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A Dream of Spring time at Pen-y-bont”

Earth her ermine mantle changes,
For the emerald of spring,
Zephyr o'er the moorland ranges,
On his balmy scented wing;-
Blooms the willow by the river,
Early haunt of busy bees;
Flows the brooklet singing ever,
'Neath the tall o'er hanging trees.

Dappled kine are in the meadows,
Lambs are playing on the hills,
Pleasant are the lights and shadows,
Sweet the sound of mountain rills;
Birds sing out of wood and bower,
Musical is earth and air,
Nature moves with magic power,
Bids us throw aside our care.

Woos us to that charming valley,
Through which runs the "Sacred Dee",
Over rocks with sudden sally,
On through deeps of mystery,
Where the noble Salmon hideth,
Or where leaps the spotted trout,
Or grim patriarch abideth,
That no angle hath found out.

Woos us to the flowing river,
Where it leaves the mystic hill,
On whose top the tall pines quiver,
Musical if seeming still;
And the spirit of Glendower,
Seems to beckon us away,
From the city to his bower,
"Come! O Come!" he seems to say.

"I have known of care and trouble,
"Fightings north and fightings south,
"Seeking "reputation's bubble",
"At the "cannon's fearful mouth".
"Here my friends is peace and quiet,
"Here no warrings after wealth,
"All is calm and free from riot,
"Here find gentle sport and health."

“We’ll all go a fishing today”

On a fine fishing day,
When ‘tis balmy as May,
And the trout in the river do rise,
Many rods will be there
And all trouble and care,
Will be banished at sight of each prize;
See! Anglers are wending their way,
Their skill by the streams to display,
Let us leave the rude throng,
That goes jostling along’
And we’ll all go a fishing today.

Chorus after each verse
We’ll all go a fishing some day,
When nature looks smiling and gay,
And we’ll leave the rude throng
That goes jostling along
And we’ll all go a fishing some day.

Master Tom’s dropt his book,
For his rod, line and hook,
Yet his lessons he knows he must say,
But he don’t care a jot
If he learns them or not
For he will go a fishing today.
Jack sharps are in ponds by the way,
So some of his school fellows say,
And he thinks it no sin,
With thread line and bent pin
If he does go a fishing today.

Here’s the Lover whose dream,
Is to be by the stream,
When the trout in the river do play,
Though he loves the dear girl,
With the bright auburn curl,
He must leave her for fishing today.
Returning light hearted and gay,
He’ll call at the farm on his way,
For he knows very well
That his own darling Nell
Will forgive him for fishing today.

There’s the Vicars old church
Left alone in the lurch’
There’s a time for all thing he doth say
I’ll wed them tomorrow
For joy or for sorrow
But I must go a fishing today;
Dear friends for your welfare I’ll pray
My duty ‘tis now and away
I’ve a touch of the gout,
That I must get without
So I’m off for some fishing today.

Lawyers finished his brief
With a sigh of relief,
And turns to his head clerk to say,
“You will name to John Brown,
That I’m called out of town,
For I must go a fishing today;
Write Thompson those costs he must pay,
With Jones we’ll no longer delay,
And our client old Tait
He can very well wait,
Until after my fishing today.

There’s the Doctor’s old drag
With his fast trotting nag,
Quick, his visits he’s going to pay,
For he means when he’s out
To prescribe for the trout,
For he must have some fishing today.
If sent for, he’s left word to say,
A pressing case calls him away,
When Jane answers the bell
Why of course she don’t tell
That the Doctors’ gone fishing today.

There’s the Merchant at books
Pouring over with looks.
The reverse of what we call gay
He says without flurry,
(he’s ne’er in a hurry)
“That he will go a fishing today,
Without any further delay,
He eager sets out for the fray,
And again feels quite young
As he bursts into song
“Yes! I must go a fishing today”

Mr President too,
Mr Vice, sirs, and you
Brother Anglers, allow me to say
As your years may increase,
May your pleasures not cease,
Or grow dull on a fine fishing day,
And when you’re too old for the fray
May your grandchildren talk of the way
How you killed the big trout,
Or the salmon got out
Long ago, on a fine fishing day.

