

## LOCH LEVEN

BY

C. P. Roberts.

I then made back to the loch, there I found the Boat which I had engaged for the week and a month beforehand duly reserved for me, though the friend from Glasgow whom I expected to meet and share it with me had not arrived, and a telegram explaining that he had missed his train and would come by the next accounted for his absence. However I did not wait for him - for was not I at Loch Leven, and didn't I want to be on it, and get my hand and eye in for Wednesday! So having tackled up, and the luncheon box having been duly stowed away for subsequent use,

away I went in charge of the two boatmen who were to be my first mentors in loch leven angling, and upon whose local knowledge of the best ground I was dependent for that element of success. That Monday also! was only the first of a succession of eight days of bad fishing weather during which I remained at the Loch: they were not all equally bad, and this was one of the least bad. I did not find that there was much difference between fishing in Loch Leven and fishing in other Lochs, except in the fish themselves when you had hooked them, and when



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you had lauded them. The Loch Leven trout is very lively in the water, and the silvery sides of the distinctive Loch Leven trout look more like those of a sea trout, and the symmetry of his form as he lies a deceased captive at the bottom of the boat or of your basket is perfect. But I only had 7 to feast my eyes upon as the result of my first day's fishing, and my friend who joined me in the middle of the day only had 2; they averaged about  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb pieces and I was not discontented with my first day's catching. Mr MacKenzie got 15 I believe which sealed 13<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>oz</sup>, a basket which was creditable even to his skill. The following day Tuesday was the gathering day of the competitors as well as a practice day for myself on which I got 6 fish only, neither being again unfavorable, and in the evening a meeting was held at the Hotel to make the necessary arrangements for the following day. The Chair was taken by Mr Wilson-Provost Wilson - of the West of Scotland Angling Club, and Mr Macgregor the Secretary was present together with one or more representatives of each of the 17 Clubs who sent competitors. The rules which had been printed and circulated were read, and the conditions of the contest explained. Two gentlemen were chosen to measure the rods in case any excess over the 15ft allowed was suspected: a not unnecessary provision, as one of the competitors in 1882 had to cut off two

inches from the butt of his rod in order to bring it within the prescribed limit. he had not a spare and shot a rod with him. A gentleman unconnected - with the competition was also chosen to weigh the fish in the presence of the president and members, at the close of the day's work. Then commenced the process of balloting for boats, the mode of which was as follows; - there were 18 boats for the 36 competitors, there were two holes into which were put respectively the names of the competitors, and the names of the boats, bow and stern for each, a tablet was drawn simultaneously from each hat, and the person drawn had to take his seat to begin with in the bow or stern, as the case might be, of the boat which was drawn with him. Mr MacKenzie drew the stern of the "Sir Walter Scott" boat for his companion a Mr Robert Len, a representative of the Dundee Club, and I drew the stern of the "Queen" having as my companion Provost Wilson, the general Commodore of the fleet. One of the rules of the competition was that the occupants of the boats should change from Bow to Stern every hour, so that each might have right and left hand casting alternately. These preliminaries having been settled, and a discussion being taken place as to the place of next year's competition and the number of the Clubs which should be allowed to compete the meeting broke up after a Committee had been appointed to arrange these matters. And



You let me mention that the Green Hotel is the head-  
 quarters of the West of Scotland Anglers Club, which annu-  
 ally holds 3 competitions on Loch Leven, the first and chief  
 being on the Friday and Saturday succeeding Wednesday in  
 the next in which the National Competition is held. This  
 brought many members of the Club down to Kinross, and  
 I think it only right that I should acknowledge with gra-  
 titude the very kind hospitality which the members of  
 the Club displayed on the Tuesday evening and suc-  
 ceeding evenings towards the representatives of the Manchester  
 Anglers Association: they made us free of their room for  
 of their "Mountain Dew" and exhibited almost more than  
 usual cordiality and welcome which Anglers always  
 extend to their Brethren. After spending the evening in  
 the West of Scotland Club's room, the Company retired,  
 each at an hour which seemed to himself to be a rea-  
 sonable one (and there was not unanimity on this point)  
 and all in good hopes for the morrow. I was fishing  
 for 5 days at Loch Leven, but I really think that the  
 best sport I had was on this particular night. I  
 had the finest and strongest of tackle, the lightest  
 of casts, in the most perfect of weather: I had filled  
 a basket with an aygajak which seemed bound to win  
 the first prize, and was just ready to land a beauty,  
 which would have been sure to take the premium for the  
 heaviest fish - when the sport was ended by a "tap, tap,  
 tapping at my chamber door", a la! it was a dream  
 out of which was awakened to the melancholy reality of

weather anything but perfect, and a prospect of the  
 fulfilment of the truth of the adage that "dreams go by  
 canaries". And contrary my dream did go with a  
 vengeance that day! However, I rose and made up my  
 casts for the day's work; then joined the others at break-  
 fast where we made up ourselves, and then off in the  
 break to the Pier where all to assemble by 9 a. m.  
 under pain of disqualification. The 36 competitors  
 however were all up to time. The scene was one of a  
 bustling activity with 36 men making up their rods,  
 and 36 boatmen or attendants upon them, and all eager  
 for the fray. It was said that the gathering was re-  
 presentative of the best angling skill of the country, there  
 were some with reputations already won, there were others  
 without reputation but who meant to win one. All  
 the best known Scottish Loch fishers were present, from  
 the West of Scotland, Kinrossshire, Dundee, Stirling,  
 Edinburgh Walton and Buckland, St. Mungo, Dumboline,  
 Blackmannenshire, Glasgow Newbank, Dundee Walton,  
 and Perth Clubs, the last named sending as one of  
 its representatives the well-known Mr. Malloch who  
 carried off the First Prize in 1881 and 1882, who in  
 the Fishing Tournament held at Aberdeen on June 11<sup>th</sup>  
 last won the First Prize in each of the amateur com-  
 petitions with "single handed fly rod in throwing fly  
 with greatest accuracy under bushes" and the fly-  
 casting competition with double handed trout rod, and  
 who came in second to Rankin Wood the American com-



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Competitor, in the contest for Amateur fly casting with single handed trout rod, and Amateur fly casting with salmon rod. The contingent from the Southern side of the Christie included such crack anglers as Dr. Brunton from London, Mr. Westgate from Newark, and Mr. J. C. Mackenzie from Manchester. The wind blew stiffly from the West and S.W., the very worst direction it could possibly come from for good sport on Loch Leven, for curiously enough it fishes best in an East wind. The temperature was very low; but our spirits were pretty high, and when all arrangements were fully completed, rods and tackle adjusted, and luncheon baskets stowed away, Lord Watson gave the word for "off" and the boats started from those parts of the loch which in the judgment of the boatmen, and those of the Competitors who had any local knowledge of the ground, were deemed the best. My boat "the Blue" was a lumbering old tub, the man-of-war of the fleet belonging to the company, in which daily raids are made with nets upon the pike in the loch. My companion grumbled at the ill fortune which gave us so heavy a craft with its broad beam and half-decked bow, but I blessed our fortune late on in the day, for when changing stations I found the half-deck a friendly shelter under which I sought protection from the bitterly cold wind, whilst I considered myself with a pipe and let my flies trail behind. The nature of the day's sport will be gathered from the takes of the various competitors which I will presently read; it was killing work; for the fishermen, not the fish - to cast and cast in the half gale which was blowing. "March Browns", "Lehams", "Julius",

