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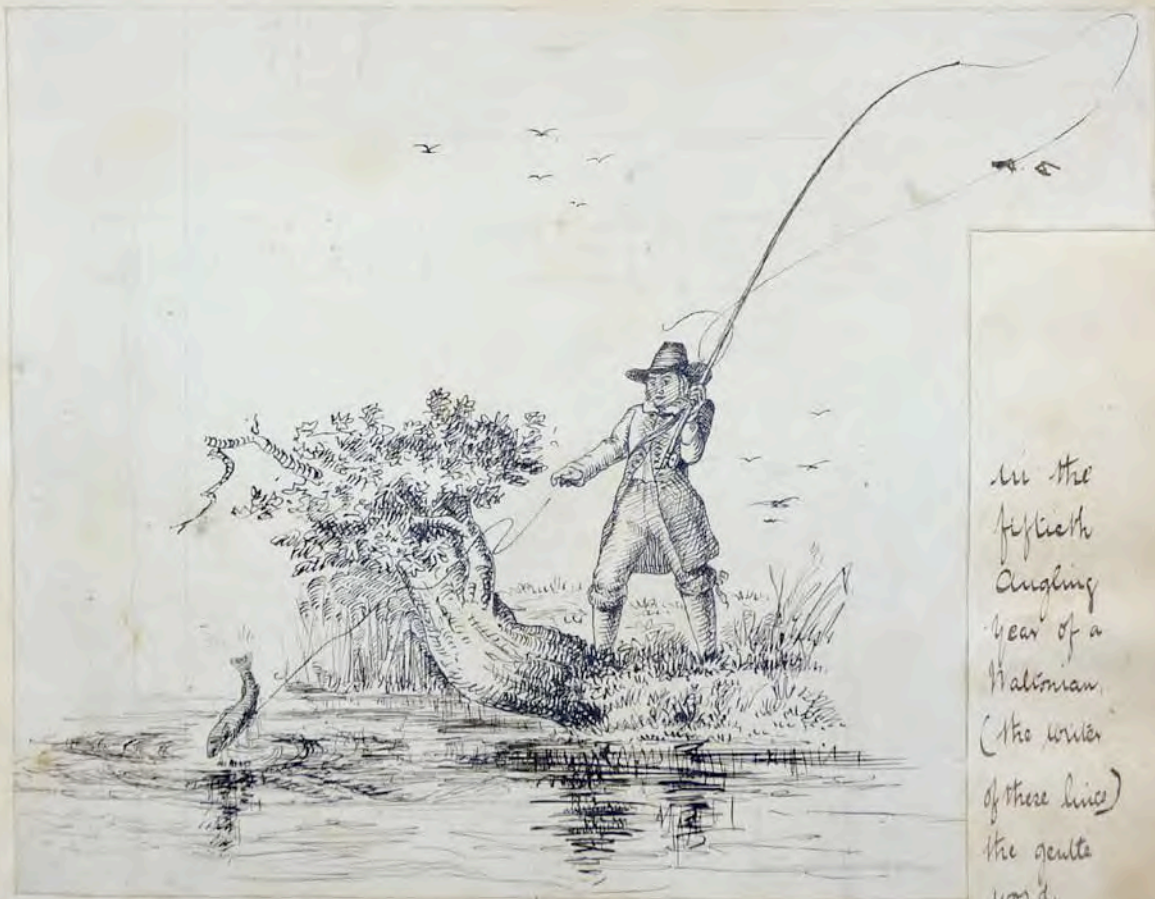
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Inaugural paper by the President
read at the First Meeting of the Association

Let Patience have her perfect work.



In the
fiftieth
Angling
Year of a
Nationalist.
(The writer
of these lines)
the gentle
word

Patience has lost none of its true meaning and influence upon
his mind and actions. If through his many struggles angling

Note "If" Patience had possessed the soul of the above Angler he would not
have touched his line, and might have lauded his work.

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for the good opinion of his fellowmen and for a position respected by his friends and acquaintance, he has ever found that word to have been an unfailing Mentor and invisible Auxiliary, can he act more honestly and as it were more gratefully, than by acknowledging the friend to whom he owes so much, and without whose continual presence his exertions might have been fruitless?

"Patience is that Friend"

Not content with the exercise of her own great qualities, she labors for the benefit of those with whom she dwells, the aid of her Partner "Perseverance", equal in nobility to herself, so that "with Patience and Perseverance, men do attain their desire".

These lines being written by a wandering Fisherman with the best intent are meant only for the charitable and unmerciful consideration of his Brothers of the Angle, and, lest it be supposed he arrogates the title of Mentor, be it remembered that, he is honored with the title of "President", and that although the saying of ye ancient authorities "The King can do no wrong" may not be of much value, your Head Officer in the present case claims that he cannot do much harm - Nay, even if his dissertation should raise a smile such will, he believes, be only a Waltonian expansion of the facial muscles, acting sympathetically with the heart, and will correspond with the joyous look of an experienced Walton, when he has safely landed a "Two pounder" - of a surety it will be so, for in each case he hath gotten something good.

The heart of the writer is too deeply impressed with the pleasantness of his office and at the same time, the importance of his exhortation, to desire being considered "Inaction" and therefore

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dictates to his pen, the following thoughts, advice, suggestions, wise saws, and experiences real or supposed, - in the hope that the good in them, when found will be made a note of"

Viz

Now be it known to, and never forgotten by the members of the Manchester Angling Association that the spirit of Isaac Walton speaking through the exhortations of your President, says "Brothers of the Angle, one injunction I place upon you - Let Brotherly Love continue".

It should also dwell in the minds of meditative men - (and the same Walton says, "Such be Fishermen") - that the man who wrote the great precept at the head of these lines, was also a Fisherman, and that being such, he had of a surety been subject to many disappointments - doubtless he well understood his own exhortation, as also will you.