“Stargazer”



MANCHESTER ANGLERS ASSOCIATION.

..M.S. MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

1879

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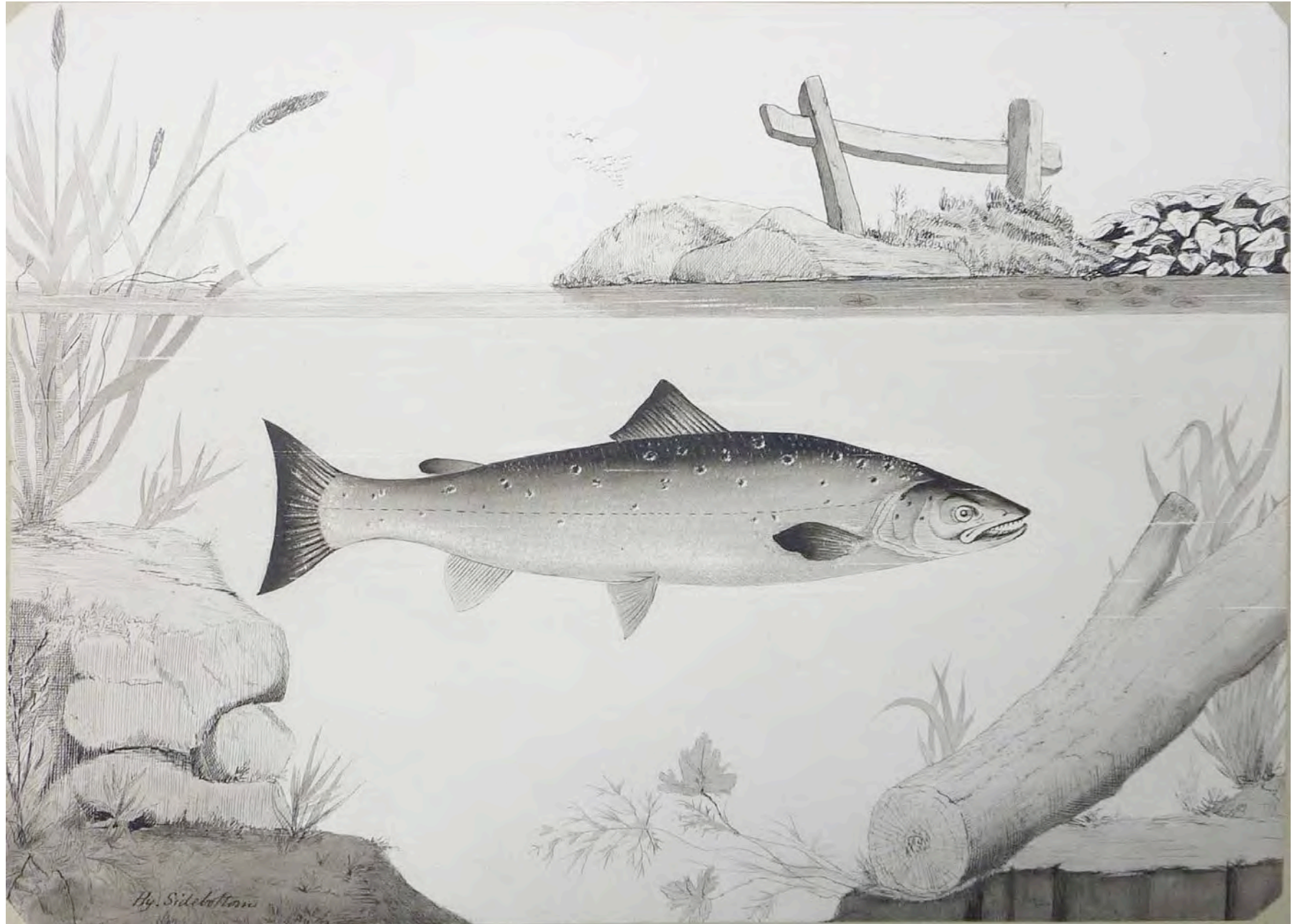
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A Dream of Spring time at

PEN-Y-BONT.

