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Some pages were photographed from the Manuscript Book, some from Angler's Evenings and others, where the handwriting was difficult to read have been typewritten.

THE  
MANCHESTER  
ANGLERS'  
ASSOCIATION.

M S M.

VOL VI



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# THE OLDEST OF CRAFTS

(Air - "At the fall of the year")



I propose to invite  
Your attention to-night  
To a claim that as anglers we hold,  
To take the first place  
In the sports of our race,  
As I'll show from the records of old,  
And if I've no case,  
I will gladly give place,  
But at present I haven't a doubt  
That the earliest dish  
That man ate was a fish,  
And in all probability trout.



Chorus.

Then here's to the sport,  
May it never run short,  
But ever have plenty of GO;  
So fill up and shout,  
"Long life to the trout,  
And the Oldest of Crafts, YO, HO!"  
And the Oldest of Crafts, YO, HO!"



Icthyologists tell  
Of a panic that fell  
On the fishes some ages ago,  
When with terror benumbed  
Many thousands succumbed,  
To a sudden and terrible blow.  
The professors declare  
With that sapient air  
Wherem learned professors delight,  
That the fossils they find  
Make it clear to their mind  
That this death was begotten of fright.

Chorus.



But taking to task  
Our Professor, we ask,  
"Can you tell us the cause of this fear?"  
Then he looks very grave  
And his answer is suave  
As he says, "Well, it's not very clear"  
But the Angler steps in  
And he says, with a grin,  
"If you cannot explain it, I can;  
'Twas some wag of a trout  
That had let the cat out  
And announced the arrival of Man"

Chorus.

In the matter of streams,  
It undoubtedly seems,  
That Eden was very well off,  
And that Angling began  
With the very first man,  
We assert, though the cynic may scoff.  
For how to kill time,  
In that beautiful clime,  
Must have bothered old Adam no doubt,  
Till he hit on the plan,  
Like a sensible man,  
Of tickling the Paradise trout.

Chorus.

In the days of the Ark,  
When the heavens were dark,  
And the waters had covered the earth,  
The jolly old trout,  
Who was cruising about,  
Must have thought it a matter of mirth,  
For there at his ease,  
In the tops of the trees,  
Regaling on excellent food,  
He said "To my mind,  
'Tis a very ill wind,  
That serves to blow nobody good."

Chorus.

Now the patience of Job,  
Is the theme of the globe,  
And that he was an Angler is sure;  
For he says in his book,  
That you can't with a hook,  
The wily Leviathan lure;  
As to Jonah's ill fate,  
Though it's sad to relate,  
How that he to the fishes was thrown;  
Yet we see in this act,  
The remarkable fact,  
That ground baiting wasn't unknown.

Chorus.

Then we'll drink as we ought,  
To so ancient a sport,  
Let your glasses be filled to the brim;  
What sportsman can boast  
Of a heartier toast,  
Than "The trout, and long, long may he swim."  
May he rise in his might,  
And with energy fight,  
And when his last struggle is o'er,  
May he never regret,  
'Twas an Angler whose net,  
Brought him safely at last to the shore.

Chorus.



# HURRAH!

*Now Spring times' coming back again,*

*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*When youngsters' flies will go crack again,*

*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*When lambs will fisk, and when birds will sing,*

*When we'll make up our rods, and our lines we'll fling,  
And we'll fish once more,*

*Now Spring's coming back again.*

*We'll cast o'er tarn and brook and stream,*

*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*We'll sup real Scotch and Irish cream*

*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*Hurrah for the Spring and for all it can bring,*

*Hurrah for the birds, and for everything.*

*And we'll fish once more,*

*Now Spring's coming back again.*

*Our old friend Davids' here again,*

*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*I hope that us all, he'll cheer again,*

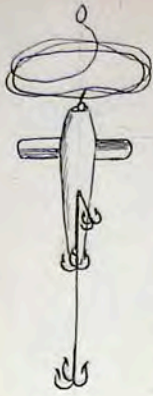
*Hurrah! Hurrah!!*

*For men must come and though men must go,*

*He's too good an angler as most of us know*

*Not to fish once more*

*Now Spring's coming back again.*



At Entwistle, as now we hear  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
We'll fish with "bit of Tin" this year  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
So I know one, who with-out doubt,  
Will, as of old, now "yark em out."  
And will fish once more,  
Now Springs' coming back again

Another change to-night we learn,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
Is made for fishing in the Tarn,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
So now if you manage to land a trout,  
Though but ten inches long, you're to keep him out.  
When you fish once more  
Now Springs' coming back again.

May we all meet with nought of ill,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
May water soon the rivers fill.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
May every one have sport this year,  
And tell us all about it here.  
When the fishings' done,  
For Spring will come back again

So now I've done, but still I say  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
Our waters are full of trout today  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!  
We've a President true, and a Council too,  
And I'm a full member, and so are you,  
So we'll fish once more,  
Now Springs' coming back again.



Come see me dress the Salmon Fly  
With feathers bright and gay,  
Of every hue and brilliant dye  
That tempts the scaly prey.

With azure pinions of the Jay,  
The tail of Buzzard brown,  
Mixed with the gorgeous colour frae  
The Golden Pheasant 'crown.

In harte from off the Peacock's tail  
I'll wrap the polished steel,  
And modestly will blend the hate  
We' peckles frae the Teal.

In flossy silk sue soft to feel  
A' doon the breast will ting,  
White hackles bright as cochineal  
Will form the under wing.

With purple from the gay Maccaaw  
The topmost wings are drest,  
And tinsel bright in many a row  
Binds round the gaudy breast.



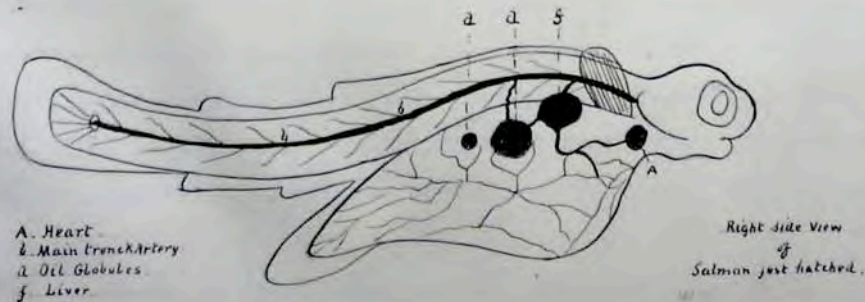
A plume from out his orange crest  
The Cockatoo will bend,  
Which droops behind in grateful rest  
To cover barb and bend

My fly is drest, I'll throw the lure  
To tempt the Salmon bold,  
A deadly bait, both sharp and sure,  
All swathed in shining gold.

The brightest rose bears 'neath its fold  
The prickly thorn concealed,  
While sweets that mankind dearest hold  
Oft rankest bitters yield.

Vice oft appears in pleasures garb,  
Let giddy youth beware,  
Beneath may lie the polished barb  
Among feathers bright and fair.

Deep hidden 'neath sic tinsel glare  
The wiles of life may lie,  
And brilliant follies gild a snare  
As deadly as my fly.





# THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual business of the Manchester Anglers' Association was held at the Grand Hotel on Tuesday evening, <sup>17th/1888</sup> when the following were elected Council for the ensuing year:-

The Rev. C. P. Roberts, president;

Mr. G. S. Woolley, treasurer,

Mr. Abel Heywood, junr, honorary secretary,  
with

Messrs. Robert Burn,

Charles Estcourt,

Thomas Harker,

J. A. Hutton,

H. J. Marstand,

Henry Sidebottom,

E. G. Simpson,

Joseph Thwaites.

In their report the retiring Council announced that the number of fishing members was complete, but there were a few vacancies among the non-fishing members.

At the fish-house at Horton, about 25,000 ova had been hatched last March, some of which had been put into a tarn (small mountain lake) in which the Association has the fishing rights, some into the streams, and others into the Reservoir at Entwistle, where the members have certain privileges.