That fishermen above all others have need to exercise Patience and Perseverance, for such is necessary, not only in the business calling, but especially in the practice of their art; without such exercise, they would simply be as other men, who may be without self control viz: hasty in temper & unstable, (and as such they shall not excel). And let all consider the great and noble tone created in the mind by the practice of these virtues in the Art of Fishing; - sorely tempted to despond art thou Oh fisherman! how often inclined to rebel against the loved partner of thy bosom, when, returning weary and disappointed with "non-success", and sorely puzzled thereby, thou seekest to be relieved on floor of stone of thy heavy boots, and dost find instead of help, the flat & hollow beaten iron, or fender laid before thy very eyes, with ostentation cruel. Oh Patience and Oh Love! now for thy

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boasted worth! - a smile! and then another! - Ah so bright and then --- but some of us are Bachelor! - well, - then the hollow-beaten iron doth banish, and with slippers, on and comforts in, the owner of the virtues rests, - with eyes on blazing coal, he sits and thinks, - and thinks, and next, at early morn. (or it may be, late) - he wakes with form and mind refreshed, and hopeful. - may his hopes are certainly, has he not, either dreaming or awake, found reasons for the - "the" - of yesterday's failure he will not call it he knows not such a word, it is not British - he cannot give it a name, - nor can I either - so let it pass. - Reasons he had found, or thought he had what matter it! his mind was active, he was content to try again and so he did, and won; and won at many things in after life. - yet even when he won not, he was content, for he could try again!

But there are fishermen whose pleasure rests only in success - and they have a mighty, pleasant way of describing the large baskets they have filled, or the larger fish they have missed basketing. Brothers, we wish them well, we wish them well. Your President hath met with them at times in his fifty years wandering, and hath now & then been mystified, upon being shewn most impossible flies, with undamped feathers, most innocent of guile, and newly tied on line. Methought it was not like old Isaac, who would "with us" have shared his fish, and shewn the flies that caught them.

Every true fisherman, has learned, or found out, some specialty, due either to his style of fishing, or the district in which he has devoted most of his time, and rarely is such a one found, who hides his knowledge - rather does he burden you with the tale of his experience, much of which is necessarily your own.

Reciprocity is especially Waltonian & often charms away

troubles and disputes - The writer has known instances of strong antagonism & antipathy being dissolved, during a quiet chat on the river bank, after the request for interchange of flies, which interchange and dissolution were, most singular to relate, immediately followed by an interchange of "Two snips of the pale" indeed it is said they also were followed - several times, until "Four friends" were seen, instead of two men at enmity.

Mutual forbearance - kind words - considerate & kind tokens of good will, cement both on the River bank, & in Freccadilly - not only friendships but that affection which often begins between men of the Angle & will continue & enoble both - and when good will exists amongst men, so will Patience have perfected her work.

And now, the writer (having become thoroughly prosy) will justify and conclude his dissertation upon the virtues practised by true fishermen, by referring all men to the writings of Isaac the good.

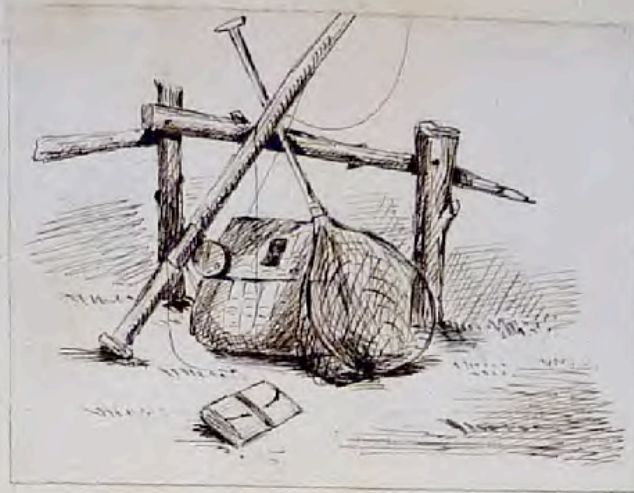
Lastly - but remember as firstly
Do nothing in haste
Use the best tackle
Keep your head cool
Your back and feet dry & warm
And your heart in Charity with all men.

Written at our Fisherman's Home on the Banks of the Irt in Cumberland, and faithfully addressed to my Brother Anglers meeting at Freccadilly in Manchester

This 30th day of June 1878

By "Bezonian"

John S. Mansron



Spiddal, W Galway
10th August 1878

Dear Mr Editor

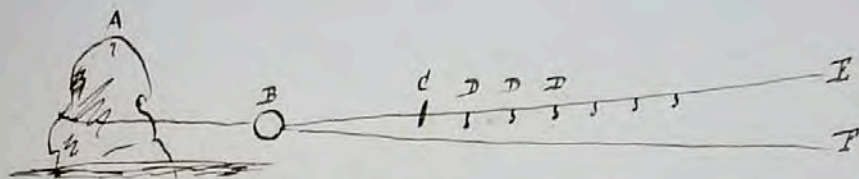
As you know, there are three of us, Brown, Jones & Robinson - members of our Anglers Association, taking our holiday here, eleven miles or so West of Galway. We have with us two school boys, Mumbo & Lumbo, sons and nephews of the three reverend Seignors already mentioned, and we all live together in a little house just big enough to hold us, close by the sea, and not many yards from the famous river of Spiddal.

The place is scarcely beautiful, though it has many beauties. There is a little straggling village of mean houses, a Coast guard Station, in a better house, and a Constabulary Station, in the best. Walk ten yards in the rear of the street, (it starts the sea) and you are in the wilderness, with nothing but Nature around you. Nature peppered over so heavily with rocks and stones, that it is easier to find them than green fields; and there, just where the rocks are thickest, and the little grass is greenest, runs the river, in which our Salmon are at this moment swimming.

When I was a small boy, I kept pigeons, and I remember, as I used to watch them wheeling in the air, being once reminded by a doidid elder, of the insecurity of the property; but I fear we shall find before we leave this, that there is property less secure even than a flock of pigeons. Now, and while we are here, every fish in the river is the property of B. J. & Co., and notwithstanding, we may return to our respective homes without touching a fin of it. Whilst I write, the Salmon and sea trout may be seen flopping about in the main pool in the river, but we cannot get them. The stream is low; for seven weeks there has been no rain; and here we are, waiting and praying for a downpour. In the early morning, and late in the evening we have managed to get a few sea trout, but that is all. The sun shines, but the barometer is falling, & may be that as our kind friends the coast guard men try to assure us, we shall have a flood before we leave. If we do, you shall know what we make of it when we next meet.