Earth her verdant mantle changes,
For the emerald of Spring,
Zephyr on the meadow ranges,
On his balmy scented wing;—
Blows the willow by the river,
Early haunt of honey bees;
Shows the knothole dripping oar,
Natch the tall, drooping lase.

Refrilled hinc are in the meadows,
Banks are playing on the hills,
Pleasant are the lights and shadows,
Sweet the sound of mountain rills.
Birds sing out of wood and tower,
Musical is earth and air,
Nature moves with magic power,
Birds in thorn aside our care.

Now us to that charming valley,
Through which runs the "second Dee",
Over rocks with sudden falls,
On through dells of mystery,
Where the noble salmon hideth,
It's where lads the spotted hunt,
It's grim patriarch abideth,
That on angles hath found out.

Now us to the flowing river,
Where it flows the myetic hill,
On whose top the tall pine grows,
Musical if seeming still;
And the spirit of Blunder,
Seems to hicken us away,
From the city to his haunts,
Come! Come! he seems to say.

"I have known of care and trouble,
"Fighting north, and fighting south,
"Fighting population battles,
"At the cannon's fearful mouth,
"Here my friends so peace and quiet,
"Here no warings after wealth,
"All is calm and free from strife,
"Here find gentle sport and health."

pen-y-bont

River Dovey.

Report of the Commission of Inspection. Sept. 1879.

The Council is aware that our friend & fellow member Mr. H. G. Nicholson most handsomely presented the right of fishing the part of the Dovey belonging to him to the Association, coupled with his promise to assist us in obtaining other privileges from neighbouring proprietors.

Acting on this your Committee just had several interviews with Mr. Nicholson in Manchester which assisted us much in gathering information. We have to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Nicholson, who most courteously accompanied us to the Dovey, arranged an interview for us with Mr. Williams the late Agent of Sir Edmund Buckley, from whom we obtained a large amount of valuable information and further facilitated the object of our visit, viz: obtaining from all the necessary permission. Your Committee therefore feel they are not exceeding their duty in asking the Council to recognise this same by a vote of thanks to Mr. Nicholson.

As the distance from Manchester to the Dovey is too great, for it to be useful for the

purpose of a fishing Cottage for the Association, your Committee therefore confined themselves to ascertaining all information necessary for use as a long distance fishing resort.

A glance at the map before you shows that the Dovey rises in a group of Mountains of the Perwyn range in Merionethshire, & runs about due South the whole of this course, emptying itself into Cardigan Bay at Aberdovey. It is purely a Mountain torrent, & runs the whole of the upper part of its course i.e. from the source to Llanuwchllyn between Mountains that attain the height of 2000 to 3000 feet.

Taking Dinas Mawddwy as a central point or head quarters for a fishing place for the upper part of the river, you have from Dinas down to Llanuwchllyn about 6 miles of open fishing. From Dinas up the river, you have about the same distance. But the river is divided into numerous tributaries that materially lessen the volume of the main river, and consequently these upper waters are more suitable for Trout than for

River Dorey. Report.

Salmon & Sevrin Fishing.

The Dorey may be reached by three different routes. First by rail all the way via Cowestry, striking the river at Cummes Junction, thence by rail 8 miles to Dinas Mawddwy, time about 8 hours. Secondly via Cowen & Dolgelly, from the latter place, walking or driving about 8 miles over the Perwyn Range, & reaching the river at Dinas Mawddwy. Thirdly, same route, but leaving at Gaba, & striking the river at its extreme head waters about 6 miles up from Dinas - this distance will be about 16 miles from

The Anglers tickets are available as far as Cowestry by the first route, & Cowen by the second and third, but the distance is so great that the Council would be wise in getting the G. W. Ry. Co. to extend the time of the tickets.