This winter about the same number of Ova were

on the trays, and might be expected to be hatched early in the spring. Last year was very unfavourable, both for fishing and for the care of young fish, on account of the drought, but reports spoke very hopefully of the quantity of fish in both the tarn and the river.

## THE REV. C. P. ROBERTS,

In acknowledging his election as president, said he looked upon it as a great honour to have been called to the chair of such an association as this; It was different from all other associations, for here were sunk all differences, and good fellowship only was cultivated.

The meeting of such an association must do a great deal of good to those who attended them, but the association exercised good over a wider sphere. As would have been heard by the report, a good deal had been done for the little village of Horton.

The association subscribed to increase the income of the incumbent there; and it had subscribed towards a testimonial to the village postman, who has carried on his onerous duties for twenty-five years. It had certainly stirred up the sleeping little village, which would be a much duller place but for the visits of the members.

The association had now completed its first decade, and it was for the members to decide what shall be done in the second. He hoped that the meetings might be as genial as ever, that the fishing might improve, and that brotherly love might continue to increase.

MR. G. ESTCOURT

In acknowledging the vote of thanks to him as the late president, trusted that the great fishing ground (at the Corporation reservoirs) indicated by him at the annual dinner might soon be opened to the citizens of Deanchester. He hoped to work in that direction, and to be able to bring the results before the members of the association.

MR. G. S. WOOLLEY

Supplemented the remarks of the president as to what had been done in the village. One of the principal landowners had spoken to him in the most hearty way of the good that had been done by the association to the parish.

In his recollection nothing of such importance had ever happened to Horton as the coming of the Manchester Anglers to the village.

MR. A. H. HEYWOOD, JUN.

Detailed the circumstances of the beginning of the association, which, he said, immediately after its formation became a much more important one than he or his friends who first associated together had any expectation of. He spoke of the condition of unrest that the Secretary found himself in on this occasion, as well as on former annual meetings, from the fact that his arrangements as to papers for the year were not completed, and on inviting the gentlemen present to relieve him from this tribulation by volunteering papers, he at once received promises for the full numbers required for the year.

This, he said, he looked upon as the greatest kindness that could be extended to him

MR. T. H. HARKER

In responding for the retiring

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council, said as the early history of the association had been somewhat fully detailed, he might claim for himself to have introduced the association to the Horton district and its fishing ground.

MR. BRODERICK

In responding to the toast of his health, said his services were of a very trivial character, on account of the way in which the treasurer kept his accounts and papers; he had everything ready and in order, and he (Mr. B) had only to go through them. This was very different from what he often met with, and in some cases it was the duty of the auditor to put all the papers in order as well as to arrange the accounts. In Mr. Woolley's case the duties were very light, and he almost felt ashamed to take any credit to himself for his services.

MR. BERRY

In proposing the retiring council said that since he became a member of the



association he had not  
absented himself from one  
meeting. He considered it  
a great feature of the  
association that men of all  
shades of political and  
other opinion should be  
able to meet there in com-

mon fellowship. Beyond the Tweed he had heard  
the association spoken of with great respect, he had  
the pleasure of numbering among his friends Provost  
Wilson, and was glad to say, that the Provost had  
told him that the Manchester Anglers' Association  
took the very first rank among the associations  
of Great Britain. He also spoke in a very kindly  
manner of the gentlemen who had represented the  
association in Scotland, at the annual competitions  
at Loch Leven.

## CANON LEVY

In proposing the fishing committee  
said he regretted he was called upon so late in the  
evening, because all the good things had been  
said, therefore the meeting must please imagine

he should have said all those elegant things they had heard, if he had been permitted.

The President had spoken of himself as the figure-head, and he supposed then that the secretary must be the hands, and a diligent pair of hands they seemed to be. The treasurer was the pocket; the auditor was the doctor who felt the pulse.

He considered the fishing committee were really the back-bone of the association, and he was sure from what they had heard that night, that we had a most vigorous & strong back-bone.

He regretted that he had not been to Horton as often as he could have wished, but when there one thing impressed him very much, and that was the excellent Keeper, Walker; the enthusiasm of the committee had passed into that old man.

We have heard of fry and ova, we have enough to

make ones mouth water.

He was sure that in the fishing committee we had a most admirable part of the association they did their work well, with small means, & the pains they took indebted them to the thanks of the association.







MR. W. T. WYSS

Responded for the new members and said; I thank you very much for the enthusiastic manner in which you have proposed this toast of the new members. I feel the compliment all the more, because I am but little known to most of those I see around me.

I thank you very much for having admitted me a member of the M. A. A.

You will not obtain in me any accession to your fishing strength, I am no angler, if I have any talent in that direction it is latent, and time and opportunity must develop it; should that result come about, I can only say I shall have obtained a new pleasure, and that is saying a good deal for a man who has lived over fifty summers, and who has taken life pretty much as it comes.

A great poet has written

" 'Tis said that Herxes offered a reward,  
To him that could invent him a new pleasure,  
He thinks the requisition rather hard  
And must have cost his majesty a treasure."

Considering the modest entrance fee, and the small

subscription, if I should succeed in obtaining a new pleasure, I think I shall come out at less cost than the Persian monarch of old.

There is one thing that has struck me with admiration in the association, and that is the hearty good fellowship that appears to exist. I hope in that cordiality and good feeling that I am to be a participant and a contributor, nothing shall be wanting, so far as I am concerned to make our evenings pleasant, either here or elsewhere. I hope I shall never be a wet blanket. Again I thank you very much for having done me the honour to admit me a member of this association, and for the hearty manner in which you have given this toast.

MR. KNEALE also responded for the new members. He said that after what had been said by his fellow new member, he thought there remained little for him to say. He was glad to have had so hearty a welcome although it was the first occasion he had spoken before the members. He was not a man of many words and should probably be able to acquit himself better in the fistling part of the business.

MUSIC was contributed by  
Messrs. E. G. SIMPSON, C. F. BRENAN & H. WOOLLEY \*

## In Far Lochaber

An August evening in 1886 found an individual whom we will call the Doctor in anxious consultation with Donald Cameron over the relative merits of "scarlet bodies" versus "yellow bodies, Mallard wings," versus "Teal wings, and "fly" versus, what Donald would call the "worrum"; for had it not been pouring all day

### IN FAR LOCHABER.

BY P. H. MULES, M.D.

**A**N August evening, in 1886, found one whom we will call the "Doctor" in anxious consultation with Donald Cameron over the relative merits of "scarlet bodies" versus "yellow bodies," "mallard wings" versus "teal wings," and "fly" versus what Donald would call the "worrum." For had it not been pouring all day, and was not the river certain to come down a full water? And with a full water coming down, salmon would be going up, and this opened possibilities for the morrow, gladdening the heart of the angler who had come three hundred miles in the hope of such a favourable opportunity.

"Ye maun try the worrum," said Donald impressively for the ninth time. Now, if a worm be permitted under certain exceptional circumstances to turn, how much more may a human being revolt at the idea of such enormities! Donald's suggestion was met with a scorn which should have withered him, and he subsided for the moment, as the door opened to admit a stout weather-beaten man who, shaking the raindrops from his plaid, enquired in the cheeriest of voices, "Weel, Tootor, an hoo are ye the nicht? Ye'll be trying for a

flush the morn." "Ah, ha! McKenzie, and how are you? You're just in time," said the Doctor. And replying to the persuasive eloquence of the hostess with "just a wee drappie, Mrs. Gow, an here's t' ye all," McKenzie tossed off his nip and settled himself to decide the respective merits of the rival flies. Scarlet body and gold twist had it, with yellow body and teal for contingencies. So a solemn content reigned over the whole party, broken only by the ghoul Donald, who, in the pawkiest manner, enquired—

"Wad ye no think the worrum the recht thing, Maister McKenzie——?"

