

Basket reached 5 1/2 lb. my own 3 1/2 lb

Wednesday, we went up the river again, the water being still very high, our respective baskets being very similar to those of the previous day. The water was in rather better order, but the keeper who was prospecting for salmon, which were putting in an appearance told me it was useless to expect to do anything just then with the fly. On Thursday we determined to see it rolling in Loch Ken would yield any better sport, but together with high wind followed us there, and the result of our contortions with the elements was absolutely nothing. After dinner Mr Buckley sallied out alone, the stinging I had experienced on the Loch having brought my zeal down to zero. He found the river somewhat more settled and between 8 & 10 basketed 12 fish weighing 2 1/2 lb, returning 8 others to the stream. On Friday our last day, in spite of the parting advice of our friend Mr White, we made a grand mistake. We ought to have followed up the success of Mr Buckley, and stuck to the river, instead of which the tempter took us up into a high mountain and showed us Loch Lochinvar. We ordered out the machine and set off amidst a regular down-pour, and found the Loch enveloped in a proper Scotch mist. The keeper encouraged us by telling how all this rain was drowning his young Black game, and that it was no use trying the Loch on a day like this. However we did try, got one or two short rises and then turned our attention to the burn. Again with the worm - I began to hate the sight of the little reptile. In a run a short distance from the Loch I secured the first half pound fish I had seen since leaving Manchester, and lower down got half a dozen more above the average of the week. The burn then becoming so swollen and in addition so wooded that it was not fishable, I was compelled to leave it, but it seemed to me one of the best I had seen in the district, as it offered such a pleasing variety; first a Mountain burn, then flowing through a rich meadow, past an old Mill, and



again down a steep and richly wooded channel to the Ken. On reaching Dalry I found the days rain had again brought the river up to boiling point, so that nothing could, by any chance be done, and we were compelled to pack up our traps in preparation for our journey home on the morrow.

This account reads something like failure, but we went for something besides fish, we went for a rest from the turmoil of the City, and for a supply of invigorating fresh air, all of which we obtained, and returned saying "better luck next time". I would just add that we were much more comfortable at the Lochinvar Arms. Mary was most attentive, but I am sorry to say, seemed to be unwell - or suffering from lowness of spirits. What was the cause of the depression I cannot say. However she made no enquiries after absent friends.

"The Skipper"

9.



The Raid of the Gwo.  
 BY PETER PLAGIARIST!  
 GIVE OVER.  
 Gynpatky

Not a rise had they seen, not a fish had they got,  
 When the two on their homeward course hurried.  
 The one on his ill luck was pondering, hot,  
 And t'other was very much flurried.

All day had they fished from the morn till the night,  
 From the Dutch and the Ken were returning,  
 So Dalry with creels that were empty and light,  
 And cheeks that with grief were red burning.

Few and short were the words that they said,  
 And those were all spoken in sorrow,  
 They saw the black clouds gather thick over head,  
 And knew they'd have worse luck tomorrow.

Loudly they groaned o'er the raid that was gone,  
 And President While they upbraided,  
 But little he recked, sitting smoking at home,  
 Thinking o'er what he'd done when he raided.

Quickly but sadly, away they came back,  
 With hands neither scaly nor gory,  
 They spoke but this word, Why that takes all a crack,  
 And the fish in the bottles a story.









## Our week end on the Dee.

One of your Members at the invitation of Mr Eaton has had the good fortune to visit this most excellent fishing ground and Hostelry - situated above the Vale of Slaugollen & below Borwen, and it unquestionably bears out the character claimed for it by Mr Eaton in every respect. The Inn is kept by Mr Hill, and is a real Angler's Home, the hostess is a most excellent cook, knows every thing a fisherman requires - has a cosy comfortable house, charges very moderate and is a lady withal. The delightful situation of the Inn, perched on a hill side with "Dee" flowing gently in repose, or rolling in thundering majesty, at your feet, is alone worth a pilgrimage to enjoy. The fishing very good, trout ranging from 4 to 10 oz. (superior not fisherman's weight) in plenty - given to this the grand mountainous scenery and bracing air - you may go far and fare a deal - ay a great deal worse than stepping into a train at "Victoria" and in a few hours getting out at this delightful spot. Try it brethren, try it brother M. A. Fish well on the Saturday - enjoy the delights of an evening, those undescrivable joys - when brethren meet.