"lute wings with green bodies" and "lute wings with red", all the favourite flies failed to lure any but the few which must have escaped whatever (lacustrine) aquatic insubordination answers to the terrestrial asylum - for no stone boat rose that day. However sane or insane each counted if you could not catch him, and if you want to catch fish you must "keep your flies in the water" and "let the sun" - so I "let the sun" and don't think I ever had a harder day's fishing in my life; - each boat that we came near had the same tale to tell, and all sport seemed fruitless. There was one gentleman who caught to have won a prize if you got up and sport could win; he had on his hands a pair of gloves minus fingers, and on his head a gear very much plus ear caps; round his neck was a substantial muffler, and a dominator body was enveloped in very much coat; he cast to the right of the cast to the left of him, cast to the front of him; he fished with his arms, fished with his body; flung his head after his flies, and threw all his person into the effort, except his feet on which he stood, but all else! of no avail. And so the day wore on until it was time to be making towards the pier in order to save disqualification for being beyond 5.45, the hour for landing. I had six fish when we quitted the bay, and my Companion had 4, he thought my chance of a prize was good considering the weather, and it was amusing to hear his report to the boats we passed "the Minister's doing it" - the following convinced him that the Minister had done it. - I was lying at full length in the boat with my head and shoulder under the friendly



half deck sitting alone in a row, and my flies trailing behind when when went my reel and up jumped I. I caught the fish which scaled 14 12 oz; and the "Provost" thought I was wiser still, and feeling that he could not himself beat my aggregate, with that unselfish generosity which always characterises a true sportsman, whose breast harbours no feeling of jealousy, he insisted on my fishing the best of the water for the remaining distance, and was more keenly anxious for my success than his own sport. It was interesting to watch the 15 boats gradually gathering — towards the pier; all who had any fish landed frantically, and then came the weighing. Basket after basket was emptied into the scale, and all displayed such an even mediocrity that speculation was rife as to who could win a premium. A whisper went round — it is astonishing how whispers do! — that one Harris would have the best oval; and a certain red bearded Scotman who had twice to be put back and told to wait his turn at the scale, at last produced what seemed a "giant amongst the pygmies": 17 fish scaling 18 1/2 oz, left no doubt as to the winner of the First Prize, and a murmur of applause went round when the weight was declared. After all had finished, the "Provost" declared the winners. He mention alas! of a Manchester representative through "the Minister" had the tantalizing satisfaction of coming next on the list with 7 fish weighing 5 10 1/2 or 11 oz behind a prize. I thought my fish of 1. 12 1/2 oz, had a good chance of carrying

the premium for the heaviest fish in the competition, he was in splendid condition, and all that a trout should be, but another Scotchman produced one with a head like a cod and a body like an eel which might see cancer more than mine, and so all seven prizes went to our Northern Brothers who were not to be beaten this year on their own ground.

The Glasgow Herald thus describes the finish — the result tends to exemplify the proverbial uncertainty of fishing — the favorites — except Mr Macgregor who won the 3<sup>rd</sup> prize were no where, and the winner was a man, a good angler and true, who had no repute beyond his own Club. . . . But there was — was a competition in which skill was more heavily handicapped, and in which the luck of coming across fish which were unfishable enough to give determine the issue





## TWEED SIDE

J. C. Mackenzie.

# EVERY TWEED,

is my beau ideal of a trout-stream. From its rise on Tweedsmuir, a few miles above the Crook Inn, down to Blovenfords, a distance of some thirty miles I have fished every stream and pool, and for twenty five years each succeeding spring has found me on its margin, an ardent follower of the gentle craft. And here let me premise.

What modicum of skill I possess, and what measure of success I have enjoyed, I put down first and foremost to my tutorial, when first published, of that fly-fisher's book of books, "Stewart's - Practical Angler," and it

is to me a keen source of regret that, in all my wanderings, I had never the good fortune to meet Mr Stewart, shake his hand, and express to him my appreciation of his volume. Previous to my study of his now famous work, I was, as times went, a fairly successful angler. Rejoiced in a fourteen-foot rod, weighing two pounds odd, fished invariably down stream, and hugged the delusion that, plus your four or six flies, so, in proportion, advanced weight of your catch. Stewart changed all this. I invested in a nine-foot rod - a "whip-shank" the natives termed it - weighing some eight ounces, fished across and up stream, using two flies, and the result was great. No longer was I bothered with par, these pests of a down-stream



fisher, to make up my basket I had only to cover a bit of the ground, or rather water, and if I caught fewer, I had very much larger trout, and these more securely hooked. To my mind, the advantages of up-stream fishing for trout in clear and moderate-sized waters are so marked & self-evident that I often wonder at the matter being argued, except from the trout's point of view. In their interest say I, "let down-stream fishing continue."

The trout for some miles above and below the Crook Inn are numerous,

but, as a rule, don't run large. I had the satisfaction of capturing, one June afternoon, eighteen years ago, with fly, the largest trout of which there was then any record in the district, and he scaled 3½ lbs. x x x x x x x x x x

In a cottage near the inn dwelt a patriarch of fourscore, by name William Tweedie, who had fished Tweed all his life. In the evening he came to inspect this trout, and on hearing where I hooked him, exclaimed, "Ah, I ken him well, a greedy devil, he broke my rod last March." x x x x x x x x x

To those who are fond of burn fishing, I cannot recommend better quarters than the Crook Inn. The accommodation is excellent.



and Stanhope, Polmoor, Banstones, Jala, Fluid, & James-hope burns are within walking distance, and all contain numerous small trout. On one occasion I devoted a day in early June to Stanhope burn, and fished it from its junction with the Tweed right up to its source in the hills. I was alone, and used one fly, black spider with orange body. I waded up the bed of the stream, thus keeping out of sight, and fished before me every foot of water. Eight p.m. found me with a twenty four lb. creel choke full of trout, coat pockets - ditto, and seven miles of rough walking between me and the **CROOK**. That tramp homewards, weighted as I was, I shall not soon forget. x x x x x x x x x x

For the last 12 years I have angled mostly in the lower waters, making Peebles my head quarters, and my favorite bit is adjacent to Thornilee Station, twelve miles below Peebles. x

One May day, three seasons ago I was fishing in the stream below the island at Thornilee. I had just succeeded in grasping a noble two pounder - which, by the way, I threw over at least fifty times; quarter of an hour did I devote to that fish, he feeding all the while, but my turn came at last, and I was enjoying a pipe on the bank, when opposite in shallowish water, I saw a tremendous fellow start feeding. Crouching down I entered the stream about 20 yards lower down, & coming quietly up, covered him, up he came, & I had him fast. He made a rush like a grilse, and I yelled out to the ladies of our party, who were at lunch some 100 yards off, to come and see the fun. For 20 minutes I played that fish, and, as the bank were high, I had to net him in the river. This I did, & raised him up triumphant. "Oh, what a trout!" was heard from the bank, and then, to my dismay, a yellow mass fell from the net with a mighty splash into the river. To let the net go was the work of a second, but it was too late; my dropper had caught the tail fly came home with a bit of skin attached, and I was left lamenting. On examination I found the net as rotten as punk; it had been put away damp some time or another, and

and the weight of the fish - he was 4 lbs if he was an ounce - simply washed through it. The condolences of my lady friends, kindly meant as they were, made me appreciate Job's feelings towards his comforters. x x x x x x x x x x

The heaviest yellow trout I have caught in the Tweed scaled 4 1/2 lbs. For many years my baskets at Thornilee averaged from 10 to 15 lbs. a day, and this usually comprised half-a-dozen fish over 1 lb. each. x x x x x x x x x x

There is a curious sympathy between your 'bacca pouch and basket. Bring one home plumped and the other surely is not empty, but a toom pouch betokens too often a light creel. x x x x x x x x x x

