeled vehicles, and on horseback. There was the level, well beaten earthen floor beneath the wide spreading arbor of green boughs, with benches and chairs around the sides; there were dinner managers with red ribbons, and floor managers with blue ribbons in their button holes; there were negro fiddlers, and negro cooks, and negro waiters, in all their "pride, pomp and circumstance," there were reels, and cotillions, and jigs; and most glorious of all, the pretty graceful girls. Can I ever forget them? Are such gatherings still extant? I pray that they have not entirely gone out with the "institution." Why should they?
A Trip to Trapper's Lake

On any map of Colorado in its northwest portion may be seen “White River Agency”, now occupied by a small infantry garrison of the U.S. Army, and in a line almost directly east there from and about thirty miles in length, “Trapper’s Lake”. It was from the first mentioned place that a party of which I was a member consisting of nine persons including a guide and three men as packers, etc., started to see “Trapper’s Lake”, of which in regard to scenery, game and fish, we had heard such wonderful and extraordinary accounts. Our outfit consisted of a saddle animal for each one of the party and four pack mules upon whose faithful and sturdy backs we were able to pack everything we needed for proper shelter from the expected mountain rains, an ample supply of bedding for all and rations to last ten days – besides some luxuries not altogether indispensable its true. But adding greatly to the pleasure and somewhat to the hilarity of the occasion.

I shall not attempt to descant very fully upon the scenery on our route, as it is a little beyond the powers of my description. The trail led us through country which diversity gives a pleasing variety to a ride which otherwise might be long and tedious, taking us as it did along beautiful grass covered parks, through thick forests of pine trees, amongst the willows of babbling brooks and across the stony bottoms of rushing streams with mountains always on every side and affording us frequent views of the four footed game which abounds at every step, besides the mountain grouse perching in the trees solicitously watching their young as we passed by.

On account of precaution against over fatigue and some little uncertainty as to distance, we did not arrive at our destination until the third day, early enough however (10 A.M.) at which time we emerged from a small opening of the woods, and Trapper’s Lake burst upon our view like a beautiful picture, a picture to go into ecstacies over. The lake itself is about two miles long and at some parts nearly the same in width, surrounded by mountains clothed with thickly growing pine trees which cover their slopes from the borders of the lake to their summits, except at some extreme points where the trees are overlooked by the snow filled niches below the crests of over hanging rocks, 2,000 feet above the lake, 12,000 above the sea. One of our party who rode around the lake estimates the distance of its circuit at seven or eight miles and describes the scenery upon the south side as grand beyond description in its park like openings and succession of smaller lakes or snow ponds which he encountered on the way; he also obtained a good view of a black bear, which, however is not an uncommon occurrence in these parts.

After leisurely joining our rods and preparing our flies and lines for action we each proceeded in a different direction to test the truthfulness of the wonderful accounts we had heard of the trout fishing in Trapper’s Lake. I myself, proceeded to the outlet and after using my tackle for 15 or 20 minutes I found that I had captured fifteen fine trout and concluded to try enough for the time being. Two others of the fishermen coming back to camp shortly after I did, one having taken twenty nine and the other between 20 and 30, the lot averaging more than half a pound the largest running about 1 1/2 pounds.

There are three distinct species. I am not sufficiently well up on ichthyology to give them their accurate designation, but they who are may recognize it by my description when I say briefly that one is a slim, dark backed fellow with a deep crimson belly, the other is a broader and whiter fish with the belly of light pink or salmon color, and the third is the latter with a yellowish hue, the second mentioned is far the gaminest of all, and we soon learned to know him when hooked before we saw him fairly.

The next day having found that the catching of fish was too little of an effort to afford a reasonable amount of sport, we constructed a raft, upon which we sailed to the middle of the lake, we found a place where we could not catch fish, let it be said somewhat to our relief. We thought it possible that by sinking we might bring some hidden wonders to light, but we were mistaken, and upon returning to shore solaced ourselves with a little more of the lightning fly fishing with the same success as before.

On the next and last day of our stay it was deemed advisable to take say fifty fish to each pack mule to carry home. Two of us went to the mouth of a small creek emptying in the lake and there after two hours leisurely fishing and without “moving from our places, we counted one hundred and ten captures, averaging exactly as before, and the fish rising as vigorously and rapidly when we had our quota as when we had first began. The other fishermen met with the same success, one having made just for fun a burlesque of a fly from a feather he picked up, and a piece of thread, with which he had no trouble in landing half a dozen or more. Of course such fishing as this soon palls upon the sportsman – it may be described as unlimited fish and no fishing, but one who is endowed with the fine spirit of the fisherman who loves the labor, may be going a little below the lake into the river, find fishing which is more to his taste, there he will find ruffles and the lovely eddies which will send a thrill of ecstatic expectation through his soul – expectation to be realized in season – unlike the tiresome certainty of the lake – their name being feebly expressed by legion. Will you be surprised when I say that we shall long remember Trapper’s Lake?

To end a letter already too long drawn out I will say that we found it an easy two day’s trip returning and it could have as easily been made in the time going. If any of your readers desire further information you may refer them to me and I will answer any questions as to accommodations, etc., with great pleasure.
It is a bitter cold winter's night and I am far away from the cheerful lights of town or city. The north wind is shrieking and tearing at this lonely house, like some evil demon wishful to carry it away bodily or shatter it completely. The icy breath of this demon penetrates through every chink and crevice of which there appear to be many, and the wood-burning stove is my only companion. It is on nights such as these, after the turn of the year, that our thoughts stray away from the present to other scenes and very different seasons. We return in spirit to the time of leaf and blossom, when birds were singing merrily and trout were rising in the pools. We remember many days of glorious sport and keen enjoyment, and then somehow our thoughts take a turn and leap forward. Spring is near, quite near, and it will soon be time to go fishing. We want to talk about it dreadfully. O for a brother cranked of the fly-fishing fraternity, one who would be ready to listen occasionally and not insist upon doing all the talking, telling all the stories himself. But if we cannot talk we can write, and it is just possible that some dear brother angler will read what we say upon paper. There is some comfort in that idea, so here goes.

Why is it that with all the improvements made in fishing tackle in recent years we have but few patterns of artificial flies copied direct from nature? From the hosts of flies to be found on many of the hard-fished waters of the Eastern and Middle States? The imitations sold in the shops were nearly all of them copied from English patterns originally, and these, of course, were not taken from American flies. Our original patterns are largely fancies, combinations in colors pleasing to the eyes of man and are used as lures, not as imitations of any insect. Many of them are very killing in the waters for which they were created, but there is something extremely fascinating in the successful imitation of one of the smaller ephemera, when we can believe that our fine basket of trout was due to our care in getting the colors and size just right. Fancies and lures are very well and are absolutely essential in Maine and the Dominion of Canada, but there are streams where at times and upon occasions our ability to match an insect on the water means a full basket, while all the fancies in creation will scarcely raise a fish.

Probably all anglers of experience who fish the waters of New York and Pennsylvania can recall many instances when the trout were rising freely, yet would have little or nothing to do with any of the artificial flies presented for their acceptance. Usually no great effort is made to ascertain what the trout are taking. Frequently they are said to be midging or playing, when such is not the case. It is often difficult to see the natural flies upon the water, particularly in the evening, when the heaviest rise often takes place after the weather has become genial.

If the angler is in the habit of looking about for insects he will be apt to see a few specimens of the prevailing flies at odd times during the day, and these may serve as a guide when the rise comes on. Not only this, but if he can match the colors of the flies he finds he may take more and larger trout than he would with a purely fancy fly, even attention paid to the entomology of our trout streams certainly adds considerably to the pleasure of fly-fishing. An illustrated work upon which to identify them is very desirable; I do not know of any book of this kind published in America. It may be said that it is too much trouble to be always hunting about for insects, and that the occasions when an imitation of the natural fly is required are few and far between. This last is not true of some of our best streams, and no one who has ever hit off the right fly during a good rise of trout will be apt to consider his efforts or time wasted. Sometimes one may take fish almost as fast as he can cover the rises which may be seen on every hand. I have seen a large creel nearly filled in an hour or two. In one instance a skillful angler, familiar with the water, took over forty fair-sized native trout in less than one hour. He had but one fly that was of any service whatever; I had not even that one and could do nothing.

Fishing with a dear friend many years ago, I noticed that the trout were taking a small yellow fly, and found that I had two yellow hackles in my book. One of them was a very pale shade of yellow, the other a little darker. I gave the former to my friend and he began to kill trout at once. They would not take any other, so we arranged to fish turn about with his rod, each of us casting until we caught or lost a fish. Fishing with three flies in the old way, the whole catch had been made with the middle fly, the worst position on the cast. Queerer than this, a black hackle with a thin silk body was taken every time, while a precisely similar fly with black mohair body was entirely ignored. With the right fly you may have fine sport; when better anglers on the same water are having little or none.

The body and legs of a fly are most important. If they are correct in coloring we can do without wings. There must be great numbers of American birds that have been ignored by the fly dresser. Who can tell me of a bird whose primary and secondary wing feathers are a pale delicate dun color? It must not be a bird protected at all seasons by law, and the fibres of the feathers must be fine and cohesive. I never fancied dyed feathers for small flies, yet the art of dying is now comparatively easy to acquire, as a simpler process gives excellent results. As regards the imitation of natural flies, any man who does much of his fishing in one locality can get up an imitation or two that may add considerably to his success and pleasure. In doing this he will become familiar with the natural insect and acquire the habit of looking out for and studying them.

Fortunately, many of our flies are not mere atoms. I have some flies in a little tin box that are said to be the exact size of the natural insects which rise on the English streams, and the hooks are mere specks. All these flies are what we call midges, and only put up occasionally. Over there they are in daily use. We have many tiny insects, but the flies common to our waters certainly average much bigger than the little artificialies I have mentioned. When used in these small sizes, hooks must be of first-rate quality or despair will be our portion. I remember fishing where small flies were the rule and quite necessary to success. I sent at once for a box of small hooks and dressed a lot of flies upon them. They proved to be brittle and I had a wretched time of it. It was all right as long as I hooked nothing over a half a pound in weight, but at least three out of five fish above that weight were lost, many of them at the last moment, when they were done for and should have been mine.

There is great advantage in having confidence in the fly you are using. Much time is lost in making changes if one is in doubt as to the correct pattern. With a favorite fly one goes ahead, fishes his best and makes no alteration in his cast unless special conditions demand it. There are certain colors and combinations that can always be relied upon to kill a few fish. Other flies there are which are in good repute, yet sometimes are of no use whatever, except to catch baby trout. The fly we want is the one that will be accepted by the big fish. Two equally good anglers fishing together may take the same number of trout, but the fellow who has the right fly will have the heaviest creel. If a
certain fly has been upon the water morning and evening for several days, even in small numbers, the larger fish will be apt to patronize an artificial of the same color.

We must put up the exact shade if possible. The backs of natural flies are usually much darker than the bellies, so they should be examined from below before making up an imitation. We sometimes find flies that greatly resemble insects common on the other side of the Atlantic. Last summer I saw a few corresponding to the beautiful little Jenny Spinner for the first time. They were larger and the red, instead of being at the head and tail of the fly, was under the wings in the middle of the body. The clear, glassy wings and milk-white body with this rosy tinge made up a very pretty fly. It would be impossible to match those wings in feathers, but a body of rose and white with a very pale creamy badger hackle might answer.

Usually I prefer to imitate the dun or subimago stage of existence, as the duns are more in evidence upon the water than spinners. In fact, a medium-sized dun is hard to beat as a standby on any stream. They are seen in many shades, as the temperature of the air affects the color, darker in cold, lighter in warm weather; and as all the ephemerae pass through this stage of existence, several sizes are useful.

The question of size is a very important one, and it is often difficult to determine which is the best size of hook to use. To a certain extent only, one may be guided by the size of the stream he is fishing, as, in a general way, the larger the stream the more large flies one will see, and the bigger, in season, the hook may be. Hooks Nos. 8 to 14, old style of numbering, will answer most purposes in New York and Pennsylvania.

When we use the fly as a lure, representing something alive, not necessarily an insect, but appealing to the predatory savage nature of game fish, we are working upon a different basis of action and may try a very large pattern of unusual colors or make-up, more particularly if we are in pursuit of trout of unusual size which we have reason to believe are not often surface feeders. These big fish are not in the habit of feeding upon small flies, although they may accept one if they are in position in shallow water or near the surface, but they are seldom found in such positions. It is hard to raise trout over three pounds in weight, yet they will rise if one is fortunate enough to find them well on the feed. In fact, there are not many small things, seemingly possessed of life, that these Jumbos will not move at if they are hungry. They can do without food for some time. If the water is warm they feed little, but when they do go out to dine they want a regular gorge in many courses.