Mr Hill has Company visiting from far and near that



a fence might say. - Enjoy the next day by a climb up Moor. Gave - away up - up - in the blue left, and there resting view your home right away down beneath your feet & the river deeper still - gaze away over Mountain top. Listen to the cry of the Curlew & Grouse & then take your fill of the good things that a bountiful and good God has created for you. Your appetite will be none of the poorest, nor your sleep be disturbed at the end of such a day. Then on the morrow 'up and at em' and so on a Tuesday morning with head clear and nerves string you appear again at the busy mart - I should like to see the "pike or shark" that would hook you at a business bargain on that Market day.

Our Saturday's catch so far as the writer's first day was concerned was as usual over New Water, a very poor one. Mr. Eaton had 1 1/2 brace. Monday was different and singular coincidence - each had 10 1/2 brace of fair average fish. The Coracle men that day did very well. One had the extraordinary catch of 40 brace. Ah! what a treat a day in a Coracle would be - just fancy gliding in a "wicker" stating from goodness knows how long back - Ancient British of course - fishing such a classic stream as old Dee. What dreams of delight might not one have. Someday may we hope to record such a pleasure. Before leaving - note the experience - at this time of the year (early April) nothing but "Large duns" or "March browns" was the rage and only such flies on the water. Mr. Eaton used those flies. The writer fished with a small red spinner a fly certainly not on the river for some six weeks later. So much for the theory of "always use the fly that's then rising". One last note and then I have done - Speaking of those "indescribable joys" of an Anglers' night - only to be found at an Anglers' Inn. accompanied by the "dew that sparkles".

Where Kings Anna Ken



On the night in question, one of our party, a resident in the neighbourhood, and a Scotchman (by the bye where is the place where one cannot meet a North Britisher?) Scotchmen as a rule are much at home and seem also suitable for any place on Mother Earth, save Wales. A Scotchman in Wales! amongst the Cywri! - he seems fairly "licked" here, as the Yankees say. No use, Taffy is too much for even Sandy, he will have none of ~~him~~. Oh! the mixture of the Northern burr with the ~~Sopillan~~ upward inflection - what a jargon! - well however this idealical Scotchman - a jolly good fellow - and by the way a retired Manchester Calico printer, had settled in these parts to farm &c. and in a general way to carry civilization amongst these benighted races - but the language - the difficulty of dealing and of being understood by the peasantry is something great indeed - "Man it dings a" said he - "Fish is awfu scarce in these parts". Was his opening remark - whether a general observation or particularly addressed to me, as to the state of my creel that day, I could not exactly say. any how I was on the alert, for a chaffing Scotchman is one to be noted my brethren. "Man ye canna get a bit of fresh here for the life o' ye at times. I was a short time ago just wearying for just onything in the shape of a bit 'o'-a- change, for ye canna be feeding jist o' one thing mutton and that like always - well then I caud the lad that tends the Cattle and bid him saddle the grey mare and away we hie to Slangollen, just about 4 miles away there across the hills, for a bit of fish - now I tell him he must bring something - either a bit of fresh herring - mackerel - a slice of Salmon steak - or even if he could not get that - a kipper & a bit haddock - well man! drilled him over and over again - made him say his lesson many a dozen times to be sure he richtly understood me - and aff he gaed - Ay och, hoo I did look forward for a treat that evening and how gladly I welcomed him back - hae ye gotten



"The fessle I creed" "Yes sir" said he - "She was here  
 "Sir. Yes indeed" - "Now thinkes I for a treat - when -  
 "Och man - what the Deil think ye the loon had got!"  
 (Man a<sup>wey</sup> bit aith does one good at times) \* \* \* \* \* here -  
 a bottle of "Lau de Coloqui". Well that's what we has to  
 put up with here. The language - the language. Man. however  
 I has had the values up at my farm this morning - I am  
 thinking of leaving these parts.