If things have been slack in river and lake, we have not been idle. The sea is at our door, & full of fish ready to be caught, with rod and float, now, just as for salmon, off the rocks, that I see at this moment, and good sport it is. The lads can get any quantity of rock fish from the same place, and today they have got a basketfull of plaice or dabs, we are not satisfied with, by a long line set along the shore & running through a fixed ring. This plan we call the curtain ring dodge, and it has delighted our friends the Coastlers, immensely. It is made in this way. on a sandy beach, fasten to a large stone, an iron or brass ring, by means of two pieces of string united by a survel. Your line should be 250 yards long, & in the middle of it, you lie a piece of wood as thick as a lead pencil and three or four inches long. After fixing your stone, thread one end of the line through the ring and haul down till the piece of wood slopes. Then on the upper side fix a dozen hooks, at

eighteen inches distance, bait them, & as soon as the tide reaches them, you are ready to go to work, & can catch fish until the tide has fallen again to the level you commenced at. A diagram will make all plain:



A is the stone B the ring - C the stop of wood - D the hooks. Haul away at F and you pull the line in, haul at E and you drag it out; take off your fish, bait your hooks, and are ready to haul in at F again. This trick is really worth knowing.

There is a little stone breakwater and pier here, and at the end of it, with feet dangling above the water, sit all day long several patient piscators, among them an old man, clothed in looped & windowed raggedness, who would make the fortune of any disciple of the brush, who would come here and transfer him to canvas. His tackle is of a primitive sort. He has a good big sapling, peeled of its bark, for a rod, a thick string, fashioned into a rude paternoster, with three hooks for a line, and a big stone for a sinker. The hooks are well covered with worms, whelks, or crabs, & when all is prepared, he throws the stone out into the sea, the line of course following it. Then he takes up his rod and waits for a pull. The other day Jones stood by him and old Fat had a terrible bite (Jones says he was only fast in the bottom). Fat hauled with all his might, but the fish would not come; at last however, the stone got loose, and came in, "what was it Fat?" asked Jones. "Big Conger, Sorr," said Fat with a grin that almost cut his face in half. "It must have been a big one indeed." Jones remarked: "do you often get big Congers?" "Yes, Sorr, I got one last winter, seven foot long, weighed seven stone, and three feet round the body." "Good gracious, how did you get him up?" "Hauled him up Sorr," pulling up an

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invisible line to illustrate his words. "And what did you do with him?" once more demanded Jones. "Bat him, Lorr. What, all yourself?" "Yes Lorr, begorra. I did, every bit of him" Pat replied, and with a grin so much wider than the last, that Jones who does not weigh much more than "Seven Stone" himself thought it best to leave the savage Irishman, and rejoin the less voracious, and it is to be hoped, more voracious Company of Brown and Robinson.

I would go on, Sir, to recount to you our adventures but B, I + R, Humbo and Lumbro are all impatient, and insist on my leaving with them, so for the present, please excuse
your
"Own Correspondent" and Friend.

W. H. Wood



To the Editor

Sir,

Twenty-two or twenty-three years ago, I (then commencing the only study to which I have remained faithful - fly fishing) found the following lines in the rubbish heap, that is, in the Visitor's Book of the Cerrig Hotel. I quote from memory & therefore cannot guarantee absolute correctness. Has any member seen them elsewhere? Have they ever been printed?

Abel Heywood.

Mr. Angler's Song

You Anglers all, both great and small
Who Cerrig Inn have sought,
Soon in the lay, of a rainy day,
To the trout you might have caught.

When the wind is high, and a stormy sky,
Sets all your arts at naught,
Then not unpraised because unraised,
Be the trout you might have caught.

From Coquet's mouth to the distant South,
An Angler's strife I've fought
But fewer still are the trout I kill
Than the trout I might have caught.


In the deeps they swim those deeps so dim,
Of mountain pools unsought,
But none shall see who e'er they be
The trout they might have caught.

Written by
Canon Becket



HE IS WAITING FOR A BITE. SO ARE THE DUCKS

Out with the Anglers Association.

 Saturday July 12th. I happened to be at London Road Station, waiting, as I am accustomed to do, for something to turn up, when I was pleased to see three well known members of the M. A. A. Squills, Quills + Parchment walk up the S + N. W. platform. They were fully equipped for the chase with rods, nets + creels. Now, thought I, is my chance. I have never seen good fishing, and can never manage to throw a line myself without a tangle. I will have a lesson for once. So while the three took their places in the train, I having heard them say something about Stockport, ran off to the booking office, took a third class ticket to the same place, and about ten seconds after I had fastidiously taken my seat, we were off. The incidents of a journey to Stockport, need not detain us, suffice it to say that after about 15 minutes, the three descended from the first class carriage in which they had ridden, and I, unseen, got down from the third. When we reached the outside of the station, a four wheeled vehicle was called, into which our trio disappeared, while I hid myself in the darkness of the station canopy. As the cab drove away, I deliberately seated myself on the spikes, and in spite of the difficulty of the position and cries from the street urchins of "Whip behind" to which the driver responded by giving a savage cut with his whip, to the back of his cab.

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(but which I skilfully avoided). I retained my painful place, while we drove past shops and manufactories, then rows and villa residences, and finally, fields and waving trees. Just as I had made up my mind that I could bear my uneasy seat no longer, a voice cried "here it is" and the vehicle stopped; I descended from my thorny perch, and our three fathers got out. We were I found, outside a small bleach works, the gate of which someone opened and we all passed in, slipping behind tubs and carboys and so remaining unobserved. The low shed-like works were to our right, and at their extremity, some distance in front was a tall square chimney. A stout female here addressed the leader of the expedition, who was easily discovered by the superiority of his get up, and having inspected the credentials of the party, and directed them to go forward by the side of the chimney. In answer to a question as to whether there was fishing there she said "indeed there was, for a fish of seven pounds weight had been caught that very morning." Encouraged by this report, our anglers proceeded and so did I still taking advantage like a sharp-shooter of every bit of cover I could find. The fishery proved to be a rectangular reservoir about 40 yards long by 40 yards wide partly overgrown with water plants, with low grassy banks, and with a thick row of trees along the whole of one side. In the cover of these trees I lost no time in securing myself and from this position I was fortunately able to see and hear for some time every thing that passed. After I had become accustomed to my place of retirement, I found that there was also a second but smaller reservoir, at the end of the first. "Well, this is a nice place to bring us to" said one, "what on earth made Gillyflower send us here? I wish I could get at him, I'd chuck him in." "Wait a bit" said another "there was a seven pounder caught this morning, we shall get fish you'll see, the place has been carefully preserved for years." "I'll bet you a shilling there is not another caught," returned the first, "no I won't" was the answer, "but I'll bet we have seven pounds"

among us done I heard replied, and in this manner the
"Sport" began.

