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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.

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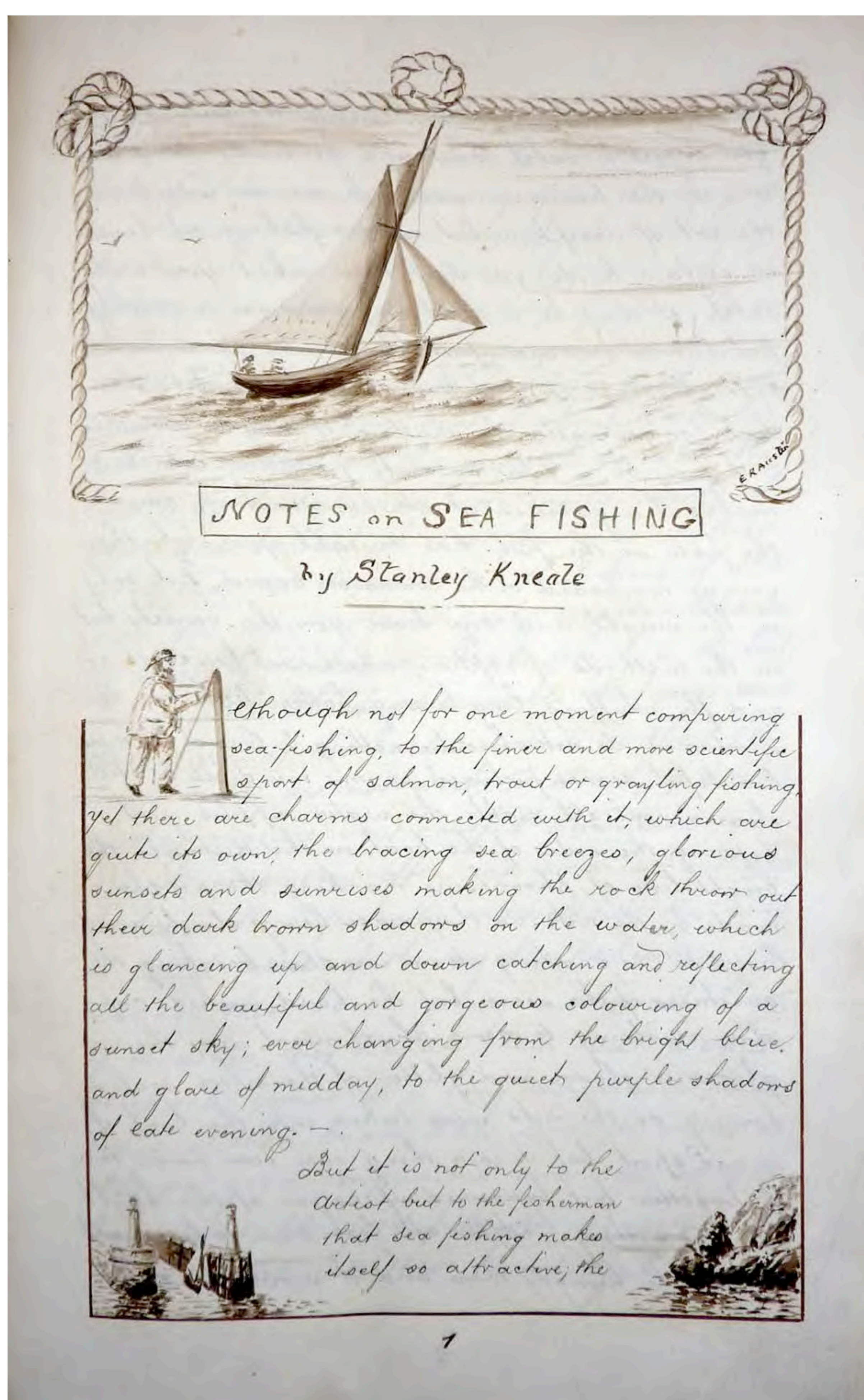

NOTES on SEA FISHING

by Stanley Kneale

Although not for one moment comparing sea-fishing, to the finer and more scientific sport of salmon, trout or grayling fishing, yet there are charms connected with it, which are quite its own, the bracing sea breezes, glorious sunsets and sunrises making the rock throw out their dark brown shadows on the water, which is glancing up and down catching and reflecting all the beautiful and gorgeous colouring of a sunset sky; ever changing from the bright blue and glare of midday, to the quiet purple shadows of late evening. —

But it is not only to the Artist but to the fisherman that sea fishing makes itself so attractive; the

NOTES ON SEA FISHING.

BY STANLEY KNEALE.

ALTHOUGH I do not compare sea-fishing to the more scientific pursuit of salmon, trout, or grayling, yet it has charms quite its own; the bracing sea-breezes, the glorious sunrises and sunsets throwing dark brown shadows of the rocks on the water; the waves glancing up and down, catching and reflecting all the beautiful and gorgeous colouring of the sky, the blue glare of mid-day, the quiet purple shadows of late evening. And not only to the artist, but to the sportsman, does sea-fishing make itself attractive. There is the "glorious uncertainty." When luring the lusty trout you expect to catch trout—and generally do if they are in the humour and you are an adept in the art of deception—but in sea-fishing, at least generally, you do not know what you will catch; it may be a codling, a conger, a mighty halibut, or any one of the hundreds of different species and varieties which inhabit the deep (or mostly the shallow); it may be an ounce, or it may be a fifty or sixty-pounder which makes it a question whether you have caught the fish or the fish has caught you; whether you go overboard or he comes on board. Not only in the weight and size have you variety, but in the methods of capture, whether with rod and fly, whiffing, long-lining, bottom fishing, or even netting. One of the most beautiful scenes pictured on my mind is a still, clear moonlight night, the water just lapping the sides of the boat; in the distance the bright line of phosphorus marking the ripple made by the nets as they were slowly windlassed in (not the snorting steam windlass breaking the calm of the scene, but the hand-worked capstan revolving to some rhythmical air), and the glorious gleam and glitter of the silver-scaled herring as the nets were taken into the boat. This was not sport, but once seen it was never to be forgotten; and, after all, fish have to be caught to feed the hungry man, and it would take a good many anglers to fill a boat with them by rod and line as was done by one sweep of the nets on that particular evening.

In Ramsey Bay, where most of my sea-fishing experience was gained, if you want a big day, long line fishing does it, especially in winter, when the cod is in its prime. You want four or five lines of about eight hundred hooks each, a smart stiff sailing-boat of about twenty-five feet keel, not too high in the gunwale, so that the lines may be taken in more easily, plenty of beam and ballast, and three or four men who know what they are doing; for, at that time of the year, you may see some nasty weather between the start to Bahama Bank (the best cod ground) about seven miles distant, and the return to harbour. As the cod-boats there are not decked, or only partially so, they require very careful handling; in rough seas very often one man steers and three bale. It is marvellous how some of the regular fishermen manage those boats; going out in all kinds of weather, they handle them with a skill which only comes from long experience and knowledge of boats, tides, currents, and winds. They are good companions, can spin long yarns and tell good fish stories, and are always ready to instruct an amateur. There is something very fresh and exhilarating on a bright winter's morning in starting off with a nice breeze, bounding from crest to crest of the short curling waves, everything light and buoyant, dancing in the sunlight, with your lips salt with the showered spray from your boat's rude contact with some large wave.

Arrived at the bank, down comes the sail, and mast too, if there is much sea or ground swell on; and over go the lines, shooting across the tide, and buoyed at the ends. Then comes two or three hours' waiting, which can be filled in by pollack, bream or bass fishing, the tide carrying out a lightly-leaded line and trace, to which are attached flies, spinning-baits, or, best of all, sand-eels. If the fish are in the humour, and the tide right, which is the most important thing (neap tides are the best), you may have some capital sport with pollack, although they are not quite so large here as in other parts of the bay. The bass and bream are scarcer and more uncertain. Then comes the time for lifting the long lines; cod, skate, flounders, plaice, halibut, red and grey gurnet, congers, dog-fish, and many other kinds come tumbling into the boat, but, of course, principally cod. Occasionally a halibut or skate bigger than usual requires two or three gaffs to bring him over the side. I have seen halibut five or six feet long brought in by the cod boats. Buckland mentions one caught in Ramsey Bay as among the biggest captured round the coasts of the British Isles. With two or three cwt. of fish in the bottom ot the boat, the lines neatly coiled in the baskets, off you start home again with a freshening breeze, and generally a good bit of beating, as the prevailing winds are off shore, westerly or sou'-westerly; and, unless you have a good suit of oils on, you will not have many dry garments by the time you get back to the harbour.

But from a sportsman's point of view, by far the most fascinating fishing is with rod and fly or spinning tackle, for pollack, cod-fish, codling, and, occasionally, mackerel. This sport was ably and charmingly described in the first series of "Anglers' Evenings," in a paper entitled, "Rod Fishing off the Isle of Man," where the whole art of pollack fishing is so fully discussed that there remains little to say. The most important thing is to get the right tides, weather, and time. I have always found the flood tide much the best, the fish coming in with it closer to the rocks, except when the sea is rough. Then, of course, they keep to the deeper water, are more scattered, and have to be fished for with much heavier leads. The best time for pollack fishing, as for most sea-fishing, is in the early morning about sunrise, or in the evening after sunset; they come nearer to the surface then and rise more readily to the fly. The autumn is the best season, although in some years I have known them to be very plentiful in May and June.

As in any other kind of fishing, the finer the tackle the better the sport. Single salmon gut is quite strong enough for your traces or flycasts; you may lose some flies or spinning tackle now and then (generally in the weed) but in the long run it will repay you. The tackle sold on the spot is made of twisted gut or gimp, and would pull a whale out; as a rule, the tackle used by the boat fishermen is very clumsy, but of course they do not use it with a rod, but simply a hand-line. They very rarely fish for pollack, as it is not a good eating fish and there is no market for it; and they consider you are rather idiotic to waste your time on the "kelleig," as they call them, when you might be more profitably employed long lining, bottom fishing, or mackerel fishing. Undoubtedly, the heaviest fish are taken by trolling with the sand-eel with a fairly heavy lead, say three or four ounces, so as to sink the spinning sand-eel two or three fathoms below the surface, according to the tides and time of day. The fish always lie nearer the surface in the evening.

On a fine calm night, as you are rowed in and out of the little bays, overshadowed by the great towering rocks looking dark and mysterious against the sunset sky, with the quiet dip of the oars, or a disturbed cormorant slipping into the water from his resting-place, or now and then the splash of a fish as he rushes to the surface in pursuit of some small fry, breaking the quietness of the scene—suddenly there is a tug and a splash, followed by the delightful screech of the reel, as away goes a good pollack to his home among the weed. You follow, giving him all the butt you can to prevent his going down—their tendency is generally down; they scarcely ever rush to the surface, as salmon or trout sometimes do when first hooked, but seem to know by instinct that their safety lies in the long dark tangle, in and out of which they endeavour to thread your line. They often take eighty or ninety yards of line off your reel, and you have to follow them with the boat. I remember one day, after a long rush, following up in a boat, winding in as I came along until I got right over my fish with a big strain on all the time, as much as a strong salmon gut would bear; but not an inch would it budge; however, patience hath its reward, and knowing the sulking habits of my friends the pollack, I continued to keep a steady strain on, fearing all the time that he had fastened me in the long brown weed at the bottom. After about ten minutes I felt a slight stir, and he came to the surface quite played out; the gaff quickly transferred a good pollack of fifteen pounds into the boat. It is a fish that caves in very quickly after the first rush or two; very unlike the mackerel, which, for its size, is the hardest fighting fish I know, either in salt or fresh water. But if the fights in pollack fishing are not very hard or long they are frequent. On a good day you have not to be content with one fish, as in salmon fishing, but can count them by the dozen. Then there is the delightful pull home—if the evening is chilly you are only too pleased to take a turn at the oars; if not, comfortably settled in the stern, puffing away at your favourite pipe, a goodly array of shimmering fish lying in front of you, and, in the distance, the town and harbour lights guiding you home to a good supper to which you feel you can do full justice, you begin to think there are many less enjoyable sports than pollack fishing. Of course there is another side to the picture, when, minus fish, a stiff wind off shore and a choppy sea making it rather difficult and dangerous work, you are glad to pull into the friendly shelter of a headland, beach your boat on one of the little gravelled bays, high and dry out of the reach of the tide, and tramp home trying to dry your soaked clothes in the five or six miles between you and a good fire and refreshment for the inner man.

When fishing for pollack along the rocks you often have some good fun by bringing a rook rifle and thinning the cormorants which line the coast. Although in the Isle of Man they are protected all the year round by the "Sea Birds Protection Act," they are of no service to the fishermen, as are the gannet and gull in guiding them to the fishing grounds; and in thinning them down you are doing good service, especially to the river fishing. On some of the Manx streams I believe they do more to destroy the salmon and trout than all the fishermen and poachers put together. In the spring I have seen dozens of them right at the entrance of the harbour, when the white trout (as they are called there) are about, destroying them wholesale. One cormorant can very quickly dispose of two or three dozen of those small fish which Mr. Day has pronounced to be young sewin. They are a greedy bird, and to use an old expression, "their eye is very often bigger than their belly," or rather throat, as up the Sulby river one day I picked up a cormorant choked with a four-pound salmon. These birds also go up several miles inland to the fresh water, the trout and samlets having little chance against them.

The biggest day's sea-fishing, in point of numbers, that I ever had was a fine day in June, a good many summers ago, in Ramsey Bay. L——, who was not a rod fisherman, but was very keen and always worked hard and successfully with the hand lines, two cousins, myself, and the boatman made up the crew of the *Snaefel*, a small open schooner of about twenty-five feet keel; a very handy fishing boat, and much more convenient than the larger, partly-decked, sailing boats you now get there for hire. She was also a fast boat in her time, and many are the races we have had going or returning from the fishing ground with the lug-sail or cutter-rigged fishing boats. On this particular afternoon we had not much chance of trying her sailing powers, as it was almost a dead calm. Starting about three, we drifted out to the whiting ground, about a mile from the end of the pier, where the whiting come right into the bay. They are generally very numerous, although perhaps not so large as those caught off Manghold Head, which is about five miles from the harbour mouth, and, taking it all round, is much the best ground for whiting and other bottom fishing. As the tides run strong, and the water is deep, you require heavy leads, about 3lbs., to keep your line on the bottom. This evening we had not wind enough to take us out there, and since it is no joke rowing two or three tons of ballast along, we dropped our anchor in about five fathoms of water, so clear that we could see all

the fish on the sandy bottom. Whiting, unlike the pollack, are never found on a rocky bottom, and are generally enticed inshore by the sand eels or other small fry. To lower the sails and make ready the lines was the work of a very short time. The whiting lines generally used have a cross-bar of whalebone or stiff wire about a foot above the lead, to the ends of which the hooks are attached by a couple of feet of fine water cord. As the hooks and snooding are coarse, we used to put on a large trout hook, say No. 9, and a couple of strands of fairly strong gut, the greater penetrating power of the fine-wired hooks and invisibility of the gut telling a tremendous tale at the end of a day's fishing. Having our supply of fresh sand-eels on board, we cut them up in small pieces and bait our hooks, taking care to leave the point of the hook uncovered; over go the lines, and we begin in real earnest to pull in the fish. They were so thick that we very often had a couple of whiting on before the line reached the bottom. You generally find the bottom with your lead, and fish about a foot or two off, but this evening it did not seem to make much difference where, or how, we fished—up came the lines with two fish on each time, until it really became hard work lowering and drawing in. At last L——, who was very keen on a big catch, noticed that the boys' lines were down twice as long as ours. The fact was that they had got tired of bending over the gunwale pulling fish in, so they let their lines remain on the bottom, knowing that there were sure to be two fish on each line; after that L—— kept a sharp eye on them and held them steadily at work. The bay was literally alive with fish that evening; we caught whiting, cod, skate, sand-soles, plaice, mackerel, red and grey gurnet, dog-fish, and even herrings. It is a very rare thing for the latter fish to be taken by line in Ramsey Bay; however, that evening we had about a dozen of them, and finished up by catching a fine lobster on a hook which had got entangled in its claws.