With "Half-past six and raining fine!" a voice the following morning roused the Doctor. A glance at his watch assured the astonished man that the night had actually passed. Raining it was, and although the addition "fine" might be a contradiction in terms, the meaning was fully understood. "When it rains in Lochaber, it *does* rain," said a witty old Scotch divine. "This is only a wee saft; we ca' it rain when ilka' drap just fills a toddy glass." Four other anglers, as enthusiastic as themselves, had preceded Donald and the Doctor on their six miles' drive to the river. There were lovely glimpses as the rain ceased from time to time and the clouds lifted; a winding road following the Loch-side and turning almost impossible corners, twisting up steeps and down pitches at an angle, on the average, of 45°; in the distance, stretching cloudwards, the rugged snow-capped crest of grim Ben Nevis; whilst from every jutting rock and craggy knoll leapt miniature

waterfalls, streaking the hill sides with silver and transforming the wimpling burns into sturdy little rivers, tearing their busy way onwards to the sea with a "Who shall say us nay?" brief assumption of importance. Passing the little store and the Highland smithy—round which, even yet, float phantom shapes wielding targe and claymore, whilst the anvil's ring conjures up the din of arms and the shrill notes of the pibroch—we meet the moist breezes laden with peaty scents and heavy with the balmy odours of bog myrtle, whilst patches of purple heather and waving fern-fronds stretch up the glens and brae-side, giving touches of colour to the landscape. Then the track winds past the old kirkyard and the tiny kirk, about whose moss-grown walls still lingers the halo of old-world "meenisters" whose sayings and doings, delightful in their quaint wit and simplicity, form a literature of their own. The old divines have passed away; their sayings, at least the witty ones, remain, and so do the grey weather-beaten stones, rich with many coloured lichens—fit memorials of the past. Still we skirt the loch, ever and anon passing clumps of birches with silver stems and pendant graceful foliage, like leafy fountains. Then, as the mist lifts seawards, a grey motionless object seen standing in the water suddenly awakens to life, and with a heavy flap, flap, a solitary heron sails ghostlike away, only to settle two or three hundred yards further on; whilst the whistling whaup, the most wide-awake of birds, leaves the rocky shore, and uttering its railing cry swiftly skims the tossing water. A nudge from the driver, and a finger

pointing far across the current, rivets the attention of both to a round black object running up with the tide like the head of a powerful swimmer. "Seal?" says the Doctor enquiringly. "Ay," replies his companion. "Three hundred yards?" is the next query. "Just about," is the laconic response, whilst such is the absorbing nature of sport that the thoughts of both regretfully revert to the rifle hanging up at home. A further space is traversed along the winding road whose beauties, ever fresh, can scarce be hidden by the rain-storms which come sweeping adown the glens, clouding the distant hills and making them a fitting habitation for the "children of the mist." But what care our anglers? For if a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning, a westerly breeze and a falling rain are prophetic of a full river.

Round another corner, and there on the "lip, lip," of the tide, swaggering about with inimitable impudence, are a pair of hoodie crows, their wise heads twisting this way and that, and their sharp eyes watching for unconsidered trifles brought on shore. For genuine impudence commend me to these birds. In a way they are valuable scavengers, and if only their talents were confined to this department, they would be useful adjuncts to Highland sanitation; but all is fish that comes to their net, and they welcome a healthy change of diet with the springtime. For be it young lamb, grouse-eggs, or young grouse, all is taken with equal alacrity into the omnivorous maw of Master Hoodie Crow. Then their ingenuity in robbing the grouse-

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nests is almost human in conception and execution. Two hoodies agree to go egg-hunting; let us go with them, and turn bird-language into Lochaber Saxon. An exemplary mother grouse is sitting on her nest, when to her advances hoodie No. 1, the spokesman. "Hoo's a' wi' ye the day, mem?" says he in the most suave of tones. "An' hoo's yersel, honest mon?" replies she, not to be outdone in politeness; for, being doubtful of her visitors, she is anxious to propitiate and not give offence. "The gudeman's no at home the day?" says he enquiringly; for he knows the cock-grouse will show fight. "He's awa' jest the noo," says she. All this time the second crow has been working round to the rear, and at a wink from No. 1, he gives the lady a violent peck behind. Twisting rapidly round to repel this unmannerly advance, the indignant matron exposes for a brief moment some of her valued charges; and a second later an egg is pierced, and the two hoodie crows, with fiendish chuckles, are sailing to the nearest knoll to consume their ill-gotten gains.

But now the anglers near their destination, and, as a distant rushing, booming sound catches on their listening ears, Donald's eyes glisten, and he says exultingly, "The fush will just be runnin' grand." "Eh! mon!" says he again, as a moment later the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a Highland torrent in full spate bursts upon their delighted eyes, "she's waxed varra big; ye'll just try the worrum." Ten minutes later, by practised fingers, the scarlet body and gold twist

was being knotted to the cast, whilst Donald, with a weapon of home manufacture, yet serviceable withal, prepared for a campaign with the worm.

The river rises in the deer forest of Scarva, high among the hills whose sombre shadows tell of sheltering corries and mountain fastnesses, the home of the fox, the raven, and the stag; and running a short length with a rapid descent, empties itself into the sea half a mile from the first pool. The watershed is extensive, but the descent so quick that the stream is at its best during, or immediately after, a heavy rain; then it is in perfection—a series of fine falls, with swirling foam-flecked currents twisting the peat-stained water this way and that into a thousand fantastic shapes, and merging into inky-black pools of apparently bottomless depths, where the water-kelpies hide, and the cunning old salmon who has gauged all the resources of the angler's art rests on his upward way; these, again, give place to rapids, through which the foaming waters boil and surge amongst huge water-grooved rocks, to fall by another cascade, partly veiled by steamy spray, into a sullen rock-girt basin at its foot. The first pool yielded nothing, for although it teemed with fish it was difficult to work from the side on which they were. The second venture was made at the junction of the Scairg with their own stream. There a misguided trout of goodly appearance rose at the fly, and was incontinently tossed on to the bank for his pains. "Noo thin, Toctor," said Donald, "bide a wee till I get me by yon rock, and then feesh doon the pool again." A few casts over the rougher

water, and, as the fly hung for a moment in midstream, there came a pull, and the angler was fast in a fish which, fairly hooked, had little chance of escape. The pool was deep, the way was clear; and in five minutes, at the foot of a coral-clustered rowan, Donald lifted a nice grilse of 4 lbs. on to the dewy grass.

But, somehow, after this the fish rose badly. The rain ceased, and the river fell quickly; the likeliest pools were drawn blank, and the fishers met their disconsolate fellow-anglers wending their homeward way with long faces, dry flasks, and empty creels. Even Donald failed to draw a prize from the bosom of the deep, nor could sarcasm of the most biting kind shake his belief in the virtues of his bait. "Dinna fash yersel," said he, "gin they feed at a' they'll tak' worrum, an' I'll set me doon a wee." So down he sat, like a scart on a rock, to dangle his worm again in the rushing water. The Doctor travelled onwards, till a noble pool stretched before him; a perfect salmon cast, with a grand rush of water at the head and falls at the foot, spanning which and pointing far up the hillside to the lonely cot of a mountain shepherd was a primitive wooden bridge, rocking and tumbling with the fierce blows of the tumbling water. Carefully fishing down the pool, a sudden plunge came, and again was the angler fast in a fish. Twenty yards of line in half the number of seconds whizzed through the rings; then with a mad upward rush an 8lb. grilse, fresh from the sea, threw himself, a glittering mass of burnished silver, three feet into the air, to fall with a sullen plunge just over the casting line.