Editor





# Crayling



To the Editor,

Sir,

You will doubtless have noticed along with others, the quantities of so-called Crayling which at this season of the year are exposed for sale on the Slabs of the fish dealers. Until very recently I was under the impression that these quantities of fish came out of Derbyshire & of course felt very anxious about our fisheries there. but I am told that they are not Crayling at all, but a fish from Ireland out of the docks there. Now, could you, through the Magazine suggest this as a topic of conversation at one of our meetings? I have no doubt there are many gentlemen members of our Association who will gladly give the desired information, and thus enlighten me and others on this interesting subject.

A Member.

The Council at once recognized the value of "A Member's" suggestions in reference to the Crayling and fortunately were able to secure specimens of the said fish from Smithfield Market. The fishmonger in answer to questions, said "Oh of course they are Crayling" being pressed further, he said they were from Loch Neagh, that they were



48

Gollen or Gowan there, but here they are called Grayling.  
Specimens of the real Grayling from Prakewell were also on the table,  
having been forwarded by the keeper Humberg, as also a fine  
specimen from the Dee caught by Dr. Eaton.

In the discussion which followed Dr. Simpson  
contributed the following remarks on the subject

There is a certain amount of superficial resemblance in the  
silvery look of the Gollen to the colour of the Grayling, but it is  
not borne out on close inspection. The scales of the Gollen have not  
the pitting nacreous sheen of those of the Grayling, and they are  
brownish as if sprinkled over with brown dust. The pattern  
formed by the coalescence of adjoining scales is different in the two,  
and the lines along the sides are more distinct in the Grayling  
than in the Gollen. The latter has not the pear shaped or  
rather perhaps the lozenge shaped eye of the former, nor the large  
and very remarkable dorsal fin which distinguishes the Grayling.

Both belong to the Salmonida and possess therefore the small  
adipose fin, but while one is of the genus Salmo, the other  
belongs to the genus Coregonus. One takes various baits and the  
fly bravely, while the other so far as I know is only obtained  
by netting. One is a river the other a lake fish and both  
are well worth cooking.

No doubt many of our members have noticed the extreme  
brittleness of the Grayling as compared with the Trout. If you break  
the neck on taking them out of the landing net.

---



# Short report upon the chemical constitution of fishing waters.

Believing this subject of considerable importance not only as indicating the effect of purity as contrasted with impurity in our rivers and streams, I purpose giving to our Magazine the result of analyses of famous or well known fishing waters.

As the M. A. Assn has in a sense a sort of proprietary right in one river, that is the Dovey, I have I hope very properly commenced operations with that River.

Samples were taken from it on the same day viz Sept 10<sup>th</sup> and within twenty minutes of each other at the same spot just below Dinas Mawddly. They presented the following differences in constitution caused by the fact that the river was clear and low when the first sample was taken, and that owing to a sudden thunder storm the river became milky, white and rose three inches.

	<u>Dovey - before rain</u>	<u>After rain</u>
	<small>Grams per Gallon</small>	
Total solid matter	2.38	3.10
Mineral matter	1.10	1.10
Suspended matter	0.00	0.42
Loss on ignition	1.28	1.28
Hardness degree	1.8	
Chlorine	0.53	
Ureal Ammonia	0.004	
all do	0.0042	

It will be perceived that the only difference between the milky and the transparent condition of the river may be represented by this, in the total solid matter the milky sample holds in suspension only 0.42 of a gram p gallon notwithstanding the great show of mudiness. It may not be uninteresting to compare with the Dovey two Manchester waters one pure the other polluted.