I cast over one three-pound trout that was feeding upon minnows near the edge of a gravel bed in a big pool for the best part of an hour. At last I went above, and getting out a long line almost hung the fly over the spot where the minnows were skipping. Then it was taken. This trout was simply crammed with fresh silverly minnows. They must all have been taken very recently, and there were lots more to be had near that bar, yet the old glutton grabbed my little dun, just by way of an olive or anchovy.

A combination of red and white may provoke a savage dash from a big fish, but nowhere now of the Middle States, my experience is that they do not often take it in. If small flies fail I prefer something moth-like looking with good long hackles to give life to the fly. Occasionally they will take a floating fly, and I have had several very exciting experiences of this when big trout sprang out of the water in striking at the fly. They presented a splendid spectacle which I shall never forget. One cleared the surface and struck down with open mouth upon the fly, and kept it, as it was tied on cobweb gut. Another sailed air without touching the artificial, and I got him in the evening when the strong light was off the water. I did not dare to try him again immediately, as I thought he was suspicious, and the sun was still well up in the western sky.

The light has much to do with our success or non-success in fly-fishing. At times in strong sunshine and in certain states of the atmosphere our artificial flies, even the very best of them, are the most transparent clumsy frauds imaginable. The finest gut shows up like an ocean cable, and we feel that we are miserable, low-down humbugs. With the light of day in our favor at the right angle, all things are vastly different. Our casting line is invisible and the flies appear on or in the water as dainty living insects, quite sufficient to deceive the wariest old three-pounder that ever wagged a fin.

Fortunately for the fly-fisher, all round-eyed creatures are deficient in visual impressions of form as compared with man and his almond eyes. Trout appear to be able to discriminate in the matter of color, as a slight difference in shade will sometimes affect the killing qualities of flies tied to the same pattern. They quickly detect any movement upon the part of the angler, and are often alarmed by shadows cast upon the water. A man standing perfectly still will not be noticed by fish, and this is true of many wild animals; deer, for instance. I was amused recently to note that the turkeys outside my window were greatly frightened by the shadows of sparrows which were flying from tree to tree.

Trout are wonderfully expert in concealing themselves in small brooks during long drouths in summer. One may be able to count every pebble on the bottoms of the pools and nothing may be seen except a few small trout, suckers and minnows, yet there may be trout of from one pound up in those very pools. The big fish know that they are in danger during the low water and become extremely shy. If they feed at all it will be at night. In a full stream, with an abundance of water above and around them, they feel safe. In dry seasons try the large pools after sunset. You may be rewarded. If you know the habitat of a big trout, go for him again and again. By persevering you will find him on the feed at last.

I fished for one fish for more than two weeks before I got him, and had cast over his lie at least fifty times on the successful evening before he rose. In this case a short line cast from a different direction turned the trick. One can never learn all that there is in fly-fishing. Only men of limited experience think that they know it all. A few patterns of flies will usually answer all purposes on any river or lake, but it is not wise to despise a large assortment. They can all be stowed away in small compass, and one never knows what strange combination of fur and feathers may be useful some day.

There are few things more interesting than a good collection of artificial flies. My fingers itch to open any old fly-book I see. All fishing cranks enjoy looking over a good angling kit, rods, flies and tackles. A visit to a first-class fishing-tackle shop is more interesting than an afternoon at the circus. If one has leisure, fly-making is an absorbing occupation and there is considerable satisfaction in taking trout with the work of one's hands. I was driven to it many years ago by the difficulty experienced at that time in getting just what I wanted at the stores. I wished to imitate certain insects, some of which were very small and required small hooks tied on fine-drawn gut. Nowadays I use eyed hooks as often as hooks tied on snells and find the Pennell very good for hooking and holding. It certainly is a nuisance trying to know the exact size of the fly when the light is bad. The sproat is excellent, if you can get it correctly made, and the sneed is also useful, but of late years there is a tendency among manufacturers to shorten the shanks of hooks unduly. This is bad, I think. I hate a dumpy hook for fly-fishing.

In many of our streams the European brown or yellow trout now outnumber the native fish, and one never knows when he may stir up a regular buster. Then, indeed, we are in need of the best possible hook and tackle. If we have been careless in regard to these things the result may be a most regrettable memory which may haunt our minds for years. Just imagine losing a trout above six pounds in weight through the use of an old fly with a worn gut link. I have had that bitter experience and others nearly as annoying. With an abundant supply of food (continued on page 31)
The North Woods Walton Club

A group of Utica, N.Y. business men formed the North Woods Walton Club in the winter of 1857. Attracted to the wilderness of northern New York by its beauty and primitive scenery, the hunting and the fishing and their sense of adventure, the purpose of the organization was to make annual trips to that inviting region. By organization and systematic preparation they hoped to render as perfect as possible their comfort and enjoyment in the wilderness.

In the beginning the club was named “The Brown’s Tract Association” to denote an area of some 200,000 acres which was to be the center of their activities. They made their first visit in June in 1857. The second annual meeting took place in Albany, N.Y. in February of 1858 where the club was more formally organized, officers elected and by-laws adopted. What is particularly interesting concerning this club was its organizational effort to plan each expedition carefully so that little was left to chance and the membership could enjoy themselves to the utmost. The planning and a description of the country through which they were to travel was printed in the form of a small pamphlet which contained the Articles of the Association and a list of officers in addition to a description of the expedition. The “Plan of the Expedition” for 1858 follows. The officers included Gen. Richard U. Sherman of Utica, Pres. and George Dawson of Albany, Vice President. The membership list contained professional men and politicians and it can be suggested that the legislators, judges and business men were the root stock who with others like themselves laid the ground for the first Conservation movements in the United States which applied to vast sections of the American wilderness.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION

1. This organization is known as the NORTH WOODS WALTON CLUB.

2. Its object is the diffusion of Trout, Deer, Health and Enjoyment among its members.

3. This is effected by making annually, or oftener, as may be consistent with the wishes of its members, individually or collectively, trips to the wilderness of Northern New York, particularly that locality thereof, known as “John Brown’s Tract,” for hunting, fishing or exploration.

4. Its executive operations are conducted through the agency of officers, whose titles and duties are as follows, viz:
   a. A President, who presides at its meetings, and at meetings of its Executive Council.
   b. A Vice President, who performs the duties of the President, in his absence.
   c. A Recording Secretary, who records its proceedings.
   d. A Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, who communicates its orders and proceedings, and in the absence of the Recording Secretary, performs his duties, and who received, safely keeps, and under the direction of the Executive Council, disburses its funds.
   e. A Good Samaritan, whose duties are sufficiently indicated by the title of his office.
   f. A Commissary, who, pursuant to the directions of the Executive Council, provides, and preserves from waste and improvidence, supplies for its use and subsistence in the wilderness.
   g. An Executive Council, consisting of the above named officers, who have the general direction of the affairs of the Club, subject to its orders.

The official term of each officer is one year, and until his successor shall be chosen.

5. The qualifications of membership are,
   1st. An unanimous election thereto at any regular meeting.
   2d. An initiatory payment of five dollars, and the annual payment thereafter of a like sum, on or before the first day of March. The failure to pay a ratable assessment of expenses, forfeits membership, and renders the delinquent incapable of renewing his connection.

6. The fund arising from the initiatory and annual payments, is devoted to the purchase of camp furniture and other articles of permanent outfit, and the payment of necessary contingent expenses.

7. The additional expenses are defrayed in the following manner, viz:
   a. For subsistence supplies forwarded in advance of parties — by an equal assessment on all the members entering for such parties.
   b. For transportation of parties, wages of guides, hire of boats and other expenses incurred by parties on trips — by an equal assessment on the members included in such parties respectively.

8. Annual and extra meetings of the Club are called by the Executive Council, on personal or printed notice served, or sent through the mails, by the Secretary to each member. Meetings, when on trips, are called by the same authority, on such notice as it may be in the power of the Secretary to give. The presence of five members constitutes a quorum at any meeting, whereof due notice shall be given.

9. These articles may be amended at pleasure at any annual meeting, or at any meeting regularly called for that purpose.

(continued on page 14)
THE TROUT OF SILVER LAKE
From DOUGHTY,
"Cabinet of Natural History", 1830

The first color plate of trout published in America, one of the Museum's treasures of great rarity. A recent acquisition. The forked tail Lake Trout is unusual in Pennsylvania. There is some suggestion that Doughty's who traveled extensively may have sketched the fish in upstate New York.
PLAN OF THE EXPEDITION FOR 1858.

The plan for the present year embraces a trip by several detached parties to the Moose River and Raquette Lakes; to be performed some time between the 20th of May and the 20th of June, to be hereafter particularly designated by the Executive Council; whereby due notice will be given to each member. The Executive Council will be governed in fixing the time of departure, solely by the state of the season. The region to be visited is approached the most conveniently by the way of Boonville, Oneida county, to which place there is daily Rail Road communication from most of the prominent points in this State. From Boonville, the most direct route is via the "Old Brown's Tract Road," now a mere bridle path through the woods, to the "old forge," on Moose River; thence by alternate boating and carr-
ing to the various parties to be visited. Transportation by wag-
on and by pack horses may be procured readily at Boonville; but in order that it be done with the most certainty and economy, it is recommended to the members of the several detached parties to procure the proper arrangements for transportation and for boats and guides, to be made through the Commissary several weeks in advance. There should be to each two men, one boat and one guide, to be devoted to their special service during the whole trip.

Six or more detached parties are proposed, to be located as follows, viz:

1. One at the head of the Third Lake of the Moose River chain, which will be denominated and considered the main Camp, where the Club has accommodations for thirty men. This Camp will form the centre of all operations during the stay in the wilderness, being a point from which either of the other Camps may be reached in from four to twenty-four hours travel.

2. One at the Moose Lake, a tributary of the south branch of Moose River.

3. One at the head of the Fourth Lake.

4. One at the head of Seventh Lake.

5. One at the North Branch Lakes.

6. One at the Raquette Lake.

These parties, except in the procurement and distribution of supplies and the general occupation of the hunting and fishing grounds above laid out, are to be considered as independent of each other. Each, except in its connection with the general arrangement of the trip, will bear its own expenses, and in its field of operations, will regulate its own movements. It is de-
signed, however, that there will be at least one general rendez
vous at the old Camping ground at the head of the Third Lake, for social enjoyment, and that there will be frequent neighborly visits between the different parties at their respective Camps.

Nor is it expected that the location of a party at one particu-
lar Camp is to prohibit its members from visiting the locali-
ties occupied by other Camps, for the purpose of hunting or fishing, if they may desire to do so. The period of time allotted for the trip is two weeks from the day of leaving Boonville; but each party will, of course, limit or prolong its stay at pleasure. The rations, however, will be distributed on the basis of a two weeks' trip.

The general composition of the several parties will be made according to the tastes and wishes of individuals. There should be in each, not less than two nor more than six persons, exclusive of guides. Members are to indicate their preference, in the order in which their initiatory payments are made; which order will be followed in the making up of the parties, unless varied by voluntary exchanges between one party and another, with the consent of the exchanging parties. Those who may not indicate any preference, will be located at the main Camp, from which they may make excursions to any points they choose. Should the aggregate of the parties exceed what is provided for in this plan, it will be extended to meet the emergency, as ample

ground, in addition to what is herein laid out, exists within a day's travel from the main Camp.

The ground chosen is all good; as good, perhaps, as any to be found in the Northern wilderness, and the best in the knowledge of the Club, for either hunting or fishing purposes.

The Third and Fourth Lakes are the most easy of access, and the most convenient in every respect for camping grounds. They afford excellent trolling for the large Lake Trout, while the First Lake and the inlets of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Lakes, all within a few hours' approach, are stocked with Speckled Brook Trout. The low grounds bordering the south shores of these waters are favorite resorts of the Deer.

Moose Lake is good trolling ground for both Lake and Speckled Trout, and is not difficult of approach, though not as convenient as the Third or Fourth Lakes.

The North Branch Lakes are celebrated sporting grounds. But they are to be reached only by severe effort by land and water, and none should undertake to visit them except those inured to the hardships of the wilderness.

The Seventh Lake is in its characteristics much like the Third and Fourth Lakes, though more remote from the main Camp.

The Raquette Lake is famous in the geography of the Nor-
thern wilderness. It affords every variety of sport, and exhibits all the beauty of wild scenery. It is reached only by a toilsome journey by land and water, but furnishes more comfortable accommodations to the visitor than either of the other lakes, as several families reside on its shores, who make provision for the entertainment of parties.

Those who may wish to see the most of the wilderness, and to enjoy in the largest measure the beauty of wild scenery, are recommended to visit the Raquette.

