

Chapter 5

1895-1898



The Council for 1895

President	Stanley Kneale
Treasurer	E.G. Woolley
Hon Secretary	E.R. Austin
Fishing Secretary	R. Burn



Papers read at the monthly meetings in 1895

February,	Dr Hutton, "Trout Fishing in some Streams of the Rocky Mountains" (As communicated from his brother).
March,	Dr. Wraith, "Sweet Wormingford Mere;" "On Bream Fishing."
April,	Rev. J. S. Richardson, "The Evolution of the Artificial Fly."
May	Rev. Henry Siddall, "A Month on the North Esk."
September	Open meeting.
October	Tom Taylor, "Pike fishing."
November	Mr J. A. Hutton, "Some Fishing and some Golfing in Donegal."

Some members of the Association were intrepid, regularly fishing in foreign waters. Abel Heywood went to Norway on a fishing trip every three years with some of his friends from the Association. In February 1895 Dr Hutton read a paper written by his brother and M.A.A. member, R Hutton who often sailed to America to fish. The following are selected paragraphs from his paper.

Trout fishing in some Streams of the Rocky Mountains

By R. Hutton Jr. (some paragraphs from the paper read in February 1895)

In writing on this subject I will say at once that it is the most unqualifiedly pleasant sport that I have ever had or ever heard of. Elsewhere there is sport more exciting, sport with greater hardships, but at the same time with larger game and greater triumphs, sport on the other hand with more luxurious accompaniments and less work, but for good sport under pleasant conditions I know nothing equal to the subject of this paper. There are perhaps other rivers also in the Rockies, which have as many and as fine fish and where the climate and other natural conditions are as good as on the Rio Grande: but for me for several reasons no river seems to equal it. I have heard others express similar sentiments. I doubt whether I shall ever enjoy fishing as much elsewhere. Among the causes that make the Rio Grande specially my favourite is no doubt the fact that an added interest attaches to it by reason of my having seen almost every reach of it, from the source in the perpetual snow down to the Mexican Border where one may find Alligators in its waters, a distance of 899 miles.

In due course our train stopped in the middle of the meadow and dropped in our baggage at Phillips's ranch. We were heartily welcomed by the family, as two of us had already been there more than once before and I had stayed there often and we saw in a pan on the kitchen table a fine four pounder earnest of things to come. Mrs Phillips came to the Grande many years ago with her grandmother parents and brothers all of whom live at different points on the river except the old lady. She like Mathew Arnold's Monica had ever wished to return to England to die and be buried there but as this world grew shadowy and the next one more real, she chose to be buried by a certain rock under an Aspen tree close to the house. Phillips has cattle and horses on the range for which he cuts a fair amount of hay in his meadow, which constitutes all that there is of valley land at this point. The house commodious and comfortable enough and built by himself of boards, is at the waters edge and the mountains rise steep on both sides of the river. The only industry in the valley is the raising of hay and cattle and a little cutting of sleepers for railways out of the pine forests. A long string of sleepers are now lying high up on the mountains on a slope opposite to the house thrown over a steep cliff looking in the distance like so many matches. The wagon-tree and wheels, on which they were hauled from the other side of the mountains to the Cliff's edge, were dragged up in pieces in the early Spring and put together, and there they stay, as the hard times which have struck the Denver and Rio Grande Railway in common with others has called a halt in the work. The old county traditions as to house keeping and the old recipes for Devonshire cream etc. are still alive in the family, and the excellent fish, game, milk, cream, butter Devonshire cream, preserves etc. together with the hearty good will of father, mother and children and the Liberty Hall style of the whole household make a visit to Phillips's a great pleasure in itself quite apart from the fishing. After dinner on the day of our arrival we got into our wading togs and went down to the river to discover the omnipresence of the willow bug. Both on that and the following two days our luck was only fair—some seven or eight pounds each daily. I got a good deal chaffed about "seeing snakes" on this trip--- they are harmless enough, water snakes, but none of the others happened to come across them. One I came upon as I waded along on a grassy bank within a foot of the water's edge. It was a large fellow and had in its mouth a trout which it declined for some time to let go of only lashing forward with its tail as I splashed it with water. At length however when I touched it with the string of my landing net it slid into the water and to my disgust went right between my legs!

Within the limits of the state of Colorado the only fish in the river except minnows and such small fry is the mountain trout, in all respects like our own English trout except for the absence of the red spots. In habits the only difference seems to be that owing no doubt to the exigencies of climate, these trout spawn in the Spring, have shorter hours for feeding and gather more exclusively into the pools in the autumn. At the high altitude of which I am writing the water reaches freezing point every night by the end of September, and hence probably the spawning in Spring and early Summer. The shortened feeding hours too are no doubt due to the fact that the flies and other insects hardly get warmed up before nine o'clock in the morning even in Midsummer. The general character of the food is much the same as with us at home, the largest fish of all usually declining anything but ground bait, except in Midsummer. There is even a May fly season which is known as the "Willow bug time". No account of the Rio Grande fishing would be complete without the special mention of the willow bug, it is a most forbidding beast to

look at while at rest, but rather pretty when on the wing. The flight is slow and always on a dead level and the regularity of the flapping of the four great light brown wings when seen diagonally gives the impression of a well ordered procession. The body is flattish and from an inch and a quarter, to an inch and a half in length, colour dark orange on the belly shading off to brown on the back with a bright orange ring round the neck. The wings, which when the fly is at rest, lie perfectly horizontal on the back projecting even beyond the long body are so folded one over the other that one only appears. They are of a transparent darkish brown, though they both look light and very bright in the sun. During the "Willow bug time" an incessant crossing and recrossing of the river at about eight feet above the water from the trees on one side to those on the other, is kept up giving the effect of a most voluminous and efficient aerial ferry service. They appear in millions all at once, and in ten days they are gone. The tenantless brown shells of the helgmites (? I don't know whether this is the right word) stand rampant on every stone and stick like a huge marching army struck dead. These "bugs" begin to think of their posterity apparently almost as soon as they are hatched. After three or four days of life they begin the process of reproduction a third fly curiously enough almost always standing by and the interior of the male passes almost wholly in to the female in a few hours, leaving the head and the wings of the male to crawl about for a short time and then die. Altogether the willow bug is a most curious fly. Unfortunately for me I had had no previous experience of this season when I started for the river this past June and neither had nor could I get anywhere anything at all nearly resembling the willow bug and with scanty materials and not being anything of a fly maker myself I was unable to turn out anything that I dared to offer as an apology for the genuine article. As with our own May fly one can not do much with any other during its season, and I have to admit that on this occasion I resorted pretty largely during the first two or three days to putting on of the natural flies onto my leader

