

# Chapter 3

1885-1888



## The Council for 1885

President  
Treasurer  
Hon Secretary

E.G. Simpson  
G.S. Woolley  
A. Heywood



A carbon pencil drawing from the Manuscript Book

### Programme for 1885

|       |   |  |
|-------|---|--|
| Jan   | A.G.M.<br>"The delights and worries<br>of Salmon-fishing in a Scotch River"               | Mr Kincaird;<br>(read fby his brother)     |
| March | "Notes of an Autumn Visit to Crummock Water<br>Ennerdale and Wastwater and the River Irt" | Dr Henry Simpson<br>read by Mr J. Thwaites |
| May   | "Our Experiences in Fish Breeding"  | read by Mr J. Thwaites                     |
| June  | Member's meeting  |  |
| Oct   | "Angling in Yorkshire"<br>"Trout Fishing in New Zealand"                                  | 'Red Spinner'<br>read by Mr C. Estcourt    |
| Nov   | "A Few Days in Ireland<br>During the May Fly Season"                                      | Dr Hodgekinson                             |
| Dec   | Annual Dinner   |  |

In **1885 Colonel John Mawson**, the first President and founding member of the M.A.A. died at his home in Irton in Cumberland at the age of 62 years.

In the same year Mr John O. Mackenzie, a council member, emigrated to New Zealand. From there he sent a paper on trout fishing in New Zealand which was read to the members at the October meeting by Charles Estcorte.

### Newhouses Tarn

The Association acquired use of the Tarn just north of Newhouses. This was to provide useful fishing particularly when the water in the river was low.



A boat was presented to the Association by Mr Cornforth and a boat house to hold it was built at the tarn. Twenty years later Percy Burn, son of Robert Burn a founding member of the M.A.A, wrote a paper about a visit to Horton.

"They tell me that when this boat arrived at Horton, the whole village turned out, the school children were given a holiday, and a grand procession formed to escort it to the tarn. The majority of the inhabitants had never seen a boat before. Today your Hortonian exhibits a supreme indifference to the £1,000 motor cars which rush through the valley."

The boathouse, with maintenance, lasted until 1925 when it was replaced by another on the same site.

## Fish Breeding

From the beginning, one of the aims of the Association had been to promote the practice of angling and the breeding and preservation of fish. To that end 500 Loch Leven trout were ordered, to be put into the tarn in **January 1885**.

Sometime in 1884 the M.A.A. had decided to go into fish breeding. The Report of the Council given at the A.G.M in January 1885 said that a trout breeding house had been built and upwards of 10,000 eggs had been laid down which it was to be hoped would be hatched in the next spring. The installation was overseen by the President Mr Burn.

“It has long been a matter of complaint that the river, though still yielding excellent trout, has never fully recovered from the attacks upon its vitality, by netting and other practices, made during the construction of the Settle and Carlisle Railway. Towards the close of last year, therefore, the Association decided to erect fish-breeding apparatus at Horton, and the paper read last night described the arrangements made and the results so far obtained. The fish house adjoins a small beck flowing into the Ribble from the slopes of Penyghent, and the tanks are supplied with water conveyed from a spring which has not been known to become dry “ within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.” The water from this spring was duly tested by the Manchester City Analyst (*Charles Estcourt a member of the club*) and pronounced suitable, and rightly concluding that the Ribble trout could not be improved upon for the purpose, about 11,000 ova were personally collected by Mr Burn and Mr Thwaites at the beginning of December last from the tributaries where the fish repair to spawn. The wisdom of the selection, the excellence of the arrangements, and the care of the amateur breeders were proved by the fact that the mortality during hatching was only about 5% and that the fry were exceptionally large and vigorous.

The progress of the experiment has permitted some very interesting observations on the habits and life-history of the fish and the enemies against which they have to contend. It was stated also that the Horton fish-house has already become famed through out the West Riding, and that every man, woman and child in the dales around has made a pilgrimage to it. There is good reason to hope, therefore, that it will promote an intelligent interest in fish culture in the district and a disposition to second the praise worthy attempts of the Association.

The economic utility of thus preserving the fry during the earliest stages of their existence has been abundantly proved by statistics. The only difficulty with which the Association has been threatened arose from the fact that science cannot escape the Argus eyes of science. The fact that the fry are fed twice a day with, literally, a thimbleful of powdered meat, carried in the waistcoat pocket of the keeper, and just sufficient to remain suspended in the water until swallowed by the fish, resulted in the lodging of a formal complaint of river pollution; and an inspector travelled six miles in order to report upon the case. It is needless to say that the feeding of the fry has not been interfered with; but the Association has surely reason to rejoice at the excellence of the sanitary administration in those regions, which augurs so well for the continued purity of the streams”

The Manchester Guardian 20<sup>th</sup> May 1885

A communication was sent out to the Anglers in June 1885 to say that the President with a party of ladies and gentlemen would pay a visit for the day to the Fish Breeding House at Horton, leaving Victoria Station in Manchester at 10.0 am.