	<u>Fairmore</u>	<u>The Jewell</u>
Total solid matter	3.10	46.50
Mineral ---	1.15	35.00
suspended ---	0.00	11.20
Loss on ignition	1.95	13.30
Hardness	1.50	16.00
Chlorine	0.44	5.20
Ureal Ammonia	0.0009	0.3192
all do	0.0042	0.1344

C. Estcourt & Co





# Reports from Fishing Places.

## The "WYE" Derbyshire.

March 1879

The prospects of this favorite fishing stream are good, perhaps we might safely say, very good, fish plentiful and in excellent condition. The samples of trout sent down to us on Wednesday last were in our opinion more than usual fine specimens. This water has been untouched through the winter, and those of our brotherhood who are fortunate enough to get a few days during this month, will have good fortune indeed. For flies see our book, and especially do not forget to use a large dun for point. A word about Hensberg the keeper here may not be out of place, he has shown to the Association many marks of kindness and is a civil obliging fellow. It will not be ill spent time to have a chat with him and let him know you belong to the M.A.A. he is well posted up with our Club and the names of its members, he sells flies for the water also & you will do well to take his advice thereon. Both Hensberg and Mr. Greaves the host of the "Rutland" are prepared to do much for us let it be our part to show our appreciation of the same, and our expectation of future favors. Hensberg writes us today, stating that there is a fair head of both trout and trout in the water.



# Report from the **DM** at Glynidyfrwy.

Dear Mr Editor

I forward you herewith a few notes of my fishing and first holiday on this my favourite water. I have fished this water for some 20 years and can confidently recommend it to the notice of my brother Anglers.

Saturday 8 A.M. Ground white with frost. Thick fog, cannot see the river. Temp: 3 1/2 Far. 10 O'clock wind N to water too large for fly and too clear for worm, prospect bad. Commenced fishing at 10 with worm, caught one fine grayling. 11 O'clock. Commenced with fly. Temp of atmosphere 4 1/2. do. of water 4. Sun very bright and hot, did not see a fish rise the whole day. Temp at 4.30 50 and 42 respectively. At 5.30 I caught two trout and then went to dinner. Day's catch one grayling & two trout Mr Ormsbill caught nothing.

Sunday Morning 9 A.M. River going down very little wind. N.W. Temp: 4 1/2. 6 P.M. Temp: 49.

Monday 8 A.M. Temp: 45 Wind N.W. cold & cloudy. Water about 6 inches lower than on Saturday. 10 A.M. Temp: 49. water 4. 3 P.M. Temp: 44 water 43, wind very strong and cold. Fishing very late this year. I hooked a salmon played him half an hour and then gave him the point of my rod and let him go  
James Bates



# Correspondence.

## Fly-tying

Sir,

I am but a beginner in the gentle art, and have a great desire to learn all I can. I am anxious to be able to tie my own flies. Not of course for the sake of economy for I do not think that is desirable in this age of cheap and beautiful work, but I feel that I cannot thoroughly enjoy my fly-fishing if I do not know something about the fur and feathers - and the principles that lie underneath my favourite lines. Therefore I beg to suggest to the Council would it be too much to ask them to arrange with some one of our members to give us a "paper" or lecture, about feathers, fur and the materials used in fly tying, with a rough lesson in the art of tying, to illustrate the same. I am emboldened to suggest this, as a result of the most excellent exhibition of flies at our annual dinner held by respective members, who I think would gladly do their best to help those who like myself cannot yet are very desirous of acquiring the art. In the hope of some one of our members accepting the suggestion, I beg to subscribe myself

"A would be pupil"

Two Gentlemen of our Association viz: Mr Bantock & Mr Krauss have been good enough to offer to give illustrations on "Fly-tying" - and we suppose the Council are waiting for a fitting opportunity for such illustration.

Editor



## FISH HATCHING

Mr.