At this stage of the proceedings, a gentleman who had
evidently been in the Sun, came upon the scene, and with
drunken gravity, demanded the permit of the party, which after
a short parley, was submitted and approved. This gentleman
was the hero of the Yth fish, and a full account of the
capture was given several times over to each of the three visitors
in the same words, which were somewhat as follows: "Yes Sir,
there's good fish in this reservoir I know, there was one caught
this morning seven pounds, I was out fishing at 7 o'clock,
with a minnow, and I got him. He was a proper one, I
can tell you. My tackle will hold 'em; if they break my
tackle I'll forgive them. He was a proper fish he was, Yth
weight. I sent him to the Governor. You'll hear of him, if
you know the Governor. I'll warrant. I caught him at seven
o'clock this morning, fishing with a minnow, and he was a
proper fish I can tell you. He weighed Yth. I was fishing
just then at seven o'clock this morning, and I got a proper fish
that I did, he was a proper one he was. Oh! there's plenty of
fish here; why only this morning, at seven o'clock" &c. &c.

And by going round and round like a horse in a mill the
story might just as well have lasted until now as have stopped
at the end of five minutes as it did but only to be renewed
with the next unhappy victim the story-teller could come near.

While the narrative was being told long cane rods were
being drawn from their cases by the Anglers and lines were threaded
through the rings. Squills was ready first, and I saw him
swing a huge paternoster baited with judicious minnow and casting
worms well out into the centre of the pit. Quill's followed
having spent some considerable time in picking up a knock. Meant

rod, which he said had not been used for fifteen or sixteen years, and finally Larchmont who had a budget of tackle large enough to furnish a shop, dropped in his bait.

As I watched these dismal proceedings, how my heart throbbled with agony! These then are the high souled gentlemen, who originated our Association and who would have admitted no bait fishers, had they had their way. "Oh Ichabod! Ichabod!" I exclaimed, "How is thy glory departed!" As I saw these three miserable men, with hands in pockets, standing gazing at their these immovable floaters, and forced to listen to the oft repeated story of the 7 lb pike what thoughts ^{of} ~~and~~ bright hopes blighted, high hopes abandoned, and virtuous resolves dragged in the dirt, came through my aching brain. Continuing to gaze, first at one wretched Angler, who drew up his line to see once more if he had had a bite and found he hadn't then turning my eyes on another - my agony increased. But soon, unaccustomed tears coming to my relief my head leant against the tree by which I crouched, and - I slept. How long my slumber lasted, I cannot tell, but when I awoke the rods were still there, - Squills, Quills & Larchmont, were there too with faces longer than ever, and the seven pound fish was still being caught at 7 o'clock in the morning. I found by their conversation which was and then arose that our friends had quitted their post for awhile and visited the Public, which is only a few yards away, and had taken tea there, but their spirits were not to be raised by the meal. They had never had a bite, not one among them; but at this moment a great excitement arose. Quill's had a bite, at the top of his voice he announced it, and his two companions in misery rushed towards him to see the result. Now he strikes hurray he has him! Out comes a fish, a perch weighing, on the word of an angler three quarters of an ounce. "That was the most unkindest cut of all" it finished the sport.

of the day. With all speed now they packed up their traps, turned what remained of their wretched baits into the pond and departed. As they walked away the Stranager who was by no means sobered, told each of the three his story of the 7th fish once more, consoled with them at having no sport, but assured them that it was not because there were not plenty of fish, and then they departed. The Cab was waiting, the three got inside I resumed my thorny perch, and as the Cab rolled away came the parting words "You should have been here at 7 O'clock this morning, you'd have seen a fish then worth having, it was a proper fish, I can tell you."

Mr Editor, may I ask you to please to notify to the Secretary the resignation of

Yours truly
 "Georgie Tom"

NA 9



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Coek a doodle doo.

Mr Editor

I have just met with the enclosed, which I send by express special messenger.

A large Trout.

On Saturday afternoon Mr G. Hellewell, secretary Mr E. F. Atkinson president of the Lockingham Angling Club, Leeds, whilst fishing in the river Wharfe near Wetherby Bridge landed one of the largest trout ever caught in that stream. The fish measured 19 in. long 12½ in. round the thickest part and weighed 4 lb. 2½ oz. The former gentleman hooked the fish, and the latter assisted him to land it. The Lockingham Angling Club has only been established about three months and it already numbers over forty members.

I think the Colonel our esteemed president ought to challenge Mr E. F. Atkinson and accept no apology less than his eating the paragraph or the trout! Nay I think that any Angling Society with a contemptible 40 members - and probably without special travelling privileges, or an artistically designed copyright and registered ticket, insults the Manchester Angling Association when it has the astounding impudence (to say the least of it) to announce the capture of any fish above 4 oz. and ought to be licked in a body I am open to back the president of the Manchester Society, allowance for age and weight - against any president in the County. I am also open to take odds in favour of the Manchester Secretary though the price must be a long one.

Yours

Coek a doodle doo.



The Anglers Joy.

Let Misers hoard their Yellow store,
Let Sailors tempt the raging main,
Let Soldiers wade thro' fields of gore,
Ambitious prize to gain,
Let Statesmen plot, & Courtiers fawn,
Give Silly Lots their tone,
But give to me the rolling stream
The rod, the reel, the line.

O Ye who seek in worldly cares,
Content or peace of mind
Come learn ye from the Anglers Art,
The bliss you cannot find,
It is not 'neath the gilded roof,
It is not in the Hall,
Nor is it in your gathered gold,
The pleasure sought by all.