Your Committee went by rail via Cowestry to Cummes Junction, & worked up the river. The scenery in this part of the valley is moderately hilly, open valley, water in river is worth a Salmon cast & flowing in moderately good pools, and

alternate gravelly, stony. The valley improves rapidly in grandeur until Dinas is reached and a most enchanting sight is here presented. Mountains reaching from hundreds to thousands of feet backed up by the great Arraunawddwy 2900 feet & the second highest mountain in Wales. Through the two gorges that here meet the eye the two main streams of the Dorey flow. Here stands Dinas Mawddwy (the City of the two streams as its name implies) numbering about a score of houses, having a Mayor & Corporation. Like a fortress at the entrance of these two passes is Dinas Dinas (the palace of the City) the seat of Sir Edmund Buckley, & a finer & more beautiful place for an Angler to pitch his tent could not be found. Standing at Dinas & looking up the main valley - a view of six miles is before you up which goes the main road narrowing as it goes up until an absolute black lake takes place terminating in precipices 1000 feet over which branch mountain torrents and presents to the eye a threshold representation of the Devil's beef but at Moffatt. The whole six miles is a Lord's basin. From the Dorey - two other majestic valleys

River Dovey. Report.

break away to the left, the valley of the Cnawach, and the vale which leads to the pass to Dolgelly. Your Committee came back by way of this pass and would most certainly advise all who go to Dinas Mawddwy to go or return this way. The road from Dolgelly is by the famed Torrut walk and over the Perwynn range, with Cader Idriis on the one hand & Arranmaulduy on the other. From the top of the pass you have a sight that will well repay the exertion of ascending the six miles. Then descending through a wild fast, deep gorges ever varying in outline & beauty, you come at last to the Dovey valley nestled among the everlasting hills. These mountain passes equal anything we ever saw.

Fishing qualifications.

Your Committee was most anxious to get all and every information and personally inspected the waters. The Dovey from its mouth up to Cemmaes is preserved by what appears to be a most excellent well organized Society, whose "Rules Regulations & Charges" are placed before you. Salmon & Sea trout get up in Autumn in

great numbers; undoubtedly this is the water to fish for the Salmonidae. From Cemmaes to Mallwyd belongs to various proprietors, small holders whom your Committee were not able to personally visit, but all in the neighbourhood agree that a respectable Angler would easily get permission. From Mallwyd up to the source of the Dovey we have fishing privileges granted. We should say however that the Salmon & Sea trout fishing would be only moderate as far as Dinas, and a mile higher would entirely cease for want of water sufficiently large for big fish. All the waters up from Dinas appear to be & no doubt are first class mountain burns & streams full of yellow trout miles of silent out of the way places where the Angler will fish his trout again and again.

The proprietor of the Llanarth Arms at Mallwyd will give leave to fish his water, & also a steward there that here joins the Dovey. Then comes the slate quarries which Mr. Nicholson has obtained for us. Next comes the water of the Dinas, then Mr. Nicholson's own water, then Mr. Clarke's. Finally Dr. Roberts long length obtained through Dr. Simpson in the aggregate

River Dorey. Report.

8 to 10 miles. The fact of so many holders being Manchester men much facilitated our operations, and we here advise that the Council acknowledge especially the courtesy of Mr Nicholson, Dr Roberts & Mr Clarke.

From the source down to Dinas all are mountain streams easily fished by single handed rods. From Dinas down, as said before, an easy salmon cast. The character of the upper part of the water - rough, bouldery, rocky - a real trout stream. From Dinas downwards partakes more of the white bed steep pools with alternate gravelly swims increasing of course in volume.

Flies. The ordinary small flies of the Trout fishers collection will do.

Scourin flies - Turkel body, ginger hackle, wings
Mallard Partridge - full body.

We accidentally met with an old flyfisher of 50 years at Newtown, whose report of the lower waters was of the best character & from whose collection we copied this fly. A specimen is in the blue fly book.

Accommodation.

For fishing the lower waters, there are comfortable hotels at all the places. One at Llanuwchllyn, the "Turk's Arms". one at Aberangell, a most beautifully situated & very covered cozy place (the "Dinorwic Arms") at Mallwyd. At Dinas Mawddwy, the "Buckley Arms" kept by Mr Lewis where we stayed and were well treated. The landlord will do all possible to make anyone comfortable & can do much to assist the Angler. Besides these Mr Williams kindly gave us the following private houses where lodgings can be had.

" Hunt, the coal agent
The Independent Minister
Evans the shoemaker & Angler
Rowland the Blacksmith
Ellis the Doctor
Grass the Shopkeeper
Williams the Tailor
Lloyd the Tailor
Jones the Painter &c. &c.

River Dovey - Report.