And now as to a few practical hints on fly-fishing. To begin with **DRESS**. And here, let me say, all my remarks apply to angling in low clear water. When the river is flooded or colored, you may do pretty much as you please. Well, I would as soon think of attending a funeral in a yellow waistcoat as go fly-fishing in a black coat. The secret of success lies in making yourself as inconspicuous as possible, and my favorite color is a light stone drab, with hat to match. This shade mingles and assimilates with rocks, stones, and grey backing of clouds, and it has at times been wonderful to a sinner like myself how the trout keep feeding away a few yards from my nose, whereas if perchance a parson, clad in conventional hue, comes up the stream, off they scutter at first approach of the holy, yet possibly harmless man. This gart, however, has one serious objection which I have found to my cost. If you have fixed with your "Misses" that she come down by the noon train and bring a supply of creature comforts, you've got to look out for her, and "hollo!" - it's no use her looking for you. I object, also, to a black or shoney rod, & prefer one the natural color of the wood, not too highly varnished. Another hint. In commencing to fish the shallow-





out of a stream, wade in as gingerly as if bent on winning gloves from some fair slumberer. If you dash-splash rudely in, a wave goes before, heralding your approach, and the hoped-for trout, knowing that an enemy is upon them, are off and away. In the evening and night fishing you cannot, in this respect, be too careful, as trout then leave the strong water, and betake themselves to the sides and shallows. Don't bother with too many flies. I never fish with more than three, in the Tweed I use two, and in the Bollin and such like small streams only one. When you have hooked a big fellow, it is a comfort to know that no dopper can foul a snag & bring you to grief, and as to your having a double or treble chance through offering them two or three different flies, observation here should enable you, ere you have angled half-an-hour, to have your *one* fly the right one. I am no advocate for one hundred and one different kinds of fly. On the Tweed I have found four to five varieties answer very well, and in fact kill anywhere that I have fished for trout. In early spring I use the March brown, and, later on, up to June, the

partridge, plover, dothell, and starling, all dressed spider-fashion. As the days lengthen, and the river gets low, I use the same size only a smaller size. x x x x x x x

As to **CASTING**, this is done from the wrist all arm work is bad form, and, to cast neatly and often a stiffish rod, is indispensable. In up-stream fishing you are constantly casting, probably three times for a down stream fisher's once. Let your trace float down say three yards, then up and at 'em again. Do not drag your flies, except where there is no current. The natural insect is carried down more or less rapidly, according to the velocity of the stream, and a Human of a fly begets suspicion x x x

**CASTING LINES.**— Make your own — Just two or three strands salmon gut, then three strands strong trout gut, and remainder, tapering to the end, of finest you can procure for love or money. A trace so made has three advantages — it gives out straight, even against a strong breeze, and, if you have the misfortune to be hung up in a tree, foul a stone, or get broken by a big fish, you lose but a strand or two. For a nine foot rod I use on Tweed a trace of about seven feet, but for small streams and one fly fishing the length of your rod is ample. x x x x x x x x x

**ANOTHER HINT.**— Always bear in mind that trout are the keenest-eyed of fishes, and if you have a companion doing his level best some  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile below, and your matches give out, or you wish to apprise him of the mighty one you have just lost, do not bear down on him, pacing along the high bank, but, tending backwards make a strategic movement to the rear, and warily approach him



from below, otherwise you deserve thanks from the trout, but none from your friend. How often have I had a stream spoiled in this fashion? The rise is on, you spot a big fellow feeding just above you, and are working cautiously up to him, when down the bank comes a well-meaning friend, "Hullo, old fellow, what sport? There's a 'woopper' been rising just opposite this, but he's stopped." Of course he's stopped, and if you are a good man, and not given to strong language, with a simple sigh you see the bank; there's nothing for it but another pipe. x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

**FLIES.**— I have little to say on this subject. I generally use spiders for choice, and look more to the fineness of the gut on which they are tied than to the actual workmanship shown in the fly. Bushy, heavily dressed flies, are objectionable; in fact trout are like humans — most easily fetched by the elegant and slim. x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

**ROD.**— On this point I have also little to say. The lighter & stiffer the better. Limber rods for up-stream fishing are an abomination, a fallacy, a delusion, a snare. x x x x x x x x x x

**FLASK.**— A big one always, the bigger the better, and if on the river side you meet a brother angler, no matter how thread-bare his coat, if he has an honest face, out with it & unscrew it. Many is the wrinkle I have got over a social "nip" "Ye just bide here 'M' 'N; ye couldna be in better watter, & the 'Laird's' sure to come on about twa o'clock. Jude day, and many thanks to ye; that's grand whiskey," and the old veteran, who possibly had purposed to set me out and utilise that particular stream for his own diversion, goes on his way, rejoicing. . . . And here a word of caution — the hotel waiter is often indifferent, fill your flask with the pure spirit, & trust to providence for the diluting element. x x x x x x x x x x

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, one word in praise and in defence of the gentle craft. A mother said to me the other day, "My boy (a lad of fifteen) is enthusiastically fond of fishing, too fond, I fear." I said to her, "Your boy has discovered and appropriated a pleasure that will last with his life, and at sixty will be as fresh as at sixteen, will keep him in health, and will do more to save him from the snares & ills of big cities, than all the Polytechnics and science lectures in Christendom, so be content; love of fishing never spoiled a boy, and has helped to make many boys into good men." x x x x x x

The charm of fly fishing is, that perfection, though unattainable, yet progress, and therefore success, more or less, is within the reach of all. The same may be said of billiards, and the sport which our Yankee cousins term "gunning"; but in our pastime, there is no hitting the balls hard and trusting to luck. Flukes are rare in fly fishing, and shooting "into the brown" is of no avail. Our "brown" must be quietly, cooly, and individually wooed, and for twenty crack shots find me one crack fly-fisher. And what greater or purer pleasure than in mild spring or early summer day, passed on the bank of some lovely stream, exchanging the hum of men for that of bees, and the din & clatter of Market St<sup>h</sup> for the peace and quiet of let me say **TWEEDSIDE**, and when the creel is full, the last pipe lit, and you brace yourself for the home sketch, what a feeling of contentment steals over you, and what large pity you feel towards those poor scoffers at our art — worthy old Samuel Johnson not excepted!





## COUNTRY LIFE



A country life is a happy life,  
 So uncontrolled and free,  
 Apart from all bustling scenes of strife,  
 And profligate revelry;  
 They understand not its pleasures sweet,  
 Who condemn the snug abode,  
 Of the unpretending cot so neat,  
 Beside some quiet road.

A country life is a happy life,  
 In Spring when the lambs do play,  
 And the farmer with his buxom wife,  
 Gets up with the dawn of day,  
 And the milkmaid with bright laughing eye,  
 Sings blithe as she milks the cow;  
 The ploughman whistles, the horses neigh,  
 As they forward go to plough.

A country life is a happy life,  
 In Summer when all looks green,  
 And the fields with flow'rs are blooming ripe,  
 With the meads and pastures shewn;  
 And the birds sing then their songs of love,  
 From out each covert shade,  
 And the sky is smiling blue above,  
 On each plot of hay new made.

A country life is a happy life,  
 In the Autumn's golden reign,  
 When the reaper with his circled knife,  
 Cuts down the golden grain;  
 And the sheaves are bound as fun and jest,  
 Sends laughter echoing far,  
 Till the sun has sunk down in the west,  
 And uprose the evening star.

And when "Old Christmas" comes at last,  
 The country life has joys,  
 As the yule-log on the fire is cast,  
 To light their hearths;  
 Then the merry dance and social board,  
 Catching the great men's pride,  
 For affection's true bright sides and,  
 As they move closely tied.

*Thayer*



## PARR

Abel Heywood Jun<sup>r</sup>

Most anglers who have ever fished in salmon rivers are aware of the difficulty that exists with respect to parr. They know that the taking of these fish is - illegal and that they are liable to be brought before the Justices should any of them get into their baskets, - and yet the signs by which Parr may be known are matters of dispute on which naturalists even do not agree. The "finger marks" on the side of a Parr are said to be sufficient by some, but every one knows that young trout also have these finger marks. The colour of the adipose fin is said to be an infallible means of distinguishing parr from trout, but I cannot say whether it is so. Most anglers, "Manchester anglers" at any rate cut the matter short so far as they are concerned by discarding both, as any sportsman would do, but it does not settle which is which. Nor does it decide what is the difference between the young of the salmon, the sea-trout, the full-trout, and the herring; indeed I do not know whether it is definitely settled whether

a herring breeds at all, i.e. whether it is not an immature sea-trout or something else. This is a point which could easily be settled, and indeed can perhaps be settled by someone in the room at the present moment.