The enthusiastic sportsman, inured to toil and hardship, will, perhaps, prefer the lakes and streams of the North Branch, where he will find ample scope for both his propensities and his powers of endurance.

Those who wish to avoid as much as possible, the severer experiences of wilderness life, and at the same time have plenty of good sport with the wild denizens of the woods and waters, should prefer the Third and Fourth and the Moose Lakes. The Third and Fourth especially, will be chosen by the novices.

These general remarks will serve to inform the inquirer of the general plan of the expedition. A few instructions as to the requirements of an outfit will be found convenient, especially to those who have never yet lodged in the "vast wilderness." First, as to

Personal Equipment.

Each member should provide himself with fishing tackle, and a good thick blanket. One rifle or double barreled fowling piece, or fowling and rifle combined, will suffice for every two persons. Small arms are not requisite for either sport or safety. Those who carry fire arms, should provide themselves with an ample supply of ammunition. The articles of personal clothing recommended are as follows, viz:

Two thin flannel or merino undershirts; two red flannel out-
ershirts, with pockets; two pairs of drawers; four pairs of wool-
en socks; two short hunting coats, or roundabouts, with ample pockets; two pairs of woollen pantaloons; one pair of rubber overalls; one rubber coat; one Kossuth hat; one pair campaign boots; one pair laced wading shoes, with hob-nailed soles; one pair of leather slippers, and one mosquito cap. This is a cap of

oil silk, made to fit the head closely, and to cover the forehead, ears and cheeks, leaving only the eyes, nose, mouth and chin exposed. It should have flaps which can be tucked in the collar of the shirt, and thus protect the neck from the insects. In the above list is included the suit to be worn, and these articles, with two or more strong towels; a cake of Castile soap; a pocket comb; tooth brush; a pocket knife, suitable for dressing fish or game; a pocket drinking flask; a water-proof box of matches,

(continued on page 19)
The staff suggests the "walking stick" rod of the "Treatise." The author advances the theory it was members of religious organizations who were responsible for the early development of flies and fly fishing.

The "Treatise of Fishing with an Angle", in its manuscript, is dated 1450 A.D. There is no firm evidence as to its author or where written although there is a general consensus of opinion by students of this work it was a derivation in form and direction taken from preceding French sporting books. Hills, a very accomplished English historian states the "Treatise" is English.

Folklore, local tradition and a smattering of factual history have suggested the "Treatise" was written by a Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of a Nunnery at St. Albans. So far there is no proof of her existence. The fly patterns are imitative, certainly are taken from naturals and described very poorly, so poorly, the translation from another tongue is quite reasonable.

I have some disagreement with parts of the above. First a St. Juliana was very much in existence. Folklore does have some foundation in truth and this St. Juliana ( of Liege, France ) was born in 1192. She joined the Canonesses Regular at Mount Cornillon where she became Prioress in 1222. She died in 1258. Apparently she was something of a dissenter for she made enemies which at one time in her life forced her into sanctuary. What is important, is that she resided in a land near the Pyrenees whose waters were superabundant with trouts and salmon. It should be mentioned that Gaston Phoebus, author of "Livres de la Chasse", lived in the vicinity in 1391, suggesting the area was indeed a sporting country. Authoring a fishing book in this kind of an environment would not be unusual.

It is also important to understand that the period evidences a great deal of cruelty, extending all through the middle ages, when nobles commanded life and death over their subjects, peasants were tortured and life was cheap for all except the powerful. What the British writers called "chivalry" was little more than courtly manners engaged in during brief periods between wars and the torturing of enemies, lawbreakers and others out of favor with the ruling classes.

(continued on page 18)
ENGLAND, 1495
“The Treatys of Fishyng with an Angle”

1. March Brown
2. A Dun Fly
3. Black Louper
4. Wasp

SPAIN, 1623
Juan DeBergara

5. March Brown
6. A Dun
7. Yellow May
8. Blue Dun

ENGLAND, 1651
Thomas Barker

9. March Brown
10. Oak Fly
11. Stone Fly
12. Blue Dun

ENGLAND, 1747
Charles Bowker

13. Blue Dun
14. Drake
15. Cowdung
16. Yellow Cadow

IRELAND, 1791
Thomas Connem - Cornelius Gorman

17. Golden Olive
18. Golden Olive
19. A Dun
20. March Brown
IRELAND, 1797 - 1816
Hynes, Co. Galway and Kiltarten River


SCOTLAND, 1835
Thomas Tod Stoddart on the Tweed


PENNSYLVANIA, 1829
Gen. George Gibson, the Letort at Carlisle


NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND, 1835 - 1841
Long Island, Connecticut & Cape Cod


NEW YORK, 1847
George Trott in the Catskills and Adirondacks

Within the dark ages and later there did exist a gentle people (though not always gentle) who sought peace with God and spread the Gospel throughout the land. These were the members of religious orders who seem most qualified to have invented the artificial. Those from and of the higher orders were well educated, wrote continually and travelling from one religious center to another throughout the nations of Europe could and most probably did tie the flies, build the fly rod and teach the ways of fly fishing. One point should be emphasized - the Church’s emphasis on the abstinence from meat on Friday for practical purposes insisted on the eating of fish. It is unreasonable to believe that the thousand years of pressure, A. D. 1000, made no contribution to the development of fishing tackle and the fly. The staff of the Pilgrim can be convincing evidence that the rod of the “Treatise” was far more than a novelty.

My direction of thought suggests St. Juliana is the carry over of legend and tradition, many hundreds of years old, whose name may have graced a convent in England, not necessarily at St. Albans. The “Treatise” I think is as old and was brought to England eventually by a religious order based in Ireland, were the monks and the nuns assisted laboriously copied manuscripts ad infinitum. Unfortunately the unreasonable emergence of Dame Juliana during the early 19th century has caused considerable confusion. Let me whisper a quiet suggestion that the Berners name is also even more ancient a corruption, stemming from the Celtic Goddess Buyana who was a powerful ally of the Druids, a huntress and presumably to be appealed to by fishermen. My choice of Ireland as the last stepping stone for the English “Treatise” stems from the word dun (dunne) which is from Ireland to England, Gaelic, and means the color of the mists of autumn or the drabness of a shepherd’s coat. From wherever the “Treatise” derives, it is our first fishing book.

Flies 1, 2, 3, 4, on the color plate are too well known to discuss. The hooks have been elongated into fly hooks simply because the length of shank imposed by Wynken de Worde’s printer make little sense to a fly tier, and have no reasonable connection with the “Treatise” whose imitative patterns demand a longer Shanked hook.

The second manuscript relating to flydressing is that of the Spaniard Juan de Bergara of Leon who wrote his book in 1623. The presentation is almost as vague as the “Treatise” and my translation possibly ambiguous for his use of the language is archaic. At present I am seeking a highly professional translator who is also a fly fisher and can relate the various terms for body, ribbing, wing and hackles to the rooster, color and dressing with a degree of authenticity. George Beal (residing in France) introduced Bergara to America through the United Fly Tyers club magazine with a brief description two years ago and Bergara has been the subject of intensive research on my part ever since. Needless to say, the color constructions may be in error. The flies have no relationship to the English trout fly, are for the most part duns, including an iron blue and as Bergara states have as their reference sources authors writing in the past. This last is not astonishing if one accepts fly fishing as already traditional in both Southern France and bordering Spain. It can be pointed out that both Bergara and the “Treatise” are imitative and tend to dark bodies. 5, 6, 7, 8, are educated guesses.

Thomas Barker, 1651, is the first to mention the wound hackle in English angling literature. He, like Bergara and the “Treatise”, has a March Brown, 5, the wings of the brown from a mallard; the body as may be chosen, wool or silk and tinsel overwound with a cock’s hackle. His Oak Fly is what might be termed a first fancy fly with its body of Orange, Tawney and Black; he also says “Now of late that Hog’s wool, of several colors makes good grounds; and the wool of a red Hayfer makes a good body; and Bears wool makes a good body; so I now work much of them and it procureth much sport.”

Charles Cotton is not included, in spite of his large listing because of the hint by G. W. Bethune (1847) that he took his flies from a Robert Noble. His contribution whatever the source is of course of value but close in time to Barker. If fly fishing literature as it relates to fly tying is scant from the 15th century to the middle 17th, Barker and Cotton synthesize prior developments.

Charles Bowler, 1747, and his family unlike their predecessors, including Chetham who specialized in dub flies, (1681), make the first departure from the first traditional and introduce such patterns as the Whirling Blue, the Little Pale Blue, the Cadow (16) and changed patterns which eventually became standards. The Bowlers were the first to take the long look at the emerging insect and include an account in their “Art of Angling”. They disposed of the earlier patterns by simply stating they were named as curiosities. Of the few early angling books, only Walton is more distinguished in the literary sense in the opinion of the late angling historian W. H. Lawrie. Regrettably my references for the early Irish patterns were limited. The flies presented, the Golden Olives, Green Drake, duns and March Browns were taken from a photograph appearing in the Harris “Angler’s Entomology” and I have little information beyond that for the color plate. The least can be said of them is that these Irish flies are extremely colorful and may have been gobbled at times by a pike. The wind blown dapping fly may have originated in the early 17th century suggesting an elongated hook shank. (17-24)

The marvelous, delicate and beautiful Scotch burn flies are my dearly beloved. The Museum has a selection fastened to a letter to Charles F. Orvis from a dealer in Edingburgh that I have admired a hundred times and we have a selection more modern in their original envelopes that are completely full of grace. Although the Scotch make a great salmon fly, witness the Jock Scott of 1845; my choice for all time is their small flies for trout. The first British salmon fishers were undoubtedly the Irish developing their tackle first with the prawn and then moving to the fly and I think the Scotch were a close second.

The flies of Thomas Tod Stoddart, “The Art of Angling”, 1835 are the first on record for the Tweed. He was also the first to study the effect of light and water turbidity as it concerned the choice of patterns. “When a stream is small and clear, a hare’s car body, especially during spring will kill well; also the dun or mouse body fly, and small black hackles at a later season. If large and brown, the red professor suits best; next to it is a plain Palmer, both of which are efficient all the year over. When in ordinary trim, we angle with any sort, being more concerned with size than the color of our flies; and that in much used rivers the trout reject large insects, and rise freest at midges and smaller ephemerea. This is particularly visible on the Clyde where a very minute fly is requisite and yet on this river, during summer, large fish are caught with the drake and May fly, in opposition to the general liking.”

Apparently from this Stodart had little liking for a nice imitation of natural insects. This might be his contribution to American fishing by migrating Scotsmen. His patterns shown: 25. Wing: Brown Mallard; Body: Yellow silk; Hackle: Brown. 26. Wing: Wren’s Tail; Body: Light or Dark Hare’s Ear. 27. Palmer, Red or Black in all sizes down to the smallest midge. 28. Wing: Starling or Fieldfare; Body: Mouse or water rat hair. The development of the trout fly in America has no precise beginning. Reasonably it started with the more wealthy colonist who had learned to cast in the mother country. Apparently by 1829 there were a sufficient number from New England to Georgia who were interested and our first sporting magazine, “The American Turf Register, printed several articles. The writer was George Gifford Cotton who had started fly casting in 1790 as a youngster. It’s not popular that he would not be particularly fond of anything British as he could remember Indian Wars and western British military threats along the St. Lawrence and along the Ohio. He once did a satirical article on Walton and that which concerned his sporting articles revolved around the Letart and other streams adjacent to
Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He tied his own flies using feathers from native birds such as the partridge and lists no patterns but describes a fly as black and red, the little grey fly and a dun probably grey blue. He fished until the 1850's.

He does not reflect any knowledge of British angling books. (29, 30, 31, 32) nor did his counterparts who fished New York, Long Island and Cape Cod streams for brook trout and sea trout. Under the pseudonym of "Meadows" one New Yorker touched upon the Wren's Tail of Stoddart and seems to have been in agreement with a Maine fly fisher who recommended the "black and red", the Jay, etc.

George Trott of Philadelphia fished Pennsylvania and Catskill streams and with Gibson can be considered the progenitor of American trout flies. His recommended listing to the Rev. George Washing Bethune who published them in "Walton" gives no name or familiar British pattern. Bethune however, was a well read intellectual, a widely travelled angler and a celebrity. He published America's best Walton and the flies of George Trott may have become the first standards for Pennsylvania and the Catskills. Gibson caught big fish in Pennsylvania streams, to three pounds. The mountain trout as far as contemporary reports are concerned were very small. This was satisfactory, for most Americans caught trout for the table and the small ones had the desirable delicacy of flavor. An angler in Pennsylvania had his choice of large or small fish.

From the "Treatise" to the Catskills took nearly four hundred years. The fly plate reproduced is intended to give a bird's eye view of what happened regarding the development of the trout fly during that period.