As an addendum to the fishing qualifications your Committee feel bound to record their impression that this river like many of the Welsh waters is sadly poached. Rebecca is here rampant. Since the change in Sir Edmund Puckings affairs, the river waters have been taken off Lawlessness in its most unmistakable, particularly in the matter of Salmon poaching. On the Sunday we had a demonstration of how easily and undisturbedly a poach may be watched & traced, in the person of one of the young men of the village. In the way he went about it he knew how it was done. Over a cart of fish were taken out the night before we were there indeed it seems no to be no secret where to buy & who catches these fish, only not on Sundays. "We look for them Sir, we find out where they are Sir but you cannot expect us to break the Sabbath on Sunday Sir, or no Sir whatever" and again "you have only to say the word Sir, plenty of Salmon & Lewis, look's you, Sir, and plenty of Trout can you have."

It will give an idea of the splendid supply of fish this river gives in the lower waters, when here

at its head so many can be caught, of course where this harrying takes place, no flyfishing can be had. Speaking comparatively, our opinion of the waters and its fishing as gathered from the various conversations of those who live on its banks, of reports from others, and of our own personal inspection, as compared by the experience of many waters of a similar kind would be somewhat as follows. - that the Trout fishing would be as regards quantity & size that of a second rate river, taking for example the Eden, the Tweed at Berke the Dutch Weir, & the Dee at Llandudlow as first rate streams. Far better catches on any of these waters would be made. As regards the Salmon fishing we should say the same. The Salmon fishing of the Loch Aunau the Dee at Llandudlow would be also far superior. But as anglers enjoy something else as well as absolute quantity, Dinas Mawddwy, its district its entire seclusion amongst the mountains, so grand and beautiful in outline the exquisite beauty of some of the nooks we have named, the well wooded glens, and Swiss like valleys, the mountain streams look's down all add their charms to making this spot the upper

- 1 - Dr. Roberts
- 2 - Mr. Coffinger
- 3 - Nicholson
- 4 - Evans
- 5 - Hooton
- 6 - Clarke
- 7 - Place Dumas

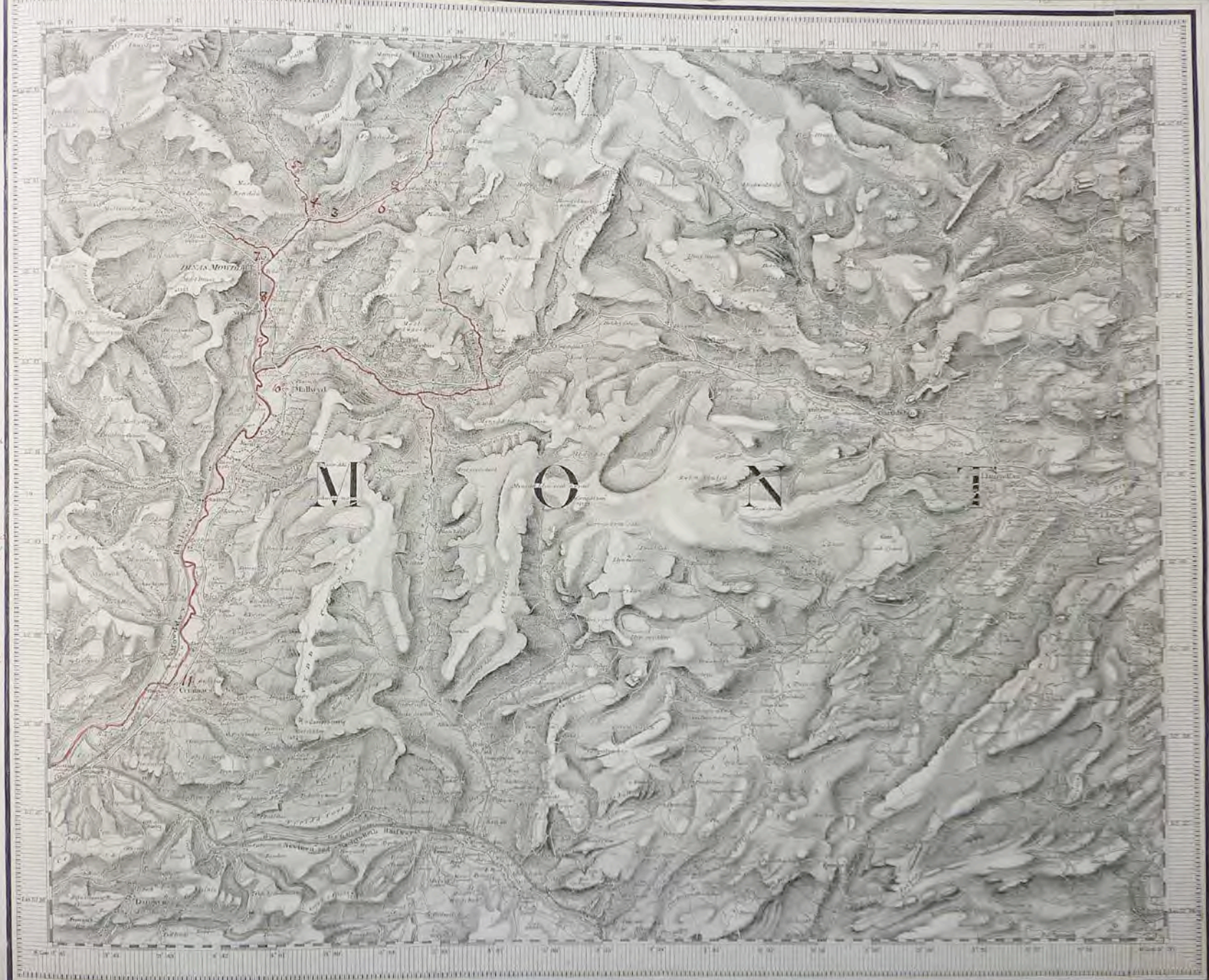
8 - Buckley, Dumas Hotel - in
Monsieur.

