



## Chapter 4

1889-1894



### The Council for 1889

President  
Treasurer  
Hon Secretary

C. Estcourt  
G.S. Woolley  
Abel Heywood jun.



The Falls near Pen-y-bont

Drawn by R.O.Bottomly

### Programme for 1889

Jan	A.G.M.	Music and Sporting Songs	
Feb		"Notes on the Way Hortonwards"	Mr J. Berry
March		"A Days Salmon Fishing in Far Lochaber "	Dr P.H. Mules
April		"Prospects for Easter"	Mr R. Burn
		Angling Authors on the Distribution of the Grayling"	J.A. Hutton
May		"Easter at Roundwood, Co Wicklow"	A.Heywood
Sept		Musical Entertainment by Mr Collins and Friends	
Oct		"On Some Primaeval and Inherited Features in the History of Fishes"	Prof. Williamson, F.R.C.S.
Nov		The Stocking of the Rochdale Reservoir with Trout by the Rochdale Angling Association	
Dec		11th Annual Dinner	

1889  
EASTER  
IN ROUNDWOOD CO. WICKLOW

*From Manchester to Roundwood occupies at the quickest rate of travelling some 14 or 15 hours, a time long enough for an Easter holiday; but as an Irishman might say "I'm glad I done it" You must travel all night and sleep if you can. The Steamer lands you at Kingstown thence a short run of 20 minutes in the train finds you at Bray; and there not quite as fresh as faint please find us at half past 7 on Good Friday morning; three of us of course as there should be for hath not the shamrock 3 leaves.*



From the Manuscript Book

## The Annual Dinner 1889

was held as usual at The Grand Hotel in Manchester. The speakers all congratulated the Manchester Anglers on ten years of their Association and on the good and useful work done by the members.



In his address to the meeting at the end of 1878, Abel Heywood, the M.A.A. Secretary and a founding member, had laid out the aims of the Association.

“To afford the members of meeting together in a social manner for the exchange of ideas and experiences, to promote angling amongst our members and the preservation of fish.”

During this first decade the Association had succeeded in its aims. Meetings, which were held once each month were well attended. Papers were written and read then entered in the Manuscript Book, many beautifully illustrated.

A Library had been set up with books which could be borrowed from meeting to meeting. A scrapbook was kept with cuttings of interest from the newspapers including reports of the M.A.A. meetings (written by Abel Heywood to prevent misinformation). A ‘Fly book’ and another of recommended places to fish had been kept. Photographs of all the members were kept along with any pictures of fishing events.

After a year renting a cottage in Wales the Association had taken up fishing in Horton-in-Ribblesdale where those who dropped into the clubroom in The Golden Lion would have experienced the camaraderie that Abel Heywood was so keen to encourage.

Although there were a few who did not fish but enjoyed the meetings, most of the members ranged far a field in their fishing trips; few however wrote about their experiences. Those who did, entertained the members at the meetings when they read their papers.

The aims included the preservation of fish. To this end the fish breeding house at Horton had been set up and was very successful.

## The Children's Christmas party in 1889

A Christmas party for the children of Horton was held in the village school promoted by Mrs John Foster, the squire's wife. This was attended by some members of the Association, who provided as usual, most of the entertainment. Mr Burn and Mr Thwaites were the chief singers of the Anglers Club.

The Press reported ...

“What Horton would do without the Association, and most of all without Mr Burn and Mr Thwaites, it is difficult to see; certainly it must have gained in liveliness to an enormous extent since Manchester planted itself there, and for the anglers to withdraw themselves would be to leave the place in desolation similar to that of Britain when the Romans were called home”.

“Under the influence of The Manchester Anglers, Horton-in-Ribblesdale is in some danger of becoming a fashionable winter resort. On the Friday following Christmas, Mr Burn, presiding at a meeting in the schoolroom, welcomed all the countryside, and aided by Mr and Mrs John Foster provided such an entertainment as Horton has rarely seen. Much of the success was due to friends from the neighbouring metropolis of Settle who contributed songs”

“On the Saturday night Father Christmas himself unexpectedly turned up on his way from Arctic regions to Ribblehead and Dent. A loud knocking having been heard at the school room door, it was found that the venerable sage demanded admittance. He slowly advanced to the platform amidst a profound silence, as the children had never seen the ancient friend before. He was dressed in a fine red robe trimmed with snow, and on his head a holly bound head dress; his long white beard reached almost to his waist, but he looked still hale and hearty as he addressed the children with a poem. In a few seconds an enormous snowball was brought in by a youth dressed in a most eccentric manner, and with prodigious red cheeks. Father Christmas introduced this youth as “his son Tommy, whom he was bringing up in the business, as he himself was growing old.” Tommy's appearance was the signal for roars of laughter among the children. Father Christmas proceeded with his magic sword to cut a piece out of the snowball and then he produced from its interior an extraordinary number and variety of presents, each with the name of some child on it. Which Tommy diligently took to their respective proprietors. The distribution of presents took a considerable time, after which Father Christmas and Tommy bade their young friends farewell for another year.

After their departure Professor Greenginger exhibited his unrivalled and word famous collection of wax works. The characters represented were, Jack the Giant Killer, St. George and the Dragon (the dragon had fallen lame and did not appear), The King of Egypt, Paddy Magrath (an Irishman), and Mrs Paddy Magrath, Our Great-Grandmother, Little Miss Muffet, The Gipsy Queen, a Welsh Woman and Mother Hubbard. The appearance of each figure on the stage and the manner which the characters sustained their parts, drew much applause from the youthful audience. Miss Dora Chamley and Miss Maggie Borrowdale acted the female parts with great intelligence, and Master Herbert Millman and Master Bryan took the male characters. The whole entertainment was a great success which was mainly due to Mr and Mrs John Foster, whose great exertions for the sake of the children met on this occasion with a fitting reward.”



The School, Horton-in-Ribblesdale.

A reporter from The Manchester Courier was invited to join the weekend to Horton and reported in his paper a week later.

## At the Haunt of the Anglers

by Rambler

"In the clubs of Manchester one sometimes, if not often, knots of men who talk in a manner savouring in the mystical to the uninitiated --- they carry large pocket-books the contents of which they often compare and as they use such expressions as "March Brown", "Blue Dun", "Golden Plover", "Red Spider", the listener is left in doubt as to whether the confraternity is one of artists, shooters or naturalists. I noticed a friend of mine in the jovial crowd one day, and I straightway requested him to let me into the secret. "Qh Don't you know?" said he "We are known all over England, if not the World--- we are the Manchester Anglers". "I did not know there were any left in the Irwell?" I dubiously queried. "Irwell be hanged" said he. "You must know that as Manchester has gone to the glorious lakes of the north for her water supply, so we, who represent Manchester go North for our fish. Oh by the way I am getting up a party for a Christmas trip to our northern station; you're just the man; will you come? You can act the fool as well as any of us." I modestly accepted the compliment and the invitation at the same time. They were a motley crew who assembled at Victoria Station en route for Horton-in-Ribblesdale on Friday morning last. There was Morrell who aspires to rival Sims Reeves, O'Kime of Tennysonian proclivities; Boley a miniature Wagner; River our popular inviter; Paganini with his fiddle, beg pardon, I mean violin; Haw and Laywode, two encyclopaedias warranted to go off on any subject. They were supposed to enliven the Horton fathers and mothers by an entertainment on the Friday, and to bring joy into the children's hearts on the Saturday night.

River informed us that the carriage would meet us at Horton, which it did in the shape of a hand cart, and when we were told we would have to walk a mile and a half to our inn our Epicurean tenor began to show signs of rebellion. He was soothed however, but was again ruffled at lunch by not finding all resources of culinary civilisation to hand. We found Horton a village of cold grey stone, near the head of the Ribble in Yorkshire, guarded by Pen-y-Ghent on the one hand and Ingleborough on the other, two giants as our mountains go, the former 2273 feet high and the latter 2373. Walls of loose stone all over the place, fields all pasture, houses at wide intervals. But the air! Each filled his smoke laden lungs with the pure nectar, it was like a draught of glorious vintage that had been cooled long years in the delved earth.

We were taken to the fish house where about 25,000 embryo fish were symmetrically arranged in rows, peacefully awaiting their mysterious call to fuller life; in a tank close by we saw trout in a more advanced state, and in the limpid stream that flowed close by we them more advanced in all their liberty. We learn that this season there were caught by the fly alone over 1,400 trout averaging half a pound each in weight and that the anglers rent 14 miles of the Ribble. Then we begin to understand the Manchester Anglers' Association. A rush away from the worries of business, to pure bracing air, the most innocent of sports and glorious mountain walks, carrying back pleasant recollections and amazing stories, which do not grow less wonderful with age, and which make the family circle rejoice that paterfamilias is such a mighty fisher.

In the hostel sacred to the anglers, and which stands in the good old fashion cheek by jowl with ye ancient church of Horton, is a very cosy room whereunto the anglers resort and which they proudly call "our room", and which is evidently such, as fishing pictures and sketches abound, and maps and guide books litter the table. Here we are comfortably settling down on the Friday when our conductor routed us out as the time for the "concert" was drawing nigh. The musicians, tenor and reciter, carefully selected their most classical productions, though we protested. What would become of art, if a high standard were not set before the commonality they argued? What Indeed! However on reaching the school room packed with a parboiled mass of humanity, the tenor and pianist with the reciter relented. Unfortunately a yokel had innocently stirred the bile of the violinist by calling out "Hey maister reach me thy fiddle stick to rake this paper from under cuo-board" "Certainly not!" replied Paganini, as he firmly put a few reams of Wagner under his arm. Walker, the giant factotum of the anglers, told us next morning that "folk were crackin' up the concert", so we suppose we gave satisfaction.