In Günther's History of Fishes, which is in our library, is the following paragraph on the young of the salmon. - "The salmon offers a most remarkable instance of irregularity, as regards the age at which the individuals arrive at maturity. Shaw has demonstrated in the most conclusive manner, that those Salmonids which are generally called Parr, are the offspring of the salmon, and that many males, from 7 to 8 inches long have their sexual organs fully developed, and that their milt has all the impregnating properties of the seminal fluid of a much older - and larger fish. That this Parr is not a distinct species - as has been maintained by Leach - is further proved by the circumstance that these sexually immature Parr are absolutely identical in their zoological characters with the immature Parr which are undoubtably young salmon, and that no Parr has ever been found with immature ova. But whether these Parr produce normal salmon, impregnating the ova of female salmon, or mingle with the sea-trout, or whether they continue to grow and propagate their species as fully developed salmon, are questions which remain



to be answered. We may only add that as far as we know, barren old salmon are extremely scarce."

Beyond the fact of male Parr being found with milt capable of fertilizing mature ova, mentioned in this paragraph, is the contention of Mr Couch that Parr is really a distinct species of fish, capable of reproducing its own kind, and I was surprised to find recently from a M.S. which accidentally came into my hands, that this notion is not confined to Mr Couch, but is really a wide-spread belief. The M.S. I refer to was an abstract of a large number of cases which had come before the Law Courts of Scotland, where had arisen as to what the fish were that were caught, and in them this contention as to Parr frequently appears.

One of the witnesses in one of the several cases reported was a Mr J. Wingate Johnston, Deputy Inspector of Newfeta's, and we should presume from his position at least a man of education and intelligence. He was called to prove that grilse and parr were not the same and so he had examined two of the former and three of the latter. He had male and female of each and said that the spinal column of each grilse had 26 vertebrae whilst the parr had 29, the bones were fully developed in each and he believed decidedly that they were different fish. In cross examination however, he said he knew nothing about fish and had never examined any before.

James King, a wacher on the Allan was called to prove that parr and smolts were not the same fish, and to disprove the statements of other witnesses who had said that if you strip off the silver coat from a smolt, you find the parr with the all important finger mark underneath. He said he had often striped smolt but they were very different from parr; a parr's head is sharper and smaller. The smolt's shoulder and head is broader, but sharper at the end. A smolt has the same marks, but is not the same clear colour. He thought certainly that parr is a different species from smolt. The fins of smolt are blue, those of parr yellow, and he could tell a smolt from a parr before the former assumed his silver coat. He knew this from 20 years experience.

Another said that "boys at school know that they have scores of times caught parr where salmon were never seen, and in places where it is impossible they should ever reach."

James Brown a gardener at Dumbland who had been a fisherman for 48 years said a parr was neither a trout nor a salmon.

David Ferguson from an experience of 50 years, not only held a similar opinion, but gave a reason for it. He said "it is my opinion that parr are fish prepared by God to feed salmon."



## Parr.

He had seen parr spawning and salmon spawning near them, and the salmon turned round and ate up the parr: which was at least one would think very unkind of them.

David Payne was satisfied that parr spawned and that smolt did not, and that the two were different species. He had never seen milt and sac in smolt but had invariably in parr.

Of course as many people on the other side believed parr and smolt and salmon to be the same fish.

The Sheriff Substitute said that in none of the Acts for the protection of salmon had he been able to find any reference whatever to the parr as being a fish of the salmon kind, and that the year 1839 was the earliest date that any such contention had been raised. This was in 1865, and a witness Robert Buiet from the Stormontfield Piscicultural Establishment said he did not believe that parr were young salmon until after the Stormontfield experiments, and that previous to the discovery, parr were taken by thousands in small meshed nets in some salmon rivers in England from which salmon and parr had now entirely disappeared.

These opinions are as I have said gleaned from several cases at different dates, but none of them I think more recent than 20 years ago, and

my object in drawing attention to it to endeavour to obtain information from gentlemen present, as to whether they have encountered this belief as to parr being a distinct species.

As far as my own knowledge goes the difficulty seems to be that if parr be not acknowledged to be salmon then there are no young salmon, or young of the salmon-kind, for I have never met with anyone who believing parr to be of the salmon-kind, ventured to be able to tell a young salmon from a young sea-trout or bull-trout, and as I have already said, I never heard in a young herring.





## Loch Ericht

John Kincaid.



On the Evening of the first day of my arrival at Dalwhinnie I was much pleased to find that a friend of mine from Glasgow (Mr. John Mitchell) was staying at the Hotel, and had that day hooked what was presumed to be a Salmon Trout which gave him splendid sport. He with another Angler had been fishing the Loch. They had slept the previous Night at the Game Keepers Cottage, about three Miles from foot of the Loch

and had got up at 5 o'clk, had their Porridge and milk & gave special instructions before leaving that their regular Breakfast was to be on the Table at 10 o'clk. They left for the extreme end of the Loch and on arrival there while casting for Trout at 7 o'clk with the ordinary Loch fly on a bank near the outlet he saw a motion in the Water indicating the presence of a fish, which however was not seen. It missed the fly (a yellow body) but rose again next Cast and this time the hook



## Loch Ercht

held fast - then followed wonderful excitement - the fish turned towards deep water and bored down keeping always on the move up the loch. As my friend was fishing with comparatively light tackle he was obliged to act with extreme caution knowing as he did from an occasional "feel" that he had on a heavy fish - About three quarters of an hour elapsed before it gave signs of coming to the surface, and when it did so, this evidently was not caused by exhaustion but simply from a desire to learn what all the fuss was about - however, the fish came so near the boat that the Gibby succeeded in getting the landing net under him and was thus enabled to raise him from the water to the edge of the boat, the fish being thus exhibited in his full proportions and showing him to be at least ten pounds in weight. The eyes looked daggers at the moment representing fear or great distress. The landing net was too small for so large a fish and although the head and shoulders were well in the net, the tail and some portions of the body hung over the rim, and whether from excitement on the part of "Long John" - the Boatman - or a wriggle by the fish, he slipped out tail first into the water and went off at great speed nearly exhausting the whole line and boring as before up the loch, the boat following on same track - from this time five hours elapsed before the fish gave any signs of again coming to the surface of the water, but at last the line began to slacken which gave my friend great expectations of taking home to Glasgow a fine ferret to be then stuffed and exhibited - but alas, man is born to suffer sore disappointments in this world - the fish was seen several times during the great hour and had been followed up the loch six miles besides



## Loch Ericht.

tackings consuming seven mortal hours, say from 7 o'clk Am till 2 Pm, being four hours after the time when Breakfast was to be on the Table at the Cottage but at last either from my friend holding on too tightly or from the lengthened strain on the gut it gave way and the fish was free - The terrible disappointment coupled with the disconsolate appearance of all on board the Boat may be easier conceived than described - There were two Anglers in the Boat as before mentioned and a feeling of pity might well be entertained for the one who during the seven hours had not cast a fly but sat calmly, Rod in hand, looking patiently on, and not being a Smoker even this pleasure was denied to him - Had there been a Gaff at hand the fish would have been secured and no Angler should go on Loch Ericht without one.

+ + + + +

Next day (Sunday) was to me like Saturday a day of rest but I did wish most earnestly for the coming of Monday Morning - Several of the Hotel party went to the Free Kirk Meeting house, the only place of Public Worship - There was a Service in Gaelic followed by one in English and many of the people attend both - The Sermon of a Highland Clergyman is as a Rule spun out by repetitions to a great length, generally exceeding an hour in delivery - After listening with much earnestness and attention till



Loch Ericht.