On the third day we found evidence of a barbarity, which had certainly decimated the fish that used to be in the Rio Grande when I first knew it. I refer to the practice that is known as "fishing with dynamite. One of my friends picked up out of the water, what he thought at first to be a candle. On second thoughts however he put it down very gingerly observing that it exactly answered the description he had often heard of "A stick of giant." It was "a stick of giant" dropped no doubt by some miners from the neighbouring camp of Cree surprised in the act. This mode of fishing is to put a fuse into a stick of giant powder and throw it into one of the big pools. The fuse being cased in waterproof stuff is not extinguished by the water and in a minute or two the explosion takes place and immediately the surface is literally covered with fish; not one being left alive within a radius of many yards. Destructive, however, as this has been to the fish, fully five times as much damage is done every autumn when the head gates of the numerous irrigating canals in the San Luis Valley—some of them with ever larger sectional area than the river itself, though with less fall, are shut down for the winter and the fish from an ounce to five pounds are taken out onto the fields in cart loads and used as manure! The wanton folly even from a monetary point of view of allowing three canals to be run without screens at their head gates is inconceivable, as the number of fishermen who used to spend thousands of pounds yearly in the valley has decreased to mere fraction of what it used to be. The fact is that it costs the Canal Companies less to kill every Bill to restrain them introduced into the Legislature than it does to screen their canals. It is a criminal waste! Where are the millions of buffalos now that used to cover the whole country here, and where will the mountain sheep, elk and deer be soon if the Indians and professional hunters are not stopped by the enforcement of the existing laws? And are the trout to follow?

I should advise anyone coming to put this to the test, to bring all the flies and gut that he wants with him. It is impossible to get well made flies or even decently fine gut here. Drawn gut is usually too fine, for the chance of hooking a monster is ever present. Selected fine gut and flies of this eye ---- are the most generally useful, though both heavier and lighter tackle is sometimes needed and some should be brought. Split bamboo rods can be got here at reasonable prices, and it is not worth while to bring them. Wading waterproof trousers coming up close under the arms, and fastening over the shoulders with straps are the correct dress. They cost here some \$12 to \$15 (say £2 10/- to £3) A heavy hunting knife in a scabbard is a most useful thing for a hundred purposes. For the rest one's outfit should be much the same as for a fishing expedition at home. For myself in the summer I wade in ordinary clothes only putting on gutta thigh boots over the tops of which I have no objection to wading if necessary, as it often is, but in the late autumn the water is too cold for doing this with comfort. For autumn too it is desirable to have a light leather jacket lined with flannel. As I hope to have a week or more fishing again in September, I hereby offer my services gratis as a guide to any Member of the Manchester Angler' Association, who may make up his mind to try this most fascinating fishing. A deer and elk too, I am not afraid to guarantee if a fortnight can be spared for the purpose."

In **November** J. A. Hutton told the Meeting about his holiday in Donegal in Ireland. One of his experiences is related here.



“When were last at Buncrana we very nearly had an unpleasant experience. We sailed across to Rathmullen one afternoon to fish for codling, but about five o’clock a dense sea fog came on, so thick that we could not see ten yards from the boat. We were about six miles from home and it was about four miles across to our side of the Loch, and to make matters worse there was a strong tide running out to sea. Maclachlan wanted to make straight for Rathmullen which was only half a mile away but we should have been little better off if we had got there

for it was over 25 miles by road round the head of Lough Swilly to Buncrana. Luckily I had a small pocket compass with me, and we steered straight across for the east shore, and by great luck we managed to hit the buoy that marks the bank in the middle of the Loch and so were able to steer a straight course for Buncrana.

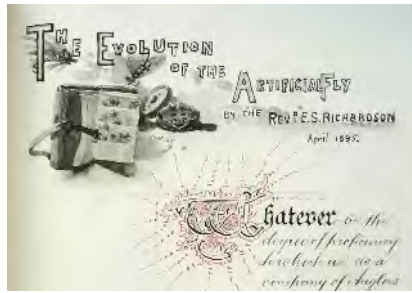
We heard the ferry steamer close to us which as we afterwards learnt had stuck on the bank, but the fog was so dense we could not see her. The unfortunate passengers did not get ashore till eleven o’clock that night as they had to be taken off in small boats. We soon made our own shore and then crept along it until we made the Buncrana pier where we found the Hotel boats ringing a small hand bell to guide us for they were beginning to get rather anxious about us. We were very grateful for their kindness, which however was not of much use, for we could not hear the bell until we were close up to the pier. Never in the future will I go out on the sea without a compass, but for it we might have rowed round and round in a circle or drifted out seawards, so dense was the fog, and it might have been very late before we made land. We were all extremely thankful to escape what might have been a most unpleasant experience.”



T.E. Pritt, Angling Editor of the **Yorkshire Post**, and member of both the Yorkshire Angling Association and the M.A.A, published “**Yorkshire Trout Flies**”. In he described how to tie flies for fishing in northern waters and illustrated it with plates showing the artificial flies described.

For his version of the ‘July Dun’, wings were made from a Starlings quill, body from Yellow silk dubbed with a little mole’s fur and legs from fibre from a bluish dun hen’s neck.

He said that “this was probably the same as Theakston’s pale blue Drake. It is common on most English rivers and a trout will occasionally take it with great avidity.”



The Evolution of the Artificial Fly

By the Reverend E. S. Richardson. (some paragraphs from the paper read in April 1895)

“The natural flies we imitate change their colours before our eyes, and the observant angler and fly tier will follow the change of the blue to the olive dun, of the March Brown to the great Red Spinner, to the August Dun.

There are times when it appears to matter little whether one’s fly resemble anything or nothing. When the question is asked again “why fish take bunches of feathers tied on hooks, and what do they mistake them for?” But there are times when for bunches of feathers flies must be substituted and this not only in the dry fly but in the wet fly fishing and then success or failure must inevitably be determined by the closeness of the resemblance existing between the natural and your imitation.

In conclusion may I give the dressing of a fly known to us all, the Blue Dun from Dame Berners time to our own.

In the “Book of St. Albans” printed in 1496, Dame Juliana Berners not only mentions fly fishing for the first time in our literature but she gives a list of twelve flies, assigning them to their several months of the year, giving most excellent directions for making them,

In 1496 she said that for the Blue Dun “The body of the done woll and the wyng is of the pertryche.”

Izaak Walton copied this as “The body is made of dun wool; the wings are of the partridge’s feather.”



Charles Cotton, (a friend of Izaak Walton who wrote a treatise on fishing for trout or grayling, which was added to the 5th edition of Walton’s book.) “Take a small tooth comb, and with it comb the neck of a black grey hound and the down that sticks in the teeth will be the finest blue you ever saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white, and he is taken about the tenth of this month and lasts till the four and twentieth.”