On Saturday morning the genial Squire of the place turned out with his celebrated pack, the Pen-y-Ghent Beagles, and the laziest of us could not resist, so "A Hunting we did go". We found a hare soon, and after chasing her for a considerable time, she escaped in the direction of Pen-y-Ghent, much to our satisfaction. Another was put up afterwards, but she was equally fortunate. After the hunt we felt that the last relic of Manchester was out of our lungs, and after dinner we cheerfully prepared to entertain the children. Our poet, dressed as Father Christmas, with his scarlet mantle and his flowing beard, after letting off an original ode, distributed the presents amid much applause; afterwards the first play ever acted in the village was performed by the young folks of the neighbourhood and well they went through the highly moral play of "Old Mother Goose". Then the excitement reached a climax, for an original troupe of niggers--- original in many ways---appeared before the astonished youngsters. There had been a rehearsal among our company for this difficult performance, but sad to relate, the performance itself differed entirely from the rehearsal, so that is proposed to get up the rehearsal again and to give it at one of the Manchester clubs on a Conversazione night.

On Sunday a walk was proposed with malice prepense (Sic), by the restless spirits of our party, and the

restful ones were gradually lured on far from the hostel and then told it was proposed to ascend Ingleborough. Groans were useless. "Excelsior" was the cry. Suffice it to say, we reached the top, and found it a huge circular flat, littered on the sides with millstone grit. The view repaid us even the grumblers. Away on three sides rose mountain ridge behind mountain ridge, a mist filled the lower valleys towards the south, and Pendle Hill and other heights stood above it like islands in the sea, while over them one long streak of gold marked the sun above. Our descent was difficult, and foot sore and weary we reached our hotel.

On the next morning we left for Manchester, convinced that the anglers have a method in their madness, and that for men whose noses are to the grind stone from week to week there is no tonic like the pure breezes sweeping o'er mountain, moor and stream."

In bed at night Mr T.E. Pritt who had attended the Children's Christmas Party was rudely disturbed.

"I saw from my pillow the grey dawn stealing over the black brow of Pen-y-Gent; and as I watched the rosy blush of day on the mountain top I heard hurried footsteps in the road and a pebble thrown at my window. "Get up!" said the disturber of Sabbath morning. "Get out!" growled the thinker. "Fire!" said the voice. Quoth the dreamer "Never more." Roused too often in past days with cries of Murder, Fire, and Thieves to heed any early bird in a quiet corner like Horton, I have grown callous. "Fire!" repeated he. "get up quickly," said he "the church is on fire!" It was the voice of "King Lear," and with him was a "Tributary" subject. His Majesty is not given to silly stories of this kind, and behold! From the windows of the old Parish Church came the yellow light of flames within. Enough to say the fire was put out by willing hands before any great damage was done, conspicuous among the bucket carriers being "Father Christmas", who did his best to "save the church". Half a dozen oak pews were burnt away, and some yards of flooring; everything was wet, and the smell of fire and burnt wood was over everything and everybody all day. It might have been a very serious matter, and as it is, a considerable sum of money will be wanted to set it right."



The following was overheard outside the Golden Lion on the occasion of the Farmer's Dinner in 1889 and reported in the Yorkshire Post by T.E. Pritt.

"Tom Irons, verger, tailor, barber, bellringer, and village factotum illustrating the fact that the ways of an older world still linger in the remote parts of the Yorkshire valleys.

"Ye can't think whar I've been to-night," said Tom.

"Ye see yon road" (pointing to a spot about three miles distant, on the southern slope of Pen-y-Gent);

"I've been to meet a man there 'at come six miles on the other side of t'ill to be measured for a suit o' clothes. I'm to tak t'suit up yon again next Saturday night, and he'll come an try 'em on and if they fit he'll tak 'em hoam."

"And is all this to go on on the road side Tom?"

"Aye for sewer; do ye think we're bahn to build a fittin' room up yonder for t' job?"

## The Annual Farmer's Dinner

This piece from the Yorkshire Post of March 1889 was written by T.E. Pritt, a member of the Yorkshire Angling Association and friend of the M.A.A. He attended the 1889 Annual Farmers' dinner in Horton served up by the M.A.A. for the local Farmers. In it he describes the occasion and the good time had by all present.

“Sixty four gentlemen sat down at the tables, and whiled away the after hours with song, and story and recitation. Don't let there be any mistake about it; there was more talent in the room, and local talent too, than you could reasonably hope to find in most promiscuous gatherings. For years past the Manchester Association have found a warm welcome and many kindnesses in this little Yorkshire village, and like true anglers, unable to reciprocate in any other way, they invite all their local friends and acquaintances join them at dinner just before the season closes. Down from the hill sides and the purple moorlands come troops of Craven friends to assist at this typical anglers' evening. Then does Mrs Nicholson of the Golden Lion, with carte blanche to do her best, put forth the strength of a giantess in the gastronomical art, and when the room is decorated, the tables garnished, and the neat waitresses ready for the fray, only a discontented curmudgeon of an angler unworthy the notice of a supercilious Tommy Pope would refuse to say it is worthy of the occasion. Then, too, Robert Walker--- no mean factor in the everyday life of the Horton and Ribblesdale fishery---expands like Mrs Fezziwig into “one vast substantial smile”. Another season is closing with satisfaction to all who have been privileged to fish these waters, and like all good keepers he has a personal and unselfish pride in it.

To get at the dinner you pass through the inn kitchen, then over a paved courtyard, above the high walls of which the bright stars show a frosty twinkle (there has been snow on the hills each morning lately), then up a stone staircase built to resist the ravages of all time, and forthwith you are in the banqueting room. No Sicilian marbles from the wreck of a great London house deck the walls from floor to ceiling, and there is no gilding thereon, but purple blooms from the side of old Pen-y-Gent, and green mosses and greener ferns are side by side with flags of many nations, some of the flags wrong side up, perhaps, but much is forgiven to a good cook--- a race of women that will in time become extinct, if it be true that no man's wife can cook as well as his mother could. But the fraternal feeling that pervades all gatherings of anglers is as keen and as true here in this Yorkshire village as it when all the angling ends of the earth meet in that superb Venetian salon in the heart of the great city.

There are many friends here. In addition to a dozen members of the Manchester and Yorkshire Associations there is the genial master of the best pack of beagles in the north country (*John Foster*) there is Mr Howard Livesey, Mr J. Wilkinson, Mr Chamley, Mr Thomas Redmayne, Mr R. F. Borrodale, Mr H. Walker, Mr Henry Downham, Mr John Lund, Mr J. Thwaites and many another.”



The Golden Lion, 2010

In **April 1889** Robert Burn read a paper at the Meeting in which he described the workings of the fish breeding house in Douk Ghyll. This paper was published in "Anglers' Evenings", Series 3.

## Trout Breeding in Ribblesdale

The upper waters of the River Ribble, for about twelve miles from its source at Ribblehead, down to Helwith Bridge four miles north of Settle, are preserved by the Manchester Anglers' Association. At the head of the valley is Whernside, on the right hand Ingleborough, and on the left hand, Pen-y-Ghent, three of the highest hills in Yorkshire. The little village of Horton-Ribblesdale is the headquarters of the Association; it is the most northerly parish in the West Riding of Yorkshire and about 770 feet above the sea level.

During the construction of the Settle and Carlisle extension of the Midland Railway, which runs alongside the river, when large bodies of men were encamped for years in the valley, the water was almost depopulated by unrestrained netting and other means. Fish were taken in nets or "grappled" with the hand; they were blown up with dynamite and poisoned with lime, and in low water it was a favourite Sunday amusement for parties of three or four men to go up the river armed with sledgehammers. Every large stone in the water likely to shelter a trout was struck violently and the fish, stunned or lifeless came to the surface. The river is now carefully watched by the Association, and with a view to replenishing the waters, a fish house has been erected.

When the Council of the Association decided to establish the breeding house, it required much care to find a suitable situation, as many points had to be considered. It was necessary to find a place sheltered from strong and cold winds; one, which could be easily drained, so as to get the water away quickly; and above all one where a good and regular supply of suitable water could be obtained. These conditions were found in the site chosen on the bank of Horton Beck near to Douk Ghyll Scar. The foundation is solid rock, with a good deep drain running into the brook. The water supply was found in a small cistern in the field close to the Scar, fed by springs, which to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant never went dry. The water was tested and pronounced suitable. It is conveyed a distance of sixty five yards through lead pipes, and as the supply cistern is some four to six feet above the level of the roof, there is plenty of pressure. It may be noted that the temperature of the water has never been above 44°(F) in the hottest summer, or below 40° (F) even when the thermometer has stood at zero in the winter. The erection of the house was entrusted to the village joiner and he has done the work satisfactorily.

