

**ANGLING  
REMINISCENCES, OF THE  
RIVERS AND  
LOCHS OF SCOTLAND**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649127351

Angling reminiscences, of the rivers and lochs of Scotland by Thomas Tod Stoddart

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**THOMAS TOD STODDART**

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ANGLING REMINISCENCES.

SH609  
S83  
1887

## P R E F A C E.

THESE Sketches aspire to little more than a delineation of such occurrences as are naturally met with by lovers of the gentle craft. They are endued by the author with a colloquial form and texture, chiefly because he is of opinion that, so habited, they accord better with the spirit of the subject to which they refer. Had it been otherwise, he should not have obtruded upon a mode of composition already pre-occupied by the patriarch Walton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and others. Further apology, however, he deems unnecessary, as he is not aware, throughout the following chapters, of having laid himself open to any censure as a plagiarist.

The *dramatis personæ* of his dialogue are, it may be stated, generally fictitious, although, as in most works of a similar nature, not altogether without their originals. It merits, however, no enquiry who these are, and the author disclaims all intention of throwing any light upon the subject.

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To lovers of stream-side scenery, it has been attempted to render this volume acceptable, without the introduction of local details and methodical surveys. The design of the writer to embody certain ANGLING REMINISCENCES would be very inefficiently accomplished, were he to occupy the area of this small work with matters such as these. Accordingly, he has refrained from doing so as much as possible, without, it is to be hoped, impairing any of the interest which a friendly reader might otherwise have discovered in the following chapters.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE PRESENT  
EDITION.

[This work, published in 1837, and since then become extremely scarce, is not to be confounded with either of the other two angling works by the same author. The present one is an entirely separate and distinct work. One of the other productions was published before this, and the other after it.]

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# ANGLING REMINISCENCES.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

OUR venerable fraternity is at length dissolved! 'Tis strange, yet true. What fault had nature to find with us, save that we had lived our time? There was no unhealthiness or defection in our members—no pinings or frailties. We were, in heart, purpose, and intent, compact as ever. Alas! how freakish is fortune, leading us into treasons after happiness, and upsetting them with her finger-touch! The Angling Club at C——h is dissolved! All its kind-humoured contentions and merry assemblings, the schemes concerted for its longevity, ay, and the friendships it was wont to form, are out of being! One might naturally expect a reason for this breaking-up of interests. If

there were any, we never could discover it. It lay too deep in philosophy for our line and plummet.

—————"Tis wiser oft  
To leave the sources of our ills unprobed."

The Angling Club at C——h! we are entitled to talk of it. It was formed originally under the auspices of our own great-grandfather. The armchair, in which sat our president, was once his. After the old man's death, it was conveyed to our hall, and stood on a sort of low throne at one end of the apartment, surrounded with various implements belonging to our craft—rods, panniers, fishing-spears, &c.

Pardon, reader, a long digression. We have a natural wish to say something of the ponderous armchair and its revered possessor. How rich in associations was that worm-eaten piece of furniture! Its quaint devices, carved in sable wood, proclaimed it the masterpiece of some mouldered artizan, three centuries ago; the cushion of crimson velvet, worn and faded; its lofty Gothic architecture, with gilded figures, Cupids and cherubim—all connected its history with the days of old.

Alas! the solemn heir-loom is no more! It fell by degrees from the hands of our club into those of a private individual, and at length settled itself for three long years in the back warehouse of a common pawnbroker. There we detected, but did not purchase it. No! it was already profaned by the desecrating gaze of the many—the auctioneer had placed his unhallowed