Alfred Ronalds (author of “The Fly Fisher’s Entomology, 1836”) calls it the Cock Wing, and says that “on the body, fur of a hare’s ear or face, spun on yellow silk. When this dubbing spin silk is warped on some of the largest part, the dubbing is left out to form legs. For the tail, two small whiskers of a rabbit. The wings are formed, from a feather of a starling’s wing, slightly stained in onion dye. The legs should be picked out from body with a heddle.”

Michael Theakston (author of “British Angling Flies, 1883”) suggested that “Blue Drake Slips for wings are generally selected from those of the Starling body, orange silk tinged and dyed, with fox cub down and two or three fibres of amber mohair.”

Foster, (who published a book called “The Scientific Angler” in 1882). “Body, a small portion of blue fur spun sparingly on yellow silk; wings from the field fare’s wing feather; legs a light dun hackle.”

I give these examples to show how with differences of material, there has been throughout, a single desire—viz. to reproduce the natural insect—and how after all the nature of the case demands that this should be so.

I could plead that fly tying to some extent at any rate should be made a part of the art of every angler, and that, not merely to consist in the acquirement of technical skill in the management of the materials but that it should be combined with a closer study of natural history.”

Bream Fishing

By Dr. O. S. Wraith, (read at the monthly Meeting in March 1895)

"I do not profess to be a very enthusiastic angler after coarse fish, and my experience is not large. Still I shall never neglect any opportunity of becoming acquainted with all sorts of fish, and fishing, and also should never hesitate, when given the chance to angle for any fish from the – what we here I think call the "smelt" to the "tarpon"—I was going to say whale when I remember reading that they are now largely caught by means of the harpoon cannon, that is a cannon ball that generates gas in the body of the whale and prevents it from sinking--- this is scarcely angling.

I have studied the habits of the bream in his various haunts, and in books especially; we have fought together in river and pond, I have even been rash enough to have him flayed, but I am forced to acknowledge that poetry that has ever cast its "glamour" round the lordly salmon and the silvery trout very often vastly increasing their size and weight, has never yet wasted its sweetness on the bream. No you may extract poetry from a mangol wurzel, but not from a bream. A certain angling author in describing the bream has said:- "The Bream is like unto an old decayed leather bellows both in appearance and flavour" but to my mind the said author has left out the strongest point in a bream which is its smell. If you wish to experience a holy contempt for the world that we live in, to feel kind "o" sorry that you were ever brought into the vale of tears, go! catch some bream, take them home, have them flayed. Of all the foul smells that ever tortured the nostrils of suffering mankind, entering even into the marrow of his bones, command me to a dish of flayed bream. Personally if I wished to show my utter contempt for a poor fellow creature, to compress into one crushing epithet all the loathing and disgust I could feel, I would not waste good wholesome swearing of the received type in polite Society, but I would call him a flayed bream. Such is my prejudice against this fish.

There are three varieties, Firstly the Pomeranian bream which is very rare in this country. Secondly, the Carp Bream, which is of a yellowish colour and grows to about eight pounds in weight. Thirdly, the White Bream, or bream flat, a small silvery fish which generally gets as far as a pound.

I will not burden you with the characteristics of each fish beyond saying that the throat teeth of the small silvery bream flat are in two rows numbering two and five respectively, whilst those of the large yellowish coloured carp bream are placed in only one row on each side numbering five.

Bream are usually fished for in lakes, large ponds, and in slow rivers with deep reaches.

The appearance of the bream I have described from a certain author mentioned before, but I think a more truthful description would be that of half a pig, sawn lengthways from the snout to the tail. He is very ugly, very fat, and thickly covered with a coating of filthy slime, but I will say he is generous with his slime. He will leap up fondly on your knee from the bottom of the boat, to share it with you, he will slap you on the shoulder in a friendly way and spoil your coat, he will smack you on the shirt collar, he will even slime your sandwiches.

True to his nature the bream loveth the most repulsive kind of food. To get a good take of bream you must get a slop pail and fill it with chopped up lob worms, mashed up with potato peelings, grain, scrapings from the scullery maids grease pots or any filth you can collect from the refuse of the kitchen, this when messed up into the substance of a pudding of a nature to turn the stomach of a stone statue must be put in the swim the night before you go to fish.

The bream has a certain amount of common sense for which we ought to give him credit. In the "Complete Angler" we read that the bream, which go in large shoals, have always one or two sentinels on the watch, and these are often noticed rolling on the top of the water, over the baited swim. If you see the sentinel you may take it for granted that the shoal is close under where he is disporting himself and this is a good way to find where they lie. Watch the water for the sentinel and mark the spot, and try and not frighten him away by any awkward splashing in the water.

Rowing gently will drive him away, but will not scare him, it is the awkward splashing of the clumsy rower that drives him scared to the bottom and frightens away the shoal. Various authors say that the best time to catch the bream is about three o'clock in the morning and many bream fishers stay out all night, so as to begin just at daylight. You require a strong rod, a running line, a fairly large hook, a large long float and a very strong stomach.

In the Yare estuary in Norfolk the best time to catch bream is at slack tide. The fisher baits his hook with a lob worm, a nice oozy worm with plenty of wriggle about him and lets him lie about six inches on the bottom, with the float lying flat on the surface of the water. He puts his rod down and lights his pipe, intending to wait events; probably just as you have struck the match and got the flame well shaded with your hands—up the float will tilt rising from the water—(The reason of this is that the Bream seizes the worm and rushes up from the bottom, thus lifting the shot and causing the float to rise). Well you drop the match (and perhaps your pipe too) seize your rod and strike gently but firmly, then there is a dead tug, or often, a rush for mid stream you must give him his head or he will break away. After two or three violent tugs, which will make you think that you have got a monster on, he will soon give in and just

as he comes up sideways, and you are going to put the net under him, he will give a flop and often break your tackle. (You can then light your pipe properly.) But if you do succeed in getting him out he is never so big as you expected, but what he lacks in size, he will make up in shine. That dead pull that the bream gives and by which he so often escapes causes anglers to think that the one they lost was always the biggest fish they had hooked.

Such is I believe the persuaded to have a days bream fishing on the river Yare at Brundall near Norwich a favourite haunt of Londoners for coarse fishing. Our boatman Fred, well known at the Yare Hotel, got the before-mentioned slop pail and baited up one of the famous swims for Bream the night before. We left ourselves in his hands as docile pupils. We were to get up at three o'clock in the morning so as to be at the swim at daylight. With the prospect of a short night's rest we went to bed at ten o'clock trusting to Fred to waken us at 3 a. m.

Oh! the horrors of that night! How often did I wake up in a fright fearing I had overslept myself, feeling sure I heard a rattling of pebbles at the window, for this was the signal agreed upon to call us, as Fred slept out--- the matches I struck to look at my watch--- to find I had been in bed an hour or so and if I slept a wink something woke me with a start and again I struck a match to see the time.