The arrangement of the house inside is as follows:-

The water first enters a filter box supplied with flannel sides to catch sand and grit, and then passes into a long trough. This trough is connected with six trays in tanks, on the left side of the house, arranged in the form of steps and over which in succession the water flows, escaping by a waste pipe into the drain. On the right hand side there are also nine trays arranged in the form of steps and independently supplied with a constant flow of water from the trough and with a waste pipe. The trays are furnished with glass-rod grilles, on which the ova are placed; each tray holds about 1,800. As the fish are hatched they escape through the grilles into the boxes below. Trout spawn in Horton in late November or early December and run for that purpose up the small brooks or becks, surmounting difficulties to an extent that seem incredible. Here they are easily taken in small nets or by hand.

Before the close-time legislation, trout were taken when spawning by thousands, but now anyone taking or having trout in possession in close-time, except for purposes of cultivation, is liable to prosecution, and even fish breeders must have permission from the Conservancy Board. When sufficient trout have been netted and placed for readiness in large cans filled with water, the method of spawning is this:- In a broad shallow dish is placed a little water, then the female fish is held, the tail in the left hand, and the head and shoulders in the right hand. The right hand is passed with gentle pressure down the body of the fish towards the vent. If the fish is ripe the ova begin to fly out singly into the dish without any apparent pain. . Should the fish not be ready, it is seen at once that pain is caused and the fish is returned to the brook

A male fish is then taken and stroked in the same way and the milt allowed to fall upon the ova in the dish, which is canted from side to side so that all the eggs may be come, impregnated. The change is something wonderful. The eggs at first are colourless but on absorbing the milt change to a golden pink hue. The ova are easily carried for hours in a little water in a quart can with a swinging handle until it is convenient to place them in the hatching trays. As many as 3,000 to 4,000 may be so conveyed without injury. The spawning is generally done on the bank of a stream and as each fish is done with it is returned to the water. A first it seems languid, but it is soon restored by the current and swims to a place of concealment, not much the worse for the unnatural treatment it has received. It is said that a female trout of one pound weight will contain about 1,000 eggs, but I have never seen one that parted with so many, the largest number being 400 to 500. Perhaps we were afraid to injuring the fish by too much pressure and



many eggs were left behind which would be deposited in the stream in due time. The eggs vary in size according to the age of the fish. It was noticed that the ova from a half pound trout would go 32 in a row (in the fish house) while from a 1 lb to 1½ lb trout only 30 will lie in the same space, and from some large Malham Tarn fish 28 occupied the room.

The time required before the young fish hatches varies according to the temperature of the water and air. For the years 1885 to 1888 inclusive, the time of incubation was uniformly 104 days; but in 1889 owing to the milder weather, the first fry were hatched in 76 days. A spell of severe weather then came on and the hatching stopped at once and was not resumed for a fortnight. About six weeks after the eggs are placed show as black specks then the complete form of the fish can be seen coiled round inside the shell, and with a magnifying glass it is possible to see the blood vessels. When the little trout bursts its shell it has a yellow bag attached to the underside of the throat containing a glutinous substance, by the absorption of which the alevin, as it is called, subsists for a month or six weeks. At first this bag seems to overpower the fish and it seems anxious to get into some dark corner out of sight, but in a few days it gathers strength and moves about freely. Day by day the appendage gets smaller and the little one gradually acquires its own natural graceful form with dark back and silver belly and darts about actively in search of food. The alevins are very sensitive to light and it is necessary to place pieces of slate or stone in the troughs under which they can shelter. Many monstrosities are hatched, fish with two heads or two tails, or even two bodies joined together like the Siamese twins, but they never grow to any size, always dying in a few weeks. As the fry get larger they require more water and more room, and some are moved into a larger trough with a steady supply of water falling in at one end and over flowing at the other, so as to cause a continual current. There is considerable natural food in the water, but in addition the fish are fed daily with well boiled beef or liver, finely powdered in a mortar and passed through a fine sieve, or with a specially prepared food, which is very nourishing. Outside the breeding house is a stone cistern holding about 3,000 gallons, with a regular flow of twenty gallons a minute. In this some three or four thousand fry are kept until they are a year old, and then are placed in small streams, so that they may gradually work their way down to the river. At the age of one year the young trout measure from three to five inches. As there is not sufficient pond room in which to keep the whole of the fry until they are yearlings, a considerable number of the largest and the strongest are placed in sundry small becks, where there is an ample supply of food and shelter. For the last nine years ending March 1893, an average of 25,000 fry have been turned into the streams, and this must tell largely on the stock of the trout in the Ribble.

Coming, as the spawning season does in the winter, the work is at times anything but pleasant. On some days there is a keen frost, with snow thick on the ground and the nets frozen stiff when out of running water; on others a cold biting rain makes netting the fish and then handling them to get the spawn, a difficult and disagreeable business. Dry clothes, a comfortable dinner in a warm room and an "Anglers' Evening" to follow soon put all right again, and the Manchester Anglers look back with pleasure on many enjoyable days and evenings at Horton spent in this useful work.

Robert Walker's wife saw someone poaching under the Horton Bridge, the ensuing court trial was reported in the Craven Herald

### **Petty sessions Friday July 5<sup>th</sup> 1889, before C. Ingleby and H. Chapman, Esqrs.**

"Illegal Fishing. Robert Blades, John Blades and William Wilkinson were summoned for unlawfully taking and killing trout in the Ribble at Horton-in-Ribblesdale held by the Ribble fishing Association on Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> June. Robert Blades did not appear, Wilkinson pleaded guilty, and Blades not guilty. Mr Backhouse, Blackburn appeared for the Ribble fishery Board. In stating the facts of the case he said the defendants about half past five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June, were groping or grappling with sticks under stones in the Ribble, near a bridge at Horton-in-Ribblesdale. He should call Mrs Walker, wife of Robert Walker, head water-bailiff, who saw the defendants under a bridge. Wilkinson brought out a trout from under a stone, and was the only party seen to take a fish. They were all together and all actually guilty. He was instructed by the Board that this being the first case in this division, not to press for the full penalty, but they were wishful that the general public should know that they had no right to take fish without procuring a proper license. Thomas Ion, assistant to the fishery Board, said he saw the defendants grappling with sticks under stones in the brook. They were also groping with stones under their hands. He saw a trout of about half a pound weight go up the stream; they all three followed it after it came from under the stone. Blades denied it. Mrs Walker gave corroborative evidence, and the defendants were each fined £1-7s-8d, including costs.

### **The Northern Anglers' Association**

It was proposed that an Association of Anglers and their clubs in the North of England be set up, its main objects being the development of fisheries and protection of anglers' interests generally. All angling clubs and individuals interested in fish and fishing were to be eligible as members. The annual subscription for clubs was fixed at one guinea each, but clubs composed of working men would be admitted to membership on payment of five shillings per annum, whilst individual anglers paid a subscription of half a crown annually.

It seems that the prime movers of this idea were the Manchester and the Yorkshire Angling Associations. A temporary Council was selected which included Messrs. Roberts, Burn and Hutton from the Manchester Anglers. Mr Pritt from the Yorkshire Association was chosen as President with Rev. Roberts as Vice-President. There were representatives from 36 clubs with a membership of over 3,000 anglers. In time every club would come to enjoy a due share of representation on the Council.

The proposed equal division of game and coarse fish clubs was thought to augur well for the general success of the movement

In the M.A.A. **Annual Report of 1889** the Secretary was once again having difficulty in encouraging enough people to serve on the Council and to submit essays to be read at the meetings.

"The Fishing Committee have again given much time and trouble to keep up the reputation of the Association in Ribblesdale; and the Council wish to express an earnest hope that some of the members will come forward and lend a helping hand, and take some share of the work.

The meetings have been fairly well attended during the year, and the papers read of great interest; but the Council hope that more members will come forward and contribute to this, the most important part of the work. There are many members who have never made a single contribution, and most of them must, at some time or other, have come across some incidents, or have had some experience, which would be of interest to their brother anglers. At one time there used to be a number of short contributions, and the Council must appeal to all members to try and do something to assist in keeping up the "Anglers' Evenings" to the high standard, which has raised the Association to its present proud position."

Occasionally the Yorkshire Post published articles on noteworthy people, in this case Arthur Hutton and Mr Brenan, both members of the M.A.A.

### Yorkshire Post 31<sup>st</sup> August 1889

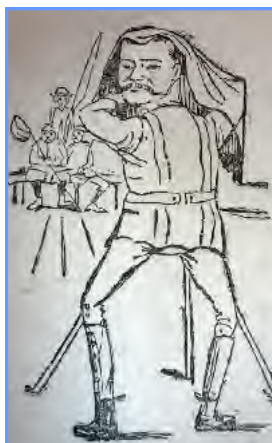


“**Mr J. Arthur Hutton** is Secretary of the Manchester Anglers’ Association, a post to which he was chosen unanimously when Mr Heywood was made president last December. Mr Hutton has served the necessary apprenticeship of a great angler on many and different waters, being as skilful with the dry-fly on the Derbyshire streams as he is with the ordinary methods on the rapid rivers of the North.

Mr Hutton has fished practically all the best waters in Britain and many fjords and rivers in Norway, and usually with the flies of his own dressing. He is so good at the latter art, that his teacher, George Holland (probably the best fly dresser in the country) would admit that the pupil is well nigh as good as the master. Besides practical experience, however, Mr Hutton’s habitual observation, thought, and research in regard to fish and the varieties of food on which they exist, and their habits and peculiarities, have made him a trustworthy guide to his brother anglers. He is the author on an excellent chapter on three aquatic flies with which the fisherman has to deal, which appears in the Note Book of the Manchester Anglers, and is a valuable addition thereto. He is also a member of the Yorkshire Association and the Fly Fishers’ Club a capital *raconteur* and a genial companion at all times.