I forgot to mention I think the "Treatise" was first written in Latin as a textbook and one of its directions was to lead a nobility away from the unholliness of war.

**NORTHWOODS WALTON CLUB**
(continued from page 12)

and a small vial, containing equal parts of oil pennyroyal and spirits of camphor, as a preventive or antidote to the bites of insects, form all that is necessary about the person. A few articles of standard medicines, particularly in the case of individuals subject to sudden attacks of illness, might prove very serviceable. For safe and convenient carriage, the articles not worn about the person, should be packed in a stout canvas or rubber bag, impervious to rain. All superfluous articles should be left behind, and the articles of personal baggage should be strong and compact.

**Fishing Tackle**

The articles of Fishing Tackle required by each man, are as follows, viz:

One fishing rod, such as are made for general use, being medium as to weight and elasticity, with reel and trout line. A trolling rod, with reel, and line of 150 feet or more, will also be found convenient. One or more hand lines for trolling. A house-laid line of hemp is preferable. It should be of 1-16 inch diameter, and not less than 150 feet long. Tackle for fly fishing may be taken by those who are adepts at that branch of sport; but they are not at all requisite to success.

At least six gangs of hooks should be provided for trolling. They should be composed thus; three hooks, No. 0, Limerick, should be firmly fixed on the end of gimp, in the form of a grapple. An inch and a half above this, should be fastened two other hooks in similar form, but of one or two sizes smaller. A still smaller hook should be tied on, a similar distance above. At a distance of six inches from the last hook, a swivel should be attached to the gimp. Swivel sinkers should be provided of various sizes, from one to four ounces, to be used with the gangs, which are for trolling with minnows. A Buel spoon, or spinner, of each of the sizes Nos. 3, 4 and 5, will also be found convenient for trolling.

For buoy fishing, lines and sinkers of the same description will answer. The size of hooks for that purpose should be that of cod-hooks. The hooks of the Kinsey pattern are the best. For Speckled Trout fishing, the following hooks should be provided: O'Shaunessy Limerick on Snoods, 1 dozen each, Nos. 0, 1, 2 and 3; or the same number of Kinsey hooks, Nos. 10, 11, 12 and 13. The Carlisle hooks are preferred by many. For sinkers, buck and pigeon shot, split, are sufficient. Each person should have a tin bait box, with a strap to buckle round the body, and also a small minnow hook and line. Those who may have gaffs would do well to take them. There should be a fifteen pound fishing basket to each man. Every member will understand, particularly, that he is to rely upon himself for every article of tackle. If, after the minute recommendations above given, any man shall be deficient, the fault will be his own.

Worm bait will be furnished by the Commissary.

**Camping Accommodations and Supplies.**

At all the Camps above proposed, good shanty accommodations exist. They will need but trifling repairs and new bedding with boughs. Sufficient cooking utensils will be provided for all the Camps. These, with the requisite supply of articles of consumption, both solid and liquid, will be distributed to each party at Arnold's, near the forge, or at the main Camp, where all the parties will rendezvous preparatory to going to their stations. The articles of provisions furnished will embrace all the substantial requisites for the supply of a good plain table. Those who are fastidious in the use of the "Virginia weed," will provide their own cigars, as only plain tobacco and clay pipes will be furnished in this department.

**Guides**

It is very requisite, to the object of a trip in the wilderness, that the services of experienced and faithful guides should be secured; as upon them must necessarily devolve, not only the piloting of the parties through the mazes of the wilderness, but most of the heavy labor in field and camp. Those who have visited this region before, will have their acquaintance and preferences, and will, therefore, need no suggestions as to a choice. But for the benefit of new comers, the names of the following guides, with their respective Post Office addresses are given, as those from whom a choice may be safely made.

There are many others, readily attainable, and perhaps as meritorious in character as those suggested; but these have been tried by members of the Club on various trips, and are known to be "honest, capable and faithful."

Boonville --- Otis Arnold, Edward Arnold, Dwight Grant, Francis Grant, San. Sperry.

Little Falls --- George Morse.

Morehouseville --- Frank French.

Raquette Lake --- Alonzo Wood, William Wood.†

The wages of the guides are usually one dollar and fifty cents per day, including use of boat.

**Expenses**

The expenses of the trip are estimated at thirty dollars to each man. They will not vary materially from that sum. An assessment to defray the expense of purchase and transportation of such supplies as should be sent forward this winter, will be made on the members on the first of March. The remaining portion of the expenses will be provided for by each party incurring them, at such time and in such manner as shall be necessary, to be determined by themselves.

† Direct, Care O. Arnold, Boonville.
JACQUES CARTIER, WITH SALMON FISHING

From Vigne, "Six Months in America", 1832
One of the earliest engravings relating to salmon fishing in Canada. The Museum has a copy, not tinted.

from the D.B. Ledlie Collection.
Thomas Gosden
An English 19th Century Sportsman
Bibliophile and Binder of Angling Books.
by William Loring Andrews

There is a great deal of justification for the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth common among those who have faith the language is English and the modern sportswriter has in most cases ignored this. For those who do have an appreciation for angling literature at its best we offer William Loring Andrews “Thomas Gosden” in its entirety but without the illustrations. Without the engravings and portraits because the editor has no mind to subject his personal treasure to the U. S. mails and printer’s devils.

William Loring Andrews (1837 - 1890) was born in New York city, educated in private schools and eventually engaged in the family leather business.
He retired from active business in 1877 and from then on became a publisher and bibliophile and a collector of the best in angling literature. In 1884 he became a founder of the Grolier Book Club and in 1896 he founded the Society of Iconophiles of New York. From 1865 until 1908 he published his deservedly famous books from his own pen, published in his own taste and through his own direction. They are marked by exquisite taste in type, choice of paper, illustrations and binding. He engaged in their production E.D. French and S.L. Smith and the active interest of Walter Gillies and Theodore DeVinne. All Andrews books are distinguished by their beauty of format and excellence of literary taste. His “Gosden” and his reprint of “The Treatise” are easily the best of the American editions relating to our first angling book. Unfortunately few American collectors have appreciated the Andrews intellectualism, artistic taste and unequalled talent.

The book-hunter of an inquiring mind may search the Biographical Dictionaries and Universal Encyclopaedias from cover to cover and nowhere will he find more than a casual reference to the subject of this sketch. He enters upon another fruitless quest when he turns to the numerous works on the Art of Bookbinding that have been compiled within the last quarter of a century by the man’s own countrymen, and which are presumed to include all the biblioplastic information obtainable up to date; in none of which publications that have come within the writer’s knowledge, does the name of Thomas Gosden appear. We looked for it in Austin Dobson’s roll—call of the “booksellers of old time,” until we realized the fact that the worthies whose names have been rescued from oblivion by the muse of the poet-bibliophile belonged to an earlier generation:

*Curl* by the Fleet Ditch nymphs caress’d;
To*mon* the Great, the slow to pay;
L*intat* of Folios rubric pressed,
*Osborne* that stood in Johnson’s way;
*Dodsley* who sold the odes of Gray,
*Davies* that lives in *Churchill’s* rhyme,
*Miller* and *Knapton* where are they?
Where are the book-shops of old time?

Gosden was born too late in the eighteenth century for this companionship, but Dr. Dibden might and we think should have mentioned him, for the little inquiry that we have been able to make has led us to the conclusion that the “sporting book-binder,” as he was known to his friends and neighbors, was a more interesting character to the lover of books and prints, as well as to those fond of outdoor life and sports, than many of the “busy and prolific race” of booksellers (as Washington Irving calls them in his sketch of Little Britain) to whom the author of the Bibliographical Decameron devotes so much attention. He apparently, however, was not so conspicuous a figure in his time, and went his quiet way without attracting the notice to which, in our opinion, he was fairly entitled.

How entirely unknown to fame he was, is shown by the following inquiry published in *Notes and Queries*,1 which, so far as we have been able to trace, evoked no reply whatever from the readers and correspondents of this widely circulated and long-lived weekly journal.

“Gosden, Antiquarian Artist. He made neat drawings of a multitude of London tombs and sepulchral monuments not represented elsewhere, and was a contemporary of Harding, who, forty years ago, supplied Granger collectors with highly colored miniature copies of historical portraits which had not been engraved, or of which the engravings had become extremely rare. Where can a large collection of Gosden’s drawings be found, and what is known of the artist’s history?”

CALCUTTENSIS.”

In his business card Mr. Gosden described his vocation as that of a book-binder, publisher and print-seller. That it was a cong

1. 6th series, Vol. IV, July-December, 1881, page 328
enial occupation is plainly to be seen, for his publications show that he was a bibliophile who appreciated fine printing and engraving, and (what is clearly indicative of bibliomania in an acute form) he had a penchant for special copies printed on vellum, or paper of exceptional quality or unusual color for printing purposes, such as green and yellow; while his bookplate and various portraits wreathed with sportsmen's emblems and tokens prove that he was, in addition, a true disciple of Izaak Walton and an eager and persistent follower of the chase. In one of these engravings he is seen standing by the brookside, equipped with rod, reel and landing-net; in another he is on the point of departure for a day's outing, with gun in hand and his dogs at his heels, one of which, presumably, is his celebrated pointer, "Doll," of whom he has written so proudly and fondly that he had her picture engraved upon the lid of his snuff-box.

This engraving, which is entitled "The Sportsman," is after the painting by Benjamin Marshall, of Newmarket, now in the possession of Sir Walter Gilbey at Cambridge House, Regents Park, London, who has also in his library a volume containing a number of proofs of the engraving from it by Maile of London. The book also contains an autograph letter and portrait of the painter, on the top of which is written in pencil, "The Sportsman in ten different states,--unique, Time alone will prove the worth of this volume. T. Gosden." In it are inserted also an autograph letter from Clarkson Stanfield, written to Gosden from the Convent of the Great St. Bernard in 1824, one from J. Shepherd, the Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, and Gosden's engraved card and book-plate, all of which renders it a very interesting piece of Gosdeniana.

This painting by Marshall was engraved by at least three different hands, namely, in line by John Scott (the engraver of the buttons), in mezzotint by W. Giller, and in aquatint (?) by Maile of London, all noted wielders of the burin. These engravings all differ in size, the one by Maile being the largest, 6-1/2 x 8-1/2 inches. The Giller measures 4-1/4 x 5-1/4. The Scott 2-3/4 x 3-3/4 with the 3/4 inch border of ruled horizontal lines with which it is sometimes surrounding. This engraving is by far the most common of all -- the other two might be described as quite scarce, if not rare, prints. All three were offered for sale by Gosden, and are the first items that appear upon his catalogue issued in 1825.

We have succeeded in obtaining a copy of the etching (first state), and also an early and brilliant impression, from the plate by Maile, in what we presume to be its finished state (two only of the ten different states of this engraving in the possession of Sir Walter Gilbey), and have selected it for our frontispiece as a fine example of this beautiful manner of engraving. Our reproduction is necessarily so much reduced in size that it is difficult to decipher the pheasant engraved on the button of the coat pocket, which, in the original, is plainly discernible.

Still another "counterfeit presentment" of Thomas Gosden, is described as an emblematic plate with medallion portrait, which sometimes has been made to pass as a portrait of William Pickering. It is a bust in profile in a medallion suspended upon the side of a pedestal which is surrounded with figures of dead game and the accoutrements of the huntsman and angler -- signed "J. Scott, Fecit." In all of these engravings, except the last named, Gosden wears the conventional high beaver hat our British cousins appear to consider de rigueur upon any and every occasion in town or country.

The first mentioned of these portraits, Gosden has engraved, also, by Scott, after a painting by A. Cooper, R.A., as a frontispiece to a book entitled The Angler, which was published as an original poem in ten cantos. It proved to be an arrant fraud, devised and perpetrated by one Thomas Pike Lathey (novelist) whose title to remembrance appears to rest entirely upon this clever but unprincipled performance, for the notice in the Dictionary of National Biography, which we transcribe below, has little beside an account of this plagiarism to record concerning him and his achievements.

"In 1819," says the author of the article in the Dictionary of National Biography, "Lathey perpetrated a successful plagiaristic fraud. At the time a kind of mania was prevalent among book buyers for angling literature. Lathey accordingly called upon Gosden, the well-known book-binder and publisher, with what he alleged to be an original poem on angling. Gosden purchased the manuscript for thirty pounds and had it published as The Angler, a poem in ten cantos, with notes, etc., by Piscator (T.P. Lathey, Esq.), with a whole length portrait of himself, armed with a fishing rod and landing net, leaning sentimentally against a votive altar dedicated to the names of Walton and Cotton. After a number of copies were printed on royal paper, and one on vellum at a cost of ten pounds (for the vellum only), it was discovered that the poem was copied almost in toto from The Angler, eight dialogues in verse, London, 1758, 12mo (reprinted in Ruddiman's Scarce, Curious and Valuable Pieces, Edinburgh, 1773), by Dr. Thomas Scott, of Ipswich. The fraud was pointed out by Scott's great-nephew, the possessor of the original manuscript in autograph, in the Gentleman's Magazine (1819, Part II, page 407.)"