In the midst of the night which seemed like a miniature eternity,

I was wakened by a shock
For I heard a voice a-screaming
While a-dreaming I was breaming
Hi! get up, -- its three o'clock.

Drowsy and unrefreshed I got up and donned my clothes and went to call my friend, who I felt sure was also breaming in his dreams. Such however was not evidently the case, he seemed to have lost all his enthusiasm and required gently rousing.

A cold white mist overhung the river, a refreshing north easterly wind made us feel raw, however we had arranged to bring a spirit lamp and some coffee to refresh us on the water. We yawned our way to the boat and Fred pulled us two miles down the river whilst we nodded and tried to keep awake, and pretended hard to be happy. We reached our swim and tried to get up some enthusiasm for the sport we fished and fished **and fished** – each saying “they’ll come on presently,” but they didn’t. After an hour of fruitless labour I suggested the spirit lamp and the hot coffee, this brought a gleam of comfort to us, until having got the kettle full of water and the lamp well lighted we found we had forgotten the coffee—each thinking the other had it. By a luck chance my friend and myself each found himself possessed of a flask with some whisky in it in our pockets, but lukewarm whisky and water at that time of the morning is not exciting.

We fished till eight o'clock and got four or five bream flats and then went home to breakfast. I have since wondered whether we had been treated in the same way as a friend who had had a swim baited for Barbel in the Thames the night before. He went out at nine o'clock in the morning and got nothing, but a loafer who had seen the boatman baiting up the swim, went in the small hours of the morning and took away, as he afterwards heard, more than a hundred weight of barbell from the swim—perhaps someone of kindred character had gone the night before for he could scarcely have got there in the morning before us. The man you take with you must be treated civilly.

Civility in these parts is shown by occasional glasses of beer, it will make him take a deeper interest in your success, but don't make the mistake I foolishly made on one occasion after a successful days fishing. On my return to the Hotel I told my man to go and get some beer. In something under an hour the landlady came and asked me whether I would be responsible for any amount the man might consume as he had drunk six quarts and on my remarking to him that I thought six quarts was enough for any reasonable man in less than an hour, he answered –Ah! But you forget Sir, that I have a wife and seven children to drink for.



Report of the Fishing Committee for the Season 1895

"The last season cannot be looked upon as a satisfactory one, so far as the baskets of fish are concerned. With the exception of one year (1893), the take from the river is the smallest known since the dry season of 1887. The spring of this last year was very unfavourable, as indeed it was on most rivers--- only 170 trout being taken up to the end of June, and for weeks together not a line was thrown on the water. As usual, the autumn fishing was the best, and in the three months--- July, August and September--- 847 trout are recorded; making a total of 1,017 for the season, against 1,433 in 1894.

Thirty two members visited Horton, and fished a total of 218 days, or an average of about seven days each. The results from the Tarn are most perplexing, for though now it is supposed to be better stocked than ever, owing to the large number of yearling trout which have been placed therein for the last ten years, the take is the smallest known—only 55 trout having been captured, against 82 in 1894, and 142 in 1891. The number of times the boat has been taken out without result is greater than in any previous year, and it may be interesting to members to study the following table:-

Boat taken out	Times	Came home "clean"
April	7	4
May	14	10
June	18	9
July	6	1
August	14	9
September	10	7

The question arises as to the suitability of stocking with yearlings, a water already well filled with mature fish.

Do the young fish get a chance of growing, or only form a substantial meal for their elders?

Have the larger fish become alarmed at the sight of the boat on the water, and look upon it as a sign of danger, and at once give up feeding?

The matter would form an interesting subject for discussion at one of the monthly meetings.

About 70 trout, averaging about three quarters of a pound each, have been placed in the Tarn during the autumn, and the result of next years fishing will be carefully noted.

It is advisable that members should not row the boat about more than necessary, and, when the wind is favourable, fishing from the bank should be practised.

Through the kindness of an old member who has just resigned, Mr W. O. E. Meade King, we are indebted for the parting gift of a new pair of oars and a sculling paddle for the boat, which are sure to be appreciated, and often recall him to memory.

The Field printed their article on the M.A.A. Annual report for 1895.

"Some little distance from Horton there is a Tarn which perplexes the Association. Although it is better stocked than ever only 55 trout were caught last year, and the total has been steadily decreasing for some time. It is not a large lake and the fishing, to be of any account must be from a boat. The report on this raises a very sensible question—is it desirable to stock with yearlings a water already filled with mature fish? The answer I take it should be—No. I have always admired Lord Melbourne for his favourite "Why cant you leave it alone?" The truth is you may do as much mischief by over as under stocking. The chief sinner on the tarn, I suspect, is the boat."

Another problem for the Association was also highlighted in The Field

"A great change has taken place in the character of the fishing at Horton of late years owing to the increase of drainage of the uplands. It is desirable for the members generally to consider the present condition of affairs"

A New Landlord at the Golden Lion

May 14th 1896.

"Mrs Nicholson has now left the Golden Lion, and gone to reside at Higher Studfold, on the Settle Road, about half way between Horton and Helwith Bridge. It is a pleasantly situated, comfortable house, and she will have a sitting room and three bedrooms to let for the use of Members wishing to take their families.

Mrs Shepherd of Settle, has a cottage at Studfold, which her family use as a country house occasionally. This house might be secured for short terms.

The new tenant of the Golden Lion is Mr Albert Wight, who is anxious to do his best to make visitors comfortable.

Members who wish to subscribe to the Testimonial to Mrs Nicholson, but have not yet done so, are requested to kindly send their names to me at once.

It has been decided to present her with a silver teapot."



The Programme for 1896

Feb	Discussion on Improving Fishing on the Tarn	
March	Waterside Fragments	Mr R. Godby
April	Experiences of the Easter Holidays	
Sept	Experiences of the Summer Holidays	
Oct	Discussion on the River Fishing at Horton	
Nov	Open Meeting	
Dec	18th Annual Dinner	

In the 1896 there was only one paper read at the meetings, inspiration must have dried up. Instead the anglers who attended the meetings in Manchester had several discussions and listened to members' experiences during the holidays. The usual meeting in May was cancelled.

The Keeper

From the Annual Report for 1896.

"Earlier in the year our under keeper, Hunt, fell into a bad state of health, and though with careful nursing he much improved, it was deemed prudent that he should not pass another winter in the trying climate of Horton, and to our regret he left at the end of September to live in the Midland Counties.

Our old friend Walker has failed much the last two years, and at the end of the year the Council felt compelled to look out for a new keeper.

A likely man has been engaged, and is now on duty. His name is David Phillips, and he lives in the cottage next to Walker, facing the New Inn Bridge. He was brought up at the Solway Fishery, and thoroughly understands the breeding and preservation of fish, having had experience as a water bailiff on the river Wye in Wales, and also in Ireland.

