

**AN AMATEUR ANGLER'S DAYS IN  
DOVE DALE: OR, HOW I SPENT  
MY THREE WEEKS' HOLIDAY  
(JULY 24 - AUG. 14, 1884)**

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An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale: Or, How I Spent My Three Weeks' Holiday (July 24 - Aug. 14, 1884) by E. Marston

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IN DOVE DALE.



Marston, Edward

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DAYS IN DOVE DALE

OR

HOW I SPENT MY THREE  
WEEKS' HOLIDAY

(JULY 24—AUG. 14, 1884)

"The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,  
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,  
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,  
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,

\* \* \* \* \*  
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees."

COWPER.

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1888  
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SH  
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"All the young fish seemed to know that I was one who had taken out God's certificate, and meant to have the value of it; every one was aware that we desolate more than replenish the earth. For a cow might come and look into the water, and put her yellow lips down; a kingfisher, like a blue arrow, might shoot through the dark alleys over the channel, or sit on a dipping withy bough, with his beak sunk into his breast feathers, . . . and yet no panic would seize other life as it does when a sample of man comes."—*Lorna Doone*.

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DEDICATORY LETTER

TO MY DAUGHTER AND MY GRANDDAUGHTER.

S. V. O. S. 10. 10. 10.



*I was with you, my ALICE, that I had many a pleasant ramble in the woods and over the rocks which encompass the winding "Dove;" with you I climbed up steep Thorpe Cloud, and scrambled over Bunster; with you I caught glimpses of the sweetly flowing "Wye" at Haddon Hall and Rowsley; and it was with you, that together we explored its sources and encountered its noxious fumes at Buxton; and as for you, my little LORNA, this small book, if it serves no other purpose, may serve to remind you, when you grow older, that once upon a time, when you were not yet three years old, you romped with your old grandfather and the good dog "Rattler" on the green grass under the apple trees; rode with him on the donkeys; and fished with him in the river! How you, like another amateur angler, were fully equipped with his walking-stick for your rod, two yards of twine for your line, a pin for your hook, and a battered metal minnow for your fish! How you laughed and crowed as you threw your line into the water, and how gleefully you landed your little tin "tout!" To you, my daughter, who sympathized with my disasters and laughed at my adventures, and so encouraged me to write and print these letters; and to you, my smallest of piscators, I dedicate this little volume, in remembrance of our pleasant holidays in Dove Dale.*

E. M.

London,  
Sept. 11, 1884.





### PREFATORY NOTE

TO ALL READERS, "BUT ESPECIALLY  
TO THE HONEST ANGLER."



*THINK fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse, to please myself; and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendation, yet I may obtain pardon . . . and I wish the reader also to take notice that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation."*

I, an amateur angler, a humble disciple,

venture to think I may, without too great presumption, adopt these words of the great master, as my apology for making a little book of these very slight sketches of my three weeks' experiences as an angler in Dove Dale. "If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man," or if thou be "a grave and busy man," thou wilt not care to read them—but whether thou be grave or busy, gentle or sour, if thou be an honest angler, I will wish "the east wind may never blow when thou goest a-fishing."

If thou, my critic, desirest to put thy hook into me, do it, I pray thee, as though thou lovest me—remembering how thy master taught thee to hook a live frog—harm me as little as thou canst, that I may live the longer.

E. M.





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## AN AMATEUR ANGLER'S DAYS IN DOVE DALE.

### LETTER No. I.

"*Pisc.* And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout. . . .

"*Ven.* Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub, for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours and not seen a fish stir."—*The Complete Angler.*



AM here to *angle*, not to write letters about business. Though old in years, I am a young, and, therefore, most enthusiastic disciple of Master Izaak Walton. You will have a faint idea of my enthusiasm when I tell you that I started this morning in a steady downpour, at a little after eight, to commence operations on the trout and the grayling of "The Dove."

I started equipped in the best style possible;