About eleven o'clock, after seven hours' fishing, the bottom of the boat was so thick with fish that it rather hampered our movements, and we thought it time to start for home. Then began the business of counting our spoils, and we found we had six hundred fish of one kind and another. The local paper referred to the catch afterwards as not the charge, but the death of the six hundred. I think it was the record catch by hand-line that season.

But, of course, there are blank days in sea-fishing as well as in river-fishing. There are many agents at work to make the day good or bad—tides, winds, fish moving in shoals over a very extended water, shoals of dog-fish chasing and frightening them out of the usual fishing grounds, and dozens of little things which make sport uncertain. But if you are on the spot and have plenty of fishing time, winter and summer, as was my good fortune some ten or eleven years ago, you are bound to find the right day sometimes and have big catches which you remember, while the blank days are forgotten. Lately, in my brief visits to the Island, I never seem to get the big days I used to have, either on the river or on

Taking the sea-fishing of the Island generally, I believe it is much better than on other parts of the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish coasts, and I think anyone who is going over there would never regret taking a stiff rod of about sixteen feet, a reel with a hundred or so yards of line, spinning tackle, flies, and a good gaff. When living there I always used to land or board my pollack with an implement made of a large hoop of iron bound on to a boat-hook handle, the net being the ordinary tarred fishing net. Though not so portable as a gaff, I found it more effective, especially in rough weather, when the fish seem to have a knack of getting under the boat and sawing the line against the bottom. With a long handle and big net you can scoop them up some yards away from the boat before they have a chance of getting under it. Of course the net must be sound and strong, as with a fifteen or sixteen-pound fish there is often a big strain on it. As the trout-fishing in the summer months is indifferent, the streams generally being small, low, and clear, worse sport may be found than is yielded by a few evenings among the pollack or other kinds of fish, and the beautiful rock scenery and sunsets which are seen in such perfection from the water.

Nil Desperandum

Anglers Version by R Godby

At the dawn of the day when morning is cool
The Angler goes hopefully out
And wending his way to the stream or the pool
He is bent upon taking a trout
And inhaling a sniff of fresh morning air
He sings "Nil desperandum" I'll never despair.

In the heat of the day he hies to the shade
Of a willow and there with éclat
His one little trout on the bank is displayed
While he lovingly lights a cigar
And regaled with a whiff – Repeats the old air
And sings "Nil desperandum" I'll never despair.

At the close of the day when soft shadows fall
The Angler returns with his prize
And his wife rather icily asks – Is that all?
And turns up the whites of her eyes
He is weary and stiff but hums the old air
Singing "Nil desperandum" I'll never despair.

- Norway Past & Present -

by Abel Heywood Junr

There is nothing like looking back into the past to induce moralising, that is, if one is old enough to look back any distance, as a man of fifty years may surely be said to be. Old men we have it on the best authority live as much in the remembrance of the past, as in the enjoyment of the present, and no doubt the mist of distance - which enlarges objects like our unhappy days, gives past deeds and experiences a greater importance to those who participated in them than they ever really possessed. "O, the mad days that I have spent" exclaims Justice Shallow in his bragging retrospect and though nearer the touch of truth that only a mighty one like - Shakespere could venture on, he suddenly changes

"his mood proceeds and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead"!" I look back 20 years or so, to the time when my first voyage to Norway was taken, and the first thought that comes to my mind is that, the poor lad who was my companion, then a lad indeed, our fellow member and friend, Harold Woolley, my relative and affectionate companion, is alas, among the old acquaintance who are dead.

In those days it was an undertaking to go to Norway, and I made my will, as it was only proper I should before leaving. There was a steamer from Hull then, a small one to Bergen once a fortnight. I do not think the number of passengers carried was more than about 40, and the voyage took up about three days. Now you may get to Bergen three times, at least, per week, from Hull and Newcastle in steamers carrying about 150 passengers, and making the passage in about 36 hours. The sea is just about as uncertain in its temper as it used to be.

NORWAY REVISITED.

BY ABEL HEYWOOD, JUNR.

TWENTY years ago it was an undertaking to go to Norway, and before making my first visit I made my will, as was only proper. There was a steamer from Hull then, a small one, to Bergen once a fortnight. I do not think the number of passengers carried was more than forty, and the voyage took up nearly three days. Now you may get to Bergen three times, at least, per week from Hull and Newcastle, in steamers carrying about 150 passengers, and making the passage in about 36 hours.

Nowadays, when we land at Bergen, what changes we see! In the old days, Hotel Scandinavie, perched up aloft, where it still stands, was the chief hotel of the place, and there was, I think, only one other. Now Scandinavie is nowhere in the race, but it is in a quiet part of the town, close by the points from which the best views of the place and the fjords can be got, and so, on every one of my many visits, I have stuck to Scandinavie, and I think I shall stick to it still, if I go again. It was in Scandinavie that I ventured on the first Norwegian words I ever spoke. "Et glas vand," I said when I sat down, and lo! a handy maiden brought me a glass of water; a thing natural enough, no doubt, but one which made me think I had found a talisman, as indeed native speech is in a foreign land. Since that day I have added bit by bit to my stock of Norwegian, and now the tongue has no terrors for me—until I hear a native speak it.

In the old days you must leave Bergen by steamer or by carriole; now you have a little railway which will take you right into the heart of the country in four or five hours, as far as you could travel before in two days. But the two days were better than the railway ride, for the journey could not be surpassed for beauty. At Vossevangen, even in this old time, Fleischer was chief of the hotel-keepers, with a house not a quarter the size of his present magnificent establishment. Old Fleischer himself was not half his present size either, and he had not the air of business and care that now sits on his broad shoulders. He could even go a-fishing, which, if you will ask him, you will find he has not done for many a long day, and he had much more time to talk and laugh with his visitors than he has now. Then you might have half a dozen men in the house at one time; now you may have forty or fifty, and as many ladies—more's the pity—for I would rather have the old wild Norway—free from ladies—than the new.

There were some disadvantages, though. For example, you could get no food to speak of between Voss (where even in the distant past you really could get something to eat), and Gudvangen. At Twinde there was a bit of a station where I do not think you could stay at all. At Vinje, the next station, there were several hovels perched up far and far above the present high road, so far that modern travellers do not see or suspect the existence of the old Vinje, and in these hovels the only beds were boxes of straw, and the only food was what you brought. Here it was, on my first visit, that I saw the old hag who cooked for us, cleaning the cooking-spoon, preparatory to putting it in the milk she was boiling for us, by sticking it in her mouth and licking it. Now, in place of that primitive simplicity, you have a fine airy, pleasantly placed hotel, with nice clean little bed-rooms, and nice clean little girls to wait on and attend to you. But they don't let you go into the kitchen, and perhaps it is as well so.

I have mentioned that the old place is perched far above the new. This is a peculiarity common to the whole route we are now travelling on. Just about the time I made my first journey a reformation set in. The roads used to go, as the lemmings are said to do, *straight*; if a hill was in the way the road went right up it, and of course right down it, and on this account only, one would hardly know the roads now to be passing through the same country, everything is so level and so easy.

By this road to Vinje runs a very, very beautiful river, and twenty years ago it used to contain very fair trout, which is not the case now. You may fish at Vinje and catch trout by scores, but not one of them will weigh three ounces. Why this is I cannot say.

Vinje to Stalheim is still as of old; but the old Stalheim is gone. There *was* a bit of a place there, but now there is a huge establishment as big as a barracks. It is very nice, no doubt, but I am glad to have seen it before the barracks came. You will have to dine here, or say you won't; then go on to Gudvangen, by the road that can never change, and so reach the Sogne Fjord, or at least the branch of it called Nœro Fjord. It will be seen by those who know the country that I am skipping along pretty fast, and not attempting to expatiate on the beauties of the situation. But I am contrasting old and new, and Nœrodal old, or Nœrodal new, is, thank God, the same and for ever the same—ever the most stupendous and overwhelming landscape the eyes can look upon.

Gudvangen reached. What changes! What improvements? No; degradations. The place is full of hotels and touts and people; female tourists and male tourists; carrioles and carts, carriages and diligences, and even bicycles. Oh, it is terrible! There is a steamer too every day now, sometimes twice a day, and in the old time there was one once a fortnight *sometimes*, but not always, and my friend and I had to row in a small boat for half-a-day to get to the main fjord, and thus waylay the steamer. Perhaps that's not a sign of grand old days, and I won't argue that it is. But the fjord is not less magnificent nor less mysterious when seen from the level of the water from a little boat, than from a fast steamer with a lot of frivolous women and vapid men around you.

Just see the contrast here. Pass along that glorious fjord now, a region of grandeur and beauty so overwhelming that if you had eyes all over your head like a butterfly, every one of those eyes would be filled with wonder and amazement if you had any soul behind them. And what do you see? Travellers, female and male, pushing and "thrutching," or indulging in their wearisome gossip; reading *Comic Cuts* or some such stuff, and positively dead and stupid as to where they are and what is before them. They are even asking how long they will be on the journey, while they ought to be on their knees thanking God for the privilege of being where they are. They might just as well be at Blackpool; and why, why did they ever leave *that* happy pandemonium? That's the Nœro Fjord of to-day. Now look back through my time's telescope, and what do we see? A little boat, as I have said, slowly, slowly pulling its way along, now hugging the shore, now in the midst of the waters; every object passed at a leisurely speed, so that we have time to make its acquaintance and to *love it*. In sober earnest there is no comparison between the two methods. And then look at the company! I have said what sort of companions you often find now; see what we had then. We had one passenger, and he was our guest, but then our passenger was Björnstjerne Björnson, and for those five or six hours we had him all to ourselves. That we were not able to say much to him doesn't matter. The influence of the poet and novelist lives with one of us still, for I have read nearly all his books, which I probably should never have done but for this meeting. And then we had the delightful adventure at Frönningen which any one who likes may read about in "Anglers' Evenings" in the first paper ever read before the Manchester Anglers' Association, always excepting the good Colonel's presidential address. Notwithstanding all this, *we* shall, next time we pass along this fjord, no doubt travel by steamer; I fancy Mr. Ruskin goes home to Brantwood by rail.

Next we come to Lærdal; not so much altered, for it was always, within my recollection, an important place; but it is bigger, of course, and rejoices in a glass-fronted hotel of really colossal size, where you will meet at dinner seventy-five ladies and twenty-five gentlemen, all dressed up in their utmost finery.

The road from Lærdal onward (there is no chance of going wrong, for there is only one way) is only to some extent as it was. It has the same ultimate tendency as before, but it goes a different way about it. It used to be up and down just like a switchback railway, but it is now very fairly on the level, at least so far as the inland rise will allow of its being. The road has certainly changed, and it enables us to see that *we* have changed somewhat too. There is more to be seen along the road than there used to be; that is, we can see more, and the natural history of Norway may be taken in at a glance in a few hours' drive along that Lærdal road. One can see now how the whole land here has been under ice; it is as clear as that some of the land is now under water. The signs of it are on every side. Here we pass along by the foot of a huge moraine almost as fresh as when it was formed; now we mount another; now we see glacier-carried heaps on both sides of the river, sometimes high above, sometimes at the water's edge; and the first day's drive up the valley of the Lærdal will enable us to see how all this beautiful Norway has come into existence. Dr. Nansen, in his journey across Greenland, estimated that the ice-mantle covering that land is occasionally thousands of feet in thickness. If you have ever seen a glacier that is in active work, the Buarbrœ for instance, and observed how, like a huge plough, it rips and delves up everything except the solid rock that it comes in contact with, how it scrapes and gouges even the rocks, you may form some small idea of the work of a plough of this kind whose cutting edges have a weight of a few thousands of feet of ice above them. That is how the Norwegian valleys have been scooped out, how the fjords have been formed; and if you climb to the top of the hills that encompass you on either hand as you pass along the valleys, you find how it is that wherever you go in Norway you have waterfalls continually in view, sometimes three or four at a time. The great part of southern Norway is a high table-land with deep grooves scraped in it, and the fosses plunge down every here and there, because the groove has cut the river's course. All this you can see as plain as print as you drive up this valley.

By-and-bye we come to Husum, a large and important station now, but a very poor place when first I slept in it. But before we reach the place, we pass the spot on the river where my old friend and I first threw line in a Norwegian stream. Shall I ever forget it? Every feature of that charming stretch of water is photographed on my memory; it is twenty years ago, but is just as though it were yesterday. I don't think that the fishing can be now what it was, and you will see by-and-bye that I have, from my experience of other places, some reason for this belief. At this particular place I only had that one far-away evening's fishing while the "skyds gut" waited for us, and laughed and danced, as trout after trout came out of the water. I have never had such a time as that first time, never such weather, and never such fish. We must go on to Husum, where we find a house that might hold fifty people or so. Before, three of us filled all the beds. But in the yard, as though pushed into the corner, jammed up against the rocks, there still stand two little outhouses of the "stabbur" style that are unaltered, and that show us the "Gammle Norge" my heart seems to turn to.

It is not far from Husum to Borgund, and the road is a great change from the old one—a great improvement, I am fain to confess. The old one, of course, went straight up and dropped straight down; the new follows the course of the river, often under rock ledges hanging far and far over you. What a torrent the river is! boiling and rushing and tearing, not a bit of smooth water, but every drop urging along at express speed. You can nowhere have a better view of a fine Norwegian torrent than here. Now we come in sight of the Borgund

Old Church. Mysterious building! But what changes have come about! That horribly ugly new church, that hotel, and—oh misery!—a dozen men flogging the stream. Ah, what a fishing we had that first time! Nobody else there—probably never had been. How well I remember fishing from close by that cottage door, where just within my throw a great wide stream entered a spreading pool, and the dimpling waters were all within my reach. How, without stirring a foot, fish after fish (those bright beauties which no one knows the glory of who has not seen Norwegian trout) came to my net; more than once two at a time, until I had my basket full. Ah! that time is gone for ever, and last year when I drove down to Borgund with another friend to renew our old and delightful acquaintance, we found every pool and every stream occupied; and without a trout—without trying for one—we drove back again dejected and forlorn.

We are going further up the river to the little place I met with on my first visit, and with which I have kept up an acquaintance ever since. It is not so far from Maristuen; but before we get there, let me recall my meeting with Ole Ericsen Eggum, that is to say, Ole who lives at Eggum. I picked up Ole on the first visit, and he stayed with me all day while I fished, telling me where the river was best, and rejoicing every time I got a trout. He declared he had never seen such a fisher, which I dare say was true, for he had probably never seen another. However, Ole and I became good friends, and he was with me a second, and, I think, a third day, when I had to leave him. He told me all his history; how he had been a sailor, been to California, made a little money, had come back, and having his pick of the girls in the village had married the prettiest of them; and I promised that if ever I returned I would try to find him out. At last, fourteen or fifteen years after, I found myself fishing below Eggum, in the very pool to which Ole had introduced me. The boy who was carrying my pannier was an Ole too. "Isn't that Eggum," I asked, "and is Ole Ericsen here yet?" Yes, he was, said little Ole, should he go and find him? "Yes, do, and tell him an old friend wants to see him." So off Ole ran, and I fished away. Presently man and boy came down together, tramping through the long grass, but I had forgotten Ole's face and he had lost mine. The recalling of a few incidents of our triumphs together made him remember everything, however, and he said, "Ah, yes, and I will go up to Breistölen again with you, if you will go." I had not so many fish to give him as I used to have, though they were not a bad lot either, and then we had to say good-bye. "Well," he said, "if I never see you again I hope we shall meet in the good place." I have not seen him since, and the poor fellow sickened soon after—and has left Eggum.