Walker's experience was too valuable to lose altogether, and he has been retained on a pension, so that the new man may have the benefit of his advice and information respecting the district."

The Annual Report for 1897.

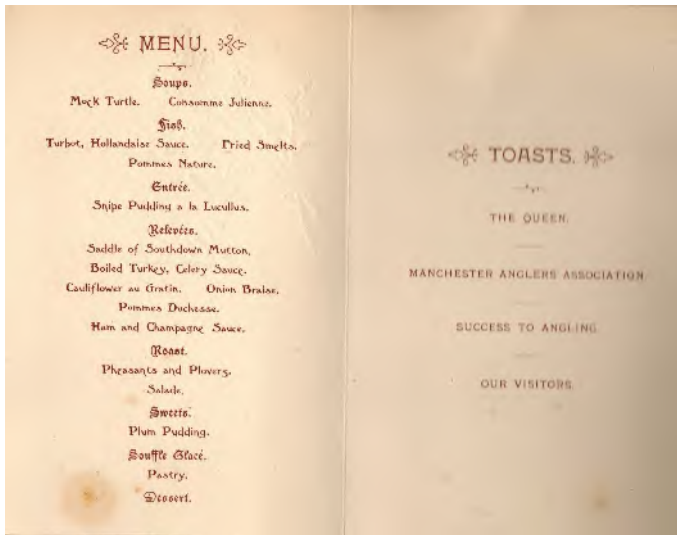
"The return of Hunt to his duties, in an improved state of health, will have been a source of pleasure to the members."

"A present of 5,000 Rainbow Trout Ova was kindly made to the Association by Herr Jaffe' of Osnaburg, Germany, and were successfully hatched. Though from want of tank room, some have had to be distributed at an early age, a considerable number are being carefully preserved until they become yearlings, and will then be transferred to the tarn. These fish grow rapidly and, as yearlings, are much larger than the ordinary trout. They are exceptionally free risers and sport on the Tarn in a season or two should be first class."

The usual request for help with the spawning at Douk Ghyll was made at the November meeting.

“Some Members of the Council will go to Horton on Friday afternoon on the 26th inst., 2-25 train, to stay till Monday evening, for the purpose of obtaining spawn, and will be glad to have the company of as many members as possible. Names of those who propose going to be given at the next meeting.”

The Annual Dinner December 1896



The Annual Report for 1896 stated that there were 67 fishing members, 10 non-fishing members and 3 Honorary members. Charles Estcourte resigned. He was one of the original members of the Association when it started in 1878. Of these founding members, Abel Heywood, David Reid, Thomas Harker and George Woolley remained on the membership list. F. J. Faraday joined within a year of the others mentioned and was still a member.

Programme for 1897

Feb	Anglers I have known	E.S. Richardson
March	A second Trip after Tarpon	Mr G.H. Ramsbottom
April	Easter Doingsmembers' evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members' evening	
Oct	Fishing in the Upland lakes of Norway	Mr E.R. Austin
Nov	A Paper on "Oppian's halieutics"	Mr J.H. Lea
Dec	19th Annual Dinner	

Fish Ponds at Horton

In September and again at the October meeting in 1897, the suggestion was made that fish ponds in which to keep young trout until one or two years old should be made at Horton to supplement the fish house in Douk Ghyll. Mr Booth, one of the members, offered a donation of £20 towards carrying out this suggestion.

“Mr Burn observed that only four years of the lease at Horton remained; that the cost of construction of the ponds would be considerable, though not too large if the renewal of the lease was contemplated. He believed the cost would be about £80, and he had no doubt the lease could be renewed if desired. He thought that if such ponds were made, the best place would be behind Tom Iron’s cottage (west side of the Crown bridge), on land belonging to Mr W. Foster; there was a good supply of water, and in so public a position, the ponds would be less likely to be robbed than in an out of the way place.

The chairman asked the opinion of the gentlemen present on the following points :--

Is it possible, with the river in its present condition, by any means we can take, to hold a stock of larger fish than we have at present?

Will larger fish not make their way down stream?

If we cannot improve the fishing, ought we go to the expense of ponds?

Would it not be better to purchase a stock of two year olds, and see if, at the end of two years, any improvement has taken place?

Mr Burn thought that putting in two year olds would not improve the fishing. He believed there were plenty of fish in the river already. Dr Wraith agreed that the river was rather more over than under stocked and other members expressed similar opinions.

It was decided that the subject be adjourned, the present meeting being too small to decide so important a matter.

It was finally decided to continue the arrangements at present in force as regards the fishing at Horton.”

Report of the Fishing Committee for the Season 1897

“The fishing in the Ribble, as in many other rivers, has been the poorest for many years. The spring months were dry and the river low, and few anglers turned out. The hatch of flies from the water was unusually meagre, and the trout did not rise readily at the artificial flies offered to them. The latter part of the season was more satisfactory, and some good baskets were made. Twenty nine members visited Horton and fished 127 days. The take of trout from the tarn was the smallest for many years--- but here the lack of natural flies was also noticed during the whole season.”

“The Queen’s Diamond Jubilee, spent at Horton by one of the members, will long live in his memory as an “ideal fishing day.” He found a good full fly water, with a southerly wind. At the end of the day he had nine trout, averaging well over three quarters of a pound besides returning 25 to 30, many of which were over half a pound. He was the only angler on the water, and regrets that other members were not there to enjoy such good sport.”



The 19th Annual Dinner 1897

“The Annual Dinner was held at The Grand Hotel on December 14th and was exceedingly well attended, there being 54 members and friends present. As of old, the gathering was of the usual jovial character, and our old friend Mr Godby again delighted those present by two original songs.”



Alternative fishing Venues

Many of the members were unable or unwilling to travel as far as Horton to fish. The Council investigated other fishing grounds where anglers could comfortably have a days fishing and return home to their beds that same night. To this end they arranged that M.A.A. members could fish for Trout and Grayling at Matlock.

Jan 1898

Members are reminded that the trout fishing on the Matlock and Cromford Association waters close on September 30th. Day tickets may be had of (sic) Mr Burn price 2/6 and members showing their angling tickets can travel at reduced fares.

By taking the 8-35 train on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, members can get to Matlock Bath at 10-12, and are recommended to drive to Cromford Bridge, one mile, where the most interesting water begins, available to fly fishing only. A good days fishing down stream will bring them to Whatstandwell, whence they can return to Manchester by the 6-14 train changing at Bakewell.

Members desirous of going overnight can find comfortable quarters at the Greyhound Hotel at Cromford. Waders are indispensable.

The grayling fishing continues until January 31st.

As the fly water below Cromford takes two or three days to clear after heavy rain, members are advised against going immediately after stormy weather.