On the occasion of our Anglers' dinner one of our members - Mr. Thompson I believe in replying to the toast of "Other angling Associations" gave a most cordial invitation to any members of our Club to pay a visit to the waters of the Dollen at Crowdon, with a view to inspecting the "Hatching apparatus" and work of the Dollen Angling Association. This appears to me an opportunity that should not be lost by the Council. I am sure many of us would be glad to have the chance of such a sight, and if a few could go say on any afternoon, I think it would result in a pleasant and well spent hour or two.

May I suggest therefore that the Council give this matter their consideration.

While speaking of the Dollen, may I ask if the Council have succeeded yet in securing any water for the private use of the Association? We have heard also of a projected scheme of affiliating ourselves or amalgamating with other societies at a distance. Can anything be done with the Dollen A. A.? I learn that the lower waters of the Dollen are not let. How could our Council do anything to rent these lower waters? and devise a scheme to work with the Dollen A. A.?

I merely give these suggestions for what they are worth, doubtless the Council has already had its attention called to the same.

Our Secretary while arranging for the visit if thought desirable might open up a correspondence with the Dollen A. A. who I am sure have shown a truly fraternal spirit towards us.

Red Hackle



## AMONG RACES

The Members are advised of the completion of the information in Register respecting the fisheries Chatsworth, Gatewell and of the addition of the Guxton water at the head of the Uye the fishing of the Dee at Glynudydwy, and the Uye.

Information is asked for, about the rivers Uye, Severn and their tributaries, the Teme and Sugg. Will some of our Members who are conversant with these waters forward to the Secretary, the information required?

## REPORT FROM THE ESK.

By A.H.

I have had a hard week of it fishing every day except yesterday, which I devoted to loitering about with my family. We have none of us done much, but my basket has always been best; we are however too late for herling and sea trout, they have all gone by and only a few are left in the lower waters.

This is the summary of the week.

Monday: up the water a long way bright hot day, thin water smallish flies of trout, 1 herling: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz and not smaller. Lost another herling by tail hook catching in a stone, & though I got the fish in the net, it got away, as I could not free the hook.

Tuesday. Very wet went in the afternoon to the Tarns fished





A POUNDER



perhaps three hours, but got only 9 little trout the largest about 4 oz. Had a weary walk home in blinding rain and howling wind Wednesday. Liddel in flood, engaged an intelligent boy to go with me, who knew the water well, but no one got many fish, that I came across. All agreed that the "white mist" had gone up. I saw one little cat get a two pound sea trout, he was throwing by chance into a deep, impenetrable forest and something took his worm, when he found what a pull he had, he set up a scream as though he had a salmon, and by I turned round his rod was broken snapt in two, but he had secured the trout by grabbing the line and hauling the fish in, hand over hand. I got three herling, 6, 7 & 8 oz and two trout, S.B. had one herling and a flounder.

"The Skipper" presents his own report.

Thursday Sept 4. Liddel again; water down, biggest flies, my catch 1 sea trout 12 1/2 oz, 3 herling, 10 1/2 oz, 8 3/4, 7 1/2, 2 trout about 4 oz.

Friday - Sept 5. Liddel still, water very much down; clear, smaller flies; finest gut. Went much higher up than before. Whipped till arms and back ached. Catch 1 sea trout 1 1/2 lb, 2 herling 7 1/2 & 6 oz, 3 brown trout, largest 5 oz. Lost several fish today. "Young Skipper" got a big chat 2 1/2 lb. Tomorrow we go with D. Reid to the double water for a "saumon" may we land him!

That's all, from  
Yours truly  
A. H.



# On The Esk

## A FISHING REPORT.

Brother Peter<sup>hurry</sup> safely arrived at this picturesque and thriving town. I proceed to fulfil the promise I made you to record something of my doings. In the first place I need not tell you anything in the way of description of this neighbourhood, as you are no doubt very well acquainted with it. I may however say that it is all very beautiful and very well adapted for the spending of a holiday.