The stamped binding in claret-colored straight-grained morocco, which is reproduced on page 37, is upon a copy of this temporarily successful attempt at "literary appropriation." There is nothing in its pages from beginning to end that affords the slightest indication that either Gosden or Lathey had any connection with the book.

As the writer in the Dictionary of National Biography states, angling literature at this time was much in vogue in England, and we may add also in this country. In a single issue of a magazine of the period, a portion of which was devoted to the "Sporting world," we find editorial notices of four important publications of this character about to appear, as follows:

"The edition of Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, by Mr. Major, is in great forwardness, and will appear early in the spring. The embellishments will be of a very splendid description, as they will be engraved by the best artists, and the fish are all painted from life by A. Cooper, Esq., R.A."

"Mr. Bagster has also a unique edition of Walton and Cotton in the press, which will be published shortly."

"Speedily will be published a reprint of fifty copies only of Dame Juliana Berner's Treatise of Fishbyege with an Angle, with an introductory Preface and Glossarial Index by Joseph Haslewood, Esq. in one volume, octavo, on fine drawing paper, with fac-simile wood cuts, etc."

"The lovers of angling will also be gratified to hear that the Bibliographical Catalogue of Angling Books, accompanied with fac-simile wood cuts, &c., is in great forwardness. It comprises an account of every book of merit published on this amusing sport, including copious extracts from the more rare and curious volumes."

Unlike most London tradesmen who cling tenaciously generation after generation to the self-same street and number,

2. About thirty years ago, any Englishman named Augustine Barry -- a marble cutter by profession -- emigrated to this country with the intention, we presume, of continuing to work at his trade, but the constant stooping attitude it required and from the dust from the marble developed incipient consumption, and obliged him to abandon the occupation. Being a lover of prints, he haunted the old print shops of New York; finally turned his attention to etching, and copied fairly well many rare prints for second-hand print dealers. One of these was this medallion portrait of Gosden, engraved by Scott, which Barry labelled Wm. Pickering, upon the assurance given him by a New York print dealer that the original was a private plate executed by the skillful line engraver Worthington as a thank-offering to the publisher who had furnished him with such favorable opportunities for the exercise of his talents. In consequence the original engraving as well as this etched copy by Barry have been used by more 'extra illustrators' as a portraiture.
Gosden, was somewhat of a wanderer, for there are at least three different localities in which he carried on his business of book-and print-selling: No. (3) Piccadilly, 18 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and 107 St. Martin's Lane, Charter Cross. Wherever for the time being his "Sportsman's Repository," as he named his shop, opened its doors, it must have been a favorite place of resort for those who to a love of forest and stream added a fondness for books. No bibliophile, Nimrod, or Waltonian, of London town, could pass heedlessly by a shop window in which were displayed such attractive literary and artistic wares as these we select at random from a catalogue issued by Gosden in 1825:

"ENGRAVINGS. printed in black and white and also in color."


"The Brush or Fox-Hunter's Return, engraved by Giller from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A.

"Jeffrey Earth Stopper to the Berkeley Hunt, engraved by Giller from a picture by Bristow.

"BOOKS. The Life of Isaac Walton, by Dr. Zouch, including Notes of his Contemporaries, highly embellished with 20 beautiful engravings, first impressions on India paper, superbly bound.


"SUNDRIES. The Walton and Cotton Medal, struck in silver, in Moroco case. The Angler's Snuff-Box, containing the head of Walton in bas-relief. The Angler's Buttons for a Fishing Jacket, struck in bronze. The Sportsman's Buttons, containing the following subjects struck in bas-relief: The Fox, Fox Hound, Stag, Hare, Partridge, Grouse, Pheasant, Pointer, Setter, Grey-Hound, Mallard, Woodcock, Head of a Fox, Brush, Scot, Hunting Horn, Powder Flask. The above in silver for hunting frocks; price four pounds sterling. In bronze for shooting jacket, one pound."

Surely there was quite enough in this "window dressing" of Thomas Gosden's shop to warm the cockles of the hearts of the book-lovers and sportsmen of those earlier years of the nineteenth century.

That rare old London magazine, The Annals of Sporting, in a highly eulogistic notice of a little volume illustrated with impressions from a set of engraved silver buttons in the possession of Mr. T. Gosden, furnishes the following account of their accidental origin:

**MR. GOSDEN'S BUTTONS**

Illustrations of Field Sports Exhibited in

Impressions of a Series of ANIMALS, BIRDS, &c., from a Set of SILVER Buttons (in the Possession of Mr. Gosden), drawn by A. Cooper, Esq., R.A., and engraved by Mr. John Scott.

"We should, indeed, have a high compliment to answer for at the tribunal of Sport, and of the Fine Arts, did we omit to notice this unique little volume. It is, at once, a beautiful specimen of unrivalled English art, and an honourable example of English patronage. Mr. Cooper's fame as a painter is too well known to need any blazoning in our pages; the fine touches displayed in Mr. Scott's engravings of animals have never yet been equalled, and, though excellence begets excellence, some time will probably elapse before we find his parallel in this department of art.

"The Silver buttons, from which the beautiful impressions that ornament this sporting bijou have been made, belong to Mr. Gosden's shooting jacket, and their origin is no less extraordinary than their intrinsic merit as works of art. Some time since, Mr. John Scott happened to pass an evening with Mr. Gosden, and, while conversing over the news of the day, Mr. G. discovered some 'Sporting Intelligence from St. Helena,' which he thought sufficiently curious to read aloud to his companion. Bonaparte, it seems, had turned sportsman, and was accustomed to wear a jacket ornamented with silver buttons, on which the different subjects of the chase were represented. Mr. Scott, who was astonished to hear of the existence of an artist in his own peculiar style, instantly said to his companion: 'Gosden, if you will be at the expense of a set of silver buttons for your shooting jacket, I will engrave them, and I will stake ten times their value that they shall beat the great Emperor's buttons, or those of any other person in the world, as perfect representations of the various animals of the chase.' The offer was accepted, the buttons made and engraved -- and how well the prophecy has been fulfilled every one may judge from an inspection of the charming little publication of which we have given the title above."

"We have not certainly been favored with a view of the late Emperor's buttons, but we think if we may judge of Mr. Gosden's from the impressions of Mr. Scott, nothing can exceed the beauty, the delicacy, the truth and the nature displayed throughout the whole of these exquisite gems. At the foot of each engraving there is a very neat and accurate description of the qualities, manners and habits of the animal -- and all these attractions, gentle reader, for the moderate charge of five shillings! Why, the ornamental title page (see page 60) alone is worth all the money -- we never saw anything more tasteful or appropriate."

Two copies of this book were printed on green paper. One, Gosden's own copy with his book-plate and bound by him in calf, emblematically tooled in a style similar to the one here shown, was sold at Sotheby's in the Ellis sale, October 28, 1902, for eleven pounds fifteen shillings.

These buttons, with the exception of the Horn and Flask, are now the property of Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart, of Elsenham Hall, Elsenham, Essex and Cambridge House, London. Fortunately we are able to reproduce impressions from the entire set of 16 buttons (12 for the hunting frock, about the size of a shilling, and 4 for the waistcoat, about the size of a sixpence) which are undoubtedly proofs of the engravings, taken before they were used for the book, to which reference is made in the preceding paragraph. In this little volume, published in 1821, the engravings are printed within ornamental borders on one side of the paper only, with descriptions taken from Bewick and Daniel. The book frequently occurs for sale, more or less elaborately bound, and also in boards as published. "Beautiful as are the engravings of them in the book, I do not think," writes Sir Walter Gilbey's secretary, "they are so good as the buttons themselves."

Of the set of angler's buttons in bas-relief, offered for sale by Gosden, three only have fallen into our hands, acquired from Gosden's grandson through Messrs. Robson & Co., of London, and with them came Gosden's own bait box, a very neat angler's accoutrement in dark green lacquered tin, the cover ornamented with a transfer of a colored impression of the engraving after his picture by Marshall.

These buttons in bas-relief formed part of the stock of the "Sportsman's Repository," but like most of the books, prints, medals, etc., advertised in Gosden's little catalogue, published in 1825, they have unaccountably disappeared almost entirely from the marts of trade. Originally they were sold only by T. Gosden, 18 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, as he is careful to notify the public by means of a stamped inscription on the back of each button.

We have a strong suspicion that Gosden was mostly a book-binder by proxy, but we are constrained to believe that he did bind some books with his own hands, for he tells us so in so many words, and he undoubtedly furnished the designs for
most, if not all, of the bindings ascribed to him, and had them executed under his direct supervision. Consequently, in his specialty of bindings on angling and sporting books, there is an originality of design that is lacking in the few emblematical bookcoverings attempted by his contemporaries, Kalthoebner, Walter, Hering, or even that "true disciple of the school of Roger Payne," Dr. Thomas Gosden. A number of names that are usually, though unreasonably, fastened to this period in English history. At all events, the "curious-stamped" bindings with which the "Sportsman's Repository" supplied its customers were, we know, highly enough esteemed to be collected by such well-known bibliophiles as Frederick Perkins and the Earl of Gosford. One of the Gosden bindings in the writer's possession came from the library of the Earl, and has a note on the fly-leaf in his very neat handwriting, while another contains the armorial bookplate of the first named collector. The ex-libris of either of these gentlemen in a book is a sufficient guarantee of its interest and value, as every English-speaking bibliophile knows full well.

The binding to which the signature "T. Gosden" is attached, that we most frequently encounter upon our bibliomaniacal tours, is the one shown at page 37, which has a portrait of Izaak Walton stamped in the center of the upper and one of Charles Cotton on the reverse cover. Above the effigies of these angler's world-wide reputation are cuts of fish and fishermen's outfits, below, miniature scenes taken from Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, all blind-stamped in the leather, in what is known among bookbinders as the "antique" style.

The backs, to use another technical expression, are partly "gilt-tooled" and partly stamped both with and without the use of gold leaf. This particular design appears so frequently upon bindings attributed to Gosden that we are obliged to regard it as an edition and commercial binding. It has not, however, the stereotyped and commonplace appearance that this characterization would naturally suggest, and is quite as satisfactory a book-cover decoration as many a one entirely tooled by hand.

A binding of this description is not to be despised by the bibliophile, provided the brass plate employed in its construction is artistically designed, sharply cut and skillfully applied to the surface of the leather. The design is, however, generally executed in bas-relief and is consequently liable, through wear and abrasion, to lose in a few years of even careful use the sharpness of its outlines. In a binding tooled by hand, the reverse is the case, the lines, circles, dots and other small designs that, in combination, form the pattern, are incised, and if "triple gilt," as is the practice of the best Parisian binders with their finest work, it becomes more beautiful and rich in tone under the mellowing touch of time, as does a Flemish or Beauvais tapestry or any other truly artistic work of human hands, for the passing years blend the colors on the painter's canvas in a manner all their own, cover the sculptor's stone and marble with soft, warm tints that no artificial means can produce, and give to metallic surfaces a patina that no alchemy is able to counterfeit. Like good wine, true art in all its manifold forms improves with age, up to a certain point.

A step higher in Biblioplyy than these stamped Gosden bindings, are those with small pictorial and other emblematical designs worked in the corners, the centers of the sides and on the backs of the books, with the addition of a little hand-tooling to complete the decoration. The last to be noticed, and the rarest of the bindings for which Gosden takes to himself the credit, are the ones entirely tooled by hand, and which occasionally have for a finishing touch the picture fore-edge frequently ascribed to "Edwards of Halifax," the reviver — it is claimed — of this method of beautifying the edges of a book. The example we reproduce is thus decorated with a sporting scene in which Gosden himself is probably represented, accompanied by his famous four-footed friend. The tooling on this binding has a marked resemblance to the work of Roger Payne, but it could not have come from the hand of that noted bookbinder, for he was dead and buried fourteen years before the book was printed. We are inclined to believe it to be a binding by Charles Lewis in the style of Roger Payne.

One binding for which Gosden is made sponsor and held responsible must be pronounced a libel upon bibliography. The book is enclosed in boards of an inch thick, bevelled at the edges, and encrusted with heavy bronze medals of Walton and Cotton. This uncouth piece of workmanship might have been the tour de force of a village cobbler with the aid of his muscular neighbor the blacksmith. Its durability, which is undeniable, is all that can be urged in its defense. A horse and cart might be driven over it with impunity, as was once remarked in commendation of a certain other bookbinder's productions, but most book fanciers, we imagine, will regard this qualification as immaterial, as did the bibliophile whose common sense answer to it was, that he did not care to make a causeway of his library.