Council Report 1898

"The Council regret to find that their attempt to provide some fishing nearer Manchester has not been more appreciated by the members. For a long time it has been considered desirable to have a place more accessible than Horton for day fishing, and the arrangement with the Matlock and Cromford Fishing Association, mentioned in the Report of last year, was successfully carried through. Ten members of our Association volunteered to join the Derbyshire Association, so that their fellow members might have the benefit of day tickets on the water. Very few day tickets, however, have been applied for, thus involving a loss to the Association. It is perhaps scarcely fair to judge by the results of a single year.

Papers read at the meetings in 1898

Feb	"Rivers Pollution"	Percy Glass
March	"Fishing in Lochs Gary and Maree"	Jno. Thomson
April	Easter Experiences	
Sept	Summer Experiences	
Oct	"The Best Means of Improving a Fishery by the Introduction of Aquatic Plants	H.W. Lee
Nov	"A Weeks Camping on Roe Island, Loch Derg"	Abel Heywood

At **Whitsuntide, May 1898**, Abel Heywood, Edward Austin, H. W. Roe and Robert Martin, all between 35 and 50 in age, went on a camping and fishing trip to Ireland. Abel Heywood gave a paper to the Angling meeting in November describing their holiday.

Camping out At Lough Derg

By Abel Heywood

It was some time in the evening when we started from Exchange Station. In the carriage I discovered Mr Austin and Mr Martin. At Patricroft, Mr Roe came bringing with him a cart load of impedimenta, old battered tin boxes, ugly bundles of old clothes, bundles of sticks and as nondescript a lot of rubbish as could well be brought together. However it all went into the van labelled "Mr Roe's party, to Pettigo" and proved in the end to be much better than it looked. The other men brought a box apiece, tin or otherwise, and fishing things. One of these when we reached Paddy's land was missing! But I anticipate.

We reached Holyhead in due time and each carrying his own wraps, fishing-rods and baskets hastened on board the steamer which lay almost alongside the train. Our voyage was to be to Greenore. There were a good many passengers but we got a couch apiece without difficulty and took possession by depositing our traps upon it. In some cases I think the traps were the sole occupants.

For myself I went to bed like a steady man, and slept till I awoke, that is, till the steward came round to call us up if we wished to leave the ship at Greenore. It was a fair morning, happily as we steamed up the loch. We wished to breakfast at the Hotel but found the place in ruins, without roof or windows, being as the girl at the refreshment room explained, under repair. A walk of half a mile, however, brought us to some rather low buildings called bungaloes. Here we found the hotel people to be doing the best they could to carry on the hotel business. We managed to get breakfast after a long waiting, and then having some time on hand we inspected the golf links. These links are being extensively advertised at present, and as I believe there are one or two golfers in this august association, and golfers always believe they can play better away from home than on their own links. I may say, that I would not recommend Greenore to any one in search of perfect links, most of the holes are not of seaside character and those that are, are on ugly muddy and stoney ground.

All things come to those that wait, so, our express started for Pettigo and dragged its weary length along. A wretched journey as every Irish journey is. At last Pettigo is reached. Roe's provident care had insured the attendance of a cart to take the luggage to Lough Derg, six or seven miles away and the same provision had arranged for dinner at the inn or hotel in the savoury named little town. Anyone who has been in an Irish inn, will know what it is like. You walk in at the swing glass door, through a flagged lobby, up a flight of stairs, right opposite the door but dark. These stairs which take a turn half way up, are covered with dirty oil cloth, worn here and there into holes. At the top you turn again coming to a landing onto which several doors open. Pass through the first of these and you find yourself in a large room scantily furnished, a dirty well worn carpet that has never been taken up since its earliest days. Some cheap prints are on the walls and grand disorder is on everything. However dinner is ready, a boiled leg of mutton, and we eat what we can and then go out to look for the "kyars". These turn up bye and bye and after our captain has arranged with the shop keepers for a supply of smoking provisions to be sent out daily, we mount the cars, two men going in each and set off, soon getting to the end of the little village, when we find ourselves in low uncultivated, or nearly uncultivated ground, with the road cut through it, and guarded so to speak from it, by pretty high grass fences with a profusion of yellow gorse in gorgeous bloom. It was a brilliant day, so that we enjoyed our drive as much as though the scene had been more beautiful than we found it.

A mile or so out, a big ferocious looking man came running out of the wilds evidently making for us, and I thought 'now for it, another agrarian outrage!' It was only Robert. Robert Maldoon, one of the men who were to be our attendants our parasites and to some extent our masters. They attended on us, I afterwards found, when we had done attending upon ourselves, they were parasites, because they certainly fed upon us, and frequently, at least, sucked our blood; and they were our masters because they came when they liked, made us fish when they liked and where they liked, and went away when they liked. They were not such bad masters though after all, for they knew a good deal more about the lough and the fish than we did, they therefore ought to be masters.

But I had forgotten all about that box. The luggage is carried from the train to the steamer by swarms of porters, and as you had your berth to be looking after and other things to be doing, it is very difficult to have one of your eyes to take note of what is being carried on board. We each of us managed to spot his own box going down except Martin, but he was not alarmed, supposing that he had missed it on its way. However it was worse than that, he had missed it altogether, and when we reached Greenore,

the railway authorities argued that the box must have been in the wrong part of the train, and had gone on to Dublin, but all agreed that it would turn up and would be sent back **some** day. Friend Martin spent a little fortune in telegraphing after it, I trust has duly made a claim and had the claim allowed by the peccant company. The box turned up I may say, amid great excitement about three days after we had settled down in our tent. How the owner managed in the meantime I don't quite know. I know he bears his crosses with most philosophic calm.

At last we reached the lake. There it was. Not much to look at, so far as beauty goes, but the points of interest namely Pilgrims Island; and more important as well as beautiful, Roe's Island, are pointed out to me, I being the only stranger, and I become as interested in the situation as could be expected. The cars stop near a stone boat house, with a rough causeway running down from it to the water's edge where our boat lay. In to this our luggage was carried with great deliberations, for these Irish chaps are not fond of hard work and at last we are ready to shove off. Before this Robert has been joined by another man, whose name is Tommy, and who is a contrast to his superior. Mr Robert Maldoon is a big man of 15 or 16 stone and 6 ft. high, with a grey moustache and a peaked beard, looking like an American General. He is dressed in garments that once graced the form of Mr Roe so he looks eminently respectable. But he can only see with one eye, but for this blemish he is a fine strapping fellow, though he has seen the best of his days. His henchman Tommy, who by the way is his half brother, is of much inferior size and physique, looking half starved and walking about in his thread bare, patched clothes with slow and weak deliberation. I should imagine he has little interest in life, and indeed, now I remember he may well have lost interest in it, but he seem to enjoy his victuals, particularly drink, indeed neither of the two has an unconquerable aversion to this latter.