Thinking that you would like a specimen of the scenery for the Association Scrap book, I have obtained a Photograph of the "Steppers Bridge" so called because the river is too wide at this point for the active inhabitants to skip across it, rendering the erection of a bridge necessary. The Scotch appear to be a very agile people, as we have heard of "Loups" made in other parts of the Country by Duncans, Scholars &c. &c. here however the inhabitants although second to none in the distance they can clear at a pinch are more modest and call their Loups "Skips". But although modest they are ambitious, as the architecture of their buildings show. This feature in the Langholm character was very strikingly presented only last evening: at about 10 P.M. I was aroused from my book by a loud cry of fire and at once rushed into the street prepared to do my duty even to the extent of carrying a bucket of water if need be. I found a greengrocer shop was on fire, said shop being of one story - i.e. ground floor only, and about two and a half yards square. A Crowd was promptly in attendance, and soon a cry of "look out, clear the way" was raised, and to my amagement a Steam fire engine appeared upon the scene, which was all it did as it was found to be out of order and would not work. The moral influence however



57

of its presence upon the conflagration was most striking, as the flames speedily subsided, unadvised people said because there was nothing else to burn, and we were left to find our various ways home in the dark, and I to moralize upon the cracking of a nut by a steam hammer, and how a steam fire engine may, when in working order, be brought to bear upon a mansion or a hotel.

I have said that the people of Saugholm are ambitious & I am — but what about the fishing mistakes I hear you say. All in good time dear Peter, don't be in a hurry, and you shall hear about the fishing. I hold that a man who does not study the characteristics and the peculiar "idiosyncrasies" (as a late worthy & respected Mayor of Manchester used to say) of the people with whom he is temporarily associated, is not worthy the name of Angler. I merely mention this to explain my apparent loquacity, as I know of no Angler who is at the same time so keen a sportsman and observer of nature men and things as brother Peter.

Anglers may be divided into two great classes 1<sup>st</sup> the successful 2<sup>nd</sup> the unsuccessful. Those of the first are apt to be unpleasantly elated, those of the latter unduly depressed. It is always my aim and endeavour whether I succeed or fail, to be calm, and although at the moment I belong to the 2<sup>nd</sup> great class, still I am calm, Peter, and sit here writing to you, enjoying at the same time the fragrant weed. When I arrived here the weather was wet very wet, and the river in high flood; after I arrived, more wet and today higher flood. When I went down to the river yesterday morning I met an old man on the bridge. Why does one always meet an old man on the bridge? who invariably does his best to damp the hopes of the ardent Angler. The typical old man ought to be suppressed and I suggest that some literary member bring the matter before the Association with a view to his suppression. The above mentioned old man told me that fish were very scarce this season & that the river was being ruined by the letting down stream. Then he told me how his ticket had been taken from him for alleged foul fishing which



he indignantly denied. Crapes are low thought I, and went to work. Yesterday was devoted considerably to prospecting and I did nothing. This morning I was on the river at 5 A. M. and found it a torrent and have again nothing worth recording, nor had any one else as far as I saw. The fishers are very numerous here, in fact the local costume does not appear to be complete without a rod. This afternoon his rods were working the "Skippers pool" at one and the same time. However the river is coming down and next week I hope to have the company of Brother Quill and Squill, when I shall have the benefit of their experience, and the stimulus of their untiring industry & perseverance. In addition to this the Esk net fishing closes tomorrow so that I hope I may have a better account to give you in my next.

Yours truly

"The Skipper".



Fishing in Foreign Parts.