On arriving near the Shepherd's Hut, John the Boatman went up to it - distance 300 or 400 yards, and enquired if we could be accommodated - our first intimation of his having got there was by the Shepherd's Dog - a fine specimen of the Scotch Collie - Coming down in a state of great joy and barking us a hearty Welcome - "Clyde" never Tasted Butcher Meat except when Anglers arrive, consequently, when a Lillo reaches the Hut the Dog when at home starts off at once to where he knows the Boat with Anglers will be found. On "Long John's" return we learned that all was right, so we got our Hampers, Plaids &c. taken up, and the Shepherd's Wife soon got ready our Dinner. The fish we had caught came in grandly and the Whisky was excellent. After Dinner we set out on the Loch & returned in the Evening with a fair quantity of Trout, the average Weight of them being probably 5 fish 2 lbs. - Some of these we again had to sea & there were abundance for John and the Shepherd's Wife and sufficient for our Breakfast next Morning, after which we again went out and fished several Bays on both sides of the Loch going further down than we did the previous day and trolled with Phantom when the distance between fishing spots was considerable. We remained out this second day till late in the Afternoon & as we had resolved to try the foot of the Loch next day - that being considered the best fishing place - we considered it well to turn in earlier than usual so as to get up at 2 o'clock next Morng - which we managed nicely and the Shepherd's Wife had our Porridge reeking hot on the Table at 2.45 after which we had Tea and another dish of fish of which latter although cooked in different ways I was now becoming tired. We got all ready to leave about 4 o'clock - The appearance of the Loch and Dark Mountains during Night and early Morning looked very dismal, and shortly before the time of our departure the few Stars visible did not assist much in relieving the gloom - however, after a short time the dawn of day began to have some cheering



## Loch Ericht.

effect - and the early call of Grouse on the Hills behind was pleasant to a sportsman's ears. Having said good bye to the Shepherd's Wife who had been very attentive during our stay, we got everything removed to the Boat and set off for the foot of the Loch + + + + + I thought that the fish there were more lively than further up and gave Capital play. They frequently came up with a smart spring out of the water and took the fly on their descent. We fished over the Bank where my friend hooked the Feroc on Saturday and secured some good Trout there + + + + + Starting at 1 P.M. on our way homewards it looked a heavy job having already pulled Nine Miles and eighteen Miles more before us with a heavy Boat and strong head wind, still we put a "stout heart to a stye boat" and got along bravely taking an occasional cast, but the Phantom on the Trolling rod was the most successful. At one time I thought we had a Feroc on the strong pull & wriggle being peculiar, my surprise may be imagined on winding up the line to find two fine large Trout hanging on to the Phantom + + + The rowing home occupied eight hours and it was quite dark when we reached the Hotel. We resolved to have yet another day on Loch Ericht confining ourselves to the Dalshinnie end. We accordingly went down next morning when we found a Native lying on his back in a Boat smoking a Pipe. The face of this Highlander was the "fac simili" of an Orangoutang. These Natives understand how and when to fish. Although we worked hard for some hours some distance down and only secured a few small fish we learned on our return that the Native referred to, watching his opportunity went out and caught a fine lot of beautiful Trout. We ascertained in the evening that those Anglers who had gone further down the Loch were very successful, two Boats having each what were called Feroc, one weighing six and the other five & a half pounds.



## Loch Ericht.

Mr McDonald of Dalwhinnie Hotel supplied me with the following Mem. of Baskets of fish taken on Loch Ericht - Mr Malloch of Perth had in two days over 70 lbs. - Same Month Nine Salmo Ferose were Caught by different parties Weighing from 4 to 12 lbs two of them 12 lbs each. Including the two previous seasons I note the following. Mr Harry Brown of Derrispace (a great authority on fishing) had on one day the previous season 109 lbs of Trout and a Salmo Ferose of 8 lbs - This was considered quite an extraordinary Catch. This season he had one day three beauties Weighing 10 lbs. on another day he had one of 8 lbs. Mr Berrell Dundee had 105 Trout Weighing 51 lb. Mr Sherring of Croys had one of 8 lbs. Mr Brady Perth had in eight days 149 lbs. One day his Basket consisted of 65 lbs. six of the fish Weighing 14 lbs. Mr Howell Drumochter got one Weighing 12 lbs. Dr Mc Laggan London had in two days 35 lbs. Mr Harry Walker Leeds got at the West end one day 97 lbs Trout. Mr Wood from Brechin fishing with a small midge fly got a Ferose Weighing 10 lbs after two hours play. Mr Smith Brighton got one 17 3/4 lbs.





Song

Dedicated to Mr Kincaid

By

Mr George Davies

The Sun climbs high the Azure Sky  
The Snow hath left the Hills  
The River gently murmurs by  
And Music's in the Rills  
The Lark pours forth his Matchless Song  
The Thrush sings in the Dale  
And Echoes sweet the Notes prolong  
Repeating the old Tale

Chorus

Away then to the breezy North  
Where Anglers may delight  
In gentle sport with Spotted Trout  
Or with the Ferose fight

Away then let us haste away  
To Scotland Land of Song  
Whose Daughters are as lovely May  
Whose Sons are brave and Strong!  
Upon whose Hills the healthy breeze  
Can soothe the brow of Care  
Whose Verdant Dales with Shady Trees  
are fairest of the fair.

Away then let us haste away  
To Scotia's limpid Streams  
And with the early break of day  
fair as a Poet's Dreams  
Whip Pool or Lock or Rumbling Burn  
for Captives to our Creel  
Until the evening we return  
Content as Anglers feel.



— Visit —  
— to the —



— Fisheries Exhibition. —

Brother Angler, I was 'sain hookit' when your worthy Secretary promised at our last pleasant meeting that I would undertake to read a Paper on the Fisheries Exhibition. I did not contemplate being called on to perform so ambitious a task which is indeed very far beyond my powers and to tell you that I feel now quite

like 'a fish out of water' is only saying the simple truth. It would indeed be quite impossible for me to describe adequately the splendid and animated scene that greeted my sight at South Kensington when on a bright May morning in the Year of Grace I paid my Shilling at the entrance to this unique & memorable Exhibition.



## Fisheries Exhibition.

It is quite unnecessary to recommend Anglers to take an interest in fish and fishing, as they not always dreaming of the finny tribe and longing for the time when casting aside dull care they may hurry off to their favorite haunts.

I think however that a visit to the Fisheries Exhibition would if possible enhance the interest they already take, and it would have also this advantage, their interest and sympathy with the work of their fellow men would be greatly increased. It is impossible to enter and visit the light & graceful structure which contains so many treasures from the "vasty deep," without feeling that we are brought a step nearer to the many countries that have contributed to fill the various Courts, & one feels

that there is a common bond of union and friendship in the efforts made to capture what serves as food for so large a portion of the human race.

The multitude & variety of interesting objects displayed in this Exhibition would



The Mammoth Whale

be sufficient excuse for my inability to enter into a detailed description of what I saw during the few short unfortunately too short hours I was able to obtain on my first visit. I shall therefore briefly call attention to some things that particularly struck me and leave to other pens and tongues to describe what would indeed require many volumes to do properly. In turning first from the roadway through with many elegant



## Fisheries Exhibition.

equipages and gay with the movement of many lovely women and well dressed people you gaze with admiration on the splendid Picture Gallery where you may see many remarkable pictures notably by Targett and Arnold von Hacken (date 1767). Next a glass exhibit containing many fine designs of fountains for holding gold fish attracts your eye. Passing on you come to a long and elegant room, lightly built, well lighted, with glass roof, and here is arranged a varied collection of appliances adapted for trawling and deep sea fishing, while down the centre neatly grouped & classed are beautiful models of all the varieties of fishing craft from the noble trawler with its broad beam to the light and humble fishing punt and even a coracle of the Boyne such as was used by our remote ancestors on the shores and rivers of Britain at the time that Caesar landed at the head of his Roman legions. Among the many boats exhibited, no one can behold



the famous coble in which Grace Darling and her father made their memorable rescue without a feeling of pride and admiration, reflecting on that noble deed of unselfish heroism. What a store of courage and endurance also does the sight of the celebrated boat used by the Eric expedition conjure up. Passing from these you soon come to the gallant array of life-boats surrounded with all the



## Fisheries Exhibition.

various appliances for preventing loss of life at sea.

In this department there are complete life boats and numerous beautiful & clever models and they make up a very interesting and instructive group.

Joined with these may be mentioned the fine display by the Board of Trade which rightly has an Annex entirely to itself. Coast Guardsmen are specially employed in this department and are busily engaged in handling and explaining the rocket apparatus.