It must have been six o'clock or so by we reached our island, which is more than a mile from the quay. Austin and I were paid off to erect the tent while Roe and Martin attended to the Larder. There is a rickety shed, which is not water tight close to where we landed, and about 40 yards from the site of the tent, it is on the shore just above the shingle, and arbour'd by trees. Roe I believe, erected it many years ago and its now on its last legs. It is entirely open in front, like a Vauxhall tea house but not so smug and trim. If said it is like a wild beast's den without the bars, the description would not be far amiss. This is where we were to feed, our dining room, or as it came to be called, our refectory. Such provisions as bread, sugar and tea were kept in boxes in this place, and might sometimes as well have been in the open. Other provisions such as meat, fish, eggs, onions, potatoes, oranges and lemons were kept in nets hung in the trees.

The tent was pitched in this way. First the pole with canvas hang limp around it and loosely guyed to the trees. Then four trees were selected and ropes carried from the top of the pole to each of the trees. The opposite trees were as much as possible in line, so that when the ropes were up, they stood as two straight lines, intersecting one another at right angles, with the pole at the point of intersection. Then tent peg were driven into the earth, or rather the peat, for the place was dry peat; lastly the tent was drawn out towards the pegs by guy ropes, and we were ready to turn our attention to the interior. First of all a thick layer of rushes was spread all over the floor, a layer of tarpaulin succeeded, then a layer of woollen druggeting, and lastly a layer of canvas wrapping. The place was now ready for the beds. These provided, as is everything else by Roe, are most excellent in their way. They are hospital beds, four of them, each about 2ft. 6inches wide made of tufted waterproof, which when blown up make extremely pleasant and comfortable beds. The great thing to guard against is blowing them too full, if you do you will certainly roll off, that you soon find out. To each bed is attached an air pillow inflated separately, and each of us brought a feather pillow to lay on the tops of the waterproof one. For the bed clothes we each brought a pair of blankets and a rug and I must say that altogether the sleeping arrangement were as perfect and as comfortable as one could wish them to be. Our fine weather continued, and by we had the tent ready and had Christened our hands and broken our backs, tea was ready and our first meal.

I do not remember what delicacies I found on the table, suffice it that I was astonished at its diversity and its quality. But the table was all askew, the floor was on a slope of twenty degrees and very lumpy, our chairs which we brought with us could not be induced to stand up. We got our tea notwithstanding and Austin who gave up tea for fishing came in by and bye with six nice trout for tomorrow's breakfast. Our larder was now brimming over. We were in for a fine time.

About nine o'clock it was dark and time to go to bed, there was nothing to stay up for, so one after the other (there is not room for all at once) we assume our night clothes. When I took my pyjamas from my box (which like the others lay outside the tent, under a tree mounted on four stones, and covered over with a sheet of tarpaulin) and brought them into the tent I was assailed as an epicure and a storm of abuse was showered upon me, such a thing was never heard of in the tent before. It has been the custom, it seems, with my friends to sleep in shirt and trousers, but notwithstanding that, I think my plan is best. I took off all my clothes and lay in my airy bed, exactly as I should lie in my bed at home, except that in addition to my night clothes I wore a long dressing gown and a cloth cap as did everyone else. Around the pole of the tent some ingenious member of a former expedition had clamped a little table and on this table as I entered I discovered three steaming tumblers of some spirituous liquor awaiting for consumption till all the company should be safely under the canvass. On this little table also a candle was burning and it continued to burn until the drink was consumed. The talking was over, the last pipe was out, we each turned over to sleep. By and bye the breathing of some of the company became audible. There is one man who never snores, this

man was on my left; on my right lay a man who always snores and as one generally made as much noise as the other, I found it difficult, seeing that I had had no whiskey to promote slumber, to get my eyes closed; and as I lay awake (perhaps as much from the novelty of the situation as from anything else) I heard the wind begin to get up outside and after a time the rain began to fall in sheets upon our resounding canvas.

This was the beginning of an aquatic entertainment that lasted a week, almost without intermission. After that the tent was hardly ever dry night or day. I got to sleep though I could feel the fine spray from the rain coming through the canvass and my rug became gradually wet all through. My first sleep commenced with fearful dreams of rheumatics and lumbago. Let me here say that neither one nor the other of the dreaded troubles visited any one of us. We had one week under the worse possible conditions, but not one of us took any harm; on the contrary all received benefit from what seemed while we were enduring it to be a most perilous time.

The fact is I have very little to say about the fish. They were like the prayers of those who buried Sir John Moore. I have already mentioned that the first portion of the time we spent at the lough was wet, it may be added that it was generally stormy too, the lough being turned into a sea and when I add that it was cold also, it will be understood that we could scarcely have tip top fishing. The lough is a pretty long one, some six miles or so, and almost as wide as long; you may almost take it as a quadrilateral, with Roe's island (which is generally a peninsular) jutting out from one of two sides and splitting that part of the lake into two bays. One of these bays is in front of our refectory, and from the other bay the outflow from the lake takes place, the river being called the Derg. This outflow is almost two miles from our tent.

Lake fishing is not the most entertaining of sport, but it is sometimes so good on this lake as to be worth following, on the occasion of our visit it was certainly not worth going so far for, though the joys of our encampment made it entertaining enough. The far end of the lake from us is diversified by a number of islands, and it is around them that the best of the fishing is generally found, but on account of the stormy winds we were seldom able to get there and did not do any great amount of execution even when we did get there. Much nearer to us however than these islands, is Saint Patricks or the Pilgrim's Island as ugly a place as you ever put your eyes upon. It is an island of, I should say, three or four acres and St. Patrick is said to have once slept on it. The consequence is that a chapel stands on the isle, it is a place of pilgrimage for the faithful, and nearly the whole of the island is covered with ugly mill like buildings in which the pilgrims find accommodation. There are also three places called butts, on a grassy slope round which the pilgrims make a certain number of perambulations barefooted and it was told us how "the highest in the land" have sometimes made the pilgrimage and paid the penances, which we saw a few poor foot sore peasants engaged in doing. As well as the chapel and the cottages there is a square in which are three life size marble statues of St Patrick and others but the place appals me by its ugliness either from a distance or on close inspection. Round this island, in among all the nearer islands, round gull island, a little craggy rock, where scores of gull lay their eggs on the bare stone, and round the distant rocks that peep up here and there, the trout are to be found, and are to be got with fly cast or trailed and with minnow.

One fish of 3 ½ lbs. was caught while we were there, on the minnow, but our party got nothing over a pound, and very few of them. The average weight would not be more than six ounces. The flies used are nothing particular, they are called local ones, but are of the usual make and colours, and about the size of hurling flies used on the Scottish border, but a cast of flies I used in river fishing in Norway, considerably smaller than the orthodox ones, I found generally to catch quite as well as the favourite size and colours of the place. We, of course, always had plenty of fish for the larder and one or two of our friends were able to send off by post, boxes of samples to their families. The fishing was bad all the same.