Here was the danger; the water was very heavy, and the fish travelled down at an alarming rate. With care the first pool might be negotiated, perhaps the second; but here all chance of a kill ended, for below the third pool was a broken water full of rocks, through which no fish could be piloted. Where! oh, where! was Donald with the gaff? A despairing look was cast around, when, to the angler's relief, a shepherd with an eye to sport plunged down the hill-side through the purple heather, scattering his fleecy charges and startling a solitary grouse, which winged rapidly away with its accustomed "kock, kock." A frantic waving hurried him on, a few words sufficed to explain the difficulty, and at full speed he set off for Donald, as the fish passed over the first fall, to lie for a moment in the second pool. Still he bore down, taking all the angler's skill, as rush after rush hurried him further and further into the strong water. With every care he was guided over the second fall and dropped into the last pool where he could be killed. A shout—and just as all hope had departed and the fish was making straight for the rapids, out of which no human skill could have turned him, Donald, breathless with haste and eagerness, bursts into view, the shepherd close at his heels. There is one chance left—a deep at the head of the broken water. All the strain the rod can bear is brought on the fish; it slowly swings for a moment within reach of the gaff; its silver side is pierced, and with a whoop from the shepherd, who tosses his blue bonnet high into the air, far on to the heathery bank

flies the coveted prize. Just then the sun burst forth, bathing the glorious hill tops in a flood of golden light, and spreading a royal mantle over the purple moorland. Even hoary Glencoe, the grim witness of the most ruthless of massacres, looked less forbidding as he reared aloft his triple crowns; and with minds at peace with all mankind, the Doctor, Donald and the shepherd pledged one another in a bumper of "mountain dew," and drank success to salmon fishing.

**THE SCIENTIFIC ANGLER**  
(Air "Polly Perkins")

I'm a Scientific Angler and make it my line,  
Observations of temperature with flies to combine,  
With barometer & thermometer & Heaven knows what not,  
A vast amount of information together I've got.

Chorus (after each verse)

I tabulate & I fabulate with my note book in hand  
As complete a Scientific Angler as walks on dry land.



"They Fabulate"

In the crown of my hat theres a gauge for the rain,  
Anemometers revolve about the top of my brain;  
With a net to catch ephemeræ my equipments complete,  
And I'm scientifically clothed from my head to my feet.

---

Water flies have two orders, our note book declares;  
The Neuroptera, or nerve-winged, the Trichoptera with hairs,  
If an Angler's bills are in array, the Neuroptera he shuns,  
For he seems to simulate an interest in the family of Duns.

---

I hooked a trout one day, & so hot grew the fight,  
That the thread in my thermometer went clean out of sight,  
I was very parched, & sure enough when the fish broke my fly,  
My sympathetic old barometer had marked "Very dry"

---

An example from my note book may serve as a guide,  
But the name of the angler need not be supplied;—  
The wind & weather, fish & flies, it would seem I've forgot,  
But the whisky's character was excellent,

---

One lesson from our note book to heart we can lay,  
Like the families of insects, we all have our day,  
We now are in the larva stage, may we hope like these flies,  
When our time arrives for transformation, in perfection to rise.

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# INVITATION

Oe Gods in Heaven! I've a notion  
In these great days of locomotion  
Nor sea nor land need stop a man  
From fishing where so'er he can  
Permission get to throw a fly,  
Or worm or spinning minnow try.

This granted then, I dare to ask  
My friends to undertake the task  
Of crossing Erin's balmey ocean  
To carry out this little notion  
Hark'er! to Wicklow's rippling streams  
Oh come! and realize a fishers dreams.

Thou genial Hutton! bring thy tackle  
Thy flies so deftly made with hackle  
Fear not! thy welcome shall be hearty  
Bring Brennan too to join the party,  
And then like honest Anglers go  
To the waters sweet of the Annamoe.



1889

EASTER

IN ROUNDWOOD & WICKLOW

From Manchester to Roundwood occupies at the quickest rate of travelling some 14 or 15 hours, a time long enough for an Easter holiday; but as an Irishman might say "I'm glad I done it"

You must travel all night and sleep if you can. The Steamer lands you at Kingstown thence a short run of 20 minutes in the train finds you at Bray; and there not quite as fresh as faint please find us at half past 7 on Good Friday morning; three of us of course as there should be for hath, not the Shamrock 3 leaves.

Now all care is behind for Brenan whose foot is on his native heath is in charge, and we follow where he leadeth.

First the hotel. Into a palatial building are we taken a snug Maladdin's Palace as you will see. The land lord is in wait for us and has got baths ready for us! "Merciful Powers" what could you wish for more". The bathing over we found breakfast ready, dispatched it ordered an outside car which we soon saw at the door and then the Captain called for the bill "All right Sir there's nothing to pay" Are we still asleep and dreaming on board the steamer? No its stern fact our fellow member Mr. ... I do not think he would wish me to say anything about it, so we will see our luggage in its place and mount

found breakfast ready, despatched it, ordered an outside car, which we soon saw at the door and the Captain called for the bill "All right sir there's nothing to pay." Are we still asleep and dreaming on board the Steamer? No its stern fact our fellow member Mr -----, no I do not think he would wish me to say anything about it, so we will see our luggage in its place and mount our car. You will observe please that we ordered an outside car and the reason is that there are no inside ones, so you can't go wrong, and an outside car is the correct thing. Its Irish logic.

Well off we go and in about two hours and a half enter the village of Roundwood. I must not say much of the scenery on the way for that's not fishing. Suffice it that the first part of it is through the wealthy and populous town of Bray and its affluent suburbs where no signs of the "most distressful country" are to be seen, then we got into a Valley of rocks wild and picturesque, the road winding round the Sugar Loaf mountain and then we are in the open country with rough hedgerows of gorse in bright and glorious bloom on either hand and patches of bog, common and uncultivated fields, mixed up all ways lending to the mountains which limit our view in every direction. The one noticeable thing is the absence of population, there are few people to be seen and fewer houses. A hobbling old woman a decrepit old man and a few children, that's all we saw from Bray To Roundwood.

In the old days before Mr Brenan and Mr Hutton had been to Norway and joined the Blue Ribbon Army they used to call at every shibeen shop on the way (there's only one) and so for old associations sake we all called on Good Friday morn at Eliza Suttons to see the old woman. There are two things about an Irish cottage that are, I think, constants; it is not clean and it is not comfortable. Somehow the knowledge of either one or the other seems wanting and Eliza's place is no exception, there is no pleasant place for cottager or guest to sit in, nothing but the rudest ramshackle make shift all over.

The old lady is the Captain's old friend and he greets her in his own joyous hearty manner but without bringing a smile to her somewhat gruesome face. She has not got over the winter very well and shaking her head leans her face in her hand while she explains how she is a martyr to neuralgia how her face has been all raw with mustard but as the doctors says, nothing will do any good, she is going to try nothing more for it. The pain has now got down to the tip of her chin so she hopes it is going out there please God. I wish I could give some of her laments in her own words, which were really most extremely well chosen with an occasional startler that would make you split if the poor old lady was not so serious and so evidently depressed by her pain. She remembered that Brenan had taken a photograph when last there of one of her daughters and a baby, which was since dead and asked if he could let the mother have one. "No I'm sorry to say it did not turn out a success so I cannot help her" he was obliged to say and E replied "deed I'm very sorry too Sir, and sure Mary will be twice as sorry"



It is not far from Ellen's to Roundwood and as we approached the place Hutton gave a wild haloo to summon the people of the Royal Hotel, which was the ambitious title of the Inn at which we presently drew up. Here we found a warm welcome from Mr and Mrs Englebach and there was quite a number of the Englebarh family so that at meal times we sat down nine at the table. We found everything prepared for us and in a few minutes were equipped and ready to take our seats on Mr Englebach's outside car and driven the couple of miles or so to the river.

The Annamoe has already been described, in eloquent and picturesque language such as I cannot aspire to, by one of the three present travellers. Could I borrow his manuscript I could not do better than quote him but as some of you know when that gentleman makes up his mind to a thing he sticks to it so what little I shall say of the duckling stream shall be my own and therefore brief, and as prosaic as brief. I do not know where the river rises. I only know that you come to it at a bend in the road and if you have a rod in your hand and can go past it you are a pretty strong minded man. But let me say a word or two of the short drive down to the water. It is again through a gorse covered country and I must say coming suddenly from a dirty brick town to this blaze of golden colour with its glorious contrast between the blossoms and the dark green of the spikes and leaves with the rich deep shadows in the cavernous depths of the foliage I felt much inclined to follow the example of Linnaeus and fall on my knees to thank God that I should ever have seen such a sight. The gorse is everywhere lightening up the landscape, in a blaze of glory, but alas that it should be so; it is but a sign of neglected fields of half tilled lands and a despairing people.