Now, let us get on to this place near Maristuen. I had written to say we were coming, four of us, and that we should arrive about midnight. I had written, too, to our friend Jonas, to meet us at Lærdal, and drive us part of the way over, and all our appointments were kept, except that it was one o'clock before we landed, instead of twelve. As we turned Jonas' corner we saw that the valley was illuminated in our honour. There was a candle in every window, and the house stood out like a lighthouse in the twilight. Then when we drove up to the door, what excitement! How all the inhabitants welcomed us; Sylla—and Charybdis I was going to say, but I mean Kari, Jertrude, Johanna, and Knut, and all the "piges" of the place, and even the old man himself! They expected us to begin with a feast at that time of night, and were disappointed, I think, that we had to decline their hospitality. Then we chose our bed-rooms. But I am forgetting what this place near Maristuen *used* to be. Well, I think it's better now, but it's bigger and dearer—though, goodness knows, cheap enough. It used to be only that little house over the way, where they managed, at a pinch, to make up five beds. Now, at the same pinch, they might manage a dozen, I dare-say; so it's not so big yet, though it is quite a fine white building, which has blossomed out with a "svale"; this is what they call the porch that runs from top to bottom, which, having a coloured lamp hung in it, and having stencilled ornaments on it to counterfeit elaborate fretwork, is quite imposing in appearance. The whole route from Lærdal to Christiania has blossomed in the same way, every "svale" being evidently produced on the same plan, and I should fancy that some enterprising builder has put up the lot at an annual charge, for the people could certainly not afford to lay down money for such ornamentation.

Now, to describe the fishings of day after day for a fortnight will entertain you no more than it would be possible for me; let me then take one day, made up, perhaps, of bits from several, and that shall summarise the way in which we four Englanders spent our time.

The first to rise in the morning are B—— and myself; we sleep in contiguous rooms, separated by boards as thin as a hat-box, so that a whisper from one chamber can be heard in the next. "Are you getting up?" says B—— at six o'clock or half-past, or on wet mornings at seven. "Yes, I've been reading and waiting for you for an hour." So up both get, slip on tennis shoes, take a towel and sponge, and without much clothing on we go downstairs, cross the yard, turn in at the gate into the field, pass the flad-brŏd bakery and the wash-house, and there we are at our bath, a huge pool, swirling in a quick torrent by the rocks on which we stand. They are very convenient places these rocks—no end of little ledges to put the soap, sponge, etc., upon, and they run nicely into the water, so that you can stand up to the ankles or the knees; or, if you prefer it, you can take a header into the swirl and be just carried down to the corner, where you must at once get out, or I will not answer for the consequences. We always have this bath, B—— and I, rain or fair, and as we come into the house again, the chances are that we shall meet our G.O.M. in a long macintosh and a hat, and he will make a long round, across the bridge to the other side of the pool where no prying eye shall discover him. B—— and I are soon dressed, and till breakfast is ready

we sit, often in a glorious bath of sunshine, in the "svale," trimming our flies, chaffing Knut, or addressing playful remarks to Jertrude. Then the G.O.M. comes down, smiling an untroubled smile, but I think he is not quite so rough and unkempt as we are; then comes Sylla with "Vœr saa god," and we march into the large uncarpeted "Spise Sal" to breakfast. What an airy, delightful room that is! Clean as a pin, and completely our property while we are here. Indeed we may say we "bossed that show" altogether for that fortnight. Enter at the front door—those are all our macintoshes and landing nets; those things on the porch are our waders and socks and things; there inside are our boots; in the drawing-room our books and maps and papers are littering everything; in the "Spise Sal" our rods, which are never taken down, are all lying on the floor; and if any stranger should happen to come into the house while we are there, Sylla at once lets him see that we are proprietors, and he alone is a visitor.

Now, what will the neat-handed Sylla give us for breakfast to-day? First coffee, real good coffee, such as I, for one, never get at home; then fried trout, as well cooked by Kari as ever you had or could have them; then eggs and a bit of inferior bacon perhaps, and as many kickshaws as you like in the way of sausages of every hue and flavour, anchovies, sardines, cheese, marmalade, and so on. For bread we have white bread, rye bread and biscuits; so we don't starve here.

Breakfast over, we order "lit mad" to take with us; our boys who are going to carry our creels and water-proofs appear, and, after the necessary arrangements, we sally forth. There are several courses open to us; there is up-water and down-water, left bank and right bank, and nothing to choose between them. We generally go in pairs for company, and on this particular day B—— and I are going down on the opposite bank. I put in at the top of the water and B—— goes a considerable distance down. The top pool, in which we have our morning bath, used to be a fine place for fish; it isn't now. I got one there this summer, and that's all, though I fished it as far as it could be reached many a time. Downward we go, through long grass for a time, and now we are at a long swift run, three or four feet deep, but too rapid to fish. Still, walking along, and casting as I go, I raise one in the rapid water, but the force of the stream is too great and he gets away. Then the water, reduced to forty yards or so in width, makes over to my side, and is deep at the edges, running under grassy banks. Here, if I have luck, and we have not harried the water too much, I shall get one or two. After a hundred yards or so of this there comes a stream which might serve for a day's fishing; but there is a charm in moving along, so that we do not, while we stay, bring that stream to too much harm. I have got one fair fish, which the G.O.M., who is on the other side a bit lower down, has observed me engaged with, and by the time I get nearer to him he calls out, "Is it a pound?" "No; about three-quarters," I reply, but then in a moment, "but this one is; or will be, if I get him." Then he shouts something which I cannot hear, but at last I make out that he wants to know what he'll weigh if I don't get him, to which I reply, "two pounds," and I am sorry to say that that fish *was* a two-pounder.

A little lower down there is a huge round pool, as blue as the sky, and as deep as the sea. There is an eddy below me, where the water runs the wrong way, and is deep under a steep bank; there must be a fish there; yes, there he is! away into that deep, deep pool with my fly in his cheek. There is no chance for him; in due time he is in my net, and I have got my pounder.

Just below, we pass through a sort of stile, and the river divides, part of it going straight on, but the greater portion going off at right angles for one or two hundred yards, and then turning, almost at right angles again, into a course parallel with the stream by which we are standing. It is just possible to wade over this smaller stream to the island, and to your right you have a fine long run, which, somehow, never produced me anything; but by the time it gets to the corner, before taking the turn at right angles, there is some delightful water which yielded two or three fine fish every time I got to it. This place I kept a profound secret, but the G.O.M. saw me there one day fast for about ten minutes in a fish, which I did not get, and I was no longer sole proprietor of the choicest bit of the river.

Returning to the left bank, we get a united stream again, which by-and-bye spreads out into a deep glassy water, where a ferry goes across it. There is not a puff of wind, but here I come up with friend B——, who is positively fishing this clear but heavy water, where "you sees the fish a-swimmin'" in plenty. "You just go down there," he says, "and you'll get one sure enough," and scarcely believing such a thing possible, I do go just down to where there is a mere dimple, caused by a deep-down stone. The flies fall over the smooth water, there is a splash, and "sure enough" I have him. Get a ripple on this place, as I got it one evening when I was coming home to dinner, and you have fish and fishing indeed.

There are two or three houses on a glacier mound just here, for the accommodation of which the ferry-boat plies. We cannot keep by the river, but must mount the mound, pass the houses and skip a few hundred yards, coming down to another break in the rocky bank, where we can reach the water and are sure to get fish again. Then there is a higher hillock to climb, a rocky, tree-covered one, below which are two pools and streams that surpass belief for beauty and power of yielding fish. The lower of them is difficult to cast over on account of the trees which come close to the water's edge, but it is just shallow enough to enable you to wade along by sticking to the trees with your left hand while you fish with your right, and it will go hard if you do not, before you get to shoal water at the foot, take half-a-dozen fish. Below this there is fishing for a couple of miles or so, but I have only been down once; it was a bad day, and I only got a few trout, but there is some splendid water. There is, though, more fishing than can be got through in a day in the upper water. Dinner is at seven, and it is five now, so quite time to turn. The boy shouts out every time a fish goes into the pannier

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how many he has got: femten, sexten, and so on, and by we get to "tyve" I feel at the pull of the basket and thank my stars that I have a boy to carry it. He is worth his shilling a day indeed. After a rest we go on our way, taking a cast now and then, and at last B—— comes in sight, and we have time to sit down and chat before walking home together. Is there anything more delightful in a day's work of this delightful sort than this chat and this rest? I do not think there is; there are not many of those pitying fools who "cannot stand such idle work as fishing," who ever feel the joyful lassitude that a day's hard work on the river, such as I have briefly described, produces. And that crack on the leisurely walk home; what could be pleasanter or happier? We shall be obliged to take a cast or two as we pass the choicest spots, and we shall add a fish or two to the baskets. Now we are in sight of the house, now reach the grove where the nesting field-fares attack us every time we pass. Ole and Olaf are chattering and comparing notes behind us, and so we go on, full of glee and health and happiness. Now we cross the little bridge, and at last stand in the courtyard true to time, at five or ten minutes before seven. We are all there and greet fraternally. Then comes the show up. "Give us four dishes, please," and we each pile up a great dish from our creels, and weigh in as well as we can. Then comes the grand wash in the river before our waders are removed, and at last we are ready for dinner just as the bright, good-natured Sylla comes once more with her "Vœr saa god." They feed us very well: soup, boiled trout or salmon (the trout are best), meat of some kind, sweets, always novel and interesting because unknown, cheese, and the coffee to finish off. And all this taken in the healthiest of situations, in the best of all good company! What *could* man wish for more?

In such fashion as the above the days pass by. Sometimes it is up-water, sometimes down, then an excursion to the mountain streams 2,000 feet above us, then the lakes a few miles higher up stream, or, perhaps, a bootless journey into the snowy mountains in the south, where we are told the big ones are to be found. The days of our holiday are soon spent and our fishing is soon over.

One incident that happened to one of our friends must be told, as it has an important bearing on the difference between the present and the past in Norway. One evening, when we met at dinner, the above-mentioned gentleman told us that while he was fishing in the very pool down the water which I have more than once spoken of, an irate farmer set upon him, storming and shouting, and apparently demanding money, and ended by throwing stones at the visitor's line. This was important and sad news to hear, and next morning B—— and I drove down to interview the farmer. We soon found him, and under our skilful treatment he proved himself not such an unreasonable man as we expected. I poured out on him all the wealth of Norwegian I was possessed of, Mr. B—— helping by a timely "hear, hear" (in the Norwegian tongue) as occasion required; and Jacob was "overcame." What he advanced was this:—That we trod down his grass, or, at any rate, our gillies did, and that we were so skilful that we should catch all the fish, and there would be none left for him. Both these views we combated successfully, pointing out that we were generally *in* the water, and that we would look well after the boys; that as to catching all the fish, that was impossible; also, that we had come a thousand miles to visit him, and deserved a bit of fishing; that we and other travellers were a benefit to the whole district, and that if we were met by incivility instead of kindness we should come no more; that I had been coming for twenty years, and had fished that place without hindrance all that time; that Ole Ericsen had himself brought me to it; and that, finally, if he wanted some fish he was welcome to them, for it was the fishing, and not the fish, that *we* wanted. That fetched him; he cared nothing about Ole Ericsen, who was away now, but he had never heard such eloquence before, and so we might fish as much as we liked. Later in the day we took him a nice dish of trout, and photographed his house, his wife, his child, and himself, and he was thoroughly pacified.

This event, I fear, marks an epoch in the history of the tourist's Norway. The peasants are learning to look on Englishmen as things to make money out of; the old simplicity of the people is waning.

And now for the final comparison between old and new. Well, the fishing was better the first time I saw this river than it is now; no doubt it will be worse still, and before my sons are my age, they may read in "Anglers' Evenings" of angling feats quite unattainable in their time. So we agreed, as we talked over the stone-throwing incident after dinner that evening, sitting in the "svale," while the ruddy glow in the sky grew deeper; but, as the G.O.M. said of me, I have had my whack out of the river, whatever comes, and ought to be content. So I am. I would not part with my recollections of that valley and my love for it, for any price. Blessed Norway! If I live, and am able to do it, I hope that year after year I may return to experience the delights of its dancing waters; to feel the soul-inspiring influence of its lovely landscape; and to partake of the healthful life of its honest, simple people.

The Analyst's Lament

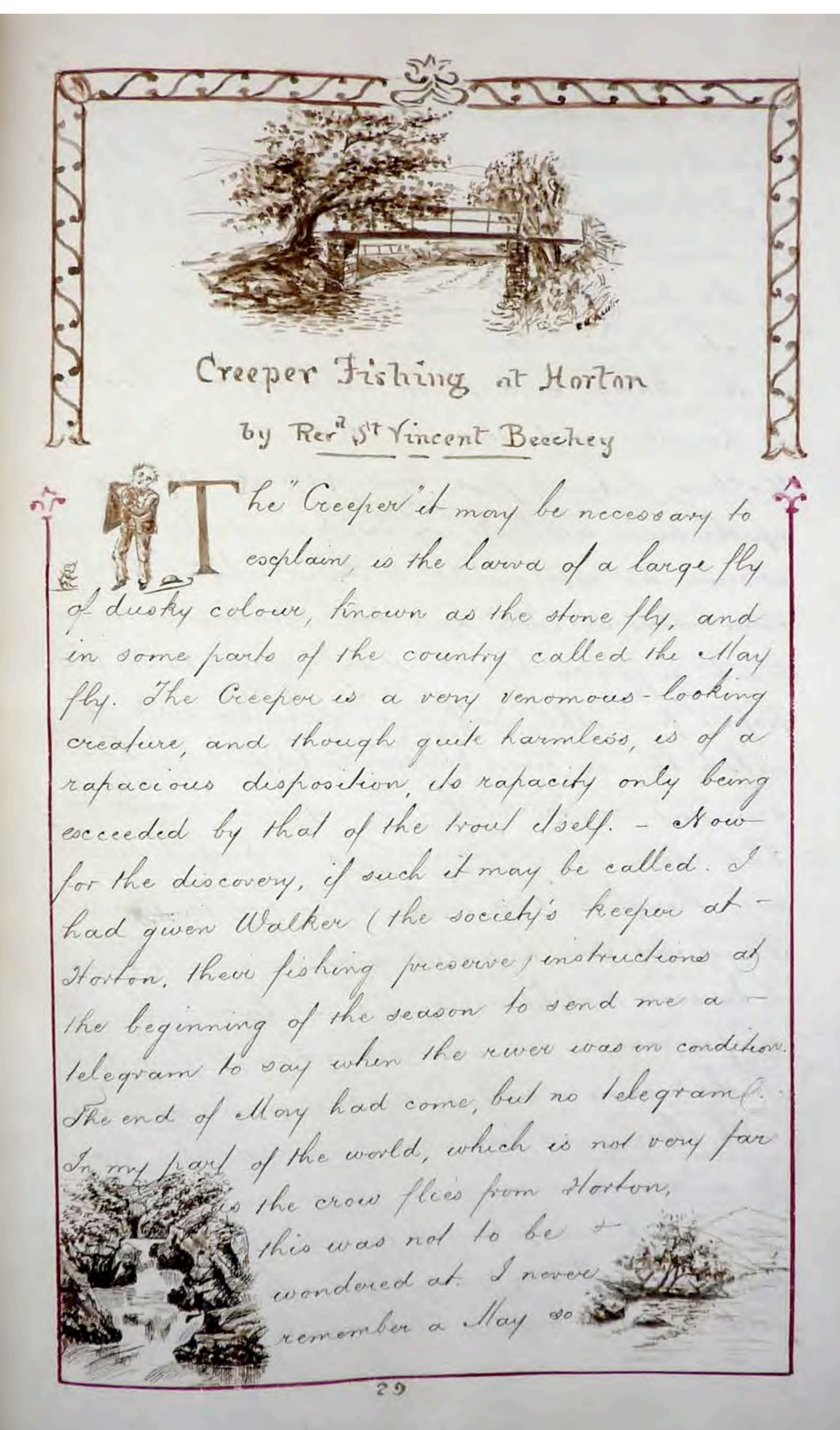
by R. Godby

The Analyst sat in his easy chair
And smiled a paternal smile
For the Anglers note books all were there
A vast and imposing pile
With right good will, he sharpened his quill
And. Oh! twas a sight to see
Him make preparation
For his tabulation
A model of Ener-gee
I never can look
In an Anglers book
Without it recalls to me
That Analysts smile
As he tackled the pile
For the good of posteritee

The Analyst tossed on his weary bed
For fever had laid him low
The Doctor gravely shook his head
And said "twas a dismal go"
The case was bad – the patient was mad
And Oh! twas sad to see
How he gibbered and gabbled
And muttered and babbled
Of fishing, and Keighley tea

T'was a shocking result
That a man of cult
As our Analysts known to be
Should mix in his dreams
Such opposite themes
As fishing and Keighley tea

The Analyst rose from his bed of pain
Restored to his old good looks
But he vowed a vow he never again
Would tabulate Anglers books
No pen could draw, the visions he saw
Of gaping Ephemeree
That creeped and crawled
And wriggled and sprawled
Like the shade of a great DT
An Analysts brain
Can stand some strain
T'was thus to himself said he
But to tabulate all
That horrible scrawl
Is a science too hard for me



Creeper Fishing at Horton

by Revd St Vincent Beechey

The "Creeper" it may be necessary to explain, is the larva of a large fly of dusky colour, known as the stone fly, and in some parts of the country called the May fly. The Creeper is a very venomous-looking creature, and though quite harmless, is of a rapacious disposition, its rapacity only being exceeded by that of the trout itself. - Now for the discovery, if such it may be called. I had given Walker (the society's keeper at - Horton, their fishing preserve) instructions at the beginning of the season to send me a - telegram to say when the river was in condition. The end of May had come, but no telegram. In my part of the world, which is not very far as the crow flies from Horton, this was not to be wondered at. I never remember a May so

CREEPER FISHING AT HORTON.