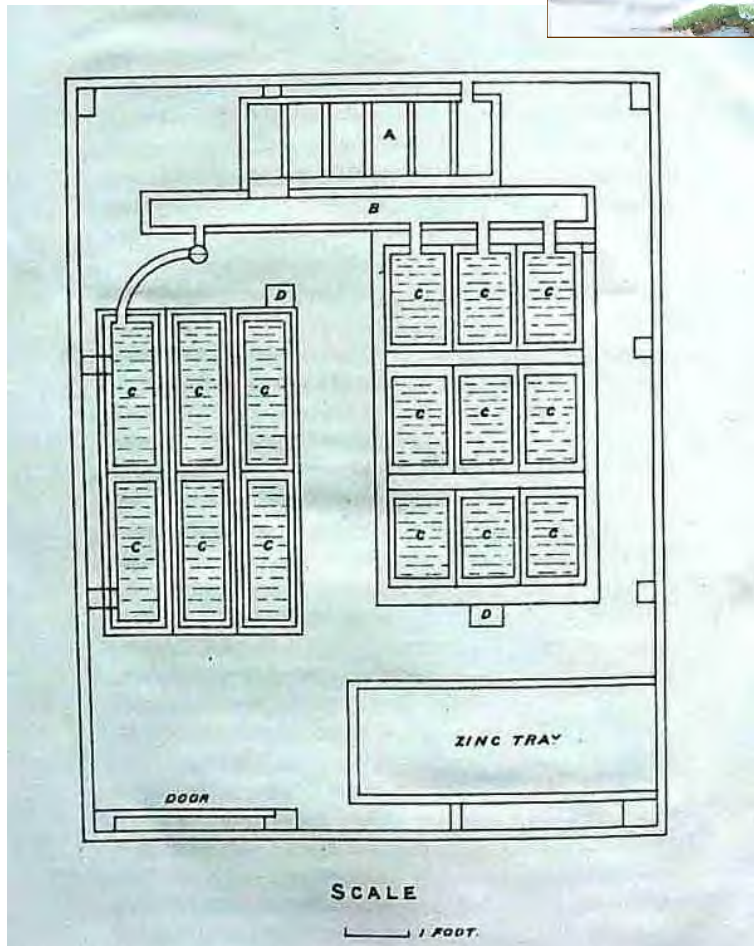




A sketch of the fish house in the Yorkshire Post

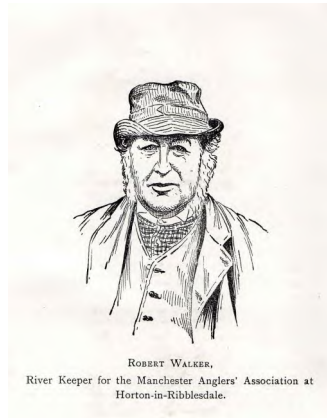


The Fish house in Douk Ghyll from the newspaper sketch  
J.P.M. 2010



Layout of the tanks in the fish house

## The River Keeper, Robert Walker



“The first River Keeper of the Manchester Anglers, Robert Walker, was born at Newsome Green near Leeds, in 1824. In December 1856 he entered the West Riding police force, retiring in April 1877. He was successively stationed at Wombwell, near Barnsley, Harrogate, Ripon and finally Horton-in-Ribblesdale, where he was on duty while the railway was made, and was popularly known as ‘The Sergeant’ owing to his possession of the merit badge. Walker was six feet in height, powerfully built and retired with a good character and a pension of two shillings and nine pence per day for life. He came to the Manchester Anglers’ Association in May 1881 and was throughout a popular and devoted servant to his master’s interests and earned the respect and esteem of every one with whom he was brought into contact.”

“Among other things, he established one of the most successful and best regulated fish hatcheries in the country. “Not a speck of dust is allowed to come within an acre of Walker’s hut in the little glen of Douk Ghyll; you might safely take a meal off the roof, the floor, or the lids of his boxes; drop but an atom of extraneous food into the yearling tanks, and let him see you do it, and my advice is to keep out of the way for some time after.” His annual loss on ova laid down was not more than one percent, and his success, was the outcome of his own natural intelligence and application to the wishes of his employers. When the idea of fish breeding was first named to him he “he was sure he would never be able to mak out on it”, now he laughs to think how little faith he had in himself.”

“Robert Walker was no ordinary man as his record shows:- At midnight on the 20<sup>th</sup> March 1857 going his usual rounds at Wombwell, he heard voices in a field and, watching, saw two men driving sheep into a corner for the purpose of slaughtering them; creeping cautiously up, Walker calmly prepared for action; he threw off his topcoat, belt and lantern and while the two thieves were bending over a sheep he jumped quickly over the fence, came on them like whirlwind, and felled them both instantly. Then he put a knee on the breast of each rascal and called on them to surrender. Hereupon a third man appeared and the conflict became very serious, each of the three men having knives and life preservers. Walker, however, was equal to the lot, and although only armed with a stick, which he broke, he would have vanquished them all, when, at a signal five other men appeared as reinforcements to the enemy. In such an encounter the result was obvious. Walker was more than half killed; two of his fingers were left on the field and a third was hanging by a skin; there were eight wounds on his head inflicted by knives, and for some time he lay in a precarious state. When he got well, the judge before whom the prisoners were tried complimented the brave fellow on his courage with which he had tried to do his duty, and in due time he received a gold watch on which there is this inscription:-- “Presented with £30 to P. C. Robert Walker by Colonel Cobbe and members of the West Riding Constabulary as a mark of the opinion they entertained of his courage in the struggle with sheep stealers in the night of 28th March 1857 near Wombwell” He is to this day a simple minded honest man and the best proof of is work is the fact that he has earned the esteem of the great association he serves.”

Robert Walker died on the 1<sup>st</sup> September 1899 and was buried at Horton. A gravestone donated by the Manchester Anglers commemorating “Walker” can be found near the lytch gate at the east end of Horton Churchyard.

## Horton Bazaar

A bazaar was held at Horton in August 1892 when with the help of the anglers £148 was raised. The Manchester Anglers were greatly involved and one of the highlights was the fish house. The young son of the fishing secretary was roped in to help Walker show off the “side show” The trays were filled peas (it being August and there were no eggs available) and the visitors to the house were charged a penny or two to see the hatching house in “full” working order. Walker had charge of the fish tanks for he was much afraid of the visitors feeding his family with forbidden delicacies.

Percy, the young son of Robert Burn, then aged eleven, was in charge of the trays and their contents and “discoursed upon the hatchery with the confidence of superior knowledge, and countenance made cheerful by a desire to please.” It is possible that these innocent visitors may have heard things about fish culture with which the Fishing Secretary did not agree. If the wondering multitude mistook the peas for ova on a blazing day in August it was their ignorance that prevailed. After all what could they expect for tuppence? The exhibitor thought that the viewers got an excellent return from their investment!