It is beside the wimpling stream,
Within a peaceful glen
Where silent Nature tempts to stray
Apas from toiling men -
When sailing clouds obstruct the sun,
And dripping showers descend,
Beside a breezy, haunted pool,
Where leafy alders bend.

How sweet, with gliding step to steal
 Along the emerald green,
 Alone, or with a silent friend
 At gentle distance seen -
 To drop the fly with skilful hand
 By stones with moss grown grey
 Where deep beneath the eager trout,
 Awaits his floating prey.

To see, amid the waters brown,
 His gleaming sides appear,
 And mark him dart, with many a bound,
 The stinging barb to clear,
 But soon the music of the reel,
 Grows slow and fainter still,
 Then tird, reluctant to the strand,
 You guide him at your will.

Not less the bliss to mark at times,
 With eye to nature keen,
 Unnumber'd beauties, all disclosed
 As shifts the verdant scene:-
 The water-craze upon the stone
 With breast of virgin snow,
 The heron from her station scur'd,
 With flagging wing and flow.

To hear the Mavis from the Shaw
 Salute his brooding mate,
 Or view the diuelling flies that play
 Unheedful of their fate,
 Where'er strays the willing foot,
 New scenes and faeries rise;
 Where'er we look to bank or stream,
 New pleasure meets the eyes.

Fair Aruan' on thy blooming banks,
 The summer's day has past
 Till the evening hush'd the ruddy scene
 In purple folds to rest -
 While still I wander'd by thy side,
 And drank of joys my fill -
 What joys so pure as those we find
 Beside a murmuring rill!

Pooda Muchili.

Wm White



Stray hints to Young Anglers by an Old one.

It is of no use fishing where there are no fish, hence the first thing needful for a young Angler to learn, is, in what description of water fish are to be found. It is also useless fishing when the trout can see both you and your tackle; hence if you want to fill your basket, avoid places where there are no fish, and glassy pools.

Do not imagine that fish are like men, and will rise most readily at the biggest bait, far from this, they see the hollowess at once of tempting profits, and give the go-by to what the angler imagines must appear a large and appetising mouthful of fur and feathers. Gnats and mudges rise more fish than cockchafers and dragonflies.

If your fly is bitten to pieces but still rises fish, let it alone, if it is good enough for the fish, it is good enough for you.

Do not fish carelessly, if you are tired lie down on the bank and go to sleep, if you slumber over your fishing a trout will come while you are napping, and will not favor you again, when he has discovered that there is a fool at one end and a fraud at the other.

If you tangle your flies, don't jump but straighten them out quietly, the best fishes laugh sometimes and if one tells you he never does, he is lying.



You can never see the whole of your cast of flies, or you are a poor thrower, if you see a fish rise beyond what you suppose to be your throw, strike, and you will sometimes find you throw further than you think.

Don't count a fish yours till he is in your basket, and if you wish one ever to repose there, treat him gently when you have been fortunate enough to hook him.

Believe half of what you see and nothing of what you hear; big baskets frequently dividable to a few small trout when the tale is sifted; it is unpleasant to find your friend to be as big a liar as other people.

"Crabstick"



The Angler's Delight.

To the East Wind.

April 1879

What is it keeps my spirits low?
Doth freeze my blood wherever I go?
Doth sprinkle still my path with snow?

The East wind

What pushes me to half my size?
What heedeth not my freezing cries?
But dust doth throw up in my eyes.

The East wind.

What will not let the green trees sprout?
Or let the wanton flees come out?
To sport and play and feed the trout?

The East wind.

Oh pray let this long winter go!
No longer thou torment us so!
Thy bitter self away pray blow!

Thou East wind

When shall I by the river stand?
And o'er its waters wave my wand?
And now and then a troutie land?

Thou East wind

Oh say the West thy blasts dispel,
And blow thee off to ----- well.
To warmer climes: -----

Thou East wind

Crabstick

AA

Fish out of water.

In May 184. I was spending the weeks I have hitherto been fortunate enough to get for the Spring fishing, at Brook, by the Tweed. My three old friends J. D. and the inseparables, all of whom you know and respect as you should were with me. We were (all but D.) hard working Anglers, doing our day's work with a will, and going as good an account of ourselves at the day's end as here and there one. D. we chaff, and say he is lazy, though we know that is not the word that describes him, for when we return at night, with our baskets laden as best we have been able to load them, has D. an empty Creel? How many a botanic prize that our otherwise occupied-eyes have overlooked, does he not haul admiringly forth? how many winged creatures that have been invisible to us, does his basket not contain? how many pebbles in which his eye sees beauties unknown to us, as his tongue recounts them in language to which we know no approach, has he not brought home? How many birds has he not observed? how many animals watched? Nay how many things D. has done that we have not, do not let us further enquire. I only know, that at night, though his creel is lightest, his heart is probably fullest and his head the wisest.

Well, on the evening in question, we were all seated in

The cheerful Coffee room at Brook anxiously waiting the advent of our dinner, when two "Objects" about the last to be looked for here, were observed on the high road slowly sauntering hitherward. "Good gracious!" cried Kiscat. No 1, "Two Swells, as I live". It was true, they were swells, of the first water, and now they enter the room, as our dinner comes in. Velvet cut-away coats, faultless trousers, patent boots, spotless linen, sparkling rings, whiskers & mustachios, trimmed to the utmost nicety, a straight clear parting of the carefully arranged hair, from the middle of the forehead to the back of the neck. Both alike, though one is dark and the other fair, but both with the touch - me - not air that as a well known and illustrious author says is "more easily imagined than described". How intolerably warm and shabby did my rough freeze jacket and my long stockings feel. How I hid the latter away, like the mean sweats I felt myself to be, at the sight of those faultless breeches. All of us seemed like Adam and Eve to have become suddenly aware of our nakedness; but we rallied soon, and after the soup had disappeared, brave old D. even ventured a remark on the weather, and succeeded in getting a somewhat indignant reply from one of the two whisker-aides. Nothing daunted, he plied them again and by the pastry came, had made such progress, that he positively asked them if they had come there "a-fishing". At the question, I blushed my deepest red. No 1, put his napkin to his mouth, and No 2 opened his eyes and mouth in amazement. Fancy these exquisites come "a-fishing" - it is only poor rough common people like ourselves who go fishing, not powdered and perfumed ladies models like these. Poor silly D. we did not take you for such an ignoramus: you might as well ask if they have come

butterfly-catching like yourself. D. got no answer, how was it to be expected he would, but seeing a hesitancy in the aspect of the darker swells, he asked, regardless of our digs under the table, and our winks and gestures above it, if they were fond of fishing. "Yaas, berry" and they sauntered out of the room as unquiescently as they had entered it. "I knew they had come here to fish" said D. triumphantly, but we knew better, and that they had made this answer to get rid of D's importunity. "Well, you'll see tomorrow" said D. "who's right"; and then we dismissed the swells from our minds and fell into the pleasant conversation that is only to be heard at an anglers run.