But as well as gorse we have seen a few cottages, some of them rough and dilapidated enough in all conscience to make a picture of for the photographers and some mental notes were made that another journey must be taken down here with a camera instead of a rod; one wonders if the people pay any rent for cribs like these and it is from such places that we read of evictions and distress. On this point we could gather no information; our driver either knew little or cared to say little.

I was in the hands of the Captain and while part of the freight of the Car was put down at the above mentioned corner I was carried on another while to Annamoe Mill and the Bridge. This is a favourite spot of Mr Brenan's, he has photographed it over and over again and caught fish there as frequently, so while he commenced operations I went below the Bridge and first threw line on as captivating a pool as trout fisher could desire. The bridge is of irregular and picturesque build it is fringed on my side (which was the left bank) by the ubiquitous gorse, has a fine dark June wood

on the opposite bank and the brown water of the Annamoe (for it is a peaty stream) dashes and ripples and dances with delight as it rushes through the shadowed arches and emerges to be hugged by those two beautiful banks. I soon raised a fish and missed him, but there was not much vexation in that for he was a little one! Then I landed two or three (for they came fast enough for anything) but they were little two or three ounce trouties, which my gorge rose against basketing. Mr Hutton had told me I should need no landing net but I did not expect the fish to be so very small as I soon found they were all likely to be. I fished down some half a mile or so casting at nearly every yard for nearly every yard is fishable and getting nothing larger retraced my steps and joined the Captain at the bridge again with nothing in my creel. Mr B. was pulling them out and basketing them and before long I began to do the same, but I think I was driven to it by the sorrowful eyes, which a young girl near the Mill cast upon me as she saw me throwing back the little fish. Probably she thought me daft to be so throwing things away. I remember once fishing in Scotland and catching fish of about the same size and carefully putting everyone of them back until a girl on the stream side who watched me for some time could bear it in silence no longer and called over the water to me "You should keep all the troots" and I think she was right; where little trout are so thick and so hungry as they are in the Annamoe it is a good thing for the stream that a lot of them should be taken out. Our party were really benefactors to the district for removing so many of the fish from their over populated quarters.



From the Mill upwards you have water of every description again all of it fishable but nowhere will the size of the trout improve, otherwise the stream is all that man could desire; it is beautiful, flow in now through copse now through moor, now you have high banks with deep pools now low and open banks with shallower pools and swifter runs, every possible variety of water is there for you and after all if the fish are small they are at any rate good to eat. When we met in the evening at that top pool, where the road runs close by the river what a shoal of these little trouts did our creels deliver up; all had fish; there was Mr Hutton who as ever topped the tree, Mr Brenan, Mr Englebark, George and Frank and Jim and Tom (the latter a friend of the boys) and the present narrator. The total catch might be expressed in dozens, in scores, or in hundreds, but there was not one fish of four ounces in the lot though I do believe I raised a giant of about that weight in one of the pools.

Still it was joyful day for as the Proverb says "Small fish are better than none" and here comes James with the outside car to take us home and when we get there we find a cheery welcome from Mr Englebach and dinner ready, which a merrier party never say down to devour.

Now there is in real Irish Inns a real Irish dish always served up for dinner if the dinner is a good one. Friend Brenan had prepared us for it, the day long he had been anticipating and smacking his lips at the thought of it, a rare good boiled leg of mutton with a flap. It was the flap that distinguished the dish from all other boiled legs and there sure enough when the dish made its appearance at table was a flabby, sickening flipperty flopperty lump of fat attached to the leg and about the size of a child's cricket bat. Would anyone have flap? No, no one would so the valiant B. took the lot. We who have travelled before with that gentleman know him not to be of delicate stomach, but that flap was too much for him, slower and slower became the action of his knife and fork, silent and more silent became his ready tongue. How often do our cherished anticipations prove but delusions which possession awakens us from? Poor B. he struggled manfully as you might be sure he would but gave in at last and Mrs Englebach's beautiful dog Shep—a gift by the way of Mr Harker cleared off the difficulty at one gulp and Brenan was himself again. I must not linger over the pleasant talk of the evening or the plate juggling in which Mr Englebark is a proficient and Brenan soon found the knack of. We all went to bed early and happy and rose betimes and refreshed.

There is a fox chained up in the yard of the Royal Hotel, which leads the life of any dog. The photographers determined to secure him but he was full of cussedness. When you didn't want him to he would jump on the top of his kennel and snarl at you; when you wanted him to do this he would slink round the kennel and hide himself in the deepest shadow or run about like mad from side to side. The stable boys unwisely tried to force him up, got into his stinking Kennel so that he should not go in, set the dog on him (fortunately a good tempered creature that loved the fox like one of his own kind, indeed he is, I suppose, a sort of half cousin) but nothing would do and my photo I assure you has no fox in it at all. But I was happier with the pigs, whose portraits (minus their heads which are so buried in the trough) I succeeded in securing.

This was for two of us a photography day so it should be passed over quickly as shall another day devoted to the camera which followed. On one of these we went Glendalough and the seven churches, a district fully represented in Mr Brennan's series of lantern views already shown here. The other day we journeyed to Loch Dan. Either of these excursions is delightful but the former is the most famous.

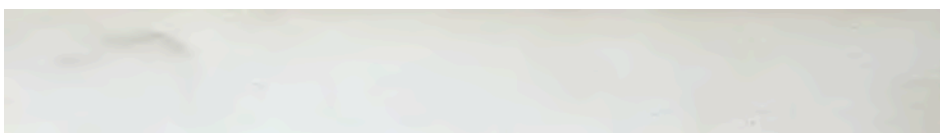


On the first of the two days while we rested and changed our plates in the Inn at Glendalough a damsel if I may call her so, whose portrait I secured so that you may judge for yourselves came to ask me to purchase some little specimens of lead ore and as I did not want any said she had a little song to sing to which I replied that she might sing me her song and off she set without a moments hesitation singing some dismal narrative in a tuneless drone. In reply to my question she said she had got it from a "History Book" and that's all I know of it or that she knew of it for no one could say what it was about. After this I took her portrait and the lot was cheap I think at sixpence. Very cheap I should say for a clean old woman whom we met soon afterwards in the burial ground of one of the seven churches, somewhat indignantly as I

thought informed us when the above humble coin was given to her for a similar service, that the last time she was took she had four shillings given her by some gentleman, and she proceeded to give details, which showed Mr Brennan that he was one of the Gentlemen in question and that it was Mr Harker who had been so extremely generous when the collection was made.

James subsequently informed me in a somewhat sour manner what was the cause of this profuse generosity on our reverend friend's part; it was he said a thanks offering in remembrance of his having been preserved from drowning. The story of this episode as told by James is one that I would present to you if I could but none but an Irishman could tell it "Oh By..." said James using an exclamation using an exclamation which I cannot believe Mr Harker ever uttered "Oh by..... I'll be drow'nt" "and he did make hole as he went down and a bonny splutter when he come up" but James landed the biggest, the best and the most valuable fish that day that has ever been taken out of Annamoe, more power to him, and Mr Harker is now here in propriae persona to laugh at the recital of his fears and woes, more power to him too.

The village of Roundwood is not a very extensive one. Most of its houses are one storey high only and that one storey is low so that the place as you approach it has, as have Irish Villages generally, a very squat appearance. It consists of two streets at right angles to one another with a large new Church at the angle and four buildings that are over one storey in height. These are the two Hotels, which are right opposite one another. The Shopkeepers and the Police Station, with its bullet proof shutters laid back in its whitened walls. Most of the cottages are well thatched and white washed so that they look trim and clean at the front; but there is one curious thing that struck me particularly; except at our hotel where there is a largish garden at the back, I do not think there is a flower cultivated in the whole village. In an English village we should have had a little garden before every door, bright with primroses daises and budding shrubs, but there is not one her, Where there is a space, and I think I have a photo of one, it is taken up by a dung hill or refuse heap of some kind. It is a very strange thing which I cannot understand.