J Hutton became President of the M.A.A. in 1894.

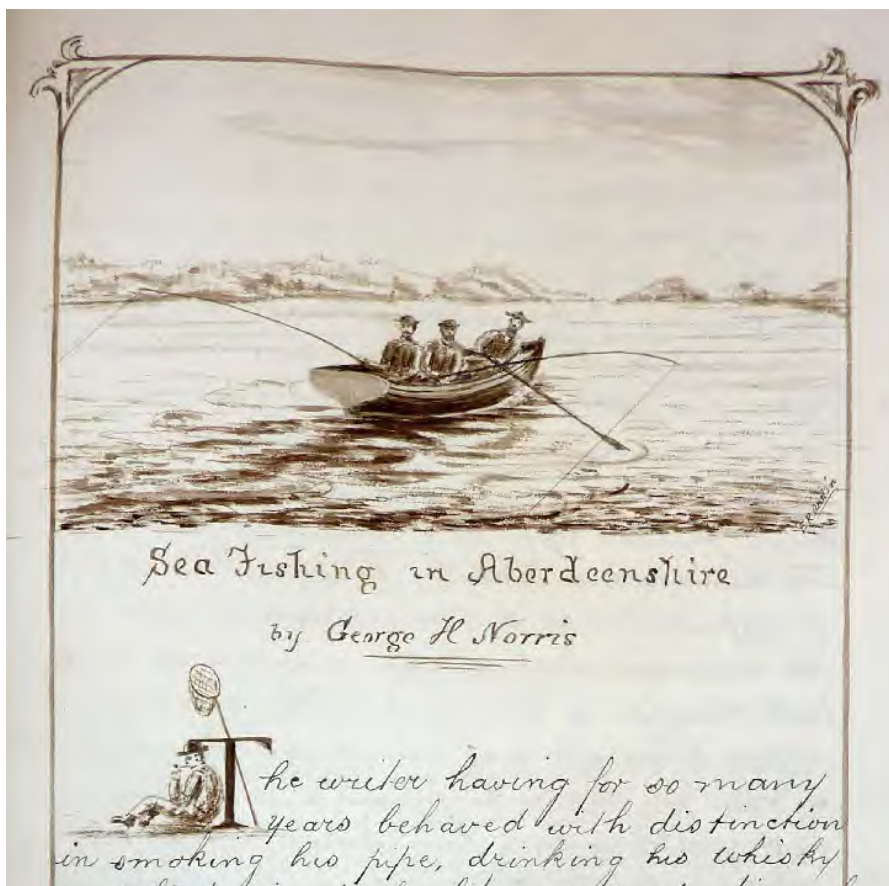
### Yorkshire Post September 1889



**Mr Brenan** is probably one of the best amateur photographers in the country, a keen angler and a most amusing companion. He is possessed in ample measure with the proverbial wit of the Irish, endowed when he likes with a magnificent brogue. He rejoices too in a fine physic and seems to be always overflowing with health and animal spirits. He is a good singer, has a highly trained tenor voice, and gives the pathetic ballads of his native Isle with excellent taste. He can also infuse his own fun and jollity into the rollicking songs of the same distressful country and can sing “The wearing of the Green” so as to rouse the enthusiasm even of the cold blooded saxon Mr Brenan was the hero of an angling exhibition to Norway last year, which he illustrated on the screen before a large audience in Leeds last March.

### Programme for 1890

Jan	A.G.M.	
Feb.	“Sea-Trout Fishing in Aberdeenshire.”	Mr G. H. Norris
March	“Early fishing Recollections”	Mr E. R. Austin
April	“Fishing in the Far West”	Mr H. Englbach
May	“Angling and angling competitions according to the Saturday Review.”	Mr E. R. Austin
June	“Salmon Trout Fishing in Loch Tay”	Mr J. Thomson
Sept.	“Rivers and Waters I have fished	Mr J. Broadbent
Oct.	“The Borderlands and Westward”	Mr David Reid
Nov	“A few Notes from the Dee (Aberdeenshire) and North Esk”	Rev. C. P. Roberts
Dec	12th Annual Dinner	



July 28<sup>th</sup> 1890,

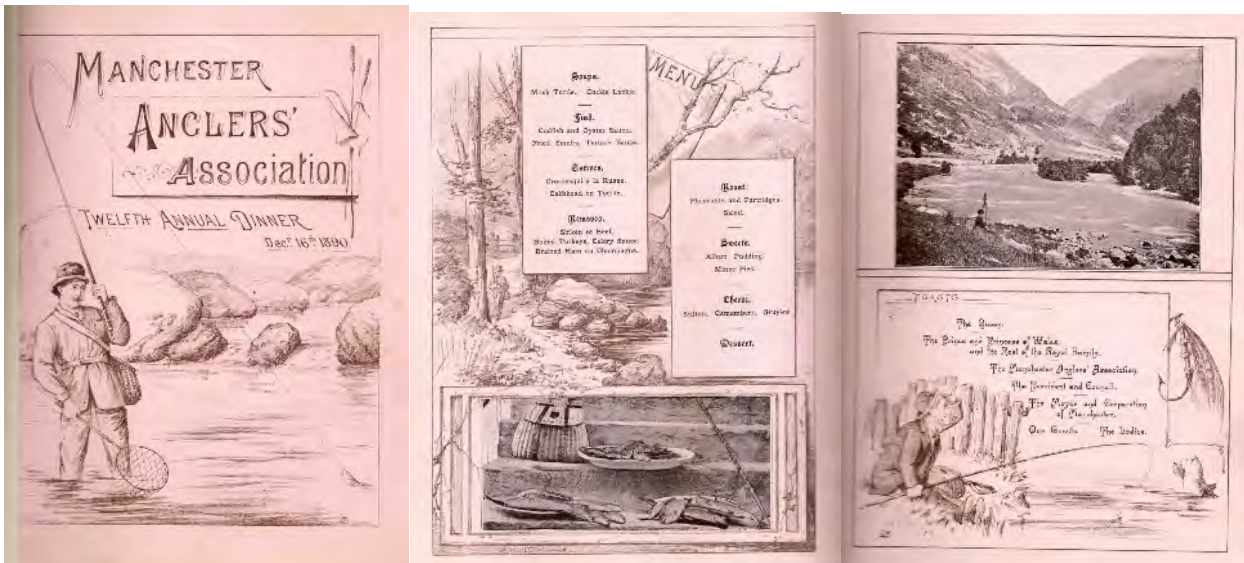
A letter is received from Walker every Tuesday morning, and also a telegram every Thursday morning, giving the state of the water. These can be seen by applying to the Fishing Secretary, Mr R, Burn, 1a Charlotte Street.

Yours truly,  
J. Arthur Hutton.

The railway relied upon its communications by telegraph from signal box to signal box. This facility became available to the public. In the days before telephone (mobile phones and internet), the telegraph was very important.

## 1890 Annual Dinner

The 1890 Annual Dinner was held on December 15<sup>th</sup> and was attended by over forty members and friends. The Council invited no guests, and on this occasion the proceedings were less formal and consequently very much more enjoyable. This dinner, though not so largely attended as formerly, was one of the most pleasant the members had held.



### “Experientia Docet”

by Robert Godby, Air from Patience,

An Angler sat by the river's brim,  
And leisurely watched the swallows skim  
And wheel about in pursuit of flies,  
While here and there a trout would rise;  
But for rising fish he had no heart,  
An itching sensation made him smart  
He turned to see what had broke his rest  
And found he had sat in a red ant's nest.

A red ant's nest,

A red ant's nest

So this tormented, nearly demented,  
Angler lived to find  
When a swarm of ants  
Get into your pants

They can leave their marks behind.

Repeat So this tormented----

The angler looked if the coast was clear  
And feeling safe there was no one near  
Divested himself of his lively pants  
Which he shook to expel this colony of ants  
But ere he could don his clothes again  
He was forced to fly with all his main,  
For a bull that had chanced that way to roam  
Came savagely up and drove him home  
He drove him home!  
He drove him home!

So this poor speechless, terrified, breechless  
Angler lived to find  
When a bull's on the ramp  
It's best to decamp,

Tho' you leave your breeks behind.

Repeat So this poor speechless----

Now anglers all who are so inclined  
A moral in my song may find  
If you **must** sit down and take some rest,



Red Ant  
tied fly

This was sung at the Dinner  
It was also known as “The Red Ant's Nest”

Don't plant yourself in a red ant's nest  
And if you are forced in any event  
To doff your nether integument  
Hold hard till you see beyond all doubt  
That there are no rampant bulls about.

No bulls about!

No bulls about!

When ants are biting and bulls mean fighting  
Probably you may find  
You'd be better off by far  
Make off as you are  
Than leave your breeks behind.

Repeat When ants are biting----

At the **A.G.M. held in 1891** the Secretary said that there had been no great events to chronicle. For various reasons the Council decided not to hold the annual Farmers' supper at Horton, part of the money usually spent on this occasion was handed over to the fund for replacing the bells in Horton Church.