Next day we were out early, as usual, but D. said he would wait about a bit, and wait he did till the noble swells descended, or condescended I might say, to take their breakfasts. Then D. with his book, sat him down on the low stone wall in front of the door under the shade of the trees which were just coming into leaf. At about eleven, our belvedere appeared, arranged as yesterday, more gorgeous than Solomon in all his glory. Rods are produced (you see they really were going fishing) all glittering with brass & varnish, and D. says, and he is to be believed, eighteen feet long at least, and of the description labelled in shop windows "general rods". Reels and lines come next, and there is a discussion what is to be done with them, but at last after many tries they are fixed in their places and the lines run through the rings. Then come - what? Lines? No. Long

gut casts? No; floaters, painted green and white! This was too much for poor D. and with a howl of despair, he seized his own rod which was leaning against the porch, and rushed down to the river. At sight, Whiskerandos were in the same faultless dresses, but their spirits seemed somewhat damped. "Well, how have you gone on?" said D. "much sport?" "Aw, we've done pretty well, we've sent our fish off to London." "Have you really - now; how did you get it all carried?" was the reply.

This was too much, and with a savage gesture, and something that sounded like "low fellows" our gentlemen walked away. We saw no more of them, they did not enter the room again that night. We were out long before they came down the next morning, and when we returned we learned that they had followed their fish.

You see Mr Editor that fish get out of water
sometimes.

Crabstick

A. Heywood

A night at the Lochinvar Arms Oabry Kirkcudbrightshire

May 1879.

Director. Venator. Corydon. Scholar and Peter.

Pie. Well met my brethren, we are all here at last; and your creels are laden with many a trout I'll warrant me. But before we examine them, let us to dinner; for I am weary of waiting, and you are all impatient to begin, as I see by your hungry looks.

Ven. I am hungry indeed, let us have dinner at once, and will eat it cheerfully, for I have sped so among the rocks, that I have scarce tasted my luncheon, and others are like me. I dare warrant

Gunes Yes, let us to dinner first, and to the weighing the trout after.

Pie. Well, now that our meat is eaten, and our hearts are thankful, let me see the fish, and I will judge who is the best angler. Let me have the creels; what is yours brother Venator?

Ven. Many, I have done fairly well, here are eight and twenty trout, all over our limit of size. They weigh five pounds.

Pie. Right well done; you have had good fortune, brother. Who is the next?

Scholar Here is my basket, my loving master. It is as heavy as Venator's; see you I have twenty some great and little.



MIND THE STUMPS - KEEP HIS HEAD UP

SJM

Fisc. Well done Scholar, many, I am glad you have profited so well by my advice and precept. Now Corydon, what have you?

Cory. Nae sae smuckle as the tithers, but I hae a gude fesh o' twa pound, and that's mair than they hae, forby-

Omnes Bravo! Bravo!! That is a thumper!

Fisc. But what is this? O fie Corydon! here is a par-
This is an offence against our first statute "no fishes but-
"the ungrown fry forbears" what is to be done brethren?

Omnes. Fine him, glasses round, good Master.

Cory. Nae so fault, I'll jest tell ye nae lees; that for, was sair hookit, sae I broke his neck to put him oot o' his trouble.

Fisc. Quite right Corydon. What says our good book "there's
"nothing in the world so noble, as a kindly Angler."

Peter (aside) It should have been glasses round, all the same.

Fisc. No reason Peter, now, what have you?

Peter Not so much, I have had but ill fortune; I have here but ten trout, and I lost one great one, I had a grand fight with him, but had no chance at all, so-----
I lost him.

Fisc. Look you, that was bad luck, but better fortune tomorrow my friend. And now for my judgment. I do now pronounce you all equal!

Omnes Bravo! bravo!! bravo!!! A Daniel come to judgment

Fisc. Now, brother anglers, 'tis time we should light up the fragrant weed, or as Scholar there would call it, the flagrant-



weed; and Mary dear, bring, if you please a muckkin of the National drink!

Ken Aye, a muckkin, and see you, in a measure (aside and winking awfully) A measure holds twice as much as a crystal!

Joe Now boys, while the whiskey is coming, let Corydon sing us that fine song he writ for us

Cory "Weel if ye man has it, Ye man" (and he sang the following verses to the good old tune of the Farmer Boy)

Could winter's gae, the spring is come, We soon will hear the gowk

So anglers all, look up your rods, For we must hae an out

We'll make our way to some fauld stream where there are shoals o' trout

And we will do our very best, To bring lots of them out

Chorus. Keen anglers we will go, will go

Keen anglers we will go,

In summer time, when it is fine

Keen anglers we will go.

We'll tak our baskets on our backs, Our gearcoats on our arms

And we have got good waterlights To keep us dry and warm

We'll fill our pouch wi' scones and cheese Our flask wi' mountain dew.

Tobacco and our sucking mill, We that I think will do.

Chorus. Keen anglers &c &c

Before we start will tak a drap And wish each other weel,

And hope before the day is oot, Each man shall fill his creel.

We'll drink success to our ain club, Success come on us shine!

Success go with us on our "out", Success for seventy nine!

Chorus. Keen anglers &c &c

Like all true Anglers well mind this, the "wee fry let alone"
 For nothing but a gude sized fish, well think of takin hame,
 Well tell our friends when we come back, how we enjoyed the fun,
 So now I'll bid you all adieu, for this my song is done.