Drawing by Henry Sidebottom, 1879 from Volume 2 of the Manuscript Books.

## Water Snails

In their struggle to provide pure water to its enlarging population, the Manchester Council had built reservoirs to hold the water from the uplands around the city. However there was a problem, the reservoirs were becoming infested with water snails which caused the water to have fishy smell and taste. Charles Estcorte, who as well as a Manchester Angler was also the City Analyst, suggested that trout would eat the snails and suggested that the M.A.A could let the Council have some trout for this purpose. The press report of this offer offended some of the readers who thought that the M.A.A. were trying to bribe their way into fishing in the newly stocked reservoirs. The ‘free anglers’ felt that reservoir fishing should be for everyone in Manchester, not just the wealthy elite.

Sometime later the water Department, with advise from the M.A.A. built for themselves a fish breeding house with a view to stocking their own waters.



## Hunting

On **June 25<sup>th</sup> 1885** a small article was printed in the Weekly Post:-

"My friends of the Manchester Association will be glad to know that the watcher, Walker, managed to get another otter on the Horton fishery, near Studfold, last week. The brute was not a very big one, being no more than 14lb., still he was better out of the way. The Ribble has always had a reputation as a famous otter hunting ground, though since Mr Lomax's famous pack of otter hounds was dispersed but little hunting has been done."

This item from a paper published several years later shows how public opinion was changing.

"A PLEA FOR OTTERS. --- Anglers have long been enemies to the otter. Hence a savage war has been waged against them and they are absolutely exterminated on many rivers. It is now urged that, like the various raptorial birds which destroy the weak and sickly grouse and other game, the otters make diseased salmon their special quarry because they are the most easily captured, and that if there were more otters on our salmon rivers salmon disease would soon disappear."

John Foster of Douk Ghyll, the local squire, had a pack of Beagles for hunting hares and occasionally foxes. Members of the Anglers' Association were encouraged to follow the hunt when possible to show their support. The Pen-y-Ghent Beagles were usually followed on foot, the fields having convenient stiles over the stone walls.

### 'The Pen-y-Ghent Beagles'

Come all ye lads in Ribblesdale,  
From Ribblehead to Litton Vale  
Ye Austwick carles, and Clapham tykes;  
Come everyone, whoever likes,  
And see the Pen-y-Ghent beagles

A huntsman bold is Horton Jack,  
When scent is cold, to lift a pack,  
To crack a whip, or wind a horn,  
A tighter lad was never born,  
Than hunts the Pen-y-Ghent beagles.

'Twas he could puzzle out a scent,  
He knew each hare on Pen-y-Ghent  
By sight; and those he did not know,  
And couldn't catch, he let them go,  
And so did the Pen-y-Ghent beagles.

One day he had arranged the meet,  
Should be at Austwick Cross-o'-Street,  
A better place there could not be,  
For hares are there in great plente-e,  
To blood the Pen-y-Ghent beagles.

The little Inn was soon chock full,  
All struggling the bell to pull;  
And calling loud for glasses round,  
To drink the health of every hound,

Among the Pen-y-Ghent beagles.

But when the time arrived to trudge,  
Jack couldn't get the field to budge;  
All snugly seated in the Inn,  
And every one imbibing gin,  
Enough to drown the beagles.

He wound his horn, 'twas in vain,  
A following he could not gain,  
For nought was heard amongst the din,  
But shouts for Whiskey, Rum, or Gin  
To drink—"The Pen-y-Ghent beagles"

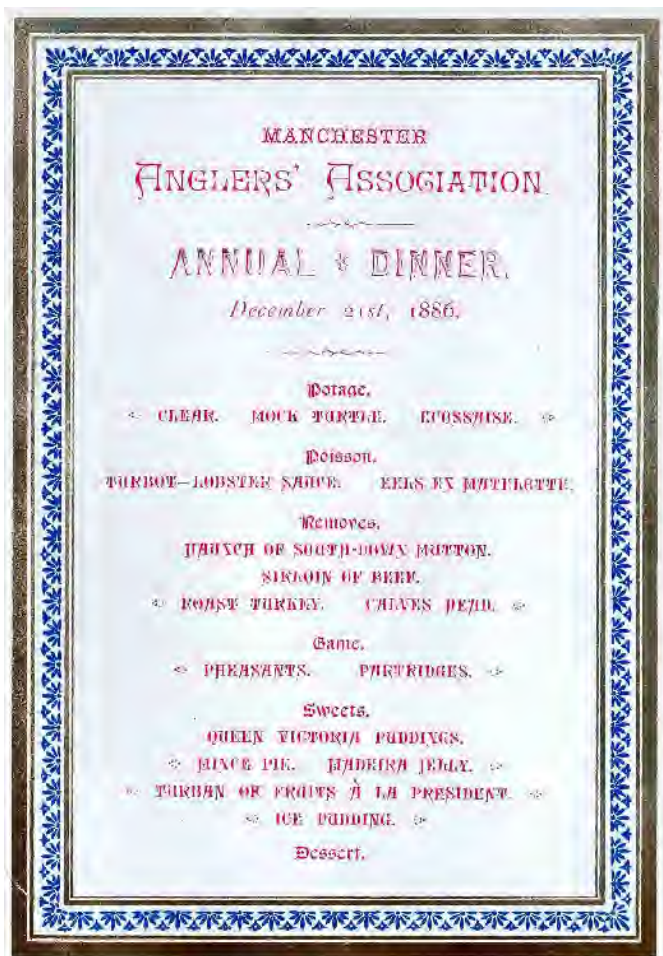
Now morning waned in afternoon,  
Down sank the sun, up rose the moon,  
But not a soul of them had stirred,  
And still the loud hurrahs were heard--  
"Three cheers for the Pen-y-Ghent Beagles"