### Papers Read at the Meetings in 1891

Feb.	Fishing for the small mouthed Green Bass	Mr Harold Englebach
March	Norway past and Present Illustrated by lantern views taken by the	Mr A. Heywood junr and Mr C. F. Brennan.
April	Notes on Sea fishing There and back in a day; a close shave	Mr S. Kneale Mr C. F. Brenan
May	Two Yorkshire Rivers illustrated by a large number of lantern views.	Mr F. A. Walbran
Sept	Ten days Trout Fishing on Loch Leven and Loch Awe, with a salmon thrown in.	Rev. C. P. Roberts
Oct.	Creepier fishing at Horton	Rev. St. Vincent Beechy
Nov	A general discussion took place on the question of introducing grayling into the Ribble at Horton.	



### Programme in 1892

Jan	A.G.M.	
Feb	“Notes on the Way Hortonwards” (Part 2)	Mr J. Berry
March	“Manx Streams”	Mr S. Kneale
April	“Dapping in the Irish Lakes”	Rev. T. Pym Williamson
May	“A Day’s Salmon Fishing on the North Esk”	Mr J.M. Yates
Sept	“Observations on the Fishing in Newhouses Tarn During the Last Three Years”	Mr R. Burn and Mr C Estcourt F.C.S.
Oct	“Reminiscences of an Old Fly Fisher”	Mr J.B. Moscrop
Nov	“Fishing in the River Meece”	Mr C.S. Madan
Dec	14th Annual Dinner	

Photograph from  
“Manx Streams”



### Programme for 1893

Feb	“Favourite Flies”	Mr R Burn
March	Manx Poems	Ven. Archdeacon Wilson
April	“A Day’s Mountain Stream Fishing”	Mr Abel Heywood
May	“A Few Day’s Fishing in Ireland”	Mr T.F. Wallwork
Sept	“Fishing in New Zealand”	Mr G.J. Booth
Oct	“Fishing in Windermere”	Mr R. Burn
Nov	“The Lake District from an Angler’s Point of View”	Rev St Vincent Beechy
Dec	15th Annual Dinner	



## Golf

At the A.G.M. in **January 1893** Abel Heywood brought up a subject which threatened to split the Anglers. He suggested a scheme to establish a Golf Club at Horton, to be open only to the members of the Association. It would be a means of providing additional attraction to Horton and would give members another form of recreation when fishing is out of the question.

In April it was reported that Robert Walker, the River Keeper, was growing old and infirm. It had been necessary to relieve him of the greater part of his work in Horton and to appoint an assistant, Nathaniel Hunt. The Golf section, recently set up, would now pay Walker to look after the Golf Links.

Mr Robert Burn read the Annual fishing report at the A.G.M. in 1894. He said that the angling season of 1893 would long be remembered as one of the worst on record. All over the Kingdom the reports were the same that owing to the drought sport was almost impossible, 'takes' on the river were down by 80%. The Golf Club proved popular because of the poor fishing conditions.

Through the influence of Mr John Foster, the local squire who has been made Captain of the Golf Club, members have the use of three large fields bounded on two sides by Horton Beck and the Ribble, and a nine hole course of full average length had been constructed. The old course of the beck which at the lower part generally contained water, two or three rough swampy patches of land and numerous stone dykes became the hazards. The fee would be 10/-, the same price for Horton Gentlemen.

Mr Burn offered an appendix to this statement which was not entered on the official report.

"It is a source of regret to the Fishing Committee that while many of the south country clubs were celebrating the tercentenary of Izaak Walton in the becoming and piscatorial manner, one of the leading clubs of the north should so far wonder from the path as to lay out a golf links as an inducement to anglers to go to the water's side, and the very day, the 300th anniversary of his birth was spent by many members of the Council in competing in a Golf match, Manchester Anglers v Wilmslow Golf Club. The Hon. Sec. of the Fishing Committee is utterly unable to express in a proper manner his feelings on the matter."

### **The Report of the Golf Club given at the A.G.M. in January 1895**

"The proceedings of the Golf Section received a somewhat serious check in September from Lambert, the farmer, refusing to allow them to continue play on his ground. The Committee did not consider it advisable to change him in his determination, as he had not been a pleasant man to deal with. Another ground, and it is believed a better one, has been arranged for, and a third is in view if the other should not prove to be satisfactory.

The funds provided by the subscriptions have been just about sufficient to meet expenses, including a small payment towards Walker's wages."

### **The Report of the Golf Club given at the A.G.M. in January 1896**

"The ground on which it was hoped that golf would be practicable has turned out to be during the summer quite too rough for play. It has therefore been considered advisable to discontinue the game entirely at Horton, for the present at any rate."

The purists on the fishing committee must have been relieved !



## “A Fallen Angler”

Air “Tit Willow,” from “The Mikado”  
(Chorus to be taken sadly.)



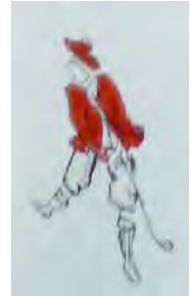
I'll tell you a tale that's remarkably sad,  
of a fellow, good fellow, good fellow!  
A noted old Angler who's gone to the bad,  
Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow  
And if you will patiently lend me an ear,  
And refrain for a moment from shedding a tear,  
The cause of his fall you shall presently hear,  
poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow!

Old Isaak had ne'er a disciple so stout  
as this fellow, fellow, this fellow!  
A terror he was to the grayling and trout,  
this fellow, fellow, this fellow!  
From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet,  
As an Angler he stood out uniquely “compleat”  
And a prettier comrade you never could meet  
than this fellow, fellow, good fellow!

There was one little matter excited the wrath  
of this fellow, fellow, good fellow!  
'Twas to speak of a game that s played in the north,  
poor fellow, fellow, poor fellow!  
And to learn that an angler indulged in this game  
Would incite in his breast such a violent flame,  
That the air became thick with the language that came  
from this fellow, fellow, this fellow!

But now as is very well known I suppose,  
Ah fellow, fellow, Ah fellow!  
They have laid out some golf links just under the nose  
of this fellow, fellow, this fellow!  
And would you believe it Aye here is the rub,  
Take warning all anglers who golfers would snub,  
He treasurer now of the Headingley Club!!  
Poor fellow, fellow, poor fellow!

The moral that is to drawn from the fall  
of this fellow, fellow, poor fellow!  
Is one that is full of importance to all  
of us fellows, fellows, good fellows!  
Though the pleasures of angling can not be surpassed,  
We should hesitate e'er at the golfers we cast  
A stone, or we all may be “bunkered” at last  
like this fellow, fellow, poor fellow!"



Golf clubs from 1888,1889 and 1900



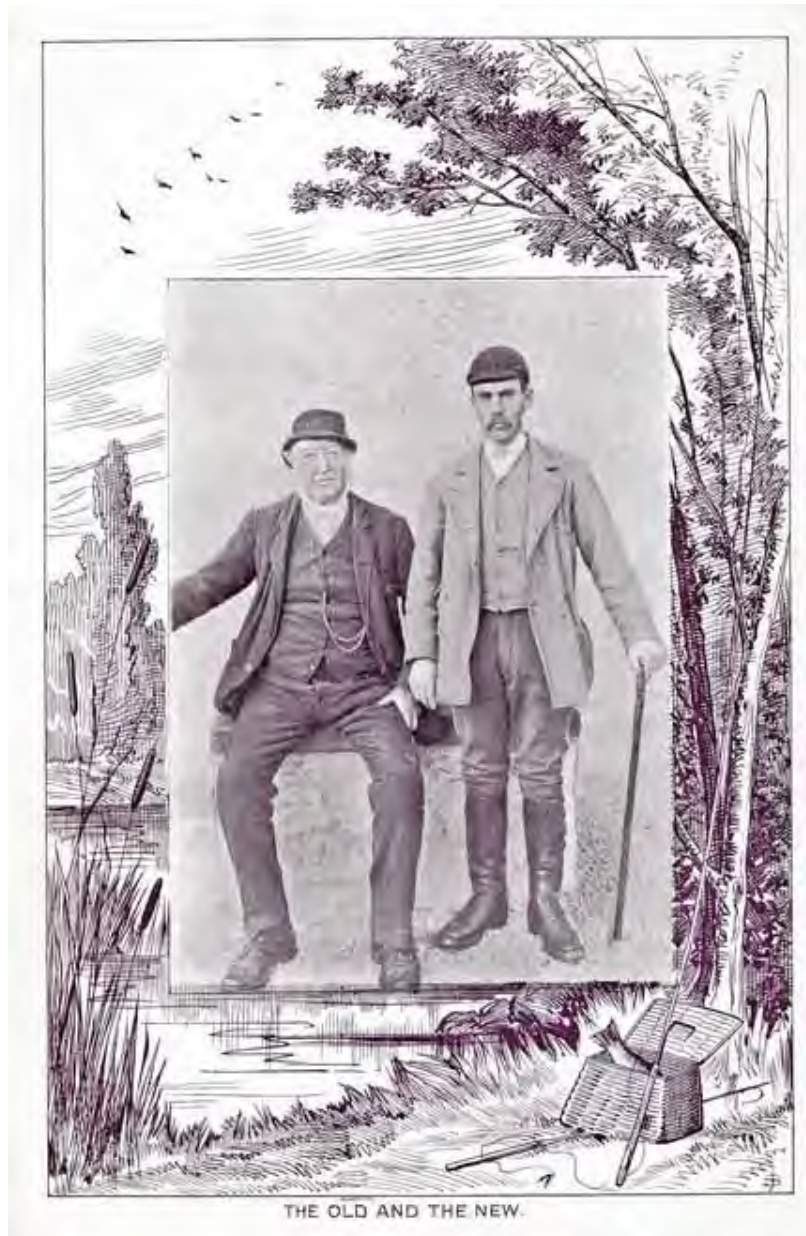
## Weirs on the river Ribble

During 1893 efforts were made to improve the fishing on the river where it was difficult to maintain a body of water. Members who fished the water regularly often found their best efforts spoilt by the speed with which the flood waters disappeared and in a particularly dry summer like the last it was more than usually apparent.