Chorus Keen Anglers we will go, well go
 Keen Anglers we will go,
 In Summer time when it is fine,
 Keen Anglers we will go.

Give Well sung Corydon, thou shalt be our Laureate, And
 now Peter, I see thou art anxious to follow but here come
 the drinks.

Now that we have all filled up, except that cold water boy
 there, let us have a toast. Here's a hearty draught to you
 all, Success to the Manchester Anglers Association and to our good
 fishing tomorrow. Now Peter for your Song.

Peter Mine is something that will please you; it was writ by
 our friend Crabstick, and is sung to an old tune you all know well.

Song

The raid into Kirkcubright, Jane Bonnie Dundee

It was the Manchester Anglers in Council agreed,
 That when Spring came again they'd go north of the Tweed
 And that weather defying, or wet, cold or fair,
 They'd take down their rods to the County of Ayr.*
 They all came together, they came in the night,
 Reid, Currie, and Heywood, and President White
 They waved their rods high, crying "now we are free"
 Here all going a fishing beyond Lockerbie.

*The author apologises for taking the anglers to Ayr but Kirkcubright is such an abominable word that he will have some of it.

They rode till the morn, when the Sun was half high,
 As they leapt from the train "to the river" they cry,
 They shouldered their rods, and walked off as one man,
 With Reid in the rear, and White in the van.
 They all marched together, that came in the night
 Reid, Currie, and Heywood, and President White,
 They waved their rods high, crying "hurrah, we are free
 To begin our days fishing in New Gallowee."
 Like skirmishing soldiers, they spread themselves out,
 And with steel they attacked the bright red speckled trout,
 With such skill they threw over each stream and each pool,
 That by Sun-down they'd all got their baskets rammed full.
 They all met together again at the night,
 Reid, Currie, and Heywood, and President White
 They put their rods up, crying "now we are free,
 We have had a days fishing in Kirkuberee."
 When the dinner was cleared, they would sit in a ring,
 And then was the time for the laugh and the song,
 They would fight o'er again, all the stripes they'd gone through,
 While they quaffed (all but Heywood) the Scotch mountain dew.
 They all sat together, half way through the night,
 Reid, Currie, and Heywood and President White,
 And then they jumped up crying "now we are free,
 To be off to our sleeping in New Gallowee.
 But all things must end, so the fishing must stop,
 As the time surely comes, when you'll drink your last drop,
 So one evening the Chief says, "now Secretaree
 Please to order our men to turn back from N.B."



They all went together, that came in the night,
 Reid, Currie, and Heywood, and President White,
 They all pined their eyes, crying oh deary me,
 We have finished our fishing beyond Lockerbee.
 Just a word or two more for I want to explain,
 That as well as the others who came in the train,
 Was one, whom they all said their leader should be,
 When they went on their raid into Kirkenberee.
 So when you count up those that came in the night,
 As well as Reid, Currie, and Heywood and White,
 You'll please to add Colonel John Mawson C. G.
 Who was Boss of the raiders to New Gallowee.

Disc. Well sung, well sung, we Anglers are all beholden to the good man that made that Song. Come hostess give us another snitchkin and let us drink to him.

Ven. (Lots noise) Aye in a measure.
Disc. (Continuing) But it was unkind of Crabstick to leave me out till he got to what I may call the appendix. However I know well I came in late, and that must be the reason. Thank you Peter, here's to your good health.

Peter Thank you good Master, God speed you.
Disc. Now Scholar, it is your turn, and soon we must to our beds, which are scented with lavender, I warrant. But what are you drinking, Scholar!

Scho. I drink the red cows milk,
 Father, with a merry heart, and may,
 I never drink worse.

Fae. Now for your song then, and
 don't let us have a milk and water
 one.

Scho. It is not mine own gentle
 Master, so you will not have milk
 and water, but indeed I don't sing
 at all; but here are a few verses that may suit you; they are
 old, and there is the true ring about them, they are Scotch
 too, as they should be.

Song.

When could winter is past, and the green ice is gone,
 While each curlew lays by his bonnie whinstane,
 And the wind frae the South comes kindly and warm
 Ah! then is the time for the fishes to arm,
 Wi' his rod and his creel, and be off to the burn,
 Gushing for to the burn, wi' deep pools at ilk turn.

When the South West win' blaws, and the clouds as they pass,
 Are changing the shade o' the wide waving grass,
 When the ripplin' waves hurry across the deep pool,
 Ah! this is the time to be pleasy and cool,
 An' to wave your waan deftly; ye're flees mauna whistle,
 But fa on the streamlet like down o' the thistle.

When ye've given two-three waps, an' a fine thumper grille,
 Has lap at ye twice, and made flutter your pulse,
 When at last ye ha' heukit him, an' he's off to the deep,
 Ah! then tak' your time, an' let him tak' his sweep,
 Die him plenty o' line, an' tak' leat o' your graith,
 For ye've got no sae strang, an' he'll sure take his breath.

When in fair Kelly fechin' ye've warled him out,
 A dainty three pounder, a bonnie sea-front,
 Has the brine freshly run, an' just fit for your reel,
 Ah! then is the time that contented ye'll feel,
 An' care all forgettin', devoutly ye'll say,
 Thank God, that he let me live on, till to-day.

Gunes.
Die.
Yeator

Very pretty verses, very good.

Now Yeator, what have you to say, let us go upstairs,
 all as sober as judges. By the way let us have another smutchkin.

Another smutchkin, good broder, and see you bring it in
 a measure. Well, mine is but a bit story of a poor parson,
 who was much given to the bad habit of snuffing, and who
 was pally puzzled to know how to get a pleasant pinch or two
 during his preaching. He overcame his difficulty, as any
 man who looks difficult in the face, will. He had one of
 his waistcoat pockets lined with leather, and carried his snuff
 loose in it; so when his nose required the pungent stimulant, he
 took a pinch from his pocket, and flourishing his arm about
 like this with a cry of 'now my dear brethren', he drew

his finger and thumb rapidly under his nostrils, and with a delightful sniff, he refreshed himself unobserved.

Fisc.