My last days fishing was in the lower waters of the Annamoe not far from Glendalough and not far from the fateful spot where Mr Harker temporarily disappeared. The water is somewhat larger than where we fished before and the river is even more beautiful both from an anglers and an artist's point of view. There are now fine pools in which two pounders might well lurk (they don't) there are streams and roaring rapids, every charm that an angler could desire, all except decent fish, is there in that beautiful, beautiful stream. But fish as we would it was only two ouncers that replied to our invitations.

The day was a magnificent April one with the rapid alternations only April can give us. Brilliant sunshine, glorious piled up clouds, heavy rain and hail, gusts of wind, bright blue sky again, that's the variety we found on that delightful day. Shakespeare hits the thing off to the life in a couple of lines as no other man can do---

“Oh how this spring of love resembles  
The uncertain glory of an April day  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun  
And by and by a cloud takes all away”

As I crouched under a bank shaded by a gorgeous gorse bush in perfect shelter while the hailstones came rap, rap, rap, on my rod I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful than the blaze of colour that surrounded me, the golden gorse, the russet hill on the other side of the stream, the gentle green of the springing grass, the glorious blue of the reflected sky (for it was only a bit of a passing cloud) and the purple rocks dripping with rain and sparkling in the sunshine. Ah that is the delight of Spring Angling. If we catch only little fish what does it matter, our minds are purified and our hearts made thankful by scenes like this.

There is an old book published I think in 1616, a modern copy of which we recently added to our library, “The Secrets of Angling” by John Denny, which had a verse (it is all in verse) breathing this kind of feeling which being a Lancashire man said “my sentiments only better expressed” I will quote—

“All these and many more of his creation  
That made the Heavens, the Angler oft doth see;  
And takes therein no little delectation  
To think how strange and wonderful they be  
Framing thereof an inward contemplation  
To set his thoughts on other fancies free,  
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye  
His mind is wrapt above the starry skie.”

There were only three of us fishing this lower water, Mr Englebach, MrBrenan and myself and I think I got the most fish but my heart was fuller than my basket. Those boys up the water had more fish than any of the elders except Mr Hutton, whom we must always bar, and again our total count was in the centuries.

And now our little holiday is over, we have spent the last of our joyous days and our mirthful nights; our kind host and hostess only complaining that we had not come for one week have bid us farewell. Then we had 14 weary hours hastening home again and the Easter holiday is a thing of the past.



by Abel Heywood, other fishers were Brenan and Hutton

ON THE  
DISTRIBUTION OF THE GRAYLING

Reading the other day that interesting work by Dr Day on "British Salmonidae" I came across a curious geographical blunder in reference to the various rivers where the grayling is found: viz, "In Derbyshire and Staffordshire, — the Dove, the Wye, the Trent, the Blithe, and the Hodder"

The last mentioned stream we all know to be one of the most charming rivers of Lancashire; yet it flashed across my mind that I had seen this same mistake before; and I presently discovered it in an article by Cholmondeley Pennell in one of the Badminton volumes on fishing. There too the Hodder figured as a Staffordshire stream, and upon further investigation I was much struck by the similitarity between different authors, both in their mistakes and in the wording of their sentences. It reminds one of the cribbing of a school-boy who copies the bad and the good alike.

I propose to read a few illustrative extracts, as far as possible in chronological order; but as I have not carried my search further back than the present century, perhaps the originator of the blunder is yet to be found.

The first quotation is from "Salmonia" by Sir Humphrey Davy, published in 1828.

"The grayling is a rare fish in England,  
" and has never been found in Scotland  
" or Ireland. I know of no river further west  
" than the Avon in Hampshire. They are  
" found in some tributary streams which rise  
" in Wiltshire. I know of no river containing  
" them on the North coast west of the Severn;  
" there are very few only in the upper part of  
" this river, and in the streams which form  
it in North Wales. There are a few in the Wye  
and its tributary streams. In the Lug which  
flows through the next valley in Herefordshire,  
they are found, but are not common.  
In Derbyshire and Staffordshire, the Dove,



the Wye, the Trent and the Blithe afford grayling; in Yorkshire on the North Coast, some of the tributary streams of the Ribbles - and in the South, the Ure, the Wharfe, the Humber, the Derwent, and the streams that form it, particularly the Rye.

I only quote this passage to point out that it forms a sort of foundation for some later writers to work upon. Ronalds quotes it in full, but acknowledges the original author. It is curious to note that no mention is made of the Derbyshire Derwent, a far more important stream than the Wye. In "Fly fishing" by Shipley & Fitzgibbon, published in 1838, we find the mistake in the following passage; -

"In the Southern counties of Hampshire and Wiltshire, the grayling is found in the Test and in both the Avons. In Herefordshire in the Dove, the Lug, the Wye, and the Iron. In Shropshire in the Teme, and the Clun. In Staffordshire in the Hodder, the Trent,

the Dove, the Churnet and the Wye. In Derbyshire  
in the Dove In Merionethshire in the Dee, between  
Curwen & Bala. In Nottinghamshire in the Trent.  
In Lancashire in the Ribble. In Yorkshire in  
the Derwent, the Ure, the Wharfe, & the Whiske near  
Northallerton. Mr. Haysham says it is occasion-  
ally taken in the Eden & the Esk in Cumberland.

This passage contains several mistakes.  
The Hodder as was pointed out before, is a Lanca-  
shire stream; the Wye is in Derbyshire, not in  
Staffordshire, & the Dove is as much a Staffordshire  
as a Derbyshire stream; as in Davy no mention  
is made of the Derbyshire Derwent. These mis-  
takes are the more inexcusable, as Chiplesey was  
a native of Ashbourne.

Passing on to 1885 we find Pennell  
writing as follows in the Badminton Library.

"Of the counties producing this fish,  
"probably Herefordshire and Shropshire contain  
"the best, as they certainly contain the most  
"celebrated stream. The former includes  
"the dove, the Lugg, the Wye, and the Eron,  
"and the latter the Clun, and the Teme.  
"In Hampshire and Wiltshire the grayling  
is found in the Test, Wharfe, and both

"the Avons, in Staffordshire in the Hodder, Trent,  
"Dove, and Wye; in Derbyshire in the Dove, in  
"Merionethshire in the Dee, between Curleen and  
"Bala; in Lancashire in the Ribble; in  
"Yorkshire in the Derwent, Ure, Wharfe, and Whistoe  
"near Northallerton; and in Cumberland in the  
"Esk and the Eden."

The similarity between this and the preceding  
extract is very evident. Not only have the mistakes  
been reproduced, but the whole passage has  
been copied almost verbatim. Curleen is no  
doubt meant for Corwen. At first sight this  
seem to be a misprint; but in a quotation  
from a later book by the same author - ("Sporting  
Fish of Great Britain 1886") we find this mis-  
take reprinted in another form;

"In Hampshire and Wiltshire the grayling is found  
"in the Test, the Nech, & in both the Avons, etc; in  
"Herefordshire in the Teme, The Lug, The Wye, & the  
"arrow; in Shropshire in the Teme, & the Clun; in  
"Staffordshire in the Hodder, The Trent, the Dove,  
"the Blythe, and the Wye; in Derbyshire in the  
"Dove; in Merionethshire in the Dee between  
"Curleen and Bala; in Lancashire in the Ribble

"in Yorkshire in the Derwent, near Scarborough, in  
"the Aire, the Wharfe, & in in Whiske near Northallerton;  
" & in the Rye, Swale, Oesta, & (Yorkshire) Dove, near  
"Pickering; in Berkshire in the Kennet at Hungerford;  
"in Cumberland according to Keyshaw (but this  
"appears doubtful) in the Esk & the Eden."