Then Huntsman Jack drew off the pack,  
To Ribblesdale he took the track,  
And swore that not another meet,  
Should e'er be held at Cross-o'-Street  
And so did the Pen-y-Ghent Beagles

## The Programme for 1886

|       |  |                  |
|-------|--|------------------|
| Jan   | A.G.M.   |                  |
| Feb   | “Fishing in Derbyshire”                                | Mr J.A. Hutton   |
| March | “Fish and Their Habits”                                | Mr A. Watson     |
| April | “A Whitsuntide Fishing Holiday”                        | Mr John Leigh    |
| May   | “The Virgin Loch”                                      | Mr George Comber |
|       | “An Easter Holiday”                                    | Mr Abel Heywood  |
| Aug   | “The Loch Leven Competition”                           | Rev C.P. Robert  |
| Sept  | “A Few Days on the Dee”                                | Dr Simpson       |
| Oct   | “The Close of the Trout Fishing Season<br>in Yorkshire | Mr R Burn        |
| Nov   | “The Optics of Angling”                                | Dr A Hodgekinson |
| Dec   | A Tea Party and Grand Entertainment at Horton School   |                  |
| Dec   | 8th Annual Dinner                                      |                  |

## Annual Dinner 1886





## Smells at Buxton

In **February 1886**, Mr J. Hutton read a paper on "Fishing in Derbyshire". It had good reviews in the newspapers however one reader took exception to the mention of smells on the river in Buxton which Hutton had noticed when fishing several years prior to the talk. The new sewerage works had been opened recently but Hutton was unaware of this fact. This set up a letter war which went on for the next few weeks.

"I am sorry to have fallen "foul" with the inhabitants of Buxton, and I beg to inform Mr Buckley that my object in addressing the Manchester Anglers was not so much to entertain them as to give a little information about fishing in Derbyshire. Space could not be spared to put in the newspaper the whole of my paper in which I stated that I had not fished in Buxton for some years, and--- which I now repeat---that the water smelt horribly; and so far for the sewage works being out of order as far as I am aware there were none to get out of order. But I also went on to inform my auditors that the Buxton people had wisely altered all this; and if I seemed to allude to these alterations loosely; it was owing to my knowledge being based on hearsay, and not because I despised them--- rather the opposite: I wish other towns would follow Buxton's good example. "

Pollution in rivers always a problem, these are extracts from the newspapers of the day.

"WHOLESALE FISH POISONING. --- Owing to the heavy rains and thaw the river Wye has been much swollen during the past two days, and a large quantity of lime and ashes have been washed into the river from the East Buxton Lime Company's Works. The result to the fishery has been most serious. For a distance of three miles or more the fish have been killed and persons have been engaged clearing the banks. The right of fishing at Miller's Dale and up towards Buxton for some distance is in the hands of Mr T. H. Lowthian of Manchester and Hillside, Buxton; and of Mr Deakin of Manchester, who has recently taken Wormhill Hall. Rain fell heavily for upwards of twenty four hours from Tuesday up to yesterday morning. It is feared that the fishing has been permanently destroyed by the unfortunate occurrence."

### "THE BAKEWELL FISHERY

Sir, Those who are in the habit of visiting this pleasant spot need not allow the devastation caused to the upper water of the Wye by lime to interfere with their pleasure here, nor need they be frightened by the reports of greatly flooded waters. An intimate friend has spent three days at Bakewell this week and has had, on one day at least more than average sport and it has been my good fortune to get one day's fishing with him, which was as pleasant as it usually is, and as fortunate as it ever is.

Grayling (now about spawning) are showing on the shallow gravels in their accustomed numbers, and the trout are in good condition and rising fairly well. A few days without rain will bring the water into admirable order.

I am &c.

Abel Heywood Jun. (Hon. Sec. Manchester Anglers' Association.)

Bakewell April 14<sup>th</sup> 1886"

Even Walker, the keeper, was accused of polluting the river when he fed the small fish in the fish house on a thimbleful of powdered meat twice a day. An inspector was said to have travelled six miles in order to report upon the case. Later the complaint was said to have been made in jest!

## “An Easter Holiday”

written by Abel Heywood and read to the Anglers, May 18<sup>th</sup> 1886.

“Good Friday of 1886 saw a greater addition to the population of the quiet little village of Horton than has perhaps been known before. The Lion overflowed into the adjoining house where dwells the ancient but mellifluous Cooper and the accommodation there provided still being insufficient, the premises of the ungenial proprietor of the Crown were brought into requisition.

Part of the company arrived on Thursday, the rest having slept the night at Settle, drove up in style in carriage and pair before the latest breakfasters had finished their morning meal. --- All told there were twelve members of the M. A. A.

When it is written that a bright sun shone on that fine Good Friday morning and that a sharp East wind blew across the waters, the fate of the fisherman is told. But spite of experience, every man set out to brave the worst, and one at least this chronicler can aver, fished every likely inch of water, for hour after hour, without finding any necessity to raise the lid of his creel, and indeed without a rise. Evening found the jolly company together for dinner; but they brought with them few fish, the best and nearly the only brace being taken from the Tarn and weighing about three quarters of a pound each. One of them was undoubtedly a Loch Leven fish and the other a brook trout.

To tell of the merry tales that went round the dinner table, would be as impossible as to recall the bottles that circulated at the same time. Stories lose in re-telling too, let it suffice, the dinner over, an “Angler’s Evening” set in which did not end till next morning had appeared.

Saturday, so far as fishing went, was no improvement on the previous day. Some went up, some went down, some fished the Tarn, some did not fish at all, and caught as many as those who did. Perhaps half a dozen trout left the water.