9 - State Engineer -
Mr. Foster, the Mayor

10 - From the Dumas Hotel
Mallory - The road
from the Dumas Hotel
to the river
to the river
to the river

From Mallory's house
the fishing below to
the river. The
road to the river
Monsieur, or at Mallory
the fish house - fish.

11 - A comfortable hotel at
the river. This is the
end of the river
to the river.



Glyndyffwrdd & the Valley of the Dee.

Report of the Commission of Inspection. Sept^r 1879.

In accordance with the wish of the Council, your Committee visited this neighbourhood from the 19th to the 22nd September 1879.

This fishing district is reached by a Great Western Ry & train from Victoria Station at 4 o'clock reaching Glyndyffwrdd about 4.30, and this Company books Augers to Corwen & return at 4/10. Trains run conveniently either way taking about 3½ hours for the journey.

The fishing districts of the Dee may be described thus. Starting at Llangollen, there are two miles above and two miles below the Town, free & beautiful fishing water. The first station up from Llangollen is Berwyn, which marks the boundary of the Glyndyffwrdd Fishing Association, the chief proprietor being Major Tottenham. From Berwyn to Glyndyffwrdd is about 4 miles by rail, thence to Barrow about 3 miles further. From Barrow to Berwyn is the Glyndyffwrdd Association length about 11 to 12 miles of first class fishing water.

The Corwen Association water extends from Barrow up to Corwen, about 4 miles. Both these fisheries are preserved & the rates for tickets are as follow.

for Trout only 2/6	for Salmon & Trout 3/6 per day
10/-	15/- per week
2/4	3/4 per season.

The character of the Dee as a first class fishing stream is unquestionable. As it is so Trout & considerable quantities. Traying moderate. Well there moderate Salmon fishing in Autumn is also very good. Many of the Members of our Association have fished it for years, and have proved it untroubledly good. We refer you to the several reports in the St. L. Magazine about this.

The character of the stream is particularly that of a wide gravelly river, having plenty of fall but not rocky, which gives long beautiful level streams in many cases hundreds of yards in length. These furnish a variety of grand pools, giving plenty of cover for fish. The

Glyndyffydwy & Valley of the Dee. Report.

river may be called in width, that of two salmon casts. The watering is very good but deep watering is very necessary. The Valley here is tolerably wide, backed up by hills some hundreds of feet high which culminate on the one side in the majestic Penryn range and on the other in the equally grand barriers that divide the Dee from the Clwyd. It will be seen then, that here are innumerable brooks & mountain burns, which act as grand feeders & breeding grounds, as well as present the opportunity to those who love it, that delightful branch of our art - Mountain Burn fishing.