BY THE REV. ST. VINCENT BEECHEY, M.A.

THE latter half of April and May and the first half of June should be the prime of the year for those who whip for trout on our North of England streams. Do not be alarmed, brother anglers; I am not going to indulge in a rhapsody on the sweet influences of the springtime at the countryside, more especially as the prevailing influences in the spring of the present year* were influenza, drought, and a persistent north-east wind. I am going to stick in a severely businesslike way to the fish and the fishing. In the month of June, just at the time when trout fishermen might be expected to be returning from the warpath, enthusiastic about the battles they had fought and the captives they had made or might have made, I made a discovery as regards our river at Horton—a discovery which seemed likely to ensure sport on the Ribble at almost any time during the period mentioned, on those frequent days when the condition of the water prevented fishing with the artificial fly. I had given Walker † instructions at the beginning of the season to send me a telegram to say when the river was in condition. The end of May had come, but no telegram. In my part of the world, which is not very far as the crow flies from Horton, this was not to be wondered at. I never remember a May so made up of drought and east wind. The "cacoethes scribendi" was nothing to the itching of my fingers to wield the rod, and the best of the season was fast slipping away. So I determined on the 1st June to go to Horton and chance it. As I came down from the station I paused on the bridge, and shook my head as I looked at the attenuated stream. At the same moment Walker's stalwart form was observed coming up the river-side. He expressed considerable surprise at seeing me, and wanted to know why I had come. But an idea had been forming in my mind—suggested by piscatorial accounts in the papers from other Yorkshire streams—and I asked him in turn whether he had seen any creepers at the river-side. He said he had come all the way up and hadn't seen one, though he had looked carefully for them. I suspected then, and had good reason afterwards to be sure, that he either did not know what a creeper was or did not know where to find them. In the evening a visit to the tarn was rewarded with three good fish, but time was also found for an examination of the stones on the river-side, which satisfactorily proved that the creepers were there, and all very much alive. So Walker was told to get a supply next morning, being instructed as to the proper place where they were to be found, namely, under the stones adjacent to water which has at least a moderate current. Very few can be found near water that is comparatively still.

About nine a.m. on the following day he appeared, looking flushed and excited, as if he had just emerged from a bout with sheepstealers or poachers; and if no damage was visible on his limbs, injury was clearly depicted on his countenance. Looking at me reproachfully, he ejaculated, "Well, by gum! I never had sic wark i' a' my life." It is quite beyond me to reproduce in the vernacular the account of his pursuit after creepers. I wish I could. I can only give the substance of his remarks. Creepers were decidedly misnamed. Runners, or, rather, sprint runners, would be the more exact term. It was one thing to find them—quite another to catch them; and when he thought he had them safe in his fingers, they had a trick of transferring themselves to his coat sleeve, and then, unless the coat was rapidly pulled off, of wandering into more remote and less accessible parts. Between the exertion of catching the little beasts and continually half stripping himself he was dead beat. I suggested that boys should be requisitioned for the purpose; but he wouldn't have them at the river-side. I may here say that another trial at the same game induced him to alter his opinion, and think that, after all, boys ought to be utilised. We both agreed—for I had tried to supplement the somewhat meagre results of Walker's exertions by efforts of my own—that boys would be more suitable for the purpose. They were more handy, in the first place, for getting down to the stones; they were less exposed to the danger of apoplexy; their

* 1891. † The Association's keeper.

smaller fingers were better adapted to grasping the lively quarry; while a few creepers more or less between the shirt and the skin would probably be a matter of indifference to them.

As the wind, to my surprise and delight, was blowing gently from the south, bringing a cloudy sky, I resolved, not having as yet much faith in the creeper, to try the fly in the streamy bits at Helwith Bridge. As long as these atmospheric conditions prevailed, by fishing fine and far off I was tolerably successful. But it was not long before the wind got back to the old quarter, blowing, consequently, down the river, and making it very difficult to cast up-stream, the only possible method in such low water; for, if it is difficult to cast the fly against a wind, it is quite impossible to cast the creeper, since if you whip too quickly and suddenly you simply oblige the trout with a gratuitous tasty morsel, for you inevitably whip the insect off. But those who know the Ribble will remember that there is one portion of about a quarter of a mile in length, between Crags Hill and Higher Studfold, where, owing to a sharp bend or elbow, the course is partially reversed, and consequently the wind, when it is blowing down the river, will generally be found blowing up this length. At the lower end, just before the river turns southward again, is a large pool, at the end of which is a good stream; above this is a long stretch of flat water (useless for the creeper) flowing between high banks on either side; and above this several little pools of broken water, succeeded again by a stream which, in its course, curves back into the old direction. As the wind was favourable for this length, and the sun was now (4 p.m.) shining brightly, I determined to give the creeper a trial. I was very soon convinced that the Ribble trout fancied the creeper. Whenever the visitor was properly introduced he was eagerly welcomed. This introduction, however, was not always easily managed, owing to my inexperience in the art, and the quantity of baits employed was out of all proportion to the quantity of fish encreeled. The way those trout managed to absorb the insect without absorbing the hook was astonishing. In about an hour the sun again disappeared, and the fish stopped feeding, and, indeed, it was little use attempting to fish up beyond the topmost bend, owing to the adverse wind; so I knocked off, with ten trout weighing exactly five pounds, or an average of half a pound—not a bad take, considering the lowness of the water. Most of these had been taken with the fly, but all the biggest, averaging three-quarters of a pound, went to the credit of the creeper.

I now determined to give a day entirely to a fair trial with the creeper, and to this end read up during the evening all the literature I could find on the subject. Ah, brother angler! you know by sad experience the difference between gaining information from angling manuals as you sit in your arm-chair with a pipe in your mouth, and trying to profit by what you have read when you come to do business at the water-side. To describe the apparatus and methods of fishing with the creeper would simply be to copy from the aforesaid manuals; the most lucid and helpful of them on this subject I found to be "Pritt's Yorkshire Trout Flies." It is enough to say that the ordinary fly rod, line, and gut cast are suitable enough, with the addition, of course, of the special bait hook; a single No. 4 hook, armed with a bristle for the jacks or male insects, which are only about one-third the length of their better more-than-halves; and two small hooks, placed about half an inch apart, for the females. These hooks are inserted, the upper one in the thorax and the lower one in the tail-end of the insect, so that it hangs head upwards, with its legs, as it were, embracing the gut. The fish appear to take both baits equally well. By the time I had digested all the information I could glean, imagination ran riot in thoughts of the sport I should get on the morrow. Everything seemed favourable for a record in water where I knew the fish would take the bait, and where, I was told, creeper fishing was never practised. Pritt had said, "The lower and clearer the water is, the more chance of sport;" and again, "From the time you begin to find the creeper under the stones close to the water's edge, which, in warm seasons, will be about April 24th, up to the appearance of the stone-fly itself, he can distance all comers, and the fish you will get with it will, as a rule, be the largest fish you have." All the conditions, therefore, pointed to a big bag. So I rose in the morning eager for the fray; but, alas! when I turned out I found the one important condition necessary for success was wanting—the wind was contrary, blowing stiffly from the north-east. There was nothing to be done but to utilise that convenient easterly bend of the river and make the most of the few pieces of streamy water which it contained, for the creeper is of no use in still water.

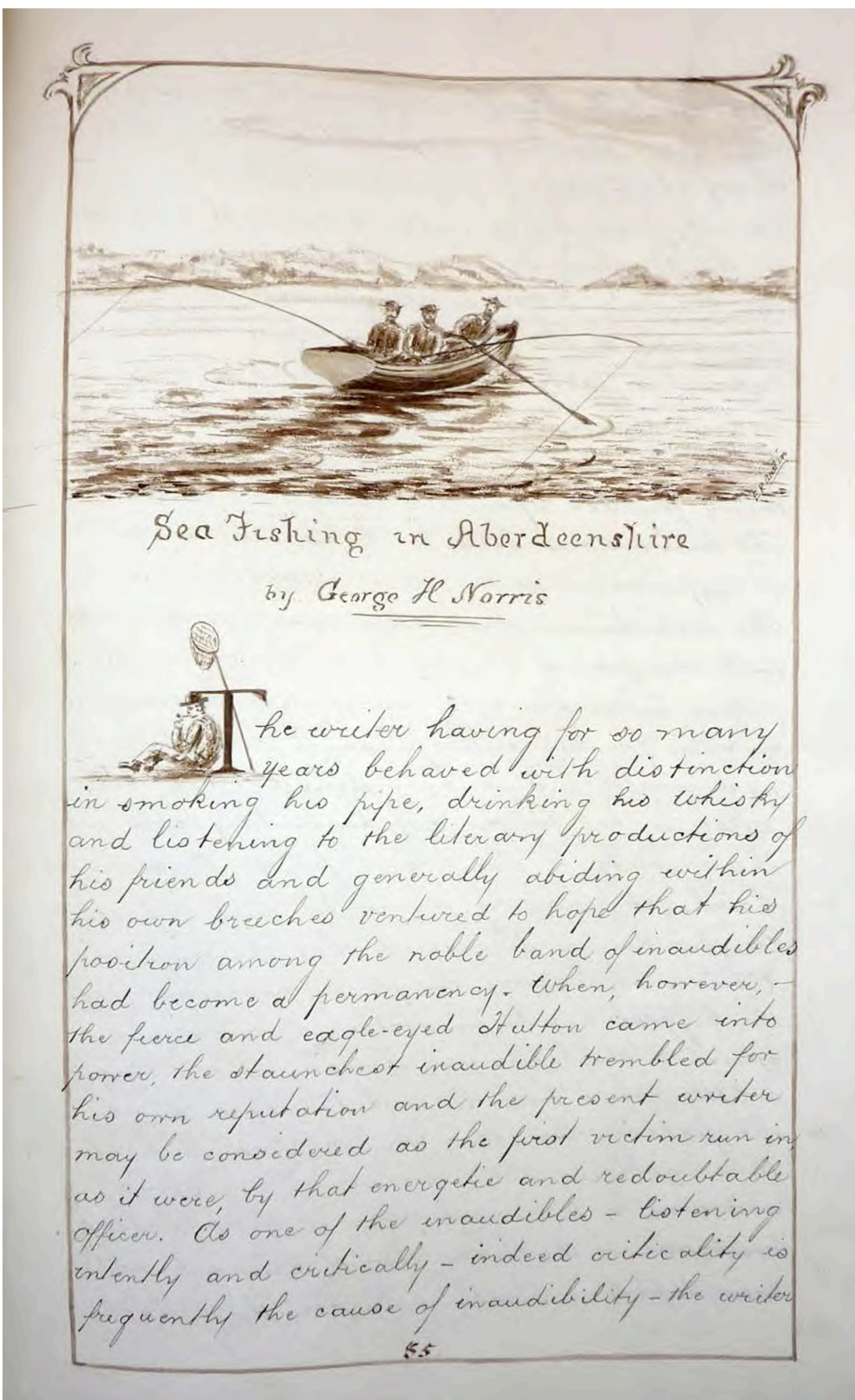
The trout did not seem to be very eager at first, and I had only taken three when I came to the upper limit of the fishable water. At this point it is bounded by a wall on either side. The water was so low that the stream at the head of the pool was divided into two parts by a large bank of stones. Wading up the middle of the water I took a good fish on the field side, and then turned my attention to the run on the further side. This was a narrow stream not more than eighteen inches wide, extending for about ten yards between the wall which carries the road and the bank of stones in the middle. As the wind was already very awkward, owing to the upward curve of the river, it was difficult casting. To get hung up either on the stones on the one side, or the grass growing in the wall on the other, would have been fatal. The extrication of the hook would have meant the dispersion of the trout. But by very careful manipulation, and working the line gradually up-stream, I managed to raise in this narrow run four large fish, three of which I got safely into the net, of course leading each one promptly down-stream, so as to avoid disturbing the water above. This was a typical place for the creeper, so I describe it in detail. I had taken from one spot, standing in the mouth of the river, four trout in perfect condition, and none under half a pound. But I had come to the end of my tether. It was most tantalising to know that the trout were well on the feed, and yet that it was utterly useless to make any further attempts

owing to the strong east wind. But for this the slaughter must have been terrific. The seven averaged nine ounces each—a small but handsome lot. Talking of averages, it is curious to note how fish of a similar size seem to rise on the same day. On consecutive days in September I whipped with fly exactly the same water, namely, from the wooden foot-bridge below the "Golden Lion" to the "New Inn" bridge, and took twelve fish each day; the first lot averaged fully seven ounces each, the last barely five ounces, and they ran very even. I need not say that I took no account of undersized fish.

The creeper, of course, changes into the stone-fly, locally termed the May-fly. On the day which I have described the creepers were already undergoing the transformation. When this is the case it does not matter which you use; the same tackle will do for both, and the fish seem to take them equally well. When, however, the stone-fly is fully out it is even more deadly than the creeper, and you never get an ill-conditioned fish with it. The only difference in using them is, that the creeper should be sunk a few inches, while the stone-fly may float nearer the surface—indeed, it is difficult to make it sink. But it should not be allowed to float nearly high and dry, as it is apt to do, for in that case the trout will seldom get hooked. Time and again I noticed the trout rise fairly to the floating insect and carry it off without giving the slightest pull. How it manages this instantaneous appropriation and evades the two hooks embedded in the body of the fly is a problem as yet unsolved.

This method of fishing may be profitably employed on those days (which are rather the rule than the exception) when the water is too low for the fly, during the period lasting from about April 24th to June 20th. It is not as artistic as fly-fishing, but it is a very good substitute for it, while the fish taken by it are always the finest, and give excellent sport after they are hooked.