The joys of the expedition and spite the lack of sport, they were not few, culminated on Sunday, when after a visit to the Fish breeding House, where Walker with paternal pride, shewed his thousands and thousands of troutlets. The more active members set out to walk to Lynn (*Ling*) Ghyll, leaving the venerable President, certain Medical men, who thought it well that they should look after him! and the Prince, to follow in the one horse shay provided for the occasion by the host of the Crown.

Lynn Ghyll lies up the water some six or seven miles, and the rough up and down road that leads to the picturesque spot crosses wild moorlands, over which the breezes blow as fresh and pure as are to be encountered anywhere. The weather was brilliant as even a photographer could desire, the spirits of the pedestrians, as also their appetites, rose as the ground became higher and the grateful sun tanned their town-bleached faces.

Newhouses is walked through, and then, what is pretty nearly the wild open wilderness is reached. After a few exhilarating miles during the passage of which, one stalwart member informed his friends a hundred times of his intentions to marry “Yum yum, Yum yum,” a stone wall is reached, on the other side of which a considerable stream is seen, whose waters never pass the place. Climbing over the wall the reason is soon discovered; into a huge rent in the limestone, the stream suddenly disappears, with a noise which though not profound now, becomes almost thunderous when the floods come down the hill sides. One can see dimly the bottom of the chasm, which is some forty or fifty feet down, and stones rolled over the side of the rock fall with hollow booms into a black pool of water. The place is a fearful one to behold and makes everyone stand at a respectable distance from the awful mouth of what is called Dry Lathe Cave. One of the members of the party is, this chronicle believes, the sole surviving member of the photographic department of the Association. With a fidelity which must be commendable, he has stuck to his post, while all the others (if the truth be told, there never was but one other) have deserted; and on this occasion being provided with a small camera, he was able to secure some sort of a representation of this place and bring it before you.

After an up hill walk of two miles or so further, the Ghyll begins to come in sight. It is a deep rent in the hills, down which the stream, Cam Beck, rushes and tumbles, and the head of this romantic place, where a stone bridge crosses the stream, is the point the pedestrians sought, and at which, having found, they came to a halt. Here they were soon joined by the President, the Prince of Doctors, who brought with them (and joyful was the sight of those who first arrived) provisions in abundance, and bottles containing both noxious and innocuous beverages. Such a picnic, such a spread as was there set out, such a joyful company; such good humour; such merry laughter; no man, who was not present at that happy meeting, ever saw. The prince shone resplendent, the President spoke with his usual solemnity and blessed his fellows with more than his usual cheerfulness; the Doctors forgot their stately manners; the Irishman declared himself more desperately than ever in love with “Yum-yum”; the most sedate and reserved gentleman, unbent to the occasion. The sun shone merrily, the stream murmured softly; the lark sang sweetly; the spirits of the party like the birds rose higher and higher, the good cheer disappeared quickly and all things conspired to make the picnic at Lynn Ghyll such a picnic as never, never was seen before.

When the party broke up, that is, when every crumb of the provisions had disappeared and every bottle was emptied, all but the more sedate ones, descended into the abyss. No trifle is the same, as one big man can tell if he will, and if he is here to tell it tonight. The boys and two of the younger men, found their way to the foot of the Ghyll, others not being possessed of the agility of their juniors, were able to find their way only a little lower down, a precipitous fall of 15 or 20 feet stopping their further progress. The gorge is as rough a bit of stuff as is to be found here and there.

The walk home was only less joyous than the journey out, and if the occasion had any drawback attending to it, it is expressed in the sentiment given out by one of the juniors, who complained that he had scarcely a sufficiently large appetite for his dinner.

Let us hasten then to say that the last day Monday, had there not been a day before it, might have been a subject for more eloquence than this pen is capable of, but it palls before the glory of the most memorable occasion. Before the sun set, joy had deserted the lair of the Lion, the Manchester Angler's had departed and never again will any of those Anglers spend at Horton a happier time in finer weather than their Easter Holiday in 1886."



## An Easter Idyll

by R. Godby

In Horton's little inn, by Ribble's banks,  
Where anglers love to rest their weary shanks,  
And find the Nicholsonian homely cheer  
Washed down with flowing jugs of home-brewed beer,  
A goodly crew of fishermen had met,  
Each had his rod, his flies, his creel, his net,  
Some, too, had waders, others were without,  
Then some of them were lean, while others, stout.  
Of one thing all in common were possessed,  
Nor did one have it more than all the rest---  
"Good humor" -- 'tis the Angler's honest pride,  
Tho' other virtues shone out clear beside.  
Who's for the life of a fisherman, boys?

Chorus: Whose for the life of a fisherman etc.  
Who's for a fisherman's life?  
Here's to the health of a fisherman, boys!  
And here's to the health of his wife!

Tho' few and far between the trout they dished,  
From early morn till dewy eve they fished;  
Some tried the pools, then others took the runs;  
Some fished with "Palmers" some preferred the "Duns"  
Some cast their flies the rippling shallows o'er;  
One said "The river has been fished before."  
"Young man," the President at once replied,  
As up and down the fisherman he eyed,  
"I know that what you say is honest truth:  
"No matter! He who speaks, but speaks in youth!  
"This time I fairly say, the Court's with you,  
"Would'st have a river, like yourself, brand new?"

Chorus: Whose for the life of a fisherman etc.

All fished their hardest and with **mighty** skill,  
But ne'er a one with fish his creel could fill,  
Except that genial, angling glutton,  
The Kingfisher! Whom, you ask? Why, Hutton!  
Both Tarn and river to his rod respond,  
While some of taking e'en **one** fish, despond.  
Yet, Watson, too, a word of praise deserves,  
For patient work in fishing the preserves;  
'Till rising to his fly, **his** wily trout  
In size beats all the others---out and out!  
And what if Heywood brought no fish to table!  
It surely was not that he was not "Abel!"