You may see here the original Buoy on which it is grateful to record that 200 lives were saved from a wreck at Ulmuck on May 9<sup>th</sup> 1877. There are models too of the old and new Eddystone lighthouse and various other interesting models lent by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. At the end of the Sea Fisheries Department the visitor comes to a most interesting

and valuable Museum of Economic Fish Culture where our fish-loving friend Frank Buckland stands revealed in all his genius and labour of love. What industry! what skill! what patience are shown here, it is indeed admirable. The numerous fish casts supplied by this most remarkable and fascinating Naturalist must strike even the most superficial observer and for the benefit of Anglers I noted the following: a Salmon weighing 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lb. caught with the fly on the river Spean in Scotland. a Salmon 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lb.

Continued on opposite page

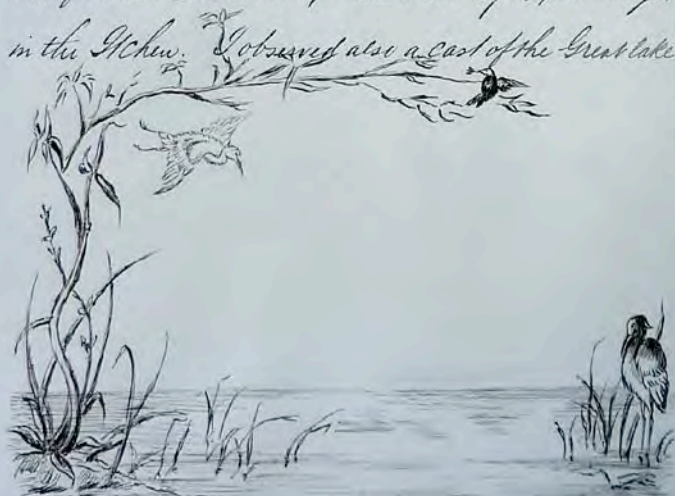




## Fisheries Exhibition.

Contd from opposite page

wg. 44 lb. Caught in the Shannon also with the fly:  
a Conway Kelt weighing 21 lb. -  
Salmon caught on the Nye weighing 50 lb.  
Salmon also caught on the same river, near Chelston  
in a "putcher" weighing 59 lb. - Tay salmon with  
weight noted of 61 1/2 lb. 69 1/2 lb. & even 70 lb.!!  
I also noted with astonishment the following record  
"A Salmon weighing 51 lb. girth 29 1/2 in caught by  
Captain Simkler with fly and gut-line"!!  
Common Trout (*Salmo fario*) weighing 14 lb. caught  
at Alreoford, Hants. - Trout weighing 13 1/2 lb. at  
Bulford near Salisbury. Sea trout wg. 8 1/2 lb. caught  
in the H Chew. I observed also a cast of the Great lake



Trout (*Salmo fario*) weighing 10 lb. Caught at Kuckledul  
Also a cast of Bull Trout (*Salmo eriox*), from Coquet  
weighing 16 lb. - and many more too numerous to note.  
On the left hand side of the Centre Hall are some  
very interesting Maps showing the temperature of the  
sea-water along the different parts of the British  
Islands. I thought these observations remarkably  
valuable and instructive and I much regret I was not  
able to obtain copies of these Charts to show you now  
at this meeting. The study of sea-temperature in  
connection with fish and fishing is a matter of very  
considerable importance as verified at the present time  
by the failure of the sardine fisheries on the Coast of France,  
owing to a decided lowering of the temperature of the sea  
on that coast during the last summer.

J. de C. Williams



Spring - An Anglers Song

47.

When Spring first dons her dainty dress,  
And decks her brow with flowers,  
When Birds their gentle suit do press,  
From out the budding bowers,  
Will seek the graceful flowing stream,  
Where alder boughs entangle,  
And care forgetting as a dream,  
While we enjoy our angle.

And if the speckled beauties rise,  
And sport attends our leisure,  
Will not complain of smaller size,  
Denied a larger treasure;  
For why, as every angler knows,  
His art content hath taught him:  
And as the gentle pastime grows,  
New joys are constant brought him.

Then let us sing the angler's joys,  
By lake, or loch, or river,  
When free from city smoke and noise,  
His nerves delightful quiver,  
With gentle tug of spotted trout,  
Or strain of Salmon fighting,  
Long time before the victor's shout,  
Or victor's eye delighting.

Stargazer



## An Epistle to Peter.

By Geo. S. Woolley

It is a long time, my dear Peter, since I mailed an epistle to you, and my conscience has often upbraided me for my neglect. But now stimulated by the approach of Spring it occurs to me to make some endeavor to retrieve the past, and at the same time relieve my mind by discoursing to you on things in general, not forgetting to express a hope that we shall soon meet in some "war to a bubbling stream" where we may enjoy the sweet delight of our venal craft. When last I wrote to you, I was if my memory serves me aright, on the banks of the Esk, your own Esk, the river you know so well, and in which you have angled from my earliest youth. Have I not seen you, Peter, turn out in the early morn, before the sun had risen, looking more like a hoggart than an angler, to fish that stream? And have I not seen you trembling with excitement, and glowing with triumph, standing gazing with admiration at a silvery salmon you had with your accustomed skill drawn from the flood? Those were grand times my brother may we soon see the like again. It is however not creditable to you, I say it with all deference Peter, that you have not communicated your knowledge of this classic stream to the Manchester Anglers, before this. Be a benefactor, and bring your descriptive powers to bear upon this glorious theme. By the way, those descriptive powers of yours, had well nigh got me into sore trouble some little time ago. When commencing one of your pleasing descriptions of a days fishing you spoke of a "Sillabub of Cowslip" as if it had been partaken of by you and your party in the railway station at London Road in your city, at the same time conveying the idea that it was something very delicious and quite the proper thing for an angling party to partake of on setting out on an expedition, in fact a thing that no angling



To Peter.

party should be without. But of the nature of this Sillabub I was in great ignorance. Whether it was a conserve, a confection, a condiment or a beverage, I could not with any certainty say. But being about to depart from the aforesaid station on a journey, and having some time to spare, I determined to solve the mystery, and boldly entered the refreshment room. On approaching the counter which was heavily laden with the usual luxuries, I asked the presiding young lady for a "Sillabub of Cowslip." To my astonishment, an expression of alarm, not without signs of a gathering storm came over her countenance. "A what!" she ejaculated. With considerable trepidation, I mildly repeated my request. Then the storm showed signs of coming to a crisis, and the young lady grasped the neck of a water bottle in such a threatening manner that I fled precipitately, and did not stop until I was in the furthest corner of my carriage. I was thankful when the train left the station, as I was in considerable fear of being dragged from my retreat to answer a charge of the nature of which I was in entire ignorance. I can assure you this incident gave me a turn I did not easily get over." Now, Peter, you have quite unwittingly, I am sure offended against the ethical laws which should govern the conduct of all anglers. You have caused the unway to go astray, and I think you ought, as I am sure you will, to take an early opportunity of explaining to the Manchester Anglers, the nature of this mysterious Sillabub of Cowslip and so prevent others from undergoing my painful experience. Indeed, I think you have already discovered your error, for the mysterious compound is not mentioned in your charming paper as it appears in the second series of Anglers' evenings. Perhaps it was eliminated by our wary and talented Editor. However as our esteemed and revered friend, our late President, the father of Manchester anglers hath it "Let brotherly love continue" I bear no malice, and at some convenient season you shall, if this mysterious compound is not mythical, by kind remission of good Mrs. Nicholson at the sign of the Golden Lion at Horton in Ribblesdale, who will I am sure lend the



To Peter.

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necessary utensils, prepare a batch, baking, brew or mixing of the delicacy, and any Manchester angler who happens to be there shall be invited to partake thereof.