Another fantastic binding by Gosden, which is made to serve the double purpose of a book-cover and a reliquary, and which in the nature of things accomplishes neither object satisfactorily, is described in Westwood & Satchell's Bibliotheca Piscatoria, page 224.

"The Complete Angler . . . London, Samuel Bagster, 1808. . . . The edition was printed in three sizes; demy octavo, royal octavo and quarto, which last were published at five guineas. These are rare, the greater part having perished in the fire at Bagster's warehouse, with the stock of this impression. At Higg's sale, a copy illustrated with above 270 prints and drawings from rare portraits, proof impressions of plates of fish, &c., sold for sixty-three pounds. It was bound by Gosden, and the bands of the book (were) made of wood from the door of Cotton's fishing house, taken off near the lock, where it is supposed, Izaak's hands must have touched her."

Gosden appears to have been a binder, principally, if not altogether, of angling and sporting books, and to have exercised his bibliopagogic talents within a very narrow range even in this, his chosen field, for over and over again he bound copies of the same book. Two copies of The Songs of the Chace, in addition to the one reproduced at page 45, are known to the writer. They all have on the sides, for a centerpiece, the figure of a woman walking, with two serpents entwined about her neck and arms, and attended by a crowing cock, evidently meant to personify Hygeia, the goddess of health, daughter of Esculapius. Otherwise the decorations upon these bindings are entirely different, and manifest a commendable disposition to give to them the spice of variety.

It remains for us to refer to Thomas Gosden as a publisher of fine and costly books. The volume by which he is best known in this connection, is the reprint of the Life of Izaak Walton, by Dr. Zouch, Prebendary of Durham, to which Gosden himself presumably wrote the short preface or "advertisements" as he calls it. This book was published in at least three sizes, beginning with a royal quarto and ending with a small 12 mo. In paper, presswork and graphic illustration the royal quarto edition of this publication is as fair a piece of bookmaking as even William Pickering, Gosden's renowned contemporary, could have desired or produced with all the typographical resources at his command. The numerous steel line-engravings with which it is illustrated, equal any examples of their kind and period that exist, a period it is to be remembered, in which the art of engraving in line on steel, reached, in Great Britain, its highest point of perfection.

Thomas Gosden was born in 1780 and died in 1840. He might be considered an egotistical sort of person in some respects, if we may judge from his numerous and well-engraved portraits, and his evident desire to advertise himself as widely as possible as a print dealer and the proprietor of "The Sportsman's Repository," but on the other hand we find that in the

3. Impressed with tools or stamps without being gilded.
role of a book publisher he at times took particular pains to
avoid publicity. In the ninth Hawkins edition of Walton's
Angler, 4 published at his expense, his name is conspicuous by
its absence, except upon the plates, which (re-engraved) were
also used to illustrate Zouch's Life of Walton, and even in this,
the most important of his book ventures, he signs the "advert-
sement" with the initials T.C., and nothing more. His unfortu-
nate experience with Mr. Thomas Lathey may have made him
wary about placing his name upon a title page.

To his other pastimes and pursuits, Gosden added, we are
told, that of an engraver, and essayed the practice of this art ---
if the illustrations 5 we reproduce are really his own unaided
productions -- in both line and aquatint. They display, however,
so much more artistic ability than do his crude attempts at
water-color painting, that we are inclined to be a little skeptical
in the matter, notwithstanding the fact that the inscriptions
upon them, ascribing them to him, are supposed to be in the
handwriting of George Augustus Sala, to whom they once be-
longed.

As noted by the writer in Notes and Queries, Gosden's
meagre talents as an aquarellist were devoted to the depiction
of the tomb-stones and mural monuments of noted literary char-
acters, and it was, perhaps, in the course of one of these rambles
among "crossbones, scythes and hourglasses" that he came to
his own sudden demise in Panyer-Alley,6 falling down dead a-
against the "Monument" which was put up against the east wall
of this passage between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row to
mark the highest ground in the City of London. This tablet
represents a boy with a bunch of grapes sitting upon a pannier,
or baker's basket, upon a pedestal, all of stone, the latter inscrib-
ed:

"When y' have sought the City Round
Yet still this is the highest ground."
August the 27, 1688.

More than likely, however, Gosden was proceeding about his
daily business and wending his way towards the book-shops
and the publishing houses, such as those of the Rivingtons
and Longmans, with which, since the days of good Queen Anne,
Paternoster Row has been lined. He was buried in St. Clement's,
Danes, Strand. His library when sold at auction, realized eight
hundred pounds sterling, a respectable amount for those days of
moderate prices for fine and rare books and prints. A number of
Gosden's bindings, he himself believed, found their way to this
country during his lifetime, and in the past few years more of
them have crossed the Atlantic, many of which contain his bookplate, and they are, in all probability, a portion of the
books that were dispersed at this sale.

In searching for the foregoing reference to the Monument in
Panyer-Alley in Hone's Every Day Book (Vol. II), the writer on
page 1314, stumbled upon a notice of what purports to be the
earliest advertisement of Walton's Complete Angler. It appeared
on the back of the dedication leaf to Hennerscopeion, Annis
AErae Christianae, 1654, one of Captain Wharton's almanacs,
as William Lilly calls them in his Life and Times, and reads as follows:

"There is published a Booke of Eighteen pence price, called
The Contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse of Fish
and Fishing. Not unworthy the perusal. Sold by Richard
Marriot in S. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet street."

No doubt the old astrologer, Lilly, possessed himself forth-
with of a copy of this little eighteen penny "booke," for he
tells us pointedly that he "ever delighted in angling." His pro-
ficiency in the "Black Art" did not, however, enable him to
foretell the remarkable value that his first edition of Walton's
Discourse on Rivers, Fish Ponds, Fish and Fishing, was destined
to attain in the course of time, or if it did he neglected to record
the prophecy.

Mr. Gosden is said to have numbered the artist, Turner, a-
mong his friends. Possibly it was the Turner who is meant, for
the great landscape artist was fond of angling, and his and

Gosden's paths through the green fields and by the brookside
may have crossed each other, but we are inclined to believe that
the man whose friendship Gosden enjoyed was F.C. Turner who
painted and presented to Gosden, May 1836, the very quaint
but crude oil sketch, on cardboard, of Lea Bridge Fishery, that
was lately brought to our notice. A painting in a different medi-
um, but about in the same class as Gosden's own art produc-
tions --- that is to say, at the very foot of the ladder.

The booksellers of old time for whom Mr. Austin Dobson so
pathetically inquires were --- so far as his graceful lines afford
any indication --- men who devoted their time and attention
principally, if not altogether, to trade and barter. Gosden cer-
tainly was not a man of this mold. His business affairs appear to
have been to him matters of quite secondary importance, for as
Sir Walter Gilbey's secretary, Mr. Arthur E. Cass, writes to
Messrs. Robson & Co., of London: "So keen was he on sports
that he neglected his business and became a bankrupt. Never-
theless he was esteemed a most honorable man with high moral
qualities, and it is said his inconsideration and urbanity exposed
him to become a prey to the villainy of others." Of this vulner-
able trait in his character the Lathey forgery is a notable exem-
plification.

In Gosden's time as well as in our own a man's contempor-
aries were prone to measure his success in life largely by the
money standard, and no doubt Gosden's failure in business ac-
counts for much of the obscurity that settled upon his name.
We may wish, for his own sake, that he had been a more diligent
and prosperous tradesman and less of a sporting character,
but that he was a born lover of books and a true disciple of the
"common father of all anglers" appears to be beyond dispute,
and therefore we incline to look indulgently upon his short-
comings and failures in other and more practical directions.
To those who, like him, find the siren voices of the woods and
streams so sweet and irresistible, and share with him a perhaps
over-fondness for the gentle art of angling or the healthful,
exhilarating sports of the field, this monograph upon Thomas
Gosden may not come altogether amiss, or be entirely unwel-
come.

---

4. The complete angler or contemplative man's recreation,
being a discourse on rivers, fish-ponds and fishing in two parts...
With the lives of the authors and notes, historical, critical and
James Smith, 163 Strand, 1822. 80.

The plates have been re-engraved. They were issued also separa-
tely, and were used to illustrate Zouch's Life of Walton. 1823.
Some copies have portrait only and no plates. This edition
was produced at the cost of Gosden, the sporting book-binder.
It retains the biographies and notes of Hawkins and has not
innovation, save a fresh preface.)"

--- Westwood & Satchell's Bibliotheca Piscatoria, P. 225.
5. Copied from engravings at one time in possession of the late
George Augustus Sala, the noted English newspaper correspon-
dent, author, lecturer and friend of Thackeray. (Born December
8, 1828.)

6. "Panyer-Alley conjectured to have been named from its having
been the standing of bakers with their paniers, when bread was
only sold in markets and not in shops or houses." --- Timbs'
Curiosities of London, page 668.
Recent Acquisitions

Paul Schullery

It will be obvious by the size of the following listing that public interest in the Museum has grown tremendously in the past several months. A Museum's public image may be measured by the number of individuals who are willing to entrust to it the permanent care of their personal treasures. It is very gratifying to the Trustees and staff workers so much has been placed in trust.

In most cases items listed have been received during 1977 but there are a few exceptions. Due to a slight backlog a small number of items have not yet been recorded and are now being examined and registered. These will appear in the next listing.

Those who have charge of Museum administration and operation are pleased to acknowledge the generosity of our donors. If a name has been omitted, please let us know and a correction and acknowledgement will be made in a subsequent issue.

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS AND DONORS LISTING.