I should like to make a further suggestion for improving the sporting capacities of our water at Horton, and that is, that grayling should be introduced. They could easily be obtained from the neighbouring river Yore, where the trout and grayling thrive well together; and if grayling were established they would prolong the angling season into the late autumn and even winter, and at least form an excuse for some of our anglers to slip away from the fogs of Manchester, and spend a day or two in the bracing air of Horton and unconventional ease of the "Golden Lion."



Sea Fishing in Aberdeenshire

by George H Norris

The writer having for so many years behaved with distinction in smoking his pipe, drinking his whisky and listening to the literary productions of his friends and generally abiding within his own breeches ventured to hope that his position among the noble band of inaudibles had become a permanency. When, however, the fierce and eagle-eyed Hutton came into power, the staunchest inaudible trembled for his own reputation and the present writer may be considered as the first victim run in, as it were, by that energetic and redoubtable officer. As one of the inaudibles – listening intently and critically – indeed criticality is frequently the cause of inaudibility – the writer

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SEA-TROUT FISHING IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

BY GEO. H. NORRIS.

THE angling paper in its best and purest form deals with three distinct subjects: (1)—the angler's drinks; (2)—the humours of the angler's gillie or boatman; (3)—the grandeur of the scenery in which the angler takes his pastime. The catching of fish is, indeed, sometimes alluded to, but such reference to the actual sport—should there be any—are dubiously received, and are not essential. The humorous gillie or boatman is as indispensable as the comic countryman in the melo-drama. Year after year has the writer searched in vain for this indispensable constituent, and he would indeed have doubted his very existence but for the confidence he places in the veracity of *Punch* and of his fellow anglers. Faint, yet pursuing, the writer and a brother angler, having discovered that the men of Aberdeenshire were the proud possessors of the largest heads in Scotland, arranged to spend a short angling holiday at Newburgh, a little coast town in that county. As the fishing there was mainly from a boat—thus involving the presence of a boatman—and was by trolling, a form of sport peculiarly conducive to the production of humour, the outlook seemed extremely encouraging. The summer in Manchester had been cold and wet, and it seemed more desirable than usual to leave that smoky old city.

To anglers, the preparations for a fishing campaign are in themselves a pleasure. It is with gleeful anticipations that they put in order their rods, flies, and trolling tackle, and "Bradshaw" itself for a time becomes a glorified volume full of interest and entertainment, quite unlike the puzzling and irritating "Bradshaw" of business. It was on Thursday, the 22nd of August, 1889, that we left the Exchange Station, Manchester. The journey is a long one, and it was not until about eleven at night that we reached Aberdeen. This is not an attractive town. Built of massive blocks of granite, it is imposing in its solidity, but is cold and grey and depressing rather than impressive It would seem hardly possible that one with lively wit could live within that granite city; but that the humorist does exist somewhere is evident from a remarkable stained glass window in the hotel, upon which is depicted, in heroic size, the Blessed Saint Andrew bearing his cross, and beneath this strange device "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" Thus has the artist, with the intention of genius, represented that wonderful combination of the spiritual and the carnal which our countrymen North of the Tweed have so often proved to be practicable, notwithstanding all theories to the contrary.

Having discovered that there was a station about seven miles from Newburgh, we despatched a telegram

to the landlord of the Udney Arms (the anglers' hotel), to meet us there with a trap. The railway journey and drive to Newburgh were not very interesting. The country is made up of a series of low hills or undulations, and there is little wood or water to give it variety. There was just one pretty sight on the drive. At a little hamlet on the way, preparations were being made for a school pic-nic, and bands of small children were pouring in from all sides dressed in the gayest frocks, and with faces as round, rosy, and shiny as the Jersey apples in the basket of an itinerant fruit woman. We reached the Udney Arms just before lunch time. The inn is clean and comfortable, and the landlord intelligent and obliging. Of Elsie, who combined the offices of parlour-maid, house-maid, boots, stocking-mender, drier, and floral decorator,—for each guest had a buttonhole at dinner—the writer cannot speak but with feelings of the liveliest emotion.

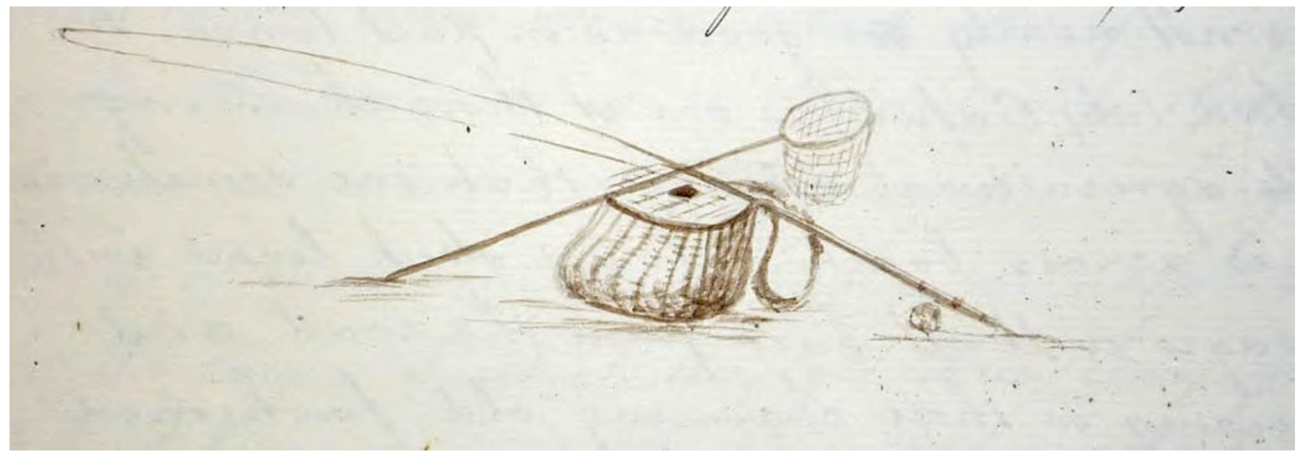
While lunch was preparing we arranged for our boat, got out our tackle, and went down to the river to survey the scene of the coming campaign. The river Ython is tidal at Newburgh and for a considerable distance above. There are, so far as the writer knows, few places where sea-trout take freely in the salt water; Newburgh is one of these. The only other which he can at this moment recollect is the Kyle of Tongue, in the North of Sutherlandshire, where sea-trout of considerable weight are taken upon the troll. The Ython estuary forms at the mouth a narrow channel between two sand-hills, but above, at high-tide, broadens out into the dimensions of a fairly-sized lake, and it is in the lake-like portion of the river that most of the fishing is done. On each side of the river are sandy dunes and low hills, and, although the place cannot be termed picturesque in the ordinary sense, still the river, with its little port and shipping, and its quay and old storehouses rich in their mazy garment of moss and lichen, has a peculiar and quaint attraction, and the scene in the golden evening light is full of quiet beauty.

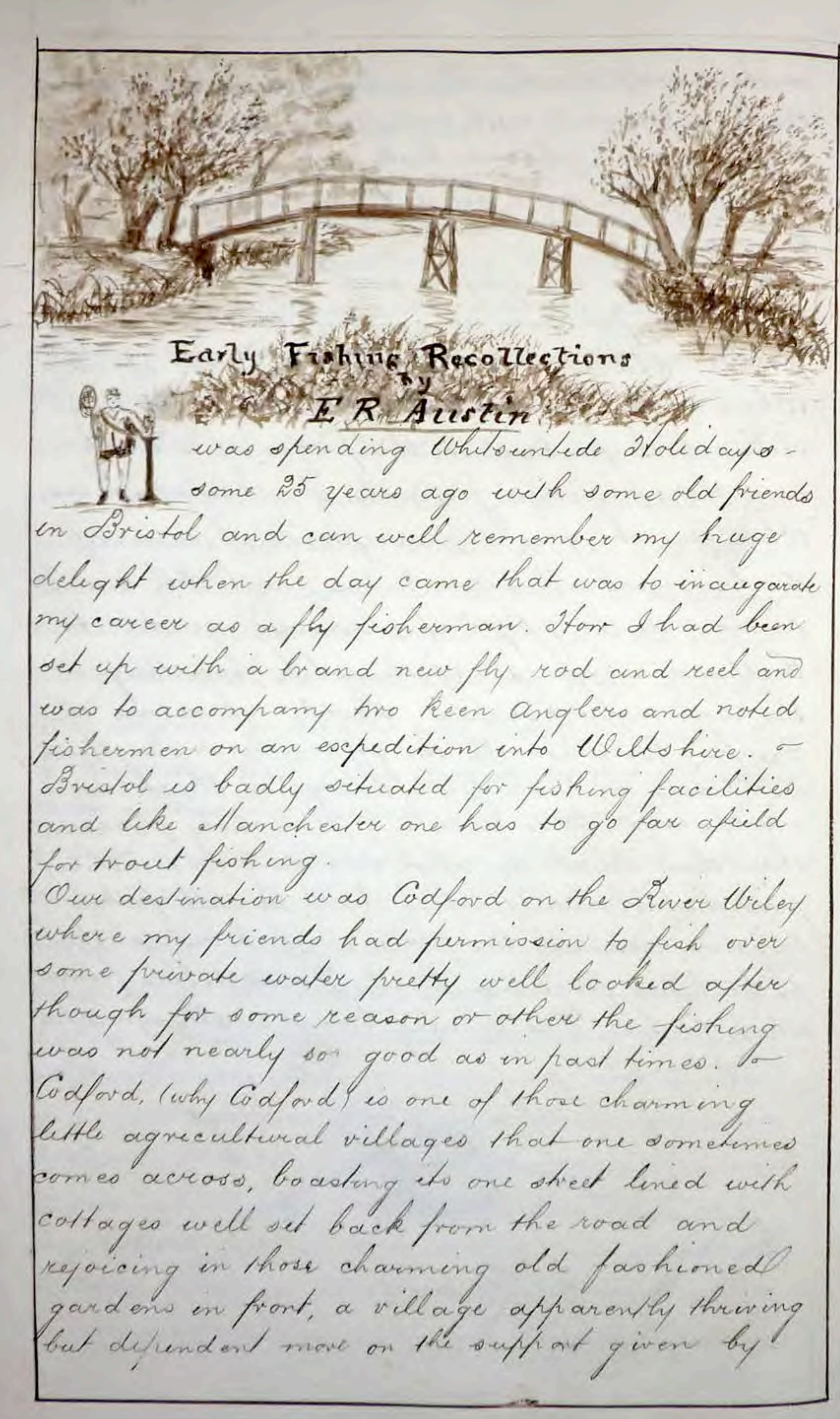
After lunch, and before the boatman arrived, the times and mode of fishing were discussed with the landlord, who is a practical angler. The trolling is done on the flow of the tide, and the usual course is to take the boat out to the mouth, and then to come in gradually with the tide, tacking to and fro so as to cover as much water as possible, but keeping the boat's head slightly up to the tide, so as to get a proper spin on the tackle. If any angler intends to go to Newburgh, he should first enquire from the landlord how the tides are for fishing; as, during some portion of the month, the times are so awkward that it is difficult to obtain any trolling at reasonable hours of the day. When the tide has almost run out, fly-fishing from the bank begins—and very good baskets are often taken in this way. There is an old parson, hailing from the south of England, who has spent his annual holiday at Newburgh from such time as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He angles every day—from the bank on each week day, and from the pulpit of the local kirk on the Sabbath. This venerable

fun, except in his bonnet and a peculiar use of the diminutive termination. He lived just a "bittie" from Newburgh, and it was just for a "whilie" that he lived there.

The journey back to Manchester was rather a sad affair, and was made additionally melancholy by the temporary loss at Perth of a creel containing two French pears, two novels, three pipes, two tobacco pouches, and four specially selected cigars which had been reserved in spite of all temptations to be consumed after dinner at the Golden Lion, an excellent hotel at Stirling, where we generally console ourselves on our way south. Some days after our return the creel arrived with everything intact except those cigars. Whoever took care of that creel had a good nose for a cigar, and all honour to him.

Thus ends the paper, and the serious question arises:—how far does it conform to the theory propounded in the opening? Alas! not at all. Where are the grand descriptions of scenery and the historical allusions? You must still search for these in the pages of Murray, which is unfortunately wanting from the writer's bookshelves. Where is the humorous boatman? You must still search for him in the pages of *Punch* and the veracious narratives of other anglers. Lastly, where are the drinks?





Early Fishing Recollections

by

E R Austin

I was spending Whitsuntide Holidays - some 25 years ago with some old friends in Bristol and can well remember my huge delight when the day came that was to inaugurate my career as a fly fisherman. For I had been set up with a brand new fly rod and reel and was to accompany two keen anglers and noted fishermen on an expedition into Wiltshire. Bristol is badly situated for fishing facilities and like Manchester one has to go far afield for trout fishing.

Our destination was Codford on the River Wiley where my friends had permission to fish over some private water pretty well looked after though for some reason or other the fishing was not nearly so good as in past times. Codford, (why Codford) is one of those charming little agricultural villages that one sometimes comes across, boasting its one street lined with cottages well set back from the road and rejoicing in those charming old fashioned gardens in front, a village apparently thriving but dependent more on the support given by

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The may fly was on and as we got near the river we could see the fish rising pretty freely on the main stream, which after passing under the main road is divided into three streams used alternately to irrigate a large series of water meadows, a nice arrangement for the crops of which they got three every year, but it has a demoralizing effect on the fishing, hence perhaps its decadence, you see a stream well filled running quietly over weeds and shallows and looking in first rate condition, but the probability is that a few days before your arrival it was nearly dry and the water running in one of the other beds.

However to make a long story short I fished vigorously the whole day and no doubt considerably astonished the trout by the graceful way my big May Fly popped on the water, but at last when the shades of evening were falling fast, to my delight I felt my self fast in a fish. I did not see him rise but that did not matter a fish it was and not having a landing net and my friends a long way ahead I had to flop him out onto the bank and down I dropped on him to prevent him getting back, my first trout I doubt if I shall ever forget the excitement of the moment and although I have had many exciting moments since at the river's side none of them can extinguish the recollections of that delightful day.

The usk

It does not appear, judging by the published volumes of Anglers' Evenings, that any of your anglers have given any description of fishing in the Usk a river running from the Welsh Hills through Abergevenny and Usk and falling into the Bristol Channel at Newport. There is only one word that can fitly apply to this river at Usk, and that is it is a noble one, and my next experiences were upon this river. This was some years after my inauguration for as happens to a good many of us my ways and possibilities did not run in the direction of fly fishing for some time. What was once a lovely trout stream ran at the bottom of my garden but alas it was completely spoilt in my time by the drainings of mines up the hills and what was worse the pickle from the works which seemed to have the effect of coating the eyes of the fish with a film and making them blind, even eels were affected in the same way, this made them easy to catch in the pools by the hand and did not seem to affect their culinary properties. All the stones in the bed were coated with a thick red deposit.

Usk is a thriving little town and after passing through it taking your fishing ticket en route, value 2/6 for a days trout fishing, you come to the old county bridge spanning the stream at this point of its noble width (quite twice as wide as the mill pool at Bakewell where the bridge crosses), and turning down stream to the left, for the lower water some four miles in length is reckoned better for trout than the upper water of about the same length. The first half mile is open for the towns' folk and every fish is carefully raked out, but at the end of this you come to the little village Llanbadock consisting as far as can be seen a little church and opposite, as usual, a pub. The road takes a bend and leaves the river and the village is probably round the corner, here you leave the road and strike along the fields on the river bank. At this point is the famous Bell Pool and until you reach the tidal water some four miles down there is a succession of grand pools and runs. In this Bell Pool netted once a year for the benefit of the Fishery, the keeper told me they had taken 83 salmon out.