## SIGHTS AT THE of TULLY.

By prior appointment Venator, Peter and Corydon, met at Lemington Junction on the North British Edin: and Glasgow Railway, on Monday 11<sup>th</sup> August last. Venator found his two friends at their resting place in royal glee, Peter & Corydon bringing with them as much baggage as would form an ordinary Camp at Shorncliffe or Aldershot. Gathering into the same Railway Compartment & exchanging glances, the respectable three soon found themselves at Lemington, the termination of their Railway journey for the time being. A Waggon with a good full crew, was soon at Lemington Station to convey Peter, Corydon & Venator to the Dale of Tully, some 9 miles distant thro' which flows the Endrick, famous among Scottish Streams for its fine-favoured & not parsimonious trout. The first half of the 9 miles drive was somewhat steep thence necessarily slow but the slowness of the locomotion over this distance was amply compensated for by the glorious view which Peter, Corydon & Venator had of the far-famed Glen of Campsie with the noble Castle of Lemington surmounting a finely wooded hill on the right, stretching away to the South West towards Lemington Junction & Glasgow.

The  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles ascent travelled over the first human habitation on the way is a tollbar on the left, which effectually bars any further approach unless the sum of 9 is forthcoming. This sum is found. The toll wife smilingly opens the legal barriers on the highway, Peter & Corydon begging





AFTER THE FIGHT



for a drink of the goodwife's cow's milk, which was produced as soon as asked for. They and Venater, being now on the descending slope of the hill, were shortly at the end of their pleasant mountain drive. Securing lodgings at the Fintry Inn or Hotel, right opposite the house of the Rev. Mr. Muckle, the minister of the parish of Fintry, whose spiritual influence formed no small check to their spirituous tendencies during their continuance there.

Jeter, Corydon & Venater having ordered a knife & fork tea for 5 O'clock P.M., at once proceeded to Culterich, the residence of the proprietor of the soil, to get permission to angle in his waters. The proprietor was not at home, but on receiving assurances of permission to angle in the said waters first from the Chief butler & secondly from the head gamekeeper, Jeter, Corydon & Venater returned to their hotel, made an excellent tea got their piscatorial trappings in order & walking less than 100 yards found themselves on the right bank of the Endrick. To their infinite disappointment, the river was unusually small. The late rains which seemed to prevail everywhere, somewhat strangely, had not visited the vale of Fintry. - But as "faint heart never won fair lady" & as a dispirited angler never made a good basket, Jeter, Corydon & Venater addressed themselves earnestly to work & after slipping the river for a couple of hours or till it grew dark closing divers lines & casts & meeting with sundry mishaps in their much loved pursuit, Jeter, Corydon & Venater's baskets stood at these divers weights viz: 2 lbs. 2 1/4 lbs & 2 lbs. Returning to their hotel & refreshing themselves with bread, cheese, butter & a drap o' mountain dew" meted out in a standard measure they retired to rest, undisturbed by squalling babies & the "Cantain lectures" of better halves.

Tue 8 O'clock A.M. of 11<sup>th</sup> August dawned & Jeter, Corydon & Venater to their promise true, awoke & found their way to the upper reaches of the Endrick. Venater being the youngest, or at least, not the laziest, went farthest up the stream. The breakfast was ordered for half past 9 A.M. Jeter & Corydon true to their



promise returned to the hotel at the appointed hour, Venater being willing to hazard the breaking of any engagement for the chance of catching a trout returned at 11 O'clock A.M. met no small storm from Peter Corydon for his faithlessness & unpunctuality. The breakfast began with the standard measure of a "drap o dew" on the table, was soon discussed & the result of the Tuesday morning's catch was as follows Peter 7 Corydon nil & Venater 5.

The breakfast over, fish weighed, flacks filled & jockey luncheons provided, Peter Corydon & Venater went down the lower reaches of the river the result at nightfall being Peter 13 Corydon 14 & Venater 21.

Returning once more to their hotel, Peter Corydon & Venater supped, but the hour as yet being early, a pack of cards was procured & the evening was spent in gleeeful sport till 12 O'clock when the whole 3 retired to rest.