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A certain philosopher, I cannot now call his name to my mind, has said that a clean shirt and a calm conscience are all that is necessary for perfect happiness: but after much consideration I have come to the conclusion that this philosopher cannot have been an angler, or otherwise he would have included a south wind. You know, Peter, that anglers are oftentimes troubled with the wind and if it comes in stormy gusts from the North-East, or other unsuitable quarter, the trout are not to be tempted, and not only that the tackle is apt to become so often entangled, that language is sometimes used, especially by our weaker brethren, which when it is subconsciously reflected upon is utterly distinctive of a calm conscience. Now my dear Peter, although you and I are both aware, that "with Patience and Perseverance men do attain their desire", we will pray that when we next sally forth together we may not be troubled, but that the wind may be in the south, and that it will — but you know the rest. Believe me

Your friend to serve you

The Skipper.

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## THE ORCHY

C. D. Roberts.

x x x v. It would perhaps savour of selfishness, a characteristic which ill befits a sportsman marks an Angler, if I were to leave a sign over those increased and increasing facilities for travelling and the Railway enterprise which produces them, which have opened out to numbers of our countrymen & countrywomen those charming spots in Scotland which it was formerly only in the power of the few to visit. But though we Anglers are essentially a sociable class, we appreciate most in no fishing expedition the society of those whose objects and interests are identical with our own; we scorn the company of those who accept the cynical definition of angling as a process carried on by "a fool at one end and a worm at the other" of a rod and line; and there is no creature whom to put it mildly we love less than the tourist who "just takes a walk up the river to see how that fellow who's gone fishing is getting on"; who probably walks close by the margin of the stream as he makes his way on his unwelcome visit, and scares away from your favourite pools the fish which you know were lying ready for your lure. In the summer months the western Highlands of Scotland were, of course long ago mapped out into the still existing tourist routes, but it was not until some time that coaches began to run, before that month fishing was the only means of travelling, and its expense deterred nearly all but Anglers & sportsmen from penetrating to Glasgow rivers & lochs to ply their art in Spring. Railways now have changed all that: when I was at Dalnally in April 1882 there were two or three cheap trips from Glasgow, and much as I rejoiced as a man to see a crowd of city toilers revelling in the pure air of the country, I sighed as an Angler for the former days of calm & stillness, when the fisherman's voice was the only one which broke the echoes by Kilmahon Castle. x x x x. To those who can afford the time and have no disinclination to a sea voyage, I would strongly recommend, especially in summer, the route by steamer from Liverpool to Greenock: the boats are excellent and the cuisine good: and if you pick a time for starting which admits of the latter part of the 18 hours voyage being made in daylight, the sail up the Firth of Clyde will repay those who can appreciate the scenery. At





MILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE, 1327. J. V.



Glasgow or Greenock you can take one of the Steamers which ply regularly to various parts of the Western Coast or salt water Lochs which run up from the Clyde. To my thinking the most picturesque route is the one which goes to Lochgilphead; there you find a coach or take a Conspicuous which carries you over a steep intervening hill between Lochgilphead & Loch Fyne, passing through the Falls of Glen on its way to St. Catherine's, where you cross the head of Loch Fyne in a small ferry steamer to Inveraray. thence you foot 14 miles through the charming Glen Aray, skirting Loch Awe during some portion of the last 6 miles, obtaining at intervals some beautiful glimpses of its island gems; and if you like to ascend a small hill on your right on which stands "Duncan's Monument," erected in honour of a local bard of that name, you get a bird's-eye view far away down the 26 miles which Loch Awe stretches towards the S.W., and a magnificent view of many-crooked Corrachan across the loch, as well as of the other mountains which surround Glen Orchy through which the river Orchy runs, past Dalumally, which with the white washed towers of its Church, its comfortable Hotel and groups of cottages you see nestling in the trees two miles beyond and below you &c &c. The River Orchy, which is the main feeder of Loch Awe, comes from Loch Tulla, a small loch near to which is the Inveroran Hotel, in the well known district of the Black Mount Deer forest. The length of the river is about 17 miles from source to mouth as the road runs, without taking into account the windings of the stream which are not considerable. As regards the division of the water for fishing purposes, the upper half from Orchy Bridge to the Falls is in the hands of the Landlord of the Inveroran Hotel, whose privilege I believe fish free of charge never having fished in this upper portion, I have nothing more to say about it. Of the lower portion I think I know every reach and pool. Sir John Lawes until the shooting of Glen Orchy from Lord Beldalbane, and has the right of fishing 3 days a week on this lower water. The other 3 days the Landlord of Dalumally Hotel has. Sir John however, seldom exercises his right, and when neither he or any friend to whom he may have given permission is there, the guests at the Hotel can fish every day. No charge is made for the fishing, but as the best water is 7 miles away from the Hotel you have to take a "machine" to the Falls, and the hire of that, plus your bill at the Hotel to which the fishing attracts you, no doubt amply repays the Landlord for the small annual rent which he pays. The Salmon takes advantage of the length of the River to display those eccentricities of character which we all know, but which "no fisher" can understand. The fish commence to march in April to run up from Loch Etive, through the River Awe which drains Loch Awe, through 4 miles of the loch



## The Orchy.

and in to the Orchy; until the middle of May they seldom go beyond The Falls, although there may be plenty of water to allow of their ascending, & no obstacle to impede their progress, except their own incomprehensible instinct - after the middle of May they seldom tarry in the lower portion, but hasten on to the Inveroran pools. You may in later months come across a travelling fish resting on his journey upwards, but the chances are against his taking the deceptive refreshment you offer him on his halt. Although the Orchy-bred fish pass through the river here they are seldom caught in it, and the lake fish never ascend to the Orchy, the fish of these two rivers differ in shape somewhat, and are easily distinguishable by those who have frequent opportunities of observing each - x x x. You could hardly wish for better water than the Dalmealy bottom when in good fly after a skate - it is easy to fish without either "switching" or "flapping". On Thursday, April 20 1882, there had been heavy rain for two consecutive days which had prevented the nets at the mouth of the river here being set, and allowed visiting fish to run up. I went up with two friends, and though the water was too high and rather obnoxious, we managed to run back to fish. On the next day, Friday April 21<sup>st</sup>, Montague Campbell Esq. who has a newly-built house on one of the islands in Loch Linnhe had permission from his tenants to fish. He went up with a fellow (an excellent fisherman too!) at 8 am & returned at 8 P. M. with the magnificent result of 16 fish, weighing in the aggregate 242 1/2 lbs. I sorted the weights as they were scaled, and they were as follows 18. 13 1/2. 11 1/2. 13 1/2. 21 1/2. 13. 22. 11. 13 1/2. 13 1/2. 13. 21. 21 1/2. 15. 10 1/2. 10 1/2. Such a take in about 1/2 mile of water, in 9 hours (allowing for journey to & from The Falls) of bright clean run fish in magnificent condition with scales adherent & many, is not bad testimony to prospects of fish in the Orchy when the river in good order in spring runs. I found that the best portion of Dalmealy water is 7 miles up from the Hotel. There are however several good spots, the best distance about in the intervening 6 miles. x x I shall ever have a lively recollection of one of these spots. I had gone that year with a friend who was somewhat out-of-sorts & had been recommended to try a bit to the Orchy to get him up - we walked up to a likely spot out of which I had landed a fish a day or two before - I had my friend my rod to fish over the pool with the first fly - no fish rising I changed it and prepared to fish the water again after fixing it a cast - The pool lies at the end of a bed of shingle down which I waded to reach the larch bank where my friend had been unable without waders to reach. I gradually lengthened my casts and with a long line prepared for a supreme effort. The effort was made, the result was nothing - the fly had hooked some-thing behind me: there was a crash & a shriek! the 8<sup>th</sup> part of my rod was smashed into 3 pieces, and was dangling in the water by the loops - my friend behind me had his hand up to his head & a heavy pain