Bravo, bravo, well told! That story shall send us to happy slumbers. And now let every one to bed, that we may rise early. Good night, good night.

Grimes.

Good night, father, and tomorrow you shall show us how to catch a salmon.

"Cormerake."

Approved

A raid to Kirkcubright. The sequel.

In arranging a short angling excursion, my friend Dr Buckley and myself first contemplated a trip to the North of Ireland, as that locality is easily reached from Manchester. However circumstances prevented this, and tempted by the experiences of our friends of the "Kirkcubrightshire Raid" so ably, and so pleasantly related to us by Dr White, we finally decided to visit the same region, but wishing to make ourselves acquainted with some portion of the Country, not described in the paper I have just alluded to, we decided to proceed in the first instance to the upper waters of the Ken and the Deuch and then to journey Southward as circumstances and inclination should lead us. With this in view we left Manchester on the morning of June 20th by the 1.15 train. Our progress was not disturbed by any startling incident, we met with no traveller from Gaelic land and no broken-down trains delayed our advance. We placed ourselves under the care of a friendly Guard, and the "Silver Key" procured for us some little advantage, the particulars of which it is advisable to keep dark. One circumstance, simple enough in itself, served to illustrate the speed at which the world moves now-a-days; at Carlisle we found a man unpacking the Manchester newspapers which had arrived by the train in which we

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had travelled. On our way to Castle Douglas I perused my Guardian, and finding a letter interesting to a Society to which I belong, I telegraphed to the Secretary in Manchester my idea as to a reply. You may imagine how he was puzzled at finding a telegram at his office from Castle Douglas drawing his attention to a letter in the Manchester Guardian of the same morning: However he acted on my suggestion concluding that I had "got up before my breakfast" for once. We duly arrived at Parton and proceeded to Dalry in the way described by Mr White. We had been led to expect a beautiful Country, and were not disappointed in the smallest degree, in fact the ride from Parton to Dalry was most charming. The view at the head of Loch Ken, with Kenmure Castle (the seat of the Hon W. Gordon) is very fine. At Dalry we hired a vehicle to take us to Carsphairn a village situated on the Deuch 9 miles from Dalry where we arrived at about 2 P.M. Here we put up at the Salvation Hotel, and must most emphatically record the kindness & attention of Miss Roberts, also the moderation of her charges. We at once ordered a lunch & whilst that was being prepared we proceeded to arrange the implements of our craft, and as soon as our meal was disposed of, with more or less dextrous hand to throw the delusive fly. However my flies only deluded such very small fry, which were all returned to their native element, that I took refuge with the "deadly worm", disregarding the chaff I knew Mr White would have ready for me, and saw on my hook the tortured worm, convulsive twists in agonizing folds. This change of tactics resulted in a slight improvement as to size, but leaving much to be desired, in fact the result of my afternoon fishing may be described as a blank, as I never saw a fish + oz in weight, nor I believe did my companion. Hearing that the river for four miles below Carsphairn was leased by a Mr Jamieson we sent for his keeper with a view to beguiling him into allowing us one or two days angling, he accepted our blandishments, offered

in the shape of Whiskey, but withheld the desired permission. Mr Jamieson was yachting in the Mediterranean and he, the keeper, had no power to grant leave. He informed us that the huts were numerous above and below Carepham but that they were small and that was the report we received from other residents in the village. I cannot therefore recommend Carepham as a station although the accomodation is so good, and the river looks so promising.

On the following morning (Saturday) we decided to walk over to Loch Doon about 5 miles west of Carepham. The morning was unfavorable, the clouds being very low, with driving rain. However we engaged a man to show us the way and assist us with the boat on the Loch, and set out. We aimed for a gap in the hills, passing on the way a partially abandoned lead smelting works of considerable magnitude. The chimney shaft for them being built on the hillside to imitate a ruin. I presume to disfigure the country as little as possible. As we proceeded the weather grew worse and when we descended to Loch Doon the wind had risen so much that the shepherd said it was useless our taking the boat. This shepherd receives lodgers in the summer and from what I could see could make a party of three or four very comfortable. A well known Lancashire manufacturer goes there every summer. The address is Mr Murdoch, Fort Mark Loch Doon, Ayrshire.

The Loch is about 7 miles long, the best fishing being at the Southern end where Mr Murdoch's house is situated. Two good sized streams flow into it at the Southern end and there are some small Lochs in the neighbourhood. The river Doon flows out at the northern end in a North westerly direction, reaching the sea about three miles south of the town of Ayr. Good baskets are often taken here, but the day on which we tried it was altogether so unfavorable that we did little or nothing, the same result being the experience of another party who were out. Salmon

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are in the Lake. On returning from Loch Doon and on reaching the top of the pass Mr Buckley decided to turn off to the left in order to reach the upper part of Carsphairn Lane and so fish towards home; this intention he carried out with but a poor result.

On the Monday we decided to drive to the Ken and to fish up towards its source, then to strike across the hills to the Bow Burn down which we purposed fishing to the Deuch of which river it is a tributary, and so home, a course we calculated of something over twenty miles. We found the upper portion of the Ken to be a wide rather shallow stream, none of the pools being very deep. The trout are numerous but small, and numbers of them were returned to the river by both of us. Then turning up a good sized burn to the left we ascended the hillside and reached the source of the Bow Burn which gradually expanded as we descended into a very fine stream, but as its banks are steep it is absolutely necessary that it be fished up. I would gladly have spent more time here, but as it was then far on in the afternoon and we had the Deuch before us, we were compelled to leave it. The Deuch after it receives the water of the Bow Burn is already a good sized river and down this we fished home, arriving at 8 o'clock. During the whole day we were much tormented by the small fry taking nothing over six ounces and returning numbers to the water. The weight of my take did not exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and that of my companion $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

On Monday evening the weather broke entirely and it rained heavily the whole night. The effect on the river was rather remarkable, as it suddenly became a swollen and discolored torrent putting fly-fishing utterly out of the question. As we had decided to turn towards Dalry on Tuesday we took a vehicle to a point a little above the Deuch and Ken, and were again compelled to commence with the deadly worm, the river being in high flood, and the water of an opaque red colour. At night Mr Buckley's