Next morning Peter & Venater ascended the river at an early hour & Corydon went down the stream in quest of some of his lost fishing gear. Shortly the thunder began to roll & the rain to fall Peter & Venater meeting at a certain point resolved to relinquish their pursuit & accordingly returned to their hotel, Corydon very soon thereafter joining at breakfast. The breakfast discussed flacks once more replenished Peter Corydon & Venater found their way down the river - Murky clouds overcast the sky. The pond was unpropitious, the lake was small. Corydon & Venater meeting on the bank of the river, resolved to relinquish any further angling for the day, & so returned to their hotel. Peter armed with additional courage & determination from some cause or other returned to the hotel at a later hour, the respective takes for the day being - Peter 10 fish Corydon 7 fish & Venater 10. The angling for this day was disheartening in the extreme over which however the land 3 had no control. To make amends for the very poor lakes, a rubber at whist & jokes were resorted to. The jokes were too numerous to mention.



On the morrow Peter, Corydon & Venater unanimously resolved to return to Glasgow on the following day. Whist & Whiskey, being over the famous 3 went as usual to bed, got up early, packed & sent off their traps Sennerton Station, walking over the hill, had tea in the afternoon of Friday with a skinkie in the sweet Vale of Campsie, who charmed them all. Then making their way to Glasgow on the same evening, they secured lodgings in the Waverley Temperance Hotel & starting at an early hour next morning, had a sail up the Kyle of Prute back again. This most enjoyable trip over, Corydon left for Stewarton on the Saturday evening Peter & Venater returned to the Waverley Temperance Hotel. The Sunday dawned Venater was engaged in catching men, of whom Peter was one; and Peter tho' loth to acknowledge Venater's superior powers in catching fish, generously admitted that he angled well for bigger fish.

M<sup>r</sup> C Gentlemen, no MSS having been sent me of Peter, Corydon & Venater's subsequent visit to the beautiful Valley of the Girvan, and its splendid results, I must leave those who visited that lovely scene to tell their own tale.

"Gooda Muchile"

Wm White







When he gets righted he bequies  
 And aye the ither cast he flings  
 Up jumps a trout and he him brings  
 Guid faith theres two  
 Come Robert lad be on your pins  
 And land them do

---

Och aye says Robert I'll be there  
 You wind them in and I'll take care  
 So kent them sung baith firm and sure  
 Safe in the net  
 An' after that nae mair than fair  
 My mouth you'll wet.

---

He lands them both and gives a cheer  
 Venator says "now just look here  
 I've seen my fish fast disappear  
 In Corry's creel  
 I'll no hae that, not me, no fear"  
 He oot did squeal

---

Peter was gettin' on gey weel  
 An' mony a gran' fish he did creel  
 Till ae' great big one made a wheel  
 And drew him in  
 Alas poor Peter's fate was deal't  
 He couldna swim.

---



Poor Peter thought his race was run  
 His auger hummer en' was done  
 Till \*benoch' saw it was past fun  
     An drew him out,  
 But was oblig'd to cry "Come, come  
     Let go the hook".

Venator said said for him grat  
 And Corydon lang moumin' sat  
 The boatman said "I pity that  
     Guis drookit crew"  
 But Peter cried "though I'm gey wat  
     I'll jell awa".

The wormer scarce could get a rise  
 Though lang and lang he threw his flies  
 At lang and length his spirit dies  
     Sits down to mourn  
 Soon up again and then he cries  
     "I'll try the worm".

The worms are out and baited right  
 Out goes the line wi' all his might  
 And in a giffey what a sight  
     A great one on  
 He made one rush soon ceased to fight  
     And landed home

\* Ralston



He was so pleas'd he had a raes  
 A trout like that deserves a taste  
 The flask is out the Anglers grace  
 "Here's the sae ye snan"  
 Now boys be quick nae time to waste  
 The funs sae gran'.

---

Each man in turn he had his cast  
 An' aye the ither trout got fast  
 Upon the line and then were dasht  
 Right in the creel  
 And there they ricket and there they gasht  
 For lang and weel.

---

The sun at length got roun' the hill  
 The air it changt got rather chill  
 They stopp'd and counted up their fill  
 Just ninety eight  
 Then oot the boat and oore the hill  
 For home made straight.

"Corydon."

John Currie