By building weirs at intervals the dry bed of the river could be covered with a good body of water, providing holding places for the fish and the possibility of approaching them without being seen, a matter of paramount importance to the fly fisher. The weir built last autumn above Horton bridge still held its own and the affect on the appearance of that portion of the river was remarkable.



## Nathaniel Hunt    The New Keeper



Nat. Hunt was born in Langley Mill Derbyshire in 1870. In 1900 he married Isabella Carr who was born in Horton. He became an Assistant River Keeper to Walker in 1893 as the old Keeper's health started to fail. Hunt himself had some health problems and in about 1896 a new keeper, was appointed. This man's reign did not last long since Hunt was reappointed and was Keeper until his death in 1938.

Hunt soon took over the running of the hatchery. This was a difficult act to follow after Walker's efforts. Walker was a strong outgoing man who was well able to argue with his employers. Hunt was a quieter person who was more prone to do what he was told without much argument even if he was not comfortable with the instructions. For several years he wrote meticulous diaries on a daily basis, which reported the state of the water and weather conditions etc. Besides looking after the hatchery Hunt patrolled the river extensively. He thought nothing of going down to Elwith (Helworth) Bridge and then walking up to the Tarn and back to the hatchery. Sometimes he would catch the train to Ribbleshead and work his way down the river via the Tarn before getting back to the hatchery at feeding time. He was quietly efficient in the care of the fishery and locals were never sure where he would turn up next. He thus ensured a minimum of poaching.

Mr John H. Moscrop read this paper at the meeting in **February 1893**. It caused a bitter letter war with Mr Fletcher Moss of Didsbury.

### **"Three Weeks in Connemara."**

"We were intending to spend three weeks at Doohulla, an out of the way spot on the west coast of Ireland, some ten miles south of Clifden in Connemara. Rail to Holyhead, boat to Kingston. Rail to Galway town, mail car fifty miles to Clifden, where we were met by a dog cart and had a ten mile drive to the Lodge at Doohulla. The Douhilla estate had been taken on lease by a Manchester merchant, and was the entire watershed of a stream about the size of the Ribble at Settle, when it reached salt water. On the estate are a large number of lakes—some of them would be described more correctly as pools, but there will be 12 or 13 ranging from ten acres to five hundred acres. These lakes extend six miles inland in the direction of the Twelve Pins. The lady who presided over the establishment was a capital manageress and a good cook, but she had to depend on ourselves for raw material, except in the matter of mutton, for of beef there was none. We were consequently reduced to mutton, hares, wild ducks (principally flappers - this years hatching), snipe, sea trout, brown trout, lobsters, crayfish and oysters, by the help of which we struggled along and managed to keep the body and soul together for three mortal weeks, and I would not mind engaging to do it again. The Atlantic washed the bottom of the mint bed in the garden, and even our friend Estcourt would have failed to detect any sulphurous acid in the breezes. It was a place to make one suspect that we in Manchester were paying too dearly for our sovereigns and recognise that there is another and perhaps finer meaning to the phrase "The price of gold."

Our first performance in the morning was a header into pure water, the bottom visible at thirty feet; then a pull to the lobster pots, selecting a good fish for breakfast. The little river discharging the water of the chain of lakes ran past the garden. The lowest lake would be distant some five hundred yards, and after the middle of July was well stocked with white trout. Our fish averaged one and three quarter pounds all through. The best single basket was 14, but we were rather too early for the best fishing in fact we were early enough to catch the fag end of flapper shooting. Our best fish was five pounds; my best was four pounds. We had landed one day to discuss lunch, which had been sent up from the Lodge, a hot potato pie with a few snipe hidden away among the potatoes, when I thought I detected a break in the ripple about eight yards away from where I was seated. I watched the spot a minute or so, and there it was again, followed by a good sized tail. Without moving my seat I could put my hand on my rod and after a preliminary swish through the air, dropped my tail fly over him. He came at once and proved to be my best fish - four pounds—a fresh run beauty

The county consists of rocky hills, boggy flats and lakes, a home for white trout, snipe and wild duck; but scarce a tree bigger than a gooseberry bush. I should say that the place and its surroundings differed little from what they were 500 years ago. This remark applies also to the natives. I will give you an illustration. I had noticed some salmon tints appearing in the parti-coloured nether garments of our boatman, and as the day wore on the salmon tints steadily increased (you see our boat was not fitted with sliding seats.) "Joyce" said I (for we were in Joyce country), "Joyce you will have to get you wife to put a patch on those trousers, otherwise you will become positively indecent before tomorrow night." "She will then, soi, if Mr Glover will give us the run of the sheep paddock." "By all means Joyce do what you like."

After dinner Joyce and his spouse came down to the Lodge, and we all adjourned to the paddock. There was an undercurrent of merriment in our faces, but it was not so with John---John evidently meant business. If he had just hooked a twenty pounder he could not have been more earnest, more intent on the job in hand. He surveyed the woolly coats with the critical eye of a Yorkshire spinner, spotted his animal, separated it from the rest, cornered it, closed in and cross buttocked it as smartly as a "bonny Tyson" at a Cumberland sports. His wife, armed with a pair of scissors then came up, and cut off an apron full of long staple; thus ended the first stage of putting a patch on honest John's complicated toggery--- the raw material was obtained. Wishing to see the thing out we accompanied them home. A pair of hand cards were produced, not unlike a bath glove covered with card. By means of these the fibres of the wool were layed parallel, then cleared, and rolled into a sliver, about as thick as the middle piece of a fishing rod. This was repeated until there was enough for the purpose. The carding and roving thus finished it was then spun into a single thread somewhat like course hosiery yarn. A very doubtful affair was next brought out which roused my curiosity. It turned out to be a loom. Half the yarn was used as warp each alternate thread being passed through a kind of heald, the other half of the yarn was wound on a stick, some what after the fashion of a boy's kite string and formed the weft. The weaving was done by raising the alternate ends of the warp by means of the healds and handing the weft through. This was repeated until there was enough cloth made. The ends of the warp were then tucked in over the last threads of weft, and there was the patch complete with four selvages to it. It was about as big as a sheet of note-paper and was, there and then, clapped over the salmon tinted hole, and securely fastened down on the top of its predecessors with a packing needle and a short pack thread. It no doubt did its work well for many a long year, and as regards

appearance I will say that it was in perfect harmony with the rest of John's picturesque get up, which would have gladdened the eye of any true artist.

At my first visit to Doohulla the water held no salmon, although the white trout now and then scaled as much as ten pounds. Mr Glover through the kindness of Messrs Ashworth transferred ova from Oughterard to Doohulla. The transfer took root very much to the satisfaction of Mr Glover and also to the gratification of a large number of tenants on the estate. These tenants occupied an island on one of the lakes, forming the sixth link in a chain of thirteen lakes. They (the tenants) were continually making raids on the salmon fry. It would have been of no use to serve them with a notice of eviction. They would take no notice, as Mr Glover well knew. The lake on which was their island was in the midst of bogs and almost inaccessible. It was determined, however, to take light boat as far as possible and to try to continue the journey by shooting the boat across the bogs. After an adventurous journey we glided on the waters of the lake in question. We were a party of five, three of being armed with breech loaders. We had a good supply of cartridges as we quite expected the adventure would not end without bloodshed. Our approach had evidently been watched and on our showing ourselves we were greeted by a terrible outcry from the island the like of which I never heard before or since. As the boat drew nearer to the island the tumult increased and suddenly culminated in a general uprising and grand demonstration. Some of the more daring spirits ventured within shot and paid the penalty of their rashness. They were promptly dropped. Our cartridges were charged with large shot, swan shot, ten or twelve pellets to the ounce and were effective at eighty or even a hundred yards. The skirmish lasted two or three hours at the end of which we counted 90 dead herons twenty being old birds. In addition to these we had mallard, widgeon, teal and sheldrake. After lunch we prospected the island. It was five or six acres and covered almost entirely with Irish Holly. The foliage began about six feet from the ground and was exceedingly dense. The branches were much interlaced and altogether it was a model home for the heron. The surface of the island was a mass of branches and ferns, breast high, interspersed with a few grey rocks. It was a cloudless summer day and the grateful shade under the hollies was delicious. The climate is very mild; there is scarcely any frost. The consequence is a most luxurious vegetation. I found maiden hair fern but unfortunately I am no botanist. I described this island to the late Mr Samuel Barlow, who went from his many friends all too soon, and he said he could conceive nothing that would delight him more than the spending of a few days on it and if I went again to Doohulla he would gladly form one of the party if we would have him. I told him his offer was a great temptation for me to repeat the visit.