Here we have practically the same thing over again  
with a few variations, & and another way of spelling  
Carver. I have only another quotation to make  
and that is from "Fly fishing" by Dr Hamilton, published  
in 1884; - "In England the grayling is found accord-  
"ing to Garrett & others, in the following rivers; in Hamp-  
"shire & Wiltshire - the Test the Heben, & the Avon:  
"in Herefordshire - the Lug, the Wye, the Irwon & the  
"arrow. In Shropshire, the Teme, the Clun, & the Corve.  
"In Staffordshire the Trent, the Dove, & the Wye. In Derby-  
"shire - the Dove and the Wye. In Merionethshire in the  
"Dee. In Yorkshire in the Derwent, the Ure, the Wharfe, &  
"the Whiske. In Cumberland in the Eden & the Esk"

This author although he perpetuates some of their mistakes,  
has at least the decency to acknowledge previous writers  
It is amusing to find, how a mistake started fifty years  
ago, possibly even in the last century, has been reproduced  
in the present day. It is not my wish to disparage the  
valuable works of any of the above mentioned angling writers  
as I have derived much pleasure from studying their books,  
& have gained many a useful hint from their writings; but I  
think it is a pity such a blot should appear upon their pages. Had they  
only given the original writer an acknowledgement of his labours, they would  
at least have saved their own reputations for correctness.

# *Fishing about Braemar.*

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Early in June I went to Braemar to take charge during my 6 weeks holiday of the English Church, and I paid a second visit there 2 years later. I hope my experience may be of interest to you all and of service to any who may have the good fortune to go there hereafter. It may be well to say that my two visits were made at the same time of year under diametrically opposite climatic conditions, the former being a cold and backward summer with scarcely a fine day, the



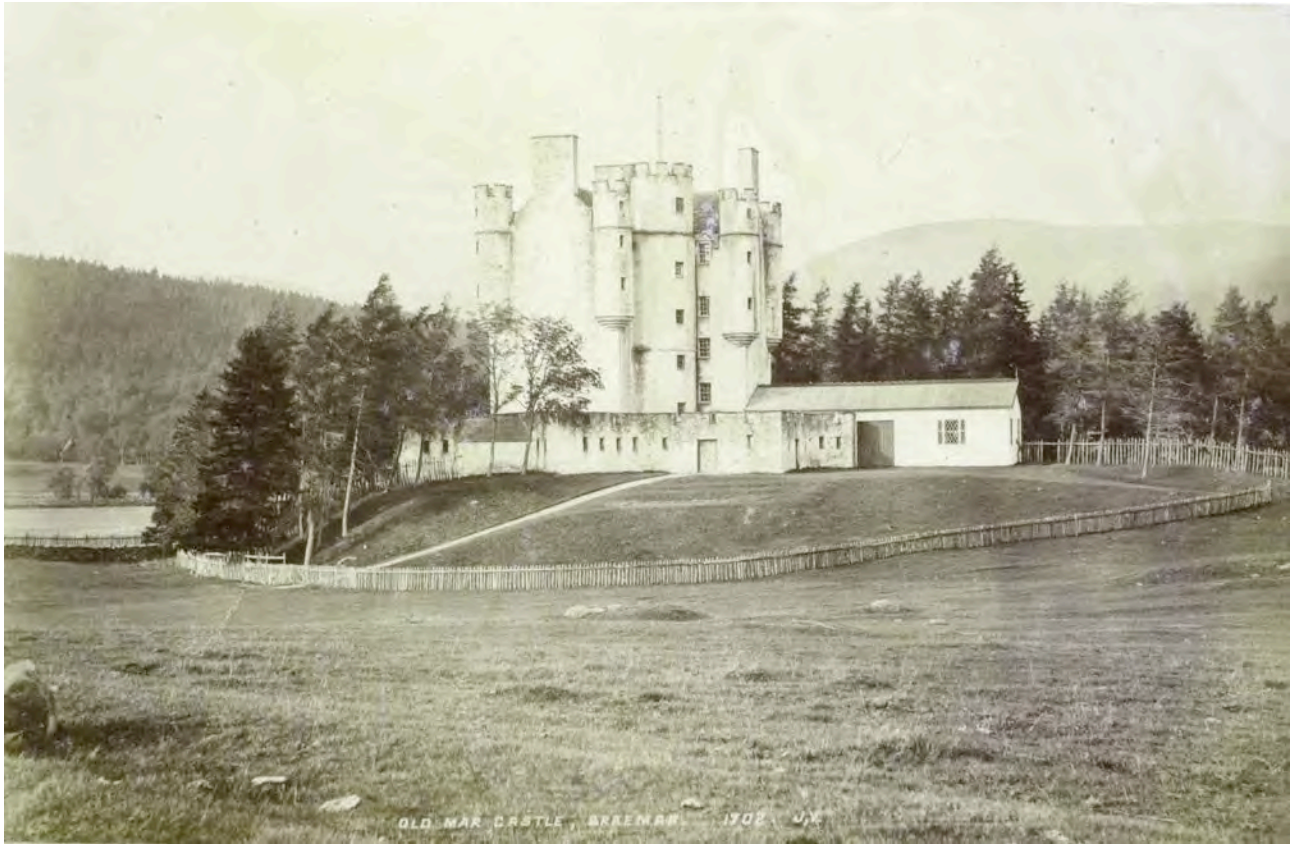
## FISHING ABOUT BRAEMAR.

BY REV. J. M. ELVY, M.A., MINOR CANON OF MANCHESTER.

**M**Y two visits to Braemar were made at the same time of year under diametrically opposite climatic conditions, the former being a cold and backward summer with scarcely a fine day, the latter dry and hot: the one pleasanter for excursions, the other more favourable for fishing. Braemar can be reached in three ways: by train from Aberdeen to Ballater, and thence by coach or carriage, a distance of eighteen miles; by coach from Dunkeld *via* the Spital of Glenshee, forty miles; and from Blair Athol on the Highland railway *via* Glen Tilt. The last can only be taken by hardy pedestrians without heavy luggage. I took the first. A coach runs daily between Ballater and Braemar in the season, and twice a day during the height of the season, July, August and September. The road follows the right bank of the Dee, amid scenery of the grandest description. Pine forests mingle their sombre foliage with light graceful silver birches. On the left you have Lochnagar before you the whole way, and in front from time to time you come in sight of Ben MacDhui, with other giants of the Grampian range. In June these mountains are still capped with snow,

which remains in the gullies even well on in July. About six miles on you pass Abergeldie on the opposite side of the river, and three miles further on come to Crathie and Balmoral. Here, if you are so disposed, you can pay a pilgrimage to the tomb of John Brown, which, I am told, attracts more visitors than the more exalted monuments. There is a good view of Balmoral from the road, and when the Queen is absent you can, with an order, go over the castle itself. The grounds are left very much in a wild state, which harmonises well with the surroundings, and shows the good taste of the Royal resident. The house is about equal to that of a second-rate nobleman in England. There is a noble hall, ornamented with heads of stags shot by the late Prince Consort, with date of slaughter and weight below. The carpets and curtains of many of the rooms are of tartan plaid. These are my only recollections of this favourite Royal residence, beyond the splendid hills and forests in the background—crowned in many places with monuments commemorating interesting events in the history of the Royal family—and the rushing river in front.

About five miles from Balmoral the road crosses to the left bank of the river, and shortly afterwards you come in sight of Invercauld House, the seat of the Farquharsons, who share with the Earls of Fife almost the whole of this splendid region. This is a finer mansion, and in a far grander situation than Balmoral. The late owner, Colonel Farquharson, occupied it very little, being fonder of the opera and the gaieties of



London than of salmon fishing and deer stalking. He went by the name of Piccadilly Jim, and among the most successful caricature portraits which have appeared in *Punch* was one of him dressed in full tartan, with his opera hat in his hand, standing amid the lamps of Piccadilly. After passing Invercauld you come to Braemar Castle, which stands at the junction of the Clunie with the Dee. This is a fortress of some antiquity and considerable strength, and remains much in its pristine condition. Its last military occupation was by a company of soldiers who were quartered there some hundred years ago to prevent smuggling, then common in the Highlands; its sole occupant now is old Angus, a pensioner of the Farquharsons, who knows every inch of the river, and every fish in it and how to get them out, and is always ready to impart his knowledge to those privileged to fish; a dear old fellow, who, I hope, is still in the land of the living, notwithstanding that he lived, all alone, winter and summer, in that dreary old castle.