By far the most interesting bit of fishing I had was on one stormy night when Roe undertook to pull Martin and myself in a boat and to find us some fish. The waves were breaking with considerable force at one end of the lake and Roe, telling us to cast right into the breakers and almost on the stones, pulled us slowly along the margin. We both picked up a fair number of fish, and from the fact that there was some little skill required in pitching the fly to an exact spot to avoid a stone and so on, it was much more pleasant and exciting than any other fishing I had. Flogging plain water in a lake is not the best of sport.

On another day Martin and I went to the river. It is only a smallish stream, though there are few places where it can be waded, there are a great number of deep pools, but we had no great sport, though I think we did that day as much as those we left at home on the lake. It was, I may say, the only fine day we had, and during our absence the ever careful captain of the party, hung out rugs and blankets to dry in the welcome sun. I scarcely need say that the rain made up for it at night.

Roe's island is very thickly covered with trees with a thick undergrowth so that we never walked over the whole island, or anything like it, though we had to make daily excursions into it to gather wood for our fire. The mention of fire reminds me that I have not done with the camping arrangements, which were after all more important to us than was the fishing. Every day when the morning broke, we who were awake could hear the birds begin their twittering, chief among them the robins, though we were attended by, not only, those birds but thrushes, starlings, rooks, gulls, cuckoos, chaffinches and even woodcocks. The tent was transparent enough when it became broad daylight to enable one to read or write and, I think, during the early hours that I did more of either than the rest of the company put together. Indeed to tell the truth the others were never awake till getting up time, and not always then. One morning the snoring was so serious that I could not sleep, and as Robert had been mentioning the day before something about a wonderful song

sung to the rural melody of "Bob and Joan and I", I put down some elegant verses, descriptive of our happy state, which may be sung to the tune of "The sleeping beauties" if any one knows the air. It should be with a bassoon accompaniment.

In the last words I spoke I mentioned fire, and in that connection must bring in the name of Martin. Every day while we were on that dissolute island, did that brave and good man get up before us, and light the fire, often in wind and rain. And you don't know what lighting a fire is when the wood is wet and the turf, as it always was, is soaked. I don't know how he did it, but the porridge pot was always hanging by the chain when I turned out, and I am ashamed to confess it. The fire was made gipsy wise, and a considerable amount of wood (twigs etc.) had to be burnt even when everything was dry, before the turf which Robert and Tommy brought daily, would catch fire. But the porridge was on, the lazy fellows, as I have explained would get up, wash in a tin basin on a stone each man afterwards hanging his towel on line if the weather permitted. One after another took a turn at stirring the porridge with a long stick cut out of wood. (This stick was always kept in the lake for sweetness.) The stirring took not far from an hour and as the verses relate, we often found the salt had been forgotten, but otherwise, I say it without fear of contradiction, better porridge could not possibly be made than Martin gave us. In the mean time there was bread to be cut, tea to make and milk to boil, but unfortunately both water and milk had to wait, for the porridge monopolized the fire. And I have to confess that as a party we sadly deficient in domestic economy. Will it be believed that one night the tin box was left open, and the next morning, bread, meal, sugar, cheese, salt and preserved ginger were all found to be soaking wet and swimming about in the box half full of water! The porridge ready however, except on that sad wet morning, we poured it into soup plates, in varying quantities, according to taste, and sugar and milk also to fancy. The milk was brought daily by Robert, but as we had our porridge before he arrived, our morning milk was always yesterdays. The porridge all vanished before the water for the tea boiled, but the tea came by and bye, and the eggs which were boiled in a cone shaped pan arrived about the same time and we were able to sit to our table and discuss our breakfast and our programme for the day together.

While engaged in this we could often see Robert and Tommy put off in their boat from the opposite side of the lake and after rowing a few hundred yards turn off to the far end of our bay in order to get our supply of peat, and they reached us by the time we were ready for the more solid part of our breakfast the fish and the bacon or chops. We had to put these off for three reasons; one, that there was no fire to spare till everything else was cooked. Another that there was not man among us bold enough to gut the fish. That was always reserved for Tommy, poor, patient old chap—he did not mind it. The bacon and chops were grilled in a patent arrangement, (of course Mr Roe's) of two perforated pans hinged together and each with a frying pan handle to it, so that when the arrangement was shut up the handles came together and formed one. The advantage of the thing was that you grilled one side of the bacon or what not and then turned the pan over and did the other side. Nothing could cook chops or frizzle ham better. These things accomplished, Robert and Tommy had to have their breakfast finishing it off with a wee drop of the crater. They never omitted to "wish success to the fishing" but it never came notwithstanding. It was said that Tommy once told a story of an enormous eel that lived in the lough and occasionally ravaged the neighbourhood, but he could never be wound up even by whiskey to tell the story while I was by, though he did mutter something one day to make us believe the oracle had spoken. There was only one sentence, however, that I could make anything of and it was this "they cut soots of beef out of him". I hope we may hear the tale some day.

After breakfast we had lunch to prepare, and at last we were ready to start, the two men and two anglers in the big boat and the two anglers alone in the little one. Only rarely we came to dinner.

A poet has written:-

"If sick of home and luxuries, You want a new sensation.
And sigh for the unwonted ease, Of un-accomodation.
If you would taste as amateur, And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the past, getup a pic-nic dinner."

This may be, indeed, no doubt is – perfectly true. But on two occasions we ventured to make a lobscouse dinner. How it was done I don't know, all I had to do with it was to peel and cut up some potatoes. Martin



and Roe did the business between them, and mighty well they did it! The pleasures of the poor are not to be sneezed at.

So thus the days went by and we all had many and varied duties to perform. We had bad weather but good company. Everyman tried to do his best for the lot. We had plenty of good animal spirits and I hope ardent ones too. We all ate well, slept well and fished well so far as it was in us; and if we did not get the huge baskets that we anticipated, and that have been got in the same place before, we at any rate got sufficient for our wants and a good deal more. Moreover no one came to any harm, from the unwonted exposure, but on the contrary each man came back, as I have already said, a great deal better than he went.

It should be mentioned that we closed the evening with harmony, the day having been passed harmoniously. Our song was the Lincolnshire Poacher's Song! That has done duty as a Somersetshire and Lancashire Song in its one or two hundred years of existence and is said to have been a favourite at court, when George the Fourth was King. I am sorry it does not lie within my power to sing the whole song, but if the rest of the Lough Derg company will help, we will wind up this discursive account as many a one of our days were wound up :-

"For its my delight on a shiny night In this season of the year!"



"Oh Father, mind the swan!"
From "On the Way to the Tweed" by Abel Heywood
in the Manuscript Books