After completing the tour of inspection we put our rods together and as I sent out my cast, three droppers and a stretcher I felt that those flies were probably dropping on virgin water and so it apparently proved. Several times I had four trout on at the same time. The fish were perfectly unsophisticated. There was no credit in taking them I landed nine fish in three successive casts. I basketed seven or eight dozen, not a fish above six ounces or under three ounces but after the first hour it became simply monotonous. One of our party who had not thrown a fly before this visit took nearly as many as I did, who professed to be a past master. The lines trailing behind him when we pulled the boat back to fresh drift caught freely. In unhooking one fish from the near dropper, another rose at the tail fly, and nearly put the hook home in my friend's finger. But our adventures that day were not to end with the fishing. On taking our seats for the return journey a step was made on the bottom of the boat instead of on the guard boards. The consequence was a hole as big as the crown of a hat. We had to cross 150 yards of deep water, how was it to be done. After due deliberation the plan that found most favour was the following. We selected a tough piece of turf about sixteen inches square, cut it carefully with a sharp knife making it a couple of inches thick. This was placed over the hole and upon it we laid a flat stone to hold it down and in order that there should be no lack of weight for keeping it tight one of our friends volunteered to sit on the stone. A trial trip was made twenty yards, or so, and back again. It was most satisfactory not a drop of water had come through. The rest of the party that is the other three, then took their seats and we shoved off. But our Engineering was bad—inexcusably bad. We had overlooked the fact that when five were in the boat she would sink deeper in the water than when two only were in and the pressure of the water on the grass sod would be increased in proportion. The result was that we had not half way when a considerable leak started on the right side. In order to stop this our friend eased his weight over from the left. This was most injudicious; it was immediately followed by a stream of water pouring in as thick as my wrist. "Keep still man we yelled." "Well I ain't deaf and I aren't a fool either. Any donkey would know it would be dicky up if I stirred." The fact was our friend usually so amiable was sitting in two inches of water while we were sitting high and dry. A smile began to spread over our faces as we neared the shore, and we were able to see the bottom of the lake. When the welcome sound of the boat grating on the shore met our ears we lay back and fairly screamed with laughter. "I'll tell you what it is gentlemen, you are behaving like a couple of blackguards. I should have served you right if I had jumped up and made you swim for it, and by Jove I would have done if it had not been for your guns and things. I have been wet through at my feet and at my shoulders, but never before in such an unchristian fashion as this." We recommended him to lie on the ground, face down, and let Joyce rub him well with whiskey to prevent his catching cold, but it was no use we could not extract a smile.

We left the boat to be repaired and brought down at some future time, and had to face a stiff tramp o'er bog and moor; and thus ended one of the red letter days of my sporting life. There is one charm in such a day. It does not merely begin in the morning and end with the evening; it is a pleasant act for all time. I can assure you that the recalling of old memories, necessitated by writing this paper has been to me a great pleasure, so much so that I fear I may have dwelt too long on what are only the recollections of an old fogey".

After the report of the meeting was published in the Manchester City News, Fletcher Moss of Didsbury wrote a letter to the newspaper to complain about the content.

"Sir It is a horrible and disgusting tale. Will the S.P.C.A. prosecute these men for cruelty for animals, or will some one come forward to take away the reproach from Manchester men, and say the tale is not true, and that it is only a hideous dream? I for one have no hesitation in saying, that if the leaky boat conveying the men who did this deed had sunk with them they would have been rightly served.

Fletcher Moss J.P. led the life of a gentleman, living in to the supposedly haunted Old Parsonage in Didsbury. The wife of his next door neighbour at the Croft (their gardens were to form part of the Fletcher Moss park today) was Emily Williamson; she is remembered for being a founder member of the R.S.P.B. having long led a campaign (Plumage league) to stop the slaughter of Grebes whose tail feathers were used in millinery. This no doubt explains his abhorrence of the mass slaughter of herons.

John Moscrop replied to Moss's letter

"Sir, Although Mr Fletcher Moss poses as a tender-hearted man I do not miss judge him when I say it will give him pleasure to know he has succeeded in wounding me most cruelly. I do not know that I was ever more distressed than on seeing his letter on Saturday.

The main features of a paper which an extract appeared in the "City News" and on which Mr Moss fell foul last Saturday, were an attempt to describe a wild district in Ireland, with a population nearly cut off from civilisation, and therefore dependant on themselves for food and clothing. A bad potato year meant many deaths from hunger. A Manchester man, all honour to him (he was in the leaky boat) came to the rescue—brought his energies to bear—his intelligence, his money. He founded a salmon fishery, made weirs and breeding streams, put down a freezing plant, built a small fleet of ocean going boats, for marketing produce, concluded arrangements with distributors, kept down the seals and otters, and the "picturesque herons that only feed on fish." These latter were the greatest pest off all.

When I was there, there must have been thousands on the estate. They were reduced after a time to a reasonable number, and the success of the fishery made possible. There were smiling faces where formerly hungry little ones cried."

John Moscrop did not renew his membership of the M.A.A.

This was his second paper read to the meetings, the first being in 1892. "Recollections of an Old Fly Fisher." which was later published in Anglers' Evenings, Series Three. He was a cotton spinner who invented and patented the steam and speed recorder for spinning machines that was soon adopted by every textile mill in England. Various other patents followed before he turned his attention to his hobby - fishing when he invented a successful fishing reel.

This song was sung for the first time in public at the Anglers' Dinner on **19th December 1893** which was held at the Grand Hotel, Aytoun Street in Manchester.

### 'The Fish that Broke the Shank I had from Farlow'

(air "Monte Carlo")  
Written by R Godby

I once went up to Horton, but before the train I took  
I sauntered, rod in hand into Farlow's on the Strand;  
And asked him to supply me with a very special hook,  
That would safely bring a heavy fish to land;  
An exceptionally heavy fish to land.

Chorus

As I wander up and down, between the "Lion" and the "Crown"  
Or stroll beside the Tarn, you may hear me spin the yarn  
Of the night I spent near Pen-y-ghent,  
Of the awful fight till morning light  
With the fish that broke the shank I had from Farlow.

I'd seen him jumping in the Tarn and vowed he should be mine,  
And with every kind of fly, I had fished him wet and dry.  
I had tried the worm and minnow, I had fished him far and fine.  
I had even tried to snatch him on the sly!  
I confess I'd tried to bob him on the sly.

Chorus

I thought my luck would never come, but come it did at last.  
For one day I saw him rise, fairly sucking down the flies.  
I slipped into the boat and made a very pretty cast  
And I hooked him to my infinite surprise!  
I confess that I could scarce believe my eyes!

Chorus

There were other anglers there who wished to occupy the boat.  
Meekly waiting for his turn I could see the patient Burn  
And I heard the kilted Harker singing gaily "I'm afloat"  
As he shook his bonnet at me to return.  
It was quite beyond my power to return!

Chorus

All through the day I played the fish and far into the night,  
My companions all had fled even Walker was in bed.  
Then the fish he turned the tables and before the morning light  
He was playing me till I was nearly dead.  
I never was so very nearly dead!

Chorus

The village cock began to crow to usher in the morn;  
I was stiff as any plank and my clothes were limp and dank  
When something gave way suddenly And lo! My fish had gone  
Mr Farlow's hook had broken at the shank  
As to what I said my memory is a blank!

Chorus

There's not an angler in the room I'll undertake to say  
But has often lost a trout' large as that I've sung about.  
Our biggest fish are all alike, they always break away  
And of that there's not a shadow of a doubt;  
If there's any scoffer here we'll chuck him out.

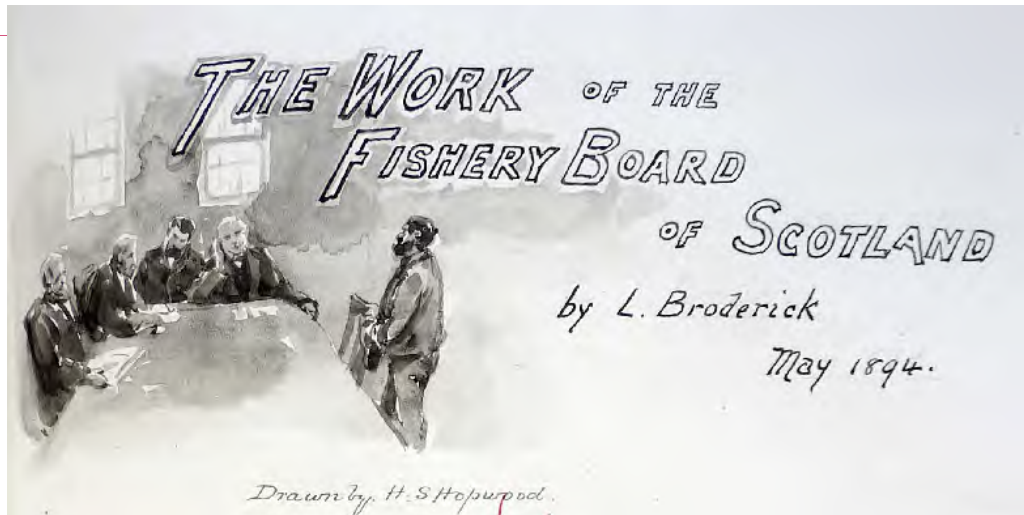
Chorus



**Farlow** was one of the most esteemed fishing tackler suppliers of that era. Farlow had shown angling innovations at the great exhibition in 1851; their shop was at 191 The Strand. Today they are still thriving at 9 Pall Mall in London.