#### 1977 - 1978

| Carl Antonson | 2 Fly Reels (no maker). |
| Maxine Atherton | 1 Fly Reel - E.R. Hewitt owner. |
| Previously reported 11 items. |
| R.C. Baker | 1 Fly Rod - 9 ft. Calcutta Cane. |
| 1 Fly Rod - 9 ft. 7 in. Tonkin Cane, round. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Martin Automatic. |
| 1 Etching - Locke "Rival Fishermen", 9 Trout Flies by Halladay, Smeddle, Winnie. |
| Joseph Spear Beck | 9 Trout Flies by Halladay, Smeddle, Winnie. |
| John T. Boone | 4 Color Plates - Orvis Flies - c. 1883. |
| Dr. George Bousum | 1 Fly Reel - c. 1920. |
| Quenton L. Brewer | 8 Trout Flies by Jim Kilbourne, Western Canada. |
| J.P. Brinton, Jr. | 7 Trout Flies - packaged by Marshall Field. |
| Charles E. Brooks | 1 Horse Hair Line made by Mr. Brooks for Museum. |
| 3 Photos - Trude Ranch, Idaho interest. |
| Kenneth Cameron | 1 Canvas Wallet for lures and flies. |
| Robert F. Carreira | 1 Utility Fly Box and Flies. |
| R.D. Chapin | 1 Photo. Pres. Herbert Hoover, inscribed to Chapin's Father. |
| Stanley E. Church | 1 Fly Rod - 9 ft. 9 1/2 inch Orvis Bamboo. |
| Philip F. Coburn | 1 Fly Reel - Hardy. |
| George F. Cole | 1 Skinner Casting Spoon. |
| J. M. Collins | 1 Fly Rod - Paul Young Bamboo - Prosperity Model. |
| 1 Spinning Rod - South Bend Bamboo. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Von Hofe - Engraved F.B.T., 1901. |
| J. Conniff | 1 Print - Thaddeus Norris, Derrydale. |
| John N. Conygham | 1 Fly Book and Flies, Abbey & Imbrie. |
| George Cook, III | 1 Fishing License - Pa. 1922. |
| 1 Fly Reel unmarked. |
| Julian T. Crandall | 1 Canvas Leader book. |
| Mrs. Charles Crowell | 1 Canvas Leader case. |
| Colin Cunningham | 1 Fly book - Abercrombie & Fitch, leather. |
| Lee Demuth | 1 Hewitt Line grease. |
| Dr. George A. Delatash | 1 Hewitt Line dressing. |
| Bruce Delis | 1 Fly Rod - Orvis Shooting Star. |
| S.J. Diggory | 1 Film, 16 mm - Hewitt on the Neversink. |
| Timothy Doolan | 1 Fly Rod - Payne 7 ft. 8 in., In memory of Charles Crowell. |
| John C. Evans | 1 Fly Rod Orvis - 10 ft. Bamboo. |
| T. Felizatto | 1 Fly Reel - Meisselbach - Featherlight. |
| Kenneth Fisher | 1 Fly Reel - Meisselbach - Expert. |
| Clayton Foster | 1 Fly Rod - 7 ft. 4 in., Uslan. |
| Jane Gingrich | 1 Salmon Fly Reel - Left hand wind, Hardy - Perfect. |
| Dr. James Gutsell | 1 Fly Reel - Brass. |
| Karlton V. Hall | 1 Fly Rod - 9 ft. 4 in., Tonkin. |
| 1 Horse Hair Line from Italy. Exhibited in Torino sport show, by Orvis. |
| 1 Package dyed silk worm gut. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Brass, dated 1884. |
| 1 Old English Fly Box of White Metal. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Orvis Pat., 1874. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Vom Hofe type. |
| 16 items belonging to the late Pres. Arnold Gingrich of the Museum including Fly Rods, Reels, Flies, Clothing, Art works, and other memorabilia. Notable, his fishing rod, a presentation set of flies tied by Helen Shaw and 3 pairs of waders. |
| 1 Boat Rod - 8 ft. 6 in., Bamboo. |
| 1 Salmon Rod - 10 ft. 3 in., Bamboo and Lancewood. |
| 1 Fly Rod - Leonard 9 ft. In memory of his son David. |
| 1 Salmon Rod - Hickory with Lancewood tip, 12 ft., guides by Pritchard, c. 1865. |
| 1 Fly Reel - Leonard. |
| Guides, Pin Ferrules. |
Ernest S. Hickok 1 Print - Levon West - Colorado.
Austin S. Hogan 2 Fly Rods - Leonard, Nichols.
Marion L. Hoke 9 Flies - Bass, Snelled.
R.D. Holbrook 1 Salmon Reel - Vom Hofe type - Thomas J. Conroy.
Charles H. Hurley, Jr. 14 Flies - Collection from Maryland Fly Anglers.
Jack Hutchinson 21 Steelhead Flies tied by Al Knudson.
Henry H. Huston 1 Salmon Rod - 9 ft. 11 in., Calcutta Bamboo.
Douglas A. Hyde 1 Fly Rod - 8 ft. 5 in., True Temper, Professional.
Alec Jackson 1 Brass Salmon Reel - Malloch.
Fenton Johnson 1 Montreal Bass Fly.
R.C. Johnston 1 Silk Casting Line.
Martin J Keane 1 Solid Gold Tournament Medal - Hiram Hawes.
Marty D. Keeler 1 Case of Fly Collection: 12 Envelopes, 200 noticed items.
William Kies 1 Fly Reel - Vom Hofe, Thomas J. Conroy.
William C. King 1 Fly Reel - Vom Hofe, Marked F.X.F.
Albert Klein 1 Fly Reel Brass.
Roland Kollbeck 1 Massachusetts Fishing License framed, 1923.
Richard Koopman 1 Forrest Salmon Rod - 11 ft. 2 in., Green Heart mid-sections, lance wood tips.
H. Peter Kruidnder 1 Fly Rod. Cross South Bend. Wesley Jordan designer, double built.
Gordon D. Lane 1 Fly Rod. Radio.
John Law 1 Salmon Rod - Lancewood - 12 ft., string grip.
Eric Leiser 1 Fly Reel - G.M. Clinton Pat., 1889 Aluminum.
H.M. Lightsey 1 Fly Reel - metal and rubber, raised pillars.
E.H. Lowe 1 Salmon Reel - Alcock "Reflex."
Ross McKay 1 Enclosed Fly Reel.
Capt. Benjamin May II 1 Steel Rod - 8 ft. 5 in.
USN Retired 1 Spinning Reel - Ilionworth.
J. Michael Migel 1 Boat Rod - Vom Hofe - Bamboo.
Prescott A. Tolman 4 Packages English Hackle Feathers, c. 1930.
Henry W. Reed 13 Trout Flies - snelled.
Edgar H. Miller 1 Bait Rod - Japanese Bamboo.
Joseph C. McMillan 1 Fly Reel - Spaulding Kosmic - engraved "D.A.D."
Joseph C. McMillan 1 Fly Reel - Pflueger - Model 80, Brass.
New England Aquarium A transfer of the NEA's King Collection of Salmon Fishing Tackle consisting of 9 Salmon Rods. High quality Zwarg and Vom Hofe Reels and a miscellaneous collection of tackle boxes, Salmon Flies, and related equipment. c. 1925.
William A. Novick 1 Fly Rod - 8 ft. Empire City Steel.
The Orvis Co., Inc. 16 Fly Rods, formerly the Orvis collection representing such manufacturers as Horrocks Ibbotson, Heddon, Shakespeare, Simons, Montague and The Orvis Company - part of the original collection which sponsored the formation of the Museum. Flies, Reels, Tackle Boxes are included. 14 Account Books - 1932, 1940 - 1942, 1952, 1956.
Dr. Harold Owens 1 Rod Book. Kept by Charles F. Orvis, noting repairs under customers' names, rods sold, etc.
Mrs. Ralph Perkins 1 Casting Reel - Horton.
Henk Peeters 1 Fly Rod - Abbey & Imbric. 9 ft., Calcutta cane.
Emil Peters 1 Perch Reel - on loan.
Leigh H. Perkins 1 Fly Rod - Anderson, Princess, 9 ft. 6 in., Greenheart.
Robert F. Phillip 1 Fly Rod - Orvis 6 ft. 4 in., Glass.
Mrs. Ralph Perkins 1 Salmon Rod - Leonard, 14 ft., Tonkin. Original owner, Walter Teagle, Jr., given to LHP on Ristigouche, 1941.
John H. Pierce 1 Fly Reel - Farlow Farlight.
Ogden Pleissner 2 Fly Reels - Pezon Michel, Silent.
John H. Pierce 1 Fly Rod - Orvis 2-3/4 in., 3-1/4
Robert F. Phillip 1 Casting Reel - Pflueger, (unknown donor).
Richard Pobst 1 Box of assorted Leaders, Flies.
John H. Pierce 1 Fly Reel - Brass.
Ogden Pleissner 1 Fly Book - 7 Flies. Black leather.
30 Printer's Metal Blocks advertising various Orvis subjects.
Ogden Pleissner 1 Fly Rod - Leonard, 9 ft. 3 in. 1 Fly Rod - Payne, 13 ft. 7 in. 1 Fly Rod - Orvis Tonkin non-imp. tooled leather case, c. 1942. 1 Boat Rod - H. Kiffe & Co., 8 ft. 8 in., c. 1910.
Richard Pobst 1 Vom Hofe Salmon Reel. Case market "O. M. P."
Allen Richards 1 Bait Casting Rod - Granger - c. 1915.
William A. Novick 1 Salmon Rod - Devine Celdimac - 8 ft. 7 in., Tonkin.
Mr. Lawrence A. Quick 1 Fly Rod - Devine Celdimac - 9 ft. 3 in. Tonkin.
R.G. Robinson 1 Fly Rod - Devine Celdimac - 8 ft. 7 in., Tonkin.

James Russell 1 Combination Knife and Scissors Case.
Richard Senn 1 Fly Rod - Folsom - 8 ft. Bamboo.
1 Fly Reel - Horton - Aluminum.
South Bend 1 Fly Rod - Folsom - 8 ft. Bamboo.
Walter J. Staples 1 Fly Rod - 9 ft. Bamboo.
Francis Stern 1 Notebook of Mounted Flies. 11 pages.
Benjamin D. Stiles 1 Fly Rod - Winchester 9 ft. 3 in.
W.W. Stone 1 Fly Rod - 7 ft. 11 in. - Lancewood.
W.A. Strong 1 Fly Rod - Atlas Portage.
R.L. Tiffany 1 Fly Rod - Bishop - 10 ft. 3 in. - Calcutta.
Charles A. Von Elm 1 Fly Rod - Jubilee - 9 ft. 6 in.
1 Salmon Rod - 9 ft. 6 in. - Calcutta tube guides.
1 Fly Rod - Anon. Nickle hardware, ring guides, Calcutta.
1 Fly Rod - Abercrombie by F.E. Thomas - 9 ft. 6 in. - Tonkin.
1 Fly Rod - W. Edwards - 6 ft. 6 in. - Tonkin.
1 Fly Reel - Hardy Unique.
1 Antique Creel Woven Twine.
1 Plainsman's case used as a fly-book.
1 Antique Horse Hair Line.
1 Fly Reel - "PK".

LIBRARY COLLECTIONS

Farrow Allen 1 Brochure - E.F. Payne Fly Rods.
1 TGF Random Casts Spring - - Summer 1966.
Dr. John L. Bauer 1 Schweibert Nymphs.
Joseph Spear Beck 1 A.H. Benner Co. - Tackle wraps.
1 Krider - John Krider's Sporting Catalogue 1877.
Henry P. Bruns 1 Bruns Angling Books of the Americas (Bibliography).
Mrs. Clifford S. Burdge 1 Bandini by Dancing Streams.
1 Bandini - Men, Fish and Tackle.
Ezra Cole THE BERGMAN COLLECTION:
106 items, appraised at $3,023.50, which includes modern, contemporary and rare angling books belonging to the famous author and sports writer, Ray Bergman.
Notable are such items as:
1 The Fishicians, Manuscript notebook of a fishing trip with hand drawn illustrations, to the Catskills in the 1860's.
1 Orvis & Cheney - Fishing with the Fly.
C. Godfrey Day 15 The American Turf Register.
Complete run of America's first sporting magazine. 1829 - 1845.
Mrs. Jane Gingrich 289 items to be known as the ARNOLD and JANE GINGRICH COLLECTION. Includes correspondence, personal items, books, manuscripts of books by Arnold Gingrich, fly fishing records and other items formerly owned by the Museum's late President & Trustee.
J. Howard Gustafsen 1 Orvis & Cheney - Fishing with the Fly.
Dr. Fred Horvath 1 Holden - Idyll of the Split Bamboo.
1 Holden - Streamcraft.
Lawrence J. Hall 1 Collection in photocopy of the Skues - LaBranch correspondence. (Princeton University).
1 Ephraim - The Fishing Tourist.
1 Samuels - With Rod and Gun.
1 Henshall - Book of the Black Bass.
1 Collection of miscellaneous letters, Lou Stoner and Doug Merrick of the R.L. Winston Rod Co.
1 Peter Scwab to Norman Helf.
Van S. Marie-Smith 1 Calderwood - Salmon and Sea Trout.
1 Wells - The American Salmon Fisherman.
Edward Oliver 1 Taverner - Salmon Fishing.
1 Salmon Trout Flies.
Leigh H. Perkins 1 Humphrey - The Spawning Run.
1 Hidy - Fly Fishing.
1 Wilson - A Pilgrimage of Anglers.
1 Pobst - Fishing the Impossible Places.
1 Fennelly - Steelhead Paradise.
1 Stoeger - Angler's Bible.
1 National Geographic - The Book of Fishes.
1 Irish Tourist Board - Angler's Guide to Ireland.
1 New York Angler's Club - Best of the Angler's Club Bulletin.
1 Wilson - North Woods Rendezvous.
1 Allen - Trout Heresy.
Peter B. Sang 65 Contemporary titles of authors in first editions, 1936 to present, and other issues of special interest to the Museum for their future use.
The Honey Dun Press, London 1 Heddon - Scatterer Notes.
1 Popular Fly Patterns.
Peregrine Smith 1 Letter from Atherton to Willis Stauffer.
Willis Stauffer
Historic Western Fly Fishing

by

Ken Wright

(as told to the editor)

The A.S. Trude Ranch in Idaho, world famous for its monster trout still continues
upholding the good Conservation practices originating nearly a century ago. That a
family ownership operating in such good graces carefully guards a peculiar treasure is
both unusual and gratifying when compared to the many fine fishing waters that were
once owned by clubs and individuals who abandoned these properties once they were
"fished out."

View of the A.S. Trude Ranch in Idaho from the North fork of the Snake
River.

What has come to be known as "western" fishing first came
to the attention of the sporting public through the pages of
hunting and fishing magazines prior to the 1860's. By 1870 the
"west" had become to easterners a romantic symbol peopled by
cowboys and Indians. In actuality a cattle industry had been
born and the romance was sponsored mostly by the hair raising
dime novel. Few boys growing up during that period did not
want to become cowboys and Indian fighters and as this genera-
tion came to adulthood, many visited the less populated areas
of the west as sightseers and speculators. A number fell in love
with the land and became ranchers.

Ken Wright of Chicago, great grandson of A.S. Trude tells
us the story of the famed Trude Ranch and how it has remained
in his family.