Chorus

Of doctors, with the party, there were twain:  
 God fellows! Caring nought for wind or rain.  
 The silvery hairs that cover Simpson's crown,  
 Blend hap'ly with the youth's, whose locks are brown.  
 True index, that we all have common aim,  
 The object both of youth and age—the same.  
 Then, there's Hodgkinson, from whom we gain  
**Vast** knowledge, flowing from his well-stored brain;  
 If trout refuse his rod's enticing bend,  
 Did not earth her choice jewel to him send?  
 An opal! Of uncommon hue and size,  
 Is justly claimed by him as nature's prize.

Chorus

Ere closing think of "Yum Yum's" would be spouse,  
 Who did, with milk, and whiskey, lazy sleepers rouse.  
 If here the names of some are passed, fear not,  
 Their faces ne'er by me shall be forgot.  
 Yet stay! One still must find a place in verse,  
 The chief! Fishers, go further, fare ye worse!  
 Let's toast him, then —"May Harker's reign be long!"  
 Who follows him can ne'er be going wrong.

Chorus.

There seem to be several lines missing at the end of the last verse



A rural idyll. (a plague of midges)  
 (Picture from the cuttings book, published 1825 by Thos McLean, 26 Haymarket, London)

## Magic Lantern Slides

When Horton Church held a Tea Party for the village in **December**, the Anglers were invited to attend. The ‘Dissolving Views of Scenery’ included some views of Norway so no doubt Abel Heywood provided some of his fishing holiday pictures.

The following **February** the main item at the monthly meeting at The Grand in Manchester were lantern photographs taken the previous summer by Mr Heywood Jun, during a tour of Norway by himself and another member of the Association and shown by Mr Chadwick by the Oxy-hydrogen light. Mr Heywood read a paper to illustrate the views, entitled **“The Hardanger Fjord”**

When Mr Charles Brennan, a member, read a paper entitled **“The Irish Question; A Wild Week in the West”**, it was illustrated by a number of photographs taken by Mr Brennan, and shown by means of the Magic lantern by Mr Chadwick, Hon Sec of the Manchester Photographic Society.

The notification of the meeting also said “as much time, trouble and money have been expended in preparing the photographs and transparencies, it is hoped that there will be a large attendance. Members are invited to bring friends.”

The Yorkshire Post in 1889 gave a report of a meeting of the Yorkshire Anglers’ Association when Mr Brennan gave the talk and lantern slides of his, Abel Heywood and Arthur Hutton’s trip to Norway. His wit and the wonderful photos made a memorable evening.



### Programme for 1887

|       |   |                              |
|-------|---|------------------------------|
| Jan   | A.G.M.  |                              |
| Feb   | “The Hardanger Fjord”<br>with lantern photographs by Oxy-hydrogen Light | Abel Heyward                 |
| March | “Sea Mouse”<br>“Fish as Scavengers”                                     | Mr F.G. Benger<br>Mr R. Burn |
| April | “Dove Dale”   | Mr J.A. Hutton               |
| May   | “The Rivers about Rhayader”   | Mr H.R. Hutton               |
| June  | Whitsuntide Experiences members evening                                 |                              |
| Sept  | An Account of the Visit of the<br>British Association to Horton         | Mr Thomas Harker             |
|       | “Grayling Fishing”  | Mr J.A. Hutton               |
| Oct   | “Cane Rods and their Construction”                                      | Mr Ed. R. Austin             |
| Nov   | “The Irish Question;,<br>A Wild Week in the West”                       |                              |
| Dec   | The Annual Dinner   | Mr Charles F. Brenan         |



## Queen Victoria's Jubilee

On 8th June the members were informed that to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee a Festival of Old English Sports and Athletic Exercises would be held at Horton on the 21st. Members were encouraged to attend.

**HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE.**

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**THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE**

WILL BE CELEBRATED ON

**TUESDAY, 21st JUNE, 1887.**

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SERVICE at the Parish Church at 10 a.m.  
ATHLETIC SPORTS in the Afternoon.

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**PROGRAMME.**

|                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Race for Girls under Eight (Handicap) | One-mile Race                         |
| Race for Girls under Ten (Handicap)   | Three-legged Race for Boys (Handicap) |
| Race for Girls under Twelve           | Three-legged Race for Men             |
| Race for Girls under Fifteen          | Tug-of-War, four Men aside            |
| Race for Boys under Eight (Handicap)  | Jubilee Race, 50 yards, for Men       |
| Race for Boys under Ten (Handicap)    | over 50                               |
| Race for Boys under Twelve            | Long Jump                             |
| Race for Boys under Fifteen           | Hop, Skip and Jump                    |
| Sack Race for Boys                    | Wheelbarrow Race, Blindfold           |
| Sack Race for Men                     | Potatoe Race, Girls under 15          |
| 100 Yards Race                        | Potatoe Race, Boys under 15           |
| Quarter-mile Race                     | Potatoe Race, Men                     |

Suitable Prizes will be given. In each event if four compete a second prize will be given.

The above Sports are Open to Inhabitants of the Parish of Horton-in-Ribblesdale only.

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**A VARIETY OF GRAND OLD ENGLISH SPORTS**

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN. OPEN TO ALL COMERS.

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**A Meat Tea will be provided in the Schoolroom FREE to all Parishioners.**

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In the Evening after the sports a **JUBILEE BALL** will be held in the Schoolroom.

NON-PARISHIONERS will be charged 1s. each for the Tea.

By Order of the Committee.

## Note books

The City News report of the **August 1887** meeting said that Mr Robert Burn had introduced the idea of a notebook for each angler in which he could enter practical observations whilst angling, the results to be summarised and tabulated at the end of the session. It could be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. There were columns for the entry of date, name of river lake or place, character of stream, state of water, hour, thermometer, barometer, wind, weather, flies on the water, fish feeding on the surface or beneath, sport (number of fish and weight) and remarks. Mr Hutton contributed a few notes on water flies with a list of species and two lithographed plates showing the most common or favourite flies. The price was to be 1/-, but free to those wishing to try them and to return the book at the end of the year to Mr Estcorte for review and record. Watch shaped thermometers were to be provided. Apparently no one gave the books back at the end of the year.