### Programme for 1894

Feb	“Three Weeks in Connemara”	Mr Moscrop
March	“Wet and Dry Fishing”	Mr Burn
April	Open Meeting	
May	“The Works of the Scotch Fishery Board”	Mr Broderick
Sept	“Fishing on Loch Leven”	Mr M.P. Smith
Oct	“The Latest Expedition to Norway “ with lantern illustrations	Mr Heywood
Nov	“Lake Vyrnwy”	Mr J. Thompson
Dec	16th Annual Dinner	

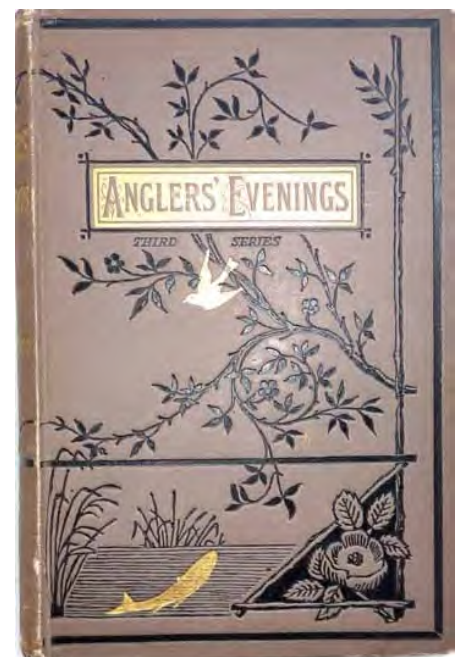


### “Anglers’ Evenings — Third Series”

In 1894 with great excitement the Council announced the publication after a fifteen year gap, of the next edition of “Anglers’ Evenings”, edited again by Mr F.J. Faraday.

The Index to this volume shows that there are articles on fishing in Scotland, Loch Leven, Loch Tay, Lochaber, Braemar, on the river Orchy and Loch Awe. There are articles on fishing in Otago in New Zealand, Norway, Canada, Ireland and the Isle of Man, as well as Horton in Ribblesdale. In addition there were poems and songs written by members.

The critics all praised the volume.





Besides the fishing at Horton, some of the Manchester Anglers were accustomed to fishing at Bakewell or Rowsley where fishing tickets could be had for extensive lengths on the river Wye from the Rutland Arms and the Peacock Hotel. At peak times there could be a queue of fishermen waiting to fish the best pools and it became evident that the fishing was deteriorating. It was said that at some times, there were up to fifty or sixty rods given permission to fish simultaneously.

“*The Field*” of April 7<sup>th</sup> 1894 looked into the matter:-

### The Rutland Length of the Wye

“Easter having passed, the regulations respecting trout and grayling fishing on the Derbyshire Wye, between Bakewell and Rowsley Bridges, now come into force. In future the trout fishing season will not commence before April 1<sup>st</sup>, no matter how early Easter falls, and will end on October 1<sup>st</sup>. The Rowsley Meadows are now added to the Bakewell length, and an unquestionably fine stretch of water is thus opened to a limited number of visitors to the Rutland Arms at Bakewell and the Peacock at Rowsley. The twelve rods a day, which will be permitted henceforth to fish between Bakewell and Rowsley, ought to find plenty of room. In past times it has not been very uncommon to see two or three anglers obviously racing one another to a favourite pool or backwater, where a rising fish has been observed, or has been reported to have been observed, on a day when rising fish have been like the visits of the angels. This kind of thing is not conducive to good feelings amongst anglers or to good sport, and it was no doubt high time to place some limit on the number of rods on the water.

The water has been over-fished during the last half dozen seasons or so, and over-fished water of this kind does not always recover immediately. It may take a season or two before the water will once more reassert itself, and I strongly incline to the opinion that it will need restocking. There are too few trout, and probably, though this may be a moot question, too many grayling. The latter fish has, of course, its friends some of whom dare to place it as high on the scale of game fish as trout. But its over-abundance cannot surely be beneficial to trout fishing. The grayling may, or may not, devour trout spawn; on this point I offer no opinion, having no experience through personal observation. But it certainly does eat plenty of food, which would otherwise go to the trout. Some people who talk by the book, will tell you that grayling and trout do not appreciably interfere with each other, inasmuch as they inhabit different parts of the water, the former in the swift streams, and the latter in the pools and glides. Yet what Wye fisherman has not often experienced the disappointment of hooking, in a perfect bit of trout water, after perhaps an hour's hard work with the Olive, a greying, and that, likely enough, a black and milky beast out of season? It may be stated safely that the best trouting in the Wye is where the grayling is scarce. I am not declaring war against the grayling; only pointing out that it can be, and at the present time, on this portion of the Derbyshire Wye, probably is, too plentiful to please trout fishermen.

What may be called the Rutland length of the Wye, from Bakewell Bridge to Rowsley, is in several respects an ideal piece of water for the dry fly--- the only method of fishing which of recent years has proved at all effective in the making up of a nice basket of trout. Except on rare days on the early part of the season, when the fish are half silly through hunger, and as yet all unpricked, the wet fly down stream or even up stream, is almost useless. It will only take six or eight inch fish, which now that the disastrous day man has been practically prohibited, will all, it is to be hoped, be duly returned to their element. The stream looks rather fast, on first inspection, for the dry fly; but it is exceedingly winding, like the Thames above Eynsham, and every short bend means several beautiful backwaters and small pools, where the trout abide when they are in a “dunning” mood. When the rise is on, fat fellows come up slyly and shyly, lie almost on their sides on the very surface of the water, and suck in the fly in a perfectly ravishing manner. The angler who can come suddenly upon a trout in such conditions without feeling emotion must really be destitute of the finer fishing instincts--- the kind of man whom one need not pity because of his empty basket. It is not for me to deny, at any rate, that when I have rudely scared a good trout in these circumstances, I have felt a guilty, blundering thing, and have crept away full of humiliation.

The good backwaters, or “back-washes” on the Rutland length of the Wye, run well into three figures. Not a few of the best ones have been duly christened—whisky being better than water for this function—by the enthusiasts who gather together every year at Bakewell. There is the Stone Wall Pool, the Between the Willows, the Snaggy Pool at Haddon---let the tyro steer clear of that fearsome spot—and the Horseshoe Bend. The backwaters may all be fished from one bank or another; indeed they must be so fished or left alone, as a wise regulation forbids wading; and some of them are easy. Others are very difficult, especially in summer time, when the foliage of the willows and elms is dense, and the vegetation

of the banks inconveniently luxuriant. It is necessary to go down on one or both knees; to fish with a short line, to keep the point of the rod out of sight, and generally to be very foxy in all one's movements. Some people will lug about with them a double-handed trout rod; equipped with this instrument the cleverest angler in the world may go forth to fish the back waters of the Wye, secure against hooking anything beyond an occasional tree, the opposite bank, and the other idiot standing behind him, watching. A nine foot or at the most a ten foot rod is the proper weapon for the back waters of the Wye. Francis liked to use a twelve foot rod, but he greatly affected the dam just below Bakewell Bridge; on of the very few spots on the whole length where anything over ten foot is desirable and even necessary in the Mayfly season. The dam is full of fish most summers, and is occasionally alive with rising trout when the Mayfly is up; but it is not popular with many anglers owing to the extreme uncertainty of the rise there, and to its propinquity to the village and the public road.

Different parts of the Rutland Wye have their different friends, and fortunately so, otherwise the rods might cluster, bee-like, round particular pools. A few are content to linger about the dam and village all day, waiting for the big rise, which is often reported by the man who does not fish, or who had not the right fly in his book when it came; others will dally about the Recreation ground for hours together, whilst the majority prefer the middle parts of the stream between the Sheep Bridge and Haddon Hall. Below Haddon there is a certain amount of decidedly difficult water. To fish several of the best backwaters, one has to get into very uncomfortable positions, and then it is sometimes impossible to make fair cast. In such cases dibbing with a dry artificial fly has often to be resorted to. This is an operation that does not commend itself to very many anglers who have not taken it up as a special branch of dry fly fishing. The writer has known an angler who says he makes big baskets of trout every Mayfly season on the Wye, though they have not been seen by mortal eye except in newspaper reports; and this sportsman declares that dibbing with a dry fly to be a little less than poaching. If poaching meant the exercise of great patience and considerable skill, then, no doubt, it would coincide with dibbing with the dry fly for trout in awkward places.

The meadows between Filiford Bridge and Rowsley, which have been added to the Rutland length, certainly form a substantial and most desirable addition, and they will be especially acceptable to the anglers who stay at Rowsley. The water is scarcely so interesting as above Filiford Bridge, and the backwaters are less numerous. But the Rowsley Meadows have been far less fished than the stream between Bakewell and Filiford, and some good bags will, no doubt, be made there during the present season. The water is very open and easy of approach; a feature, indeed, which, with a few exceptions already alluded to, is common to almost the entire Rutland length. “



Frontispiece from 'The Fly Fisher's Entymology'  
By Alfred Ronalds

**25<sup>th</sup> July 1894,**

“It is now possible to leave Horton by an early train in the morning and arrive in Manchester at 10.22 am. The workmen's train returns from Horton 6-30 to 7-00 a.m. It is not in the time table, but if the Station Master is informed the night before, he will not start it before 7 o'clock. Passengers change at Settle into the train due to leave there at 7-30am.”

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