## The Orkney.

for the explication which were to follow. He had somewhat changed his position whilst I fished the pool, which resulted in my fixing the point of the hook, tho' not the barb, in the bone of his head just outside the left eye - a quarter of an inch more, and it must have pierced it! However I think that was the greatest success - he experienced no ill effects whatsoever from the shock, in fact I think it really did him good, for it supplied a "nerve tonic" which he had gone to Scotland to seek through hardly perhaps at the point of a "Silver Doctor" - But my rod was spoilt! I have been careful ever since to wear spectators to give a wide berth to the back cast of a salmon fly! x x x. Loch Tulla is the source of the Orkney - it was also the source of its ruin as a Trout River. The late Marquis of Breadalbane stocked it with pike, which have gradually found their way into the river, & through it into the loch, clearing the former almost of trout, and absolutely ruining the upper part of the loch for trout. But though they have wrought this damage, the sport they themselves give affords compensation for what they have destroyed. They are more lively than any I have ever met with in English water, making very long runs - leaping out of the water like salmon - It took me more than half an hour to land one a short stiff rod, with fixed rings, & line of pink trace to sea fish, which I was in springing with natural bait - a small brown trout along shore - The largest I have caught which scaled 23 1/2 lb. he had exactly hook to get that fish in! I had forgotten to take my gaff, and only had in the boat a large scraping hook which I shifted on to a short handle, with which I had landed several fish. On getting this big fellow up to the boat I hooked it into his jaw, but it broke short off, the point, I suppose, catching against a bone. My victim went off for another long run, and seemed very of again approaching the boat. However after a bit more fighting he came again close under the gunwale. I had from old Peter, the gillie, a large clasp-knife to open - the blade about 5 inches long, with sharp dagger-shaped point and a strong catch which secured it when open. Guiding the fish to a convenient position I strove gently toward him, prepared to give him the start for another run; he was too exhausted after half an hour's fight to make off by a trifling glance of his enemy, so succeeded in driving the blade of the knife up to the haft in a slanting direction behind his gills into what I thought would be his most vital part - I was terribly afraid that this shock to his system, coupled with the somewhat nervous state in which I was as I wondered whether the plan would succeed, would make him bolt off and perhaps result in his escape but I was gratified to find that I had fixed him properly. he gave a bit of a flick with his tail on the surface, and became a dead weight on the rod - I drew him up close, put my fingers & thumb in his eye, and landed him triumphantly into the boat! The scene of this battle was in the Cragg bay to the S.E. of Kildrum Castle - once a favourite trout cast, but now exhausted only by pike & perch - amongst them however the fly-cast can find excellent sport at a time, too, when the trouting season comes down the loch is past. x x x x x

C. Roberts.





## Dovedale.

F. Kinderdine.

Our small party, consisting of three rods and two wives left London road station at 11.15 a.m. but being a London express we had to change at Macclesfield. The station here is dismal, dark and narrow, and a large number of packages of every description, from hampers to sacks of potatoes having to be discharged from the van, the confusion may be easily imagined. We made three charges to reach our luggage, but were valiantly repulsed with "Stand back Sir", "Keep out of the way", "How can we do anything if you're here" &c. so consequently, resigned our property to the fakes and porters. One of the latter we at last secured by going through the customary formula, and he undertook to see that four articles addressed to Ashbourne were put into the right train. Before starting he said everything was in order and we left in a moderately happy frame of mind, considering the heavens were black with cloud and the fog so thick we could not see many hundred yards. Arriving at Rocester apparently all parcels arrived, even to the baby, but that was not ours - No! there was one missing article and that was our portmanteau. The Station Master after saying over and over again, it will turn up in a few days, being properly addressed was induced to telegraph to Stoke as being the most likely place to find it. However it was not there. Arriving at Ashbourne we managed to have a telegram sent to London after some persuasion. Here again the consolation we got was, "it will turn up in a few days", sure enough it did the third day, at Ham by the Mail Cart - Where it had been to nobody knows - This must be the system of doing business, at both stations





Masters were quite cool & confident of the result. At the "Isaak Walton", Mr. France the dear old lady of seventy eight years, is as attentive to her guests as she was years and years ago, making everybody at home, perhaps more so, considering the set out of the dinner table and what she puts on it.

Describing the dale is superfluous, it is in fact too beautiful for the best delineator of scenery to damage. We had four days on the river and our take was about three fish a day each, but they were good ones, several being a pound or nearly each, of course there were other anglers there like unto Drakewell. The memorable part of our visit, was the arrival of the great minnow spinner, probably the best in England, Mr. Bullock of Derby. He uses what he calls the Derby Keller, and the twines he can cast it into the smallest pool, twenty yards or more away, and the lightness with which it falls into the water is worth going a distance to see. But the marvellous has to come - With the thumb and little finger of the left hand he reels up the line at the exact speed of the stream, giving the minnow the appearance of a real fish swimming down. At the next throw he lets off just sufficient line to reach the water he wishes to fish. Then again he can kill a trout up to a pound in weight with the spare line on his fingers. The day we saw him he brought in eleven fish, but they were certainly not in fine condition. The best fed trout evidently preferred the fly.

Among the fishers at the "Isaak Walton" were a young gentleman, his wife and sister, all anglers. One day out fishing the ladies had their line entangled, and the following dialogue ensued -  
Gent<sup>l</sup> - What shall you do now? - Lady - I shall bite it -  
Gent<sup>l</sup> - You must not do that, give it to me - Lady - No - I'll bite it -  
How the line worked after the operation I did not ascertain.

From the Isaak we drove through Newhaven and Youlgreave crossing the upper part of Lathkill, to the Rutland at Drakewell, seventeen miles. We put our rods together and reared them in the hall along with ten others.

Continued on opposite page.





## A Winter's day among the Grayling.

It was in either January or February, that we, one of our members here, and your humble servant, met at London Road Station, on a cold dreary morning, long before the sun showed his light in the east. After a cold miserable ride enough to Buxton, where we met the daylight we changed into Midland carriages. Waterwell always looks well, and would have done on the occasion I speak of if we had been able to see it, but when we arrived we could not see twenty paces, through the thick white fog. We almost groped our way to the familiar "Rutland", and walking into the well known coffee-room, found a hearty & welcome fire blazing in the grate. At the call of the bell, brisk little Ellen, fresh and sweet as a rose, bustled into the room, and seeing us, her old friends, with rods and paraphernalia, she started as though she had seen a ghost, or heard a cuckoo. "Oh, Ellen, we could not keep away, we must come to see you, even on such a day as this. Let us, if you please have coffee and tickets". What I said, was quite true, I could not keep away: whether it was that I had had less fishing during the summer than usual, or whether I felt more than commonly jaded, I cannot say, but I had for days had a "call", and felt that however foolish it might be, that I must obey.

When we turned out of the Inn, and got to the water, the fog still hung heavily over the stream, and covered the whole landscape, in its white close-fitting pall. The grass was white as snow with hoar frost, and the wind blew cold as an iceberg. What conditions to commence fly fishing under! "Why, there has'nt been a living fly on the water for weeks", calls out my companion from the other side of the stream, where I could only just see him. Well, we both went to work, and after a while, I found my line refuse to run. Puzzled to know the reason, I laid down my rod and



## A Winter's day among the Grayling.

inspected. The line was frozen fast to the top piece, for nearly its whole length. A pull released it, but now, I found my flies to fall on the half frozen waters, with a heavy splash that was dishessing and unaccountable. Another inspection, and I find my flies, each in the centre of a lump of ice, and looking like the famous flies in amber, that one sees in museums. Had a grayling taken one, it must have been under the impression that he was offered "fly in aspic"; but he didn't. By eleven o'clock or so, the fog had vanished, and we had a glorious winter day, fine, clear and bracing; the line no longer froze nor the flies gathered ice. But the grayling did not come. The great willow is passed. The pools around the rookery are carefully fished; all the long winding stretch of water between this and Haddon, is carefully searched, every pool of it, stills and rapids. Flies are changed, but to no purpose. But at two o'clock, I had a rise, yes, positively, a rise, and that was my day's sport. My companion, whom I am bound to believe, when I met him, said he had had several rises; I know, he had no fish. Ellen welcomed us when we returned to our inn, and sympathised with us in our sorrow, better still, she ministered to our wants.

Tired, but not despaired, we were ready for an early train home, and thus ended a day, which, though it brought no fish, is not one of the least pleasant, in a varied angling experience, which I can recall.

Crabstick.