### “The Scientific Angler”

I’m a Scientific Angler and make it my line  
Observation of temperature with flies to combine;  
With barometer and thermometer and Heav’n knows what not  
A vast amount of information together I’ve got.

Chorus [after each verse]  
I tabulate and I fabulate with my note-book in hand,  
As complete a Scientific Angler as walks on dry land.

In the crown of my hat there’s a gauge for the rain,  
Anemometers revolve about the top of my brain;  
With a net to catch ephemerae my equipment’s complete  
And I’m scientifically clothed from my head to my feet. Chorus

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

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

An example from my notebook may serve as a guide,  
But the name of the angler need not be supplied:-  
The wind and the weather, fish and flies, it would seem I’ve forgot,  
But the whisky’s character was excellent, and the “state of the water” –hot. Chorus

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

A further verse was added later by Anon:-

Sometimes when we enter up our note-book at night  
Our writing is remarkable some “flat” some “upright”  
And we often find it difficult, though we can’t imagine why  
To decipher clearly in the morning the name of each fly! Chorus

At the 1887 Annual Dinner, Mr Robert Godby at the piano entertained the members with “The Scientific Angler” sung to the tune, Polly Perkins.

Eventually the Notebooks must have been returned to Charles Estcourt who began to tabulate them just as he was succumbing to the flu.

### “ The Analyst’s Lament”

Air from *The Mikado*,  
sung at The Annual Dinner in December 1890

The Analyst sat in his easy chair,  
And smiled a paternal smile,  
For the anglers’ note books all were there,  
A vast and imposing pile.  
With right good will he sharpened his quill,  
And oh! ‘twas a sight to see  
Him make preparations  
For his tabulation,  
A model of ener-gee !

I never can look on an angler’s book  
Without it recalls to me  
That Analyst’s smile as he tackled the pile  
For the good of posterity.

The Analyst tossed on his weary bed  
For fever had laid him low;  
The Doctor gravely shook his head  
And said “twas a dismal go”.  
The case was bad, the patient was mad,  
And oh! ‘twas a sight to see  
How he gibbered and gabbled ,  
And muttered and babbled

‘Twas a shocking result that a man of cult  
As our Analyst’s known to be  
Should mix in his dreams such opposing  
themes  
As Fishing and Keighley Tea!

The Analyst rose from his bed of pain,  
Restored to his old good looks,  
But he vowed a vow, he never again  
Would tabulate anglers’ books.  
No pen could draw the visions he saw  
Of gaping Ephemeroe  
That creped and crawled,  
And wriggled and sprawled,  
Like the shade of a great D.T.

“An Analyst’s brain can stand some strain”,  
(T’was thus to himself said he)  
But to tabulate all that terrible scrawl  
Is a science too hard for me.



## The British Association

After the **September 1887** monthly meeting , the visit of the British Association, based at the Natural History Museum, was reported in the Manchester City News

“Mr T. Harker gave a short account of the recent visit of the British Association to Horton, the fishing headquarters of the Association. He said that in accordance with an invitation given a short time ago a party of the British Association during their stay in this city, proceeded to Horton and district. Taking the train from Victoria station one section of the party visited Whalley and Stoneyhurst while the other went onto Giggleswick, and after viewing the school and the beautiful scenery there, resumed their journey to Horton where, after dinner, they were conducted to Dow Ghyll, and afterwards drove to Clapham, where they joined the other party, which had been led by Mr Faraday. At Clapham they visited the famous cave, where much interest was manifested, most of the visitors exploring the innermost parts of the cavern. The program was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and was much appreciated.”



A group portrait of the members of The British Association On their visit to Manchester

Little more seems to have been reported or written about this visit, perhaps the fact that only half the delegates paid just a very short visit to Horton was a disappointment.

### Programme for 1888

|       |   |                         |
|-------|---|-------------------------|
| Jan   | A.G.M.  |                         |
| Feb   | Creels  | Dr H. Simpson           |
|       | “Angling Songs”   | Mr W.H. Collier         |
| March | Entertainment   |                         |
|       | “Suggestions on the Mode of Making Practical Observations whilst Angling” | Mr Burn                 |
| April | “Suggestions on the Mode of Making Practical Observations whilst Angling” | Postponed from March    |
| May   | “Fishermen’s Flies”   | Mr J.A. Hutton          |
| June  | “Our Angling Rights at Horton”  | Mr E.G. Simpson         |
| Sept  | “Trout Fishing in New Zealand”  | Mr J.O. Mackenzie       |
|       |   | read by Mr E.G. Simpson |
| Oct   | “Fishing about Braemar”   | Rev Canon Elvy          |
| Nov   | “One More River to Cross”   |                         |
|       | with lantern slides   | Mr Charles Brennan      |
| Dec   | Annual Dinner   |                         |

## Trout Fishing in New Zealand

A Paper sent by Mackenzie after he had emigrated to New Zealand was read at the September 1887 Meeting by the Secretary .

### TROUT FISHING IN OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

BY J. O. MACKENZIE.

**I**N New Zealand the first thing that strikes the angler, fresh from the home lakes and rivers, is the large average size of the trout. Here half pounders and even pounders are of small account, and although in most of the smaller streams they are plentiful enough, the capture of these small game is looked upon as a waste of time and trouble. My first trout was caught in this wise:—I was on a visit to a Mr. Kitchener, brother to the Suakin commandant, who owns a station ten miles up the Shag River Valley; the river just skirts his garden. Seeing signs of trout about, I put up my nine-foot rod, and, hitching on a fine cast and one small spider, threw into some rough water where the stream cascaded into a rocky pool. The river was dead low, and clear as gin; the time three p.m. in December (June at home). On my second throw I had a fellow fast, and, after some minutes' play, grassed a fine-conditioned trout scaling an ounce or two over two pounds. As the day was bright and very hot, I was content, and hied me home with my capture, which, on

sight, drew from my host the remark, "Ah! a nice little fish." Thought I—"If this is a *little* one, how about the big 'uns?"