My first acquaintance with this delightful river was made on a boiling hot July day when the annual workers holiday gave the desired opportunity, a day far better suited to picnicking than fly fishing. This was my first experience of fishing in a large stream and I was considerably staggered on reaching the river at the end of the Bell Pool to find some fifty yards of shallow water over a pretty beach between me and the flowing water on the far side where I knew the fish were to be found. Waders in those days had not entered in to calculations and there was nothing for it but to turn up ones trousers and go in. on a hot summers day there is nothing so pleasant as the stream rippling through ones bare legs, but if any of my brother anglers

should be driven to a similar necessity let him beware of the consequences. In passing from run to run through the orchards and fields let him be careful to dry his legs or like me he would find his calves like a piece of raw beef and unable to don his breeches the next day. This is probably explained by the globules of water standing on the hairs of the legs and acting as magnifying glasses in the hot sun. The result of that days fishing was five fish and in those early days mighty proud I was of the catch. Being thus encouraged and believing there was the making of a fly fisherman in me, the succeeding year found me again on the water, this time the bag was thirty fish this increased success I attributed to being properly fitted up with waders. Another day brought forty two fish which considerably elated me. On these occasions one was bothered by a lot of small fish, which I took to be samlets or parr as they are called in that part and kept all the larger fish of five or six inches and upwards. On this question of "parr" there was a day of humiliation in store for me which I then little recked of. It was in August. After fishing down some two miles of water the river takes a lovely bend under a wooded hill on the far side with a very deep pool on the curve and on the side I was fishing a nice shallow through which you could approach within fishing distance of the flowing water. The events of that day are vividly imprinted on my memory as if photographed. I had just landed a fish of about nine inches and was much puzzled by some worm looking things sticking out of its mouth which on investigation proved to be young lampreys of which he had been making his last lunch. As I waded out again one of the keepers strolled up, a tall grim looking fellow and I called out good morning. I hooked another fish and not having a landing net hove him out of the water and as I was about dropping him into my creel he dropped off. I remarked to the keeper "he just dropped off in time". Having seen the fish dangling in the air, this remark of mine must have struck him for he said "would you let me look at your basket sir?" certainly and I waded ashore. There were eight fish in my basket and to my horror he said five of them were parr. I maintained that I had put all the small ones back and if these larger ones were not trout where was the difference. The fish were laid out in a row like "pieces-de-conviction" in a French murder trial and he delivered himself thus, "These here fish that have marks on their sides are parr, some do say as they were the finger marks left by St. Peter on the fish of the Sea of Galilee and the trouts are to be known by the little red dorsal fin which he pointed out. This was news to me with a vengeance and dire humiliation. The probability I may say almost certainly was that my baskets were half of them parr when thanks to a small douceur I was in the habit of giving the keepers when I met them prevented my detection. The only thing to be done was to sit down and discuss the situation calmly, the keeper was not above joining me in a pipe, after coolly informing me that he must take my rod and line. Was it for this had I come forty miles for a days fishing and then only twelve o'clock. He produced his book of rules but after a good deal of talk I managed to persuade him of my "bona fides" and that I was really ignorant of the difference between trout and parr. He must have been a decent fellow at bottom for after a bit he said he believed me and would let me off. I thanked him heartily not only for not spoiling my days fishing but giving me information besides. He refused to take anything from me although I offered him half a crown "next time I meet you sir I shall be happy to take it" and next time I met him I did not fail to give him his tip. He chucked the five fish into the water and I went on fishing but somehow the brightness seemed to have gone out of the day. The miserable idea of having been caught, what was really poaching, seemed to stick to one. I learnt that a good quantity of parr did not go down to the sea at the usual time June and July and food being plentiful these grew to a good size by the autumn. (I can say this that they are delicious eating) and it was these fish I had been poaching. In subsequent years I found on fishing in other rivers that the finger marks are no guide at all. On the river Ely a small river in Glamorganshire that the trout are distinctly finger marked as the pink as they call them there and in Devonshire and the only difference is in the trout having the red dorsal fin. It is strange the amount of ignorance as to these marks and on telling a friend how I had been caught poaching and asked him how he told the difference "By looking down their throats to see if they are pink" much to my amusement and although he had been fishing many years he did not know until I shewed him the distinctive mark of trout.

Thus ends my simple narrative of my Early Fishing Recollections, they I trust have helped you pass a pleasant half hour, for my part although I have fished in many waters since, I doubt if I have enjoyed any so much as those early days when life lay before me with all its unknown joys and sorrows."

Fishing for the small mouthed Green Bass

by Harold Englebach

"From the climes of the sacred doves"
"Where the blessed Indian roves"
my thoughts wandered to the far East in the fond hope that there might be found truth in the idea that "Thoughts breed thoughts, and thoughts meet thoughts half way" and that thus in mid-Atlantic, there might be a sacred reunion, which by its harmonious influence would calm the raging ocean, and bring peace to all nature within its scope.

How came I to be in this happy frame of mind? What was it that brought me to think of friends on distant shores? If "I should answer I should tell you," that it was the soul of a fisherman (for be sure a fisherman has a soul of special construction) - that communed with me I should perchance, strike a chord which would awaken you some interest in the subject which now prompts me to write to you.

I would not give your proverbial brass farthing; - perhaps, seeing whence I come, I should say not one nickle or red cent - but be that as it may - I would not give the most worthless thing known for the heart of that —— fisherman which delights in solitary sport from a selfish point of view - who in fact delights in enjoyment - which he does not long that others may share with him.

True there is enjoyment in moments of solitude

A CANADIAN EXPERIENCE: FISHING FOR THE SMALL-MOUTHED GREEN BASS.

BY HAROLD ENGELBACH.

I WOULD not give the proverbial brass farthing for the heart of that fisherman who loves solitary sport from a selfish point of view; who delights in enjoyment which he does not long that others may share with him. Truly, there is enjoyment in moments of solitude to the fisherman who explores regions till then untrodden by the sportsman. Who has experienced without joy the casting upon the waters of a maiden stream? But does not the very essence of the delight and enjoyment lie in the pleasure of having gained an experience which can be imparted to less favoured friends; in the thought that it is his alone to open to his beloved fellow fishermen prospects of new pleasures; to widen the area of their happy hunting grounds? Was there ever ambition so unselfish?

I propose relating the adventures of George and myself in search of the "small-mouthed green bass," on the Grand River, which runs from Pushlynch Lake, in Ontario, to Lake Erie:—

> "Where the wave as clear as dew,
> Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
> Which reflected there
> Looks as if it hung in air."

Let me, then, at once take you with us to the river's side, merely stopping on the way to tie our horses to some trees on the outskirts of the bush; of which more when our day's sport is over. Among our party was Colonel M——, of the Royal Canadian Artillery, our host, at whose house in Guelph George and I were being entertained by the Colonel and his hospitable wife. To be with them enabled me to appreciate at their full value the lines of Tom Moore:—

> "Ah! well may we hope when this short life is gone,
> To meet in a world of more permanent bliss;
> For a smile or a shake of the hand hastening on
> Is all we enjoy of each other in this."

Then there was the Colonel's friend, Mr. W——, an earnest sportsman. We found that we had common friends in Ceylon and other parts of the globe, and that, therefore, although we met for the first time, we were, by reason of these "acquaintances in common" (George's legal mind suggested this term), not strangers. George and myself completed the party. On reaching the river we found a rudely-made canoe hauled up on the muddy bank. Our friend W—— carried on his shoulder two paddles, and I was the bearer of a third. On our way through the bush we had suddenly stopped—guided probably by instinct—and W——, carefully looking round to be sure that no human eye but ours was on him, had extricated these paddles from a hiding-place.

Our intention was to drop down stream and land two of our party on the further bank, which, being fairly clear, would afford the chance of a good cast, while the other two would fish from the canoe. But we had hardly put off from the shore before we realised that the chances were strongly in favour of all four making close acquaintance with the waters of the Grand River, and then whether the right or left bank or the bottom would be the destination of any one, or more, or all of us, the event alone would determine. The only thing fairly certain was that the canoe and paddles would survive, to float down to Lake Erie, and then, after shooting the Falls of Niagara and the Rapids, be swept round and round in the whirlpool for countless ages. Under these circumstances it was agreed that Mr. W—— and I should land, leaving the Colonel and George to brave the stream in the canoe. There was wisdom in this decision. Mr. W—— had an injured hand, bound up, and I was the father of a family. The Colonel was stout and calculated to float, and George, being one of the "Devil's own," was sure to be cared for. The arrangement was promptly carried out at the expense of no little ingenuity in preventing the landers from getting up to the middle in mud, and the others from being upset into the river.

I must now ask you to follow my own fortunes. Directed by Mr. W—— I made my way as best I could through the bush, always keeping as near the river as possible, till light showed me that there was an outlet to

the bank; then, making for it, I found myself in an opening which gave me an opportunity of getting a cast. After spending a couple of hours in this sort of work I laid me down to rest, when friend W—— came up. "What have you done? Anything, eh?" "Well, any sport? How many?" "None," answered I. "Oh, one wretched one," replied W——, "but it's too early yet; wait till the sun begins to go down a bit. What say you to a drop of real Irish? It won't harm either of us, I think, eh?" What similarity there is in the greeting words among fishermen all the world over, I thought, and what wonderful similarity in tastes, too! We sat down together, to give the sun a chance of going down a bit, and began to compare notes generally. My rod was a twelve foot one. The cast was heavy; I had three flies—I do not know their names. They were an inch and a half long, with black body and hackle, and large white wings with one scarlet stripe on each wing. They looked for all the world like a bit cut out of a pair of Uncle Sam's breeches, and about as unlike any fly I ever saw as they could be. I thought of a paper in "Anglers' Evenings," where it is maintained that something in likeness to nothing ever heard of in insect life is undoubtedly taken by a trout to be a spider, and I wondered what a bass might take a pair of Uncle Sam's pants for. One thing only I knew—so far the bass had not taken them for anything.

We passed some time reclining on the bank, W—— taking the opportunity to relate how at each particular spot where we had been casting either he or a friend had landed a four-pounder, each fish possessing a special history of its own, arising out of the process of landing. Of course on this water he had the advantage of me. He knew I had never fished there before, and I had to be silent. But was I no fisherman? Had not I fished the sweet waters of the Annamoe? Was Lough Dan not in my memory? and the Ribble with those charming pools, and the tarn, too? How about venturing just 4 lbs. with ¼ lb. added, and beating the 4 lb. bass? While we thus conversed, instructing each other, a floppy splash on the other side of the river called us to our feet. Yes, it was indeed a rise, and a good one. Soon the river seemed alive with fish—they were rising up and down stream and on both sides, except at that part of the river where we stood; there they confined themselves to the other side, and took care to rise only beyond the reach of our casting powers. These fish are, indeed, like other fish, thought I.

At last, however, one more venturesome than the others rose on my left, in the shadow thrown by an old broken tree hanging over the water. He was within reach, and, quick as lightning, my tail-fly dropped in the very centre of the circle. As the fly lighted on the water it was taken—a splash, a wriggle—then a dart to the bottom and a sulk. It took me from five to seven minutes to land him, and I had caught my first small-mouthed green bass. He fought well, and from beginning to end behaved like a thoroughly well-educated trout. He turned two lbs. on the scale. The colour, from which he derives a portion of his name, was chiefly about the gills. These were almost emerald, the mouth a light whitish green, the colour shading off to a brownish green about the head, the scales of the body being somewhat similar in colour to the back of the brown trout, but of a duller hue. The dorsal fin was like that of a perch.

Already the shadows were beginning to lengthen, but sport was on, and not till I had landed eight fish did I reel up, regretting that in those regions twilight was so short. Our friend W—— had, with a true fisherman's politeness, left the work to me, contenting himself with landing one for form's sake.

We now made our way back to the spot where we had parted from the Colonel and George in the canoe. When at last they came paddling up the river they had some difficulty in finding the landing-place.

> "Grey the vault,
> Pure, cloudless ether; and the star of eve
> Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
> Faintly, too faint almost for sight . . .
> . . . . ere the boat attained
> Her mooring place."

The *inferior lights*, on this occasion, were lucifer matches which we burned to guide our friends to shore, for it was now quite dark. They had fifteen fish, one of them 2½ lbs. That one had been taken with a natural fly, caught by George to see what sort of fly to put up. The Colonel put it on, and, dropping it by the side of the canoe, at once hooked his best fish. Taking the paddles with us we now began our journey home. To make your way through a Canadian bush or swamp in the heart of the backwoods would be no easy task to the uninitiated, even by daylight; but in darkness to which "Darkest Africa" would be light, only one thoroughly accustomed to the work could venture. Keeping close together in Indian file we followed the lead of our trusty guide, replaced the paddles in their hiding place, and emerging from the bush found ourselves where we had left our horses, patiently waiting. Harnessing them as best we could in the dark, we proceeded slowly through the wood, the Colonel at the reins and friend W—— on foot, leading. On gaining the outskirts of the wood we came to a cottage, where we made a halt. We knocked, and the door was opened by a little girl. "Mrs. May, are you there?" called the Colonel. "Good evening, Mrs. May," said W——, as that lady came forward. "Oh, sir, is it you? Well now, May and I was wondering who it was was up there with them horses. We seed the horses, yer know, and 'May,' says I, 'who's them as is gone in the bush this night? They's got lost. They's lost in the swamp.' Oh, dear, and it's you; well, well!" "Yes, Mrs. May, and here we are, not lost, but dry, Mrs. May, dry! Have you got some water?" "Why, to be sure we have. Here, child, bring a glass of water." A glass of water was brought; in the meantime a flask had been unearthed, and some of the contents being mixed with the water, one of us refreshed. "Here, child, bring another tumbler of water," said Mrs. May. At this juncture Mr. May appeared upon the scene. "Good evening, Mr. May," said the Colonel from his seat on the box. Mr. May could not see him, and merely growled out a responsive "Good evening." "Why,

you don't know me," said the Colonel, "I'm Colonel M——. We're going to have some whiskey and water; won't you join us, Mr. May?" "Eh?" replied Mr. May, "why, yes, of course I will. Here, child, don't you hear the Colonel wants more water?" By this time Mr. May was alive to the situation, and, seeing he was to be a participator, resolved that his share of the feast should be on a liberal scale. "What are you at? What's that?" he cried, referring to a tumbler half full of water which the child had in her hand. "Bring a pail, child; bring a pail, I tell you. Don't you see they're thirsty?" A pail was brought, and all, including Mr. May, having satisfied themselves, we started off for Guelph, not, however, before Mrs. May had again and again expressed her thankfulness for our escape from the dangers of the swamp, and her hope for our safe arrival home "this terrible night." Mr. May now led the way till we reached a gate which opened on to the high road. An hour's drive and we were at the Colonel's house, to be met by Mrs. M—— and the faithful Jack (the dog). An enjoyable supper, a smoke, and a chat were then the preludes to sleep and dreams, in which the "small-mouthed green bass" were again caught in profusion, in which Mrs. May got lost in the swamp, and Mr. May harnessed the Colonel to the horses, and the horses swam the river, while George caught Mr. W—— with a natural fly, and the canoe floated over the Falls before I could get out of it, and woke me up with a bump as it reached the rapids. Bass fishing is apt to give you nightmare; at least, that is my experience.

THE GRAYLING
BY
J A Hutton

Most Anglers are content to take Charles Cotton's description of the Grayling as correct — "one of the deadest hearted fishes in the world" and judge this graceful sporting little fish accordingly; the little experience I have had leads me to think otherwise and lest my hearers might think I am at all exceptional in my belief, I can only refer them to the numerous authorities on the subject, Pritt, Waldron, Dr.

A PLEA FOR THE GRAYLING.

BY J. A. H.

MOST anglers are content to take Charles Cotton's description of the grayling—"one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world"—as correct, and judge this graceful little sporting fish accordingly. But

I think that Charles Cotton could never have fished for grayling at the right time of the year. Nor am I alone in this opinion; I need only refer to the numerous authorities on the subject, Pritt, Senior, Walbran, Dr. Hamilton, and many others, who all bear testimony in favour of the grayling. The fact is that very few anglers have any idea what sport they might have, if, instead of hanging up their rods when September has passed, they would wend their way to the neighbouring streams of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and cultivate a nearer acquaintance with this charming fish.