In 1881, A.S. Trude, a famed trial lawyer from Chicago,
toured Yellowstone Park in a wagon. Through an early overdose
of publicity Yellowstone had already become a tourist's Mecca.
Here undoubtedly, he learned of the floating islands that drew
him to Henry's Lake, Idaho. Turning his horses in that direction
A.S. Trude came to the region known as Island Park and was so
taken with its natural beauty the family continued to make
annual visits for the next ten years. The floating islands men-
tioned were clusters of vegetation formed from wind blown
masses of vegetation which in turn supported grasses and small
plants. Ken Wright relates their "dry land" appearance is so nat-
ural that visitors are easily beguiled into setting foot on them
with the consequent cold water bath.

The family usually camped on the George Rea place. Rea
was a frontiersman, trapper, army scout during the Nez Perce
war and at that time was attempting to raise fish from three
dammed lakes on Shotgun Creek. Also at that time a group of
Swiss business men from New York were financing a commune
of Swiss farmers in this area. The winters in Island Park are
quite severe and this venture failed as did that of George Rea.
Apparently the romantic attachments combined with the
opportunity of making a good financial investment sparked
Trude into purchasing all the lands involved in both under-
takings, a total of some 6,700 acres.

Not only had he acquired good ranch land he had acquired
three ponds full of fish and more fishing on the Snake River
plus the hunting afforded by unspoiled forests and plains.

For the next fifty years A.S. Trude and his family spent
their summers in residence in the Arangee Hotel, a former stage
stop between Spencer, Idaho and Yellowstone Park, situated on
the North Fork of the Snake, (see photo). The property became
the Algenia Ranch named after A. S. Trude's wife.

A.S. and Algenia were parents of five children. The youngest
Walter, (grandfather of Ken Wright) was born for Idaho and
the sporting life. An excellent shot, fisherman and companion,
he recorded some amazing catches. For example: a 23 and 1/2
lb. cutthroat; a 21 and 3/4 lb. rainbow; a 19 and 7/8 lb. rain-
bow; an 8 and 9/10 pound eastern brook trout and on one
fishing trip on Hotel Creek, he basketed 99 fish in 5 hours, using two wet flies on his cast. When the fish were counted he wanted to return and catch one more but it was too dark.

Some famous visitors to the ranch during this period were William Jennings Bryan, the silver tongued orator popular in the west for his advocacy of free silver; Carter Harrison the Mayor of Chicago; Charles Russell, most famous of cowboy artists and President Herbert Hoover who fly fished many streams all over the world.

A.S. Trude numbered among his guests old friends from Chicago among them Graham H. Harris who while a visit came up with the first of the great western hair wings. The story is given in William Bayard Sturgiss “Fly Tying” in detail but briefly told, relates how Harris and his friends, who were camping and fishing on the Big Spring branch of the Snake River. On returning to their tenting place they found that A.S. Trude had remodeled their outfits to his ranch where they became his guests. During the ensuing days (in September of 1901) there was a constant jocular dispute between the host and Harris as to the proper size of trout flies. Mr. Trude felt No. 8 or 10 were proper while the visitors including Harris settled on flies tied on No. 8's. It should be remembered that usually flies were tied on gut during those years, not of history not recorded. Harris as a joke and upon impulse pulled a huge muscelunge hook from his tackle box, a part of a gaff. A red spaniel was lying on the rug and a bunch of hair was clipped from his flank, and red worsted taken from the rug. The dog hair became the wing and the worsted the body. A red squirrel tail became the hackle. Accompanied by a flap doodle speech the fly was presented to Mr. Trude.

In retrospect the pattern seemed so intriguing two regular sized patterns were assembled with squirrel wings, red wool and silver tinsel body for the first and green wool for the second with a wound hackle of red rooster tied at the head over the squirrel.

The next morning Harris and a friend fished the Buffal a few miles from the ranch house with very poor luck until the Trude fly was offered with the result 5 large trout were caught and that evening fish were emptied from two large creels and pockets overflowing. In this way the hair wing was introduced to western trout streams.

A. S. Trude passed away in 1933 aged 88. In 1938 the U.S. Government made plans to build a dam and upon completion a large part of the Trude ranch was flooded forever ruining some of the finest land anywhere. The main ranch buildings on the Snake River were either torn down or moved, a sad sight for the family to witness.

The Trude Ranch was then divided between the four remaining two sons and two daughters. Ken Wright’s grandfather took the fishing properties, and added appreciably to the property.

The Ranch now runs along the north side of the Island Park Reservoir in Shotgun Valley. Appropriately its called Algenia Ranch after the great grandmother and mother.

Time has made its changes. Ken Wright now owns half of Algenia Ranch and the other half by cousins. Algenia Lake is stocked with rainbow, eastern brook trout, cut throat and more recently coho salmon. No boats are allowed and only fly fishing permitted. In addition no guns can be used around the lake and as a result the ranch has become a haven for every conceivable kind of bird - Trumpeter Swan, Canadian Honkers, ducks of all kinds, Sandhill Cranes, Egrets and the bane of all fishermen, Blue Heron and Pelicans. Contiguous are two other “Trude” ranches owned by the heirs of A. S.’s other children. One ranch was given to the Boy Scouts of Chicago and eventually sold to a developer.

And as Ken Wright states with emphasis, “The country is rapidly becoming summer home country and oh, how I hate to see it chewed up. But I will say this: no developer will ever get our land. We will protect it, add on to it and keep it for future Trude children.”
Letters from a Recluse  
(continued from page 11)

there is almost no limit to the growth of these brown trout. They have been taken up to nine pounds at least, and I saw two specimens at large during low water in the Beaverkill that were very large. One of these could be seen any day from the public road, and was estimated at seven pounds. I thought he would weigh about six. The other I saw only twice, as he lived in a small hole in what was a big pool in a good stage of water, and was usually under a flat rock that barely covered his vast proportions.

The first time I saw the fish I was standing on the edge of this hole in shallow water watching a school of big suckers to see if any trout were among them. Suddenly this enormous fish appeared from under his stone, almost directly below me and not more than eight feet away. I did not move a muscle, and for some time he remained there, gently waving fins and tail and opening and shutting his great gills. Once or twice he opened his mouth and yawned; I suppose he was probably tired of low water and a slim diet. It was a male fish in grand condition, rather light in color and brilliantly spotted. In about ten minutes he swam quietly back to his house of stone, but has quite a time getting under cover. He went in head first and then worked around sideways until tail and body disappeared from view.

I found him taking the air only once, about two weeks after my first call, and this trout was absolutely unknown; no one had ever seen him. Not wishing to be considered a greater prevaricator than necessary, I have always reported this fish at eight pounds, but in my soul I believe that he weighed nearly or quite ten pounds. That trout has never been caught. He is there yet, and now weighs anything you please. Go and catch him, my brother; it will be a feather in your cap. What is more to the point, I will help you all I can by revealing, in strict confidence, the pool where he lived, and where he probably still remains. Those big fish dwell in the same place for many years. I had positive knowledge of two trout in the same pool for four or five years before they were snared, and had played one of them to the point of exhaustion when the hook broke at the bend.

To return to the fish. The pool is near the public road. You can slip in some evening and have him out in a jiffy. Be sure to carry a large grain sack with you to hide the fish in until you get to your quarters. I can tell you where to have him stuffed, and he will look bully on the wall of your sanctum. I would have caught him myself if the water had not been too low.
Sic Itur Ad Flumina:
"Thus they go to the rivers."

Pace VIRGIL, the AENID IX 641

by

William O. Lodge

Dr. William O. Lodge's (husband of Sheona) avocations are playing the violin and fly fishing. A retired surgeon of international repute, he was approached by the editor for an article. He writes well as does Sheona and this cameo suggests a life in retirement unusually tranquil, if the early years as a fishing companion of Dr. Baigent were at times explosive.

Thus there is a going, to adapt the well known Latin locution, not exactly to heaven, but to the rivers. A ghillie on the Don, of Aberdeen University, really had a volume of Virgil in his pocket.

I was fortunate indeed in deriving master class instruction from the late William Baigent M.D., who achieved towards the end of his life almost an apotheosis in the style of dry fly fishing for trout to which he had evolved. Upon me, as an amateur, in the absence of matriculation and graduation in the unwalled university of nature, that imposed stringent limitations. These were intensified by one of Baigent's friends, Sir Percy Hambro, who deplored competition in fishing. One trout a day, one pound in weight, that General declared, was enough for any man. Baigent had little interest in long distance casting; he considered that most trout were caught with a short line. He taught that the commonest errors were wading deeply, where one's fly ought to be, and lingering too long in the same place. His wife was a constant companion and his adopted daughter a devoted disciple.

One perfect day on the Don, imagine Baigent's anguish when his darling, now my wife, fell into the river and had to be attired in pig's whisker garments, compared with which the rough kiss of an army blanket would have been luxury, whilst I took her rod, almost hypnotised, presently by the spectacle of a large trout, close to the bank, running itself and rising to its pick of passing flies, floating in the eddying current or blown by an upstream breeze. These conditions must have lent verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincing cast, that for once manifestly had to be authentic, at the first throw. The next moment, I was bounding from boulder to boulder downstream, trying to keep level, to prevent the torrent running away with both line and backing. Fortunately my mentor appeared across the river. "Bring it up to the top of the water" was the substance of his advice. Thus advised and admonished. I was eventually enabled to reel in and net a two and a half pounder, to be soundly rated for capturing his daughter's fish, for he expected her to weigh in, each evening, with a basket comparable with his own.

Scottish rivers have no monopoly in containing fine trout. When the Eden in Cumberland is in spate many resort to its tributary, the Colby beck. The upper reaches of the Yore and Wharfe still enjoy relative freedom from pollution. The Ribble, in its course through Lancashire, is remarkably safe for wading. Only once in a lifetime, being never more than an occasional angler, did one arrive at a flyfisher's paradise such as the Monument pool on the Swale, to witness trout leaping head and tail out of the water, in competition with wheeling swallows, for mayfly; a manifestation admittedly rustic in comparison with a majestic hatch of grannum, with their emerald tails, on the Don.

I am very content to leave technical details of her father's methods to my wife, who has a much more intimate knowledge of them and a more restrained and accurate observation; she

vows that my swallows on the Swale were sandmartins or swifts and that the eagles I saw diving upon the storks' nests on the towers of the Eскорial were not even buzzards, but hawks. (That we ourselves were once attacked by kestrils, she agrees). I have never fished with more than one fly on my cast since having two trout in play whilst a bull that had waded in, possibly less hostile than curious, was snapping down the back of my neck.

We once emerged from the bed of the Douglas, in Argyllshire, unobserved, to witness a young gypsy girl dancing so beautifully that it was difficult to realize, recalling the performance, that it was not accompanied by flamenco music. All her parents asked from us were large fish hooks. For a final paragraph I will borrow a sub-title from the psalmist.

DE PROFUNDIS

Birds and mammals that feed on fish, even the osprey that stoops and grasps a gudge in its talons, can scarcely be described as anglers. There are however, in the depths of the ocean, surviving fish equipped with rod and line of living tissue, furnished with a luminous lure complete with hooks.

Many human anglers use gaily coloured long-tailed flies, so tied as to resemble minnows and nymphs, so designed as to appear like maggots. Over fishing and pollution are among factors that militate against the dry fly purist.

I confess that I once tore off my clothes and dived, without pausing to revise any small print on my licence, into a pool in a beck in which my wife had hooked a fine trout that had become entangled in roots and weeds in the depths of the stream. I gather that such incidents are not unknown, even on the Dee near Balmoral.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER is but one of the many benefits received by participating in the Museum affairs. Also included with your membership are the information publications, free research services, a direct line of communication to experts in history, literature and technology, free appraisals for donors of materials and an opportunity to individually promote a new movement in the field of fly fishing that is completely unique. Your dollar support becomes far more than financial help. It is the keeping of an unspoken promise to future generations. A brochure will be forwarded on request.

A tie tac is presented with each membership of $25.00 or more.

- Associate $15.00
- Sustaining $25.00
- Patron $100.00 and over
- Life $250.00

All membership dues, contributions and donations are tax deductible.

Please forward checks to THE TREASURER, The Museum of American Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont 05254 with your NAME, ADDRESS and ZIP CODE; type of membership desired and a statement of the amount enclosed. Upon receipt, a magazine and membership card will be mailed immediately.

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER, free to members is published quarterly. Back numbers, with the exception of Vol. I, No. 1 and Vol. II, No. 2 and Vol. III, No. 2 and Vol. IV, No. 3, are available at $3 each.

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The first angling club in America. "The Schuylkill Fishing Company" was formed on the banks of this river in 1732. Thaddeus Norris fished it and so did colonists and commercial netters. The Schuylkill River seems lost forever.
"From the Sportsman, ye drones, you may learn how to live,
Exempted from pain and disease,
He'll show that the fields and the meadows will give,
That health which you barter for ease."

"Songs of the Chace,"
London, 1811

"He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round the hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That nature seems to live again in art."

by John Gay