We have two classes of rivers in New Zealand, rain-fed and snow-fed. The former, save when in flood, run clear and resemble much our Scotch and Yorkshire trout streams, some flowing placidly through cultivated valleys, their banks clothed with hawthorn, alder and willow, others careering through rocky gorges for miles in a succession of roaring torrents and deep black pools. Our snow-fed rivers are altogether different; they run lowest in winter, and are comparatively unaffected by rain, but come down in full flood during a spell of hot weather, especially one accompanied by a north-west wind. Like all glacier and snow-fed streams, they are never, so to speak, *clear*, but have always a "greenery gallery" milk-and-waterly tinge, and in fishing them the strength of your tackle is of primary importance. They are, as a rule, dangerous to fish, especially in wading, as they are full of quicksands and nasty swirling eddies. The Waitaki, one of them, is a most uncanny looking stream, and it is said that more lives have been lost in it than in any other river of New Zealand. Being glacier-fed and deep, the water is deathly cold, and cramp is apt to seize the most robust swimmer. This last season I paid this river three several visits. On my first, in November, in an evening and morning's fishing, myself and friend had eleven trout which scaled an aggregate of fifty-two pounds. On a second trip, in December, in one day we had seven fish, the largest eight pounds, the smallest three and then a



Nor-Wester brought down the river in flood. But, on my last trip in March, the sport was poor, it being too near the end of the season, and we did not average more than two fish a day.

Minnow is the favourite lure, although at Kurow, forty miles inland, I am told that fly is successfully used. This river fairly teems with big trout, and it is no unusual thing, under a favourable combination of weather and water, to secure in an evening eight or ten, averaging from four to eight pounds each. The favourite fishing ground is about two miles from the sea, at the railway crossing. The bridge is a mile long, and at each end is a station and a "pub," where the angler can be put up very comfortably. The river runs in three or four channels, which are constantly altering, and the trout are found on the edge of the current, generally within a foot or two of the bank. As the water is milky no great art is required in rising your fish, but, once hooked, they are strong and full of fight. Trout are of comparatively recent introduction in this river, and it is only within the last two seasons that they have come into angling prominence. The supply of whitebait, our minnow, is simply illimitable, so trout are bound to increase still further.

Already there are stories of monsters having been seen and hooked. One gentleman, a Christ Church angler of seventeen years' home experience in salmon fishing, reports having got into one fellow which ran out 120 yards of line, and then broke away with everything, whose weight he put down as over thirty pounds. On



my first visit in November the ostler at the inn told me that if I would walk a mile down the river he could point me out a fish over three feet long, but, added he, "you can't get at him." The best fish I have killed in the Waitaki was just under eight pounds; but on my second visit I certainly both saw and felt one of these Leviathans. He came clear out of the water, jumping over my minnow, and as I struck, I hooked him in the vent. My instant thought was, "By Jove, it's true about these big fish!" Unfortunately, I had no friend then within hail, to lie prone and gaff, as the fish rooted about the bank, and to make a long story short, I played him for an hour, until at last he tore down stream right through and underneath the bridge, where I could not possibly follow. He ran out my eighty yards, and then it was a case of hold on, but, happily, the minnow came away, so I saved my line and tackle. Well, I put this fish down as from fifteen to eighteen pounds, and I had many a look at him, as seven or eight times he sprang feet out of the water trying to rid himself of that drag at his tail. Phantom and Devon minnows are chiefly used, the latter, from their weight, being specially suited to the strong currents on the Waitaki; but on the clear rain-fed rivers the natural bait is preferred, used on a spinning flight.

Our river banks are much cumbered by the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax plant, the leaves and stalks of which stand up ten feet and more; so that to negotiate them a longish rod is necessary. I have found my American built fifteen-foot cane rod



Text photocopied from "Anglers' Evenings"

79  
the very thing for our fishing, and use it for both fly and minnow. I have hardly once seen a landing-net since I came to the Colony, but every angler carries the indispensable gaff. The flies used are similar to our own, and I have found my own favourite partridge-spider a very sure killer. A favourite fly is body of peacock hair, dressed with a light wiry and red hackle. The Shag has been a famed trout stream, and was one of the first rivers stocked in this province, but two consecutive exceptionally dry summers, and continued "sluicing" in the upper waters have quite ruined it for the present. This last summer we turned in 15,000 yearlings, so hope it may come again. In the tidal waters good trout are still caught, but they are scarce. I got one in December which scaled seven pounds, a magnificent fish; he cut as red as a salmon. Unfortunately, it is of little use trying for these big fellows before dark, and night fishing has never been much to my taste. The sluicing is a nuisance; it causes our rivers to run thick for weeks together, and must be detrimental to the trout. The interior of this portion of Otago is a vast gold-field, and the diggers run the streams through their cradles, sending down any quantity of mud.

Trout have taken most kindly to New Zealand, and are now found in almost every river in Canterbury, Otago, and Southland. Sea-trout we have too, but I am not sanguine as to the successful acclimatisation of salmon proper; our sea-water is, I fear, too warm for them. But time will show. In some of our lakes trout grow to twenty pounds, and only an expert could tell them from

salmon, their shape and colour being almost identical. The scenery in this neighbourhood is very similar to that of the Yorkshire Wolds and Upper Clydesdale;

In **June 1888** the members were circulated with the news that the Midland Railway had agreed to stop the north bound train at Horton if the Anglers were to notify the Guard at Hellifield. Thus the anglers would arrive at Horton at 6.40 pm which would be a great convenience for them.