The joys of grayling fishing can only be appreciated by those who have experienced them. To my mind there is nothing more delightful than on a bright frosty day in October or November to be on the banks of a grayling stream with a fly rod in one's hand, and the fish rising all round one and refusing to be put down, pluck them as you may. They are free risers at times, but are most difficult to hook, for the smallest of flies and the finest of tackle must be used; and when once hooked they require delicate handling, for their mouths are most tender. And then the beauty of the fish when caught! Most anglers only know them in April, after they have spawned, when they often come readily to the fly; but there is as much difference between a grayling caught then, and one caught in September or October, as there is between trout taken in February and June. The open season for grayling begins on June 15th, though they do not come well to the fly until August, and the big fish are rarely caught until the end of September; but October and November are the best months, though I have taken them with the fly in December and January. Grayling fishing has a fascination of its own, coming as it does when the glories of autumn are upon us, and the landscape is touched with the melancholy of the fading year. But at present I will regard the subject from a more practical point of view, and ask you to treat the charms of grayling fishing as an accepted fact, and to consider whether it would not therefore be adviseable to introduce these fish into the waters of the Manchester Anglers' Association in Ribblesdale.

One of the greatest arguments in favour of the grayling—especially to those who do not shoot—is that it comes in just when trout are going out. Trout fishing, as we all know, begins nominally at the beginning of February, but few anglers worthy of the name begin their fishing before March. We soon reach September, and if there are no grayling at hand our fishing is over for the year—just a short six months, during two-thirds of which the water is either too low or too high, or there is no wind or there is too much, or else there is thunder about, or something else. This does not give one many opportunities of catching fish, especially as most of us are able to go a-fishing only when we can arrange to get away from business, and not when it is the right time to go. Now, although "catching fish is not all of fishing," we like to get some sometimes, and anything which increases the possibilities of attaining this object should not be ignored. By introducing grayling into the upper Ribble we should have more opportunities for sport during August and September, and also have four additional months added to our fishing season; this ought to be sufficient reason for us to consider seriously whether it may not be adviseable to introduce this sporting little fish into the waters at Horton. But further than this, the very best time for grayling fishing is when the water is low, and this applies to August and September, when trout are still in season, as well as to the later months of the year, when grayling are the only fish we may angle for. How many of us there are who have started off Horton-wards full of hope, only to find on our arrival that the river was hopelessly low, and fishing out of the question! If we had had grayling in the stream, the case might have been different. I admit that they are somewhat capricious risers; so are trout, but my experience leads me to believe that the best time to catch grayling is when the water is low; which, alas! is not the case with trout. Here we admirers of the grayling have a very strong argument, and in further support of it I may mention a few days from my own experience. One day I was at Rocester on the Dove, at the latter end of August—the water was low, the sky was bright and the sun hot, and it is hardly necessary to say that, as I had been fishing for trout, when the afternoon drew on there was very little more in my creel than when I started. I was lying on the bank, smoking and basking in the sun, and wondering what I should do to pass the time until my train was due, when the keeper came up. "Have you had any sport, sir?" "Well, need you ask?—only two

small trout," was my disconsolate reply. "If I were you, sir, I should go down to the weir, and try for the grayling; there's been a good few rising there all day." I immediately "blessed" my own stupidity for not thinking of this before, for grayling are curious fish, and though not rising all over the river, will often rise steadily all day in one particular spot. I hurried away to make the most of the time, which was now only too short; for when I reached the large pool below the weir, I found my friend the keeper was right. To cut matters short, in very little over an hour I creeled seven brace of grayling weighing just seven pounds. Later on in the same year, at the end of chill October, long after the trout fishing was over, on the same water I got 9½ brace of grayling weighing 9¼ lbs., all taken with the fly.

Here is another similar experience, also on the Dove. On this occasion I was fishing higher up the river, where the trout fishing is excellent, on the Birdgrove Club water, which holds some of the largest trout in Derbyshire. I had heard that the water was hopelessly low. A bank holiday, however, and some heavy rain in Manchester,—which as I found out later carefully avoided the Dove—tempted me to go down and take my chance, with the usual result; for it was one of those days when your friends kindly advise you to "chuck your hat at them." A low river and a sky of the purest blue did not inspire me with hope, but my past experiences helped me on this occasion, and wending my way to where I thought the grayling might be rising, I was lucky enough to have my hopes rewarded. I returned home with 7½ brace of

grayling weighing 8 lbs.; but this time I worked hard, for the fish would not look at a sunk fly, and only took a small Yellow Tag fished perfectly dry. The moral I wish to draw from the foregoing is that, but for the grayling, on each occasion I might have had to toil all day for perhaps a brace of trout, or perhaps nothing; instead of which I was lucky enough to get two catches of which any angler might feel proud.

There is another point I ought not to miss, and that is the short time in which grayling attain a decent size. In "Salmonia" Sir Humphry Davy states that such fish as were hatched in May or June became nine or ten inches in length by September, and weighed from five to eight ounces, though probably in our northern streams the rate of growth would not be so rapid as in the river Teme, of which he was writing. But in any case, in a very short time one would get really takeable fish, and indeed, fish which one might take all the year round, for grayling under ½lb. are not supposed to spawn—so says the late Francis Day, the greatest authority on British *salmonidæ*.

The scene of the following experience was nearer home. One September I visited Horton, going as usual when I could get away, and expecting, with my usual luck, to find the river dead low—which I did. I fished for two days with as much result as you can imagine, and finally I bolted off in despair to Wensleydale, for there, at any rate, grayling were to be found, to say nothing of charming scenery. The water was of course low, for the Ribble and the Yore rise on much the same watershed, and I cannot say the grayling were rising freely, but at least I got some fishing worth calling fishing, of which there did not seem much probability at Horton. On my return I met Walker on the bridge. He shook his head sadly as he looked at the river, which had now dwindled to that apology for a stream which we unfortunately know so well. "Well, and have you coort oot up yonder?" asked Walker, evidently not expecting that I had. When I turned out of my creel half a dozen nice grayling, of which the biggest was close on a pound, his face was a picture. The old boy does not like to have his ideas upset. "Dom it," he said, "whoi can't *we* have them soart o' fish?" I managed to bring Walker to my way of thinking very easily, and I wish we enthusiasts for the grayling had always as easy a task before us.

I hope I have proved that grayling may be a very desirable addition to any fishery; and I will now touch on the points likely to be raised against me. Prejudice one cannot fight, but, when a reasonable argument is brought forward, it is a duty, in advocating what some people look on as a revolution, to refute it. The most common objection is that grayling devour trout spawn, and must eventually be the means of thinning down the stock of the latter fish. In the first place, I have never seen this proved; I think the theory is not based on fact, and even if it were, it would not matter at Horton. For, curiously, grayling seldom leave the main stream, and my impression is that whatever spawn is deposited by trout in the main river at Horton does not come to anything; the heavy floods of winter and early spring must often sweep it all away, or else bury it inches deep with stones and gravel. Further, I believe the fry and yearlings which we turn in are what mainly stock the river. In proof of this, I would call attention to the great increase in the stock at Horton compared with what there was before artificial breeding operations were begun. This is a fact to which the resident landlords have borne witness. Great credit is due to the Fishing Committee for the eminent success of the fish hatchery. I dare say that someone may object that in the Derbyshire streams the stock must be almost entirely kept up by the spawn deposited in the main rivers, as there are few, if any, tributaries for the trout to ascend for spawning purposes. But they don't have floods in Derbyshire like those in the Ribble; and further, the Derbyshire trout seem very well able to look after themselves. My own opinion is that "the boot is on the other leg;" the poor, much-abused grayling, from its habits, is compelled to deposit its spawn in the main river in April or May, when Master Trout is just beginning to pull himself together again, and I have no doubt the latter is very much on the rampage at that time, and on the look-out for the daily rise of the "grayling ova" fry. The late Francis Day states that at the end of July the fry are one to five inches long, and that in aquaria it has been observed that trout will readily eat young grayling. Perhaps my opponents will look on this as an argument in favour of their introduction, as being the means of providing additional food for the trout. I suppose no one would contend that the grayling goes for young trout. His small mouth is hardly adapted for such food; but certainly the trout will reap any revenge which is due to him when the small grayling hatch out.

I have also seen it stated that grayling will bully trout. Again, I think, "the boot is on the other leg." The grayling is comparatively a delicate and timid fish, whereas the trout, with all due respect, is a pugnacious rascal. Many a time have I seen small trout flying for their lives when they had ventured a little too near the haunt of one of their great-grandfathers, but I have never yet seen a grayling pursuing another fish. One of the strongest arguments I ever read was a remark by "South-West" in one of his interesting little notes in the *Field*. I think his name ought to carry weight, for he is one of the best, if not the best of fishermen in the south of England, with an experience of many years. He is speaking of the Test, and here are his words:—"It would be an evil day for Houghton if the grayling followed the example of the May-fly and grannom in deserting the river."

But the strongest point of all is the fact that with the exception of a few instances, where grayling have been introduced in modern times,—they have been living side by side with the trout for centuries. If half what is said against the grayling is true, by this time we should have very few trout left in many streams in England. "Prejudice is not proof," and those who have experienced the fascinations of grayling-fishing cannot be expected

to yield to mere prejudice. I don't lay claim to more than ordinary skill in fishing, and unfortunately my experiences are but few, but I have killed good baskets of trout in Derbyshire, and in the very same waters I have taken numbers of grayling. The same thing holds good of the rivers of the south of England, and the Shropshire streams; and I recently received a letter from Mr. F. M. Walbran telling the same story of the Yorkshire rivers. He writes as follows:—

"On June 21, 1889, on the Wharfe, I killed 44 trout weighing 21lbs. On the same water on November 21, 1889, I killed 44 grayling weighing 28lbs. Again on the Yore in December, 1890, I killed 36 grayling weighing 14lbs., and on the same water I have killed 16lbs. of trout per day. Beyond this you do not want to go and *I say without fear of contradiction that trout and grayling will thrive well together*."

Mr. T. E. Pritt in the "Book of the Grayling" writes as follows:—

"The fish (trout and grayling) thrive equally well together in those rivers which are suited to them, and grayling must be acquitted of any tendency to diminish the number of trout, if the ordinary supply of food is fairly plentiful."

Evidently the Yorkshire fishermen have no doubts on the subject, and if we turn to the writings of southern anglers we find the same opinion. Mr. R. B. Marston writes as follows in the *Fishing Gazette*:—

"So long as there is plenty of room and food for both, I do not believe that trout are prejudicially affected. . . . A river which contains trout and grayling in good quantities is, in my opinion, far more interesting to fish, and affords far more sport, than one stocked with trout only, and of course for a much greater portion of the year."

Again, Dr. Hamilton, also writing to the *Fishing Gazette*, uses the following words:—

"We feel sure that trout and grayling will live quite happily together."

Other similar testimony to the merits of the grayling could be given, but it is hardly necessary.

My belief is that those who argue that grayling spoil trout fishing have not hit on the real reason why their sport is not so good as it used to be. Where grayling have been introduced, or where they have been living with the trout for hundreds of years, and are supposed to be spoiling the trout fishing, it is more than probable that these rivers are suffering from the same misfortunes as many others where there are no grayling; it may be too many fishermen, too much draining, or one of the many causes by which we fishermen try to account for the fact that we cannot make as good baskets as our forefathers did, or indeed as we used to do ourselves. I say again, let those who say grayling are spoiling their trout fishing be quite sure that their streams are the only ones where the fishing is not what it used to be.

The grayling is a fish which grows rapidly to a decent size, often to a very large size, and it is well worth introducing both for the fact that it gives us a much longer fishing season and greater possibilities of sport, and also for its fine sporting qualities. All authorities agree that grayling and trout will do well together on one condition: you must have sufficient food for both. As regards Horton it is only necessary to turn up the stones on the river bed to see the capabilities the river has in food supplies, and in the excellent condition of the trout there is further proof of abundance. Besides this, grayling lie more in the pools and gentle runs, where trout do not as a rule lie. The introduction of this fish would increase the Ribblesdale fishing-water by fully one-half, and turn into good fishing-water what is now practically useless. As to whether the water at Horton would really suit grayling I do not feel qualified to speak; but some parts of the river seem excellently adapted for them, particularly the long pools and still runs below Horton Bridge, where one seldom thinks of fishing for trout. And surely, by judicious care, it would be possible to regulate the stock to suit the food supply; and if they were found to be too numerous it would not be difficult to net them out, for they are far more easily netted than trout. In conclusion, I can only repeat and say with old Walker "Whoi shouldn't *we* have them soart o' fish?"

Experientia Docet.

by R Godby

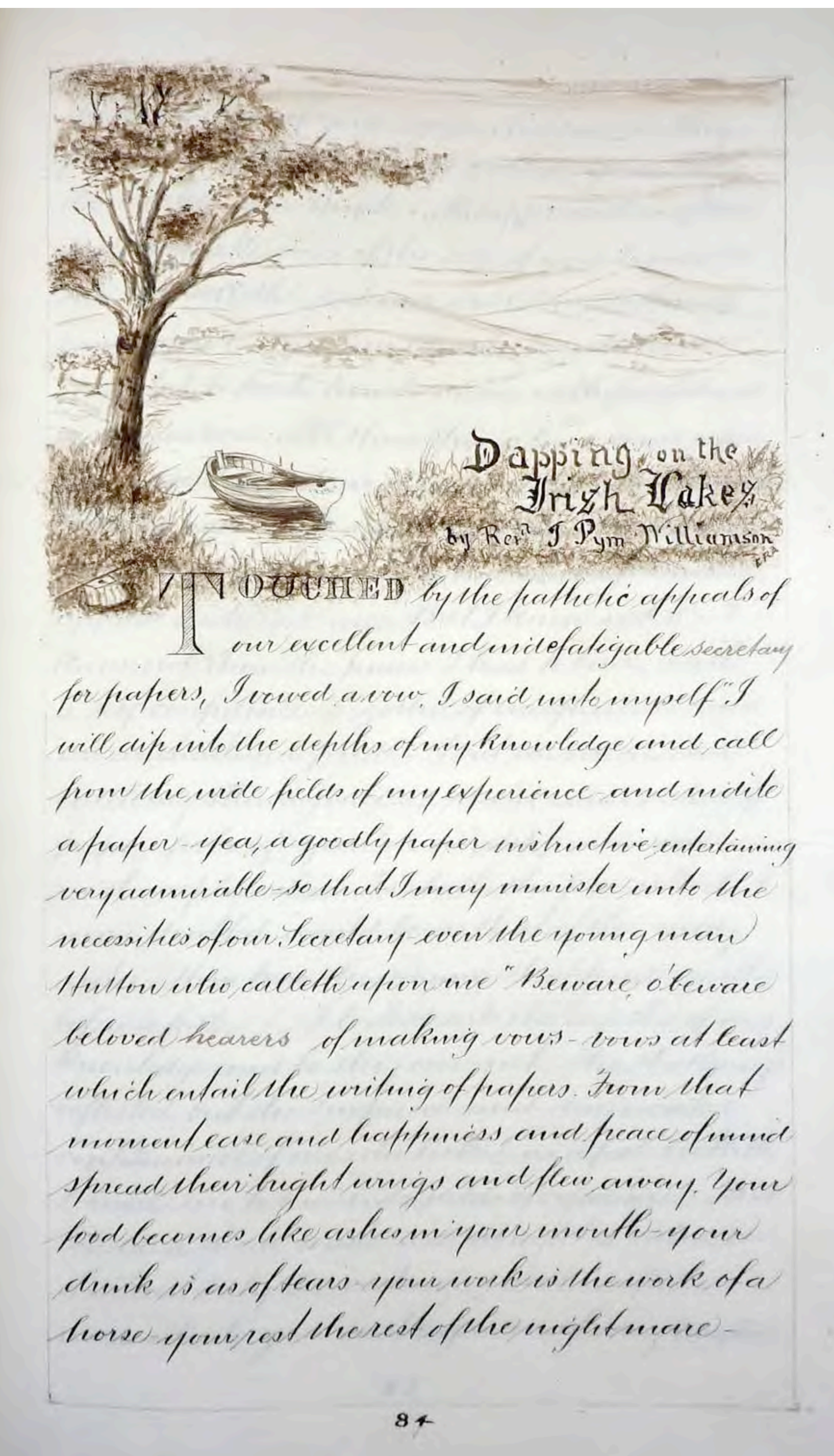
Air from Patience

An Angler sat by the Rivers brim
And leisurely watched the Swallows skim
And wheel about in pursuit of flies
While here and there a trout would rise
But for rising fish he had no heart.
An itchy sensation made him smart.
He turned to see what had broke his rest
And found he had sat in a red Ants nest.
Oh! a red ants nest
a red ants nest.
So In this tormented, nearly demented
Angler lived to find
When a swarm of ants
Gets into your pants
They can leave their mark behind

Chorus - So &c. &c

The Angler looked if the coast was clear
And feeling safe there was no one near
Divested himself of his lively pants
Which he shook to dispel this colony of ants
But ere he could don his clothes again
He was forced to fly with all his main.