Braemar is a straggling place, not beautiful in itself—no Scotch village towns are—but pleasantly situated on elevated ground with the Clunie rushing through it. There are two hotels there, the Invercauld and Fife Arms, which now carry on, though in a commercial spirit, the former rivalry of the two clans. These are often filled to overflowing in the season, guests being put up on chairs and sofas and the billiard table, as none can be sent away. There are plenty of lodging-houses. The usual plan is to take a house, from which the owners

retire into a shanty at the back. I hired one for £3 per week; not dear, as it accommodated all my family and servants. At the height of the season, however, it would let for £5 or £6. My advice is, don't go there in the season; go in May or June—the fishing is better then, the scenery fresher, and you get better accommodation. There are in Braemar Established and Free Kirks, a larger Roman Catholic Chapel, and the English Church, which is a very pretty building constructed of pine wood from the neighbouring forests. These Christian bodies, I am happy to say, live together in the greatest brotherly concord.

Now for the fishing. Not an inch of the Dee above Ballater is free for salmon fishing. The Invercauld water lets for some £300 for the season. The Invercauld Arms has a short length with two good pools in it, free to those staying in the house.

The Fife Arms has a capital length extending to the Linn of Dee, some six miles, which is let by the rod up to the end of May, and is free in June and afterwards to those staying in the house. Below Invercauld House the Queen comes in, and none but highly privileged persons can set their feet there. Above the Linn the fishing is in private hands, but I believe that permission for a day or two is not hard to get. The fish, however, do not go above the Linn till the end of May. Nor is trout fishing free, all the water being in the hands of the inns or of those who hire the shootings and fishings; but as trout fishing is not much accounted of, permission is easily got if sought in the right way.



My position as Chaplain of the English Church obtained me special privileges. Mr. Foggo, the factor for the Invercauld property, takes great interest in the Church, and at once gave me permission for trout fishing on all the water on the property, which includes all the best; and the landlords of the two hotels soon gave me leave for salmon on their lengths.

At first I confined myself to trout fishing. The Clunie, which is about the size of the Ribble at Horton, but more rapid and rocky, is the best trout stream. You should walk up it about two or three miles, and then fish up and down. There are plenty of fish, and you can mostly get a capital basket averaging three to the pound. The largest I caught there was  $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. They are not particular as to flies, but hackles do best. A few sea trout and grilse come up, and some salmon. The last are rarely caught there with fly. I got one on a March Brown when fishing for trout, and had it on some time. I should probably have killed it if it had kept to the pool, but after a time it took to the rough water below, where I could not follow it, and I lost it. I landed one with a worm of about 7lbs. The drawback to the Clunie is the multitudes of salmon parr, which, when the water is low, lie all over the stream and seize the fly as soon as it lights, and scare the trout away by their struggles.

By taking the coach for about nine miles, you reach the upper water of the Clunie, where large baskets of small trout can be taken after rain. The tributaries of the Clunie are the Callater and Baddock

burn. The former flows out of the loch of the same name, and after a course of some four miles empties itself into the Clunie, two miles from Braemar. It is a rocky stream with dark peaty water, and is good for trout with fly or worm—and with a worm there is a good chance of a salmon. You can go to and return from the Baddock burn by coach; distance six miles. You should walk up it about a mile, when you come to rocky pools and streams. Here, under favourable circumstances, you can take large quantities, but they will not average a quarter of a pound. Loch Callater, five miles from Braemar, is a fine sheet of water, amid grand scenery. Pike were introduced into it some years ago, and it is now useless for trout. There are many salmon in it, which I am told cannot be taken by fly or minnow. The shooting tenant nets it from time to time, when considerable numbers are taken. The stream before it enters the loch is good for trout. From here is the best place to make the ascent of Lochnagar.

A small mountain loch near is well worth a visit. You turn off to the left from the river Callater about four miles from Braemar, and come to it by following a stream, after a stiff pull of two miles. There you are in the midst of the wildest scenery, sacred to grouse and red deer. It is no use going there unless there is a stiff breeze from the west, the only wind which gets on the loch. It is about twice the size of Horton Tarn. I went twice, the first time catching fifteen averaging half a pound, the latter five rather heavier; but more and larger may often be caught. The fish are fatter and



gamer than any I ever handled. I can find no mention of this loch in any book. To my south-country ears the name sounded like Vatrach, which is, I believe, the Gaelic for Patrick, though what the patron saint of Ireland can have had to do with it I do not know. There is a loch near the top of the Glenshee pass in which fish of one, two, and three pounds may be taken. The fish, however, are shy. The best plan, I was told, at midsummer, is to go in the evening, fish till dark, wait during the hour or so of darkness, and fish again as soon as light. But as the region is of the wildest, and I had no companion, I did not relish the expedition.

The Dee does not rank high as a trouting river, but I have seen it alive with rising fish. During my second stay, when other streams were too low, I used to go to it, starting about 9 p.m., and fishing till 11-30 (up to which time, at midsummer, you can see to fish), and in certain parts took some very good fish; but it is well worth a visit at other times when one is not occupied with larger game. A good excursion from Braemar is to the Derry, a shooting lodge of Lord Fife's. You turn off the Dee at the Linn, and go up Glen Lui and Glen Derry. There is a fall on the Lui which prevents the salmon going up. The Lui itself has a bright white sandy bottom and the clearest water, and I should think that a trout could see you a hundred yards off. The Derry, which runs into it, has deeper pools and darker water, and is a capital brook for trout when there is sufficient water. I went up with a party, and, during my stay there to rest the horses,

caught about forty, one large enough to break me, which I caught as I returned, with the old fly still in its mouth.

This is the best place from which to make the ascent of Ben MacDhui, the second highest mountain in Scotland. From this point you can go on to the Tarfe, but it is a fatiguing excursion and somewhat dangerous if you should lose your way or get caught by bad weather. There are other tributaries of the Dee good for fishing, the Ey, Quoich, and Garrawalt; but I did not try them.

Now, as to salmon fishing, my first experience was on Sir W. C. Brooks's length at Glen Tanner, below Ballater. Before leaving Manchester I wrote to Sir William, who in response most generously gave me permission to fish there as often as I liked, telling me that if I wrote to the gun room a fisherman should wait upon me and show me the best pools for the day, and that I might have for myself the best fish I could catch each visit. This permission he renewed to me when I went again to Braemar. The offer was too good to be neglected, so one day I took the coach to Ballater, stayed the night at the Invercauld Arms there, and went by train in the morning to Dennis, where I found the fisherman in readiness. I must confess to my brothers of the angle that I surveyed this functionary with some awe. He was a stalwart businesslike fellow of somewhat stern countenance, and appeared to be master of all that can be known in salmon fishing. I, a complete novice, was about to perform in his presence. I debated with myself what I had better do, and as I reflected that he would soon find me out for himself, I thought the best course

would be to confess my ignorance beforehand. So I unbosomed myself to him, and, though I evidently went down somewhat in his estimation, he very kindly consented to take me to the side of the river where the easiest casts could be made. I felt clumsy at first with my 16-foot rod, and even with considerable exertion could not get out much line. But I soon improved under his instruction, and in about the third pool got into a salmon which, after some fight, was gaffed and safely landed. My first salmon—you can easily understand my feelings. I drank its health, and I did not forget to invite the keeper to do so too. It was but a poor fish, between five and six pounds, but I was proud of it. I did not catch another fish that day. A keeper was fishing on the other side, and I was surprised at the marvellous line he got out. While I with difficulty covered about one-third of the river, he with apparent ease threw right across. He did not throw a clean line, but bellied the water and then whipped over. This did not, however, matter in rough water like the Dee. My friend told me that he was considered the best fisherman on the Dee, which is saying a good deal. While I watched him, he hooked and landed a splendid new run fish which weighed 14lbs.

Sir W. C. Brooks has about six miles of the Dee at Glen Tanner on both sides. It is a splendid length, full of grand pools. He had also then the Aboyne water lower down.

On my second visit I trespassed on his kindness twice, and caught one fish each time, one of which