For a bull that had chanced that way to roam
Came savagely up - and drove him home.
Oh he drove him home
He drove him home
So this poor speechless, terrified breechless
Angler lived to find
When a bull's on the ramp
It is best to decamp
Tho' you leave your breeks behind
Chorus - Oh, So &c
Now Anglers all who are so inclined
A moral in my song may find
If you must sit down and take some rest
Don't plant yourself in a red ants nest.
And if you are forced in any event
To doff your nether integument.
Hold hard till you see beyond all doubt.
That there are no rampant bulls about
Oh - No bulls about
No bulls about
When ants are biting and bulls mean fighting
probably you may find
You'd better by far
make off as you are
Than leave your breeks behind
Chorus - Oh When &c



Dapping on the Irish Lakes

by Revd J. Pym Williamson

TOUCHED by the pathetic appeals of our excellent and indefatigable secretary for papers, I vowed a vow. I said unto myself "I will dip into the depths of my knowledge and call from the wide fields of my experience and indite a paper - yea, a goodly paper instructive, entertaining very admirable - so that I may minister unto the necessities of our Secretary - even the young man Hutton who calleth upon me" Beware, o beware beloved hearers of making vows - vows at least which entail the writing of papers. From that moment ease and happiness and peace of mind spread their bright wings and flew away. Your food becomes like ashes in your mouth - your drink is as of tears - your work is the work of a horse your rest the rest of the night mare -

DAPPING ON THE IRISH LAKES

BY T. P. W.

AS on a balmy day in the merry springtime "I lay a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge," a happy vision came to me. A dimpling lake, embosomed amid the everlasting hills, and gemmed with many an emerald isle; a drifting boat; a floating line of floss; fairy-like May-flies spring to lovely life from the womb of the waters, and trout are springing too, and—ah! blessed, indeed, is the gift of memory—again, in imagination, I am dapping on an Irish lake.

Thus it comes to pass that I have chosen the title of this paper. My object is to try and give such accurate information that any angler, who determines to take what may be, to him, a new departure in angling, may start fair, properly equipped and furnished, guarded against blunders into which I stumbled, and instructed in the best methods which a five or six years' experience has taught me.

First find your lake; for all Irish lakes are not adapted to this form of sport. What you want is a May-fly lake. Now of two lakes lying almost side by side, one may be the May-fly's haunt, whilst on the other a May-fly is never seen. I do not think that anybody can say why this is, but so it is. Nature's secrets are not easily penetrated. I know two salmon rivers which fall into the sea within a very few miles of each other, running through much the same country, subject to much the same influences; the one fishes well in March, and the other not till June. Why? It is easy, however, to find out which *are* May-fly lakes; and you will probably be influenced in your choice of water by readiness of access, by prospect of sport, and by possibilities of accommodation. The latter is a difficulty. Hotels are often distant from the scene of action, are not always good, and are generally expensive. For the fisherman who is prepared to rough it a bit the best plan is to get—if he can—accommodation in some farm-house near the lake. Cooking is, as a rule, pretty rough, but hunger is a rare good sauce, and one can always improve matters by taking stores. A round of Derby beef and a ham make a sufficiently good stand-by.

There is a fishing song in Cotton's poems (quoted *in extenso* as a note in some editions of *The Complete Angler*) beginning:—

> "Away to the brook,
> All your tackle outlook,
> Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing;
> See that all things be right,
> For 'twould be a spight
> To want tools when a man goes a fishing."

We will follow this good advice and deal first with the tools that a man wants when he goes a dapping. First, as to rods, I consider three the fewest you can do with: one for casting the artificial fly, 14 feet; one for trolling (better two), for often there are long distances to row, and there is always a chance of picking up something, and one for dapping (better two). This should be 16 or 17 feet long at least, and light, for it has to be held for hours at a stretch; but it should be fairly stiff and powerful, for big fish have to be dealt with, and it is always well to kill quickly. Anything does for a reel line that will run and not kink or break; and it is well to have from 40 to 50 yards, for a big fish will rip off a lot, and there is always the possibility of a monster. Besides, you can reel up more quickly if the barrel of the reel is well covered. To the end of the line must be joined, so that there is no doubt of its running, a length of floss silk. This should be from 15 to 20 yards long, so as to leave some on the reel when your line is at fullest extent, otherwise the heavy reel-line keeps pulling the light floss into the most annoying festoons. Your floss should be knotted every few inches, or it catches in everything, and quickly frays. Indeed, though I like floss best myself, some fishermen find it such a nuisance, requiring so much

care, that they use only a light line, similar to those used by Nottingham roach fishers. To this is attached a short length of gut, say 3 to 4 feet. You cannot be too particular in your choice of gut; it must not be very thick, but it must be round, clear, and strong, and the knots must be well tied. Your net must be large. To get a big trout into a small net is a difficult and dangerous proceeding. Have it furnished with a long handle of bamboo or some sort of light wood, and if it be fitted with a sort of boat-hook arrangement, you will often find it a convenience. As you are to sit for hours at a time, and day by day, it is well to provide yourself with a cushion. And as, when it rains in Ireland, it *rains*, and an open boat affords but slight protection, you must be well macintoshed. The best plan is to have a thick waterproof petticoat, such as Cording supplies, to strap round the waist and reach to the boots. This, with a macintosh jacket, is first-rate for boat fishing. A hat with a good brim that will turn down is important, for the glare is very trying sometimes. The best thing for carrying your fish is a big flag basket, such as carpenters use; get the biggest size. If you have some tongues and buckles attached you will find it a useful receptacle for boots, waders, and such like. You must also provide yourself with a basket for carrying the May-fly, technically known as "Daps." This can be procured from any tackle dealer. Have your spare tackle conveniently arranged in a box which can lie on the thwart beside you.

I think I can now allow you to step into your boat. For *that* you will have to take what the lake affords. The first boat I had on Loch Erne had been built in the time of the Crimean War, and leaked all round, in spite of its being "puttied" up with *mortar*. Some ferns were growing freely in it, which are now alive and flourishing in a Buckinghamshire garden. It was the only one I could get, and it really did very well; fishers must be contented. A much more important consideration is the boatman. Make a great effort to secure one who is willing and keen, and knows the lake well. Much depends on that, until you learn it for yourself. I should not mind his not being a fisherman himself, in fact, I should prefer it. If he is, he will want to fish, and I should recommend you to give him the opportunity only occasionally. It is all against the best method, which I will presently explain.

Well, it is, say, the 1st of June, and the first few May-flies are beginning to rise. I do not think that trout have long memories. They seem to have to learn how dainty a morsel, and how feeding, a fine fat May-fly is, and they have to learn it afresh every year. Anyhow, they always begin in a tentative fashion, and never get fairly on to it until it has been on the water some days. This, then, is the time for artificial flies, and one generally has some very pleasant days before dapping sets fairly in. One does not get the biggest fish in this way, but, certainly, I enjoy it best. I never killed a bigger fish than 5½lbs. on the artificial May-fly. I like the flies tied hackle fashion, partridge feather dyed to the colour of the fly, and you are lucky if you can find a yellow dye that will not wash white very quickly. The usual Irish drake, as tied by local men, is winged, and, as a rule, on gut that would hold a porpoise. Do not trouble to fish deeps. Fish where you can see the bottom, and always cover a rise promptly. To that end, keep your man at the oars, so that he can put you quickly to one. And if you get a man—an Irish boatman—whose notion of covering a rise is not to put the *boat* on it, you have a rare jewel; so prize him accordingly. It is not worth while to go twice over the same drift, nor to follow another boat. The passage of a boat seems to send the fish off the shallows into deep water. You will find you kill three fish or more on the first dropper—the "hand" fly they call it—to one on the tail, and five or six times more than on the middle. That has been my invariable experience. I generally use three drakes, but sometimes try an olive on the middle or tail. Keep your hand-fly on the trickle, and, as far as you can, travelling down wind. You will find it necessary to cast well into the wind to do this; it is harder work, but it pays.

Not much about dapping yet, you will say. True, but you will find the first few days of the dapping season very pleasantly spent without dapping. You see it is in Ireland, and that makes all the difference. But now the trout are beginning to take the drake in earnest. A nice strong wind is blowing from south or south-west, creating a good, though soft wave, a great desideratum. You have provided a sufficient supply of daps by the simple process of picking them off the shore and bushes, and you proceed to bait your hook. One would think this a simple proceeding; and so it is, but controversy rages long and loud about it. Nearly every man has his own way of putting the flies on, and each way is the very best. One will have four or five; another only one. Some put on two, one hooked in right side, one in left; some back to back; there are half-a-score of ways. I do not think the trout are particular. I know of a case where an 11lbs. trout was taken with a dap composed of eight drakes! It must have been an error of judgment on the part of the trout; he doubtless mistook it for a wasp's nest, though what he should want with that I hardly know. The following is my way, and I need not tell you that it is the very best. I place the point of the hook between the shoulders, bring it out underneath, and slide the fly up the shank a little way. I then treat a second fly in precisely the same way, and gently press them together. Then snip or pinch off the body of the top fly. Viewed from underneath, it looks pretty much like one drake, but there is more to catch the wind, and more to help it to ride featly on the water. Your dap being arranged in this or some other of the best ways, you view the lake, and you will probably find it streaked with lines of foam, running pretty well parallel, and fairly equi-distant. When the trout are feeding they generally rise in these streaks, where naturally the May-fly get entangled in the foam. They feed up wind, and often at a great pace. As a rule deeps are to be avoided, though when the trout are well on the dap you may kill fish even there.

You will, then, choose a streak of foam where you can just see the bottom, say not deeper than 10 or 12 feet, and begin your drift. You let your line, which is something longer than your rod, fly away on the wind, and gently drop the dap into the water as far off as your length of line permits. The reason why I like floss is that it holds the wind better, and so bellies out beyond the dap; thus it acts as a kind of sail, drawing the dap in a natural manner down wind. A thin line does not catch the wind in the same way, and though it allows the dap to get fully extended, yet it seems to have a tendency to hold it back against the wind. A fine point, I daresay, and perhaps the gain is not sufficient to compensate for the extra trouble entailed by floss.

Take care that your dap does not get sodden and spoilt by the waves. In stormy weather it is impossible to prevent this, but it does not matter much then. Trout will often take a well-soaked dap under water with as much avidity as though it were sailing on the top.

The local way of dapping presents a very curious sight. There are, as a rule, three men in a boat, all sitting cross-wise of the thwarts, all with their elbows on their knees, all with their shoulders well up to their ears, all crouching forward at the same inclination, each with a long rod held out at an angle of 45°, the eyes of all fixed steadily on the dap as it touches the water and then flutters in the air to settle again on this side or that. In death-like silence they drift on and ever on until they are lost in space. Sometimes you see ten or a dozen boats together. Multiply the above picture by ten or twelve, and you will realise the quaintness of the effect. You may be in one of the said boats, yet will it never occur to you that *you* are looking ludicrous—only the others. A better and more sporting method by far is not to fish in drifts, but row to rises. To this end you must have your boat to yourself and keep your man at the oars, ready *at once* to put you to a rise on either hand as you drift along. If this is promptly and properly done, as a rule you take that fish. If fish are not in the humour, then your boatman can fish a bit. It is well that his rod should be shorter than your own, for he will have to use it with one hand while he manages the boat with the other. If he should hook a fish, change rods at once, and kill it yourself. But when a real rise is on, have him at the oars, and make him put you to the big ones.

When fish are not rising, dapping is most monotonous; worse by far than watching a bob-float, for you *must* manage your dap, while a float will manage itself. The great art of dapping lies in the striking. It looks easy enough, but beginners lose fish after fish. As a rule they strike too soon, and then not in the right way. A big fish is leisurely in his movements. He turns his side and his shoulders and his heavy head like the sluggard in the song; though, by the way, a heavy-headed trout is not exactly what one desires. Moreover, he (the fish, not the sluggard), is feeding towards you, and your boat is drifting towards him. If you strike too soon you take the fly from him; if you wait, and then

do not strike hard enough, you do not pick up the slack, and only prick him at the best. If you strike a bit too hard, and he should be a heavy fish, you will break to a moral. It is a good rule to treat these heavy trout like salmon, and not strike until you feel them. The word *strike* is misleading. The action should not be that of striking, it should be a steady, firm, decisive *pull* on the fish. Thus you gather up your slack, and *draw* your steel into him without anything in the shape of a jerk. The main thing is to give plenty of time; but this, like other rules, has its exceptions. It answers perfectly when the fish are well on; but sometimes they are not feeding well, and there always comes the sad time when the drake begins to pall upon them, and they are going off. They rise, but they do not want the fly particularly, and then it is hard to hook them. And often they will rise with their mouths shut, and just roll over your dap and slap it with their tails and drown it. So you must ever be closely on the watch to detect the different sorts of rises, and nothing but experience will teach you to discriminate.

In the case of a drowned dap do not strike at all, for oftentimes the trout will turn again and rend it under water. But if you do not feel him in two or three seconds you may replace your dap, which is probably spoilt. Again, with splashy, flirty rises, I think the best way is to strike as if with the artificial. You will generally miss, but now and again you will hit. Play him carefully, for he is sure to be lightly hooked. If you wait with these, my experience is that you never catch them. Having hooked your fish, get him round to the back of your boat as quickly as possible, so that you drift from it and not on to it. Nothing is more disconcerting and inconvenient than to get your fish under the boat. I remember once, in a heavy wind, with the boat travelling at a great rate, I rose a fish close to it. I gave him a second or so and struck. Meanwhile he had shot under the boat, and the boat had drifted over him, so that when I struck he was well behind me, and the consequence was that my top piece snapped in two like a carrot. The wind wrapped the line round the rod, and it would not run. I quickly possessed myself of the broken top, and snapping the line proceeded to play my fish with a rod reduced to about two feet. It was a queer sensation, but, after much perturbation of spirit, I managed to bring him to the net. He was nearly 3lbs., but fortunately was hooked in the tongue, and the tackle was sound and stood a strain far beyond what it was intended to bear. I rejoiced exceedingly, especially as I was in the midst of a flotilla of boats, whose occupants took much interest in the struggle; and serving out a three-finger grog to the crew, I called upon him to rejoice with me. Again, I say, get your fish killed quickly, especially if there is a rise on—loss of time is often fatal. And as to the actual killing, a whack on the back of the neck, with a club like a policeman's baton, irreverently termed "the parson," does it directly, as it ought to be done. It is difficult to hold a 5 or 6lb. fish in your hands and knock his head against a thwart. You are pretty sure either to bark your