Glyndyffydwy fishing we decidedly prefer to the Corwen length.

For the scenery of the district we refer you to the several reports in the Magazine. The celebrated Vale of Abergollen, immortalized in song is so well known to all as to render any description unnecessary. The various points & places here spoken about are marked on the Map we now present.

Accommodation in general.

At Abergollen there are plenty of good Hotels - At Penryn one - at Glyndyffydwy one

well known Anglers Inn Mr. Hill is highly spoken of by many of us, and where your Committee made head quarters, decidedly the best inn in the best part of the water. Nest Carnog where there are two Inns and next at Corwen where there are several Hotels. The Railway runs along the whole valley so that the fisherman need be in no difficulty to get to any part.

Special accommodation

Of the special part of our duty, viz the procuring some suitable place for a fishing Cottage your Committee have made every endeavour to get information and herewith present to the Council in detail their experiences. Prior to going to the Dee we had the benefit of the experiences of Mr. Bates & Mr. Francis's knowledge of these localities and whose kind help facilitated us much in our search. Mr. Hill also was most kind & to him we are largely indebted for the knowledge obtained.

We first proceeded to Carnog farm a grand old place about 1½ miles from Glyndyffydwy held by

Glyndyfrdwy & Valley of the Dee. Report.

Mr Jones, who has let rooms for some years to a party of Liverpool gentlemen who have shooting in the neighbourhood. This place would without doubt be the best of all for us, if it could be obtained. There is 11 bedrooms with a fine old sitting room are usually let. The house is situated on the side of a hill, looking down to the Valley of the Dee, a most beautiful prospect. Their charges are about 4/- per room per week. Negotiations are still in progress.

We next visited Carnog Afon farm at Carnog. Mr Edwards is the proprietor has two bed rooms & one sitting room but all small and would scarcely answer our wants. Here as well as at Carnog they are farmers and all the benefits of farm yard produce would be obtainable.

From this we came back again to Glyndyfrdwy village and visited a fine modern built house which is empty. It stands on the high road, about 1/4 mile from the Rly Station and some from the river, a good commanding position has four to six bedrooms and good dining and sitting rooms, four fields, gardens

rental at 40. per year. Major Tottenham is the landlord. This house would suit us well, but would have to be furnished &c. &c.

We next proceeded to Mr Edwards, a house recommended by Mr Brownbill who has two small bedrooms & one sitting room to let but would be far too small for our requirements though in position it is the best.

We next interviewed the Station Master, explained to him our wants, and he kindly promised to report to us anything he might hear.

The last place to visit was Mr Jones Ten. of Pont Llan at Carnog, also named to us by Mr Hill, who has three good bedrooms, and one fairly large sitting room. Two of the bed rooms have each two beds, the third one one bed. The furniture &c. is old fashioned, but we think the house tolerably comfortable. The garden has the reputation of being a fair cook. A rather large farm, standing is attached, and milk butter Eggs &c. can be had in any quantity. It has the advantage of being close to the Station & to the river. Has an Apple



River Derwent. Derbyshire.

Report of the Commission of Inspection, October 1879.

The Chatsworth Fishery on the Derwent extends from the bridge at Gaires, marked A on the map to Rowsley bridge the well known Station on the Midland line marked C on the map. It flows by the village of Baskin, marked B which is situated about half way, or in the middle of the Fishery. The total extent of fishing water is about 11 miles. The Derwent at Baskin is a fine clear flowing river about the width of a Salmon cast. From Gaires down to Baskin it has the character of a good woodland river - streams pools shallows succeeding each other in beautiful order. In the lower portion i.e. from Baskin down to Rowsley bridge there are more fish but the long deep quiet unvaried pools which can only be fished when a good rise of fly is on the water, form the chief characteristic of this part of the river. There is however a splendid stream, at the foot of Chatsworth Park, below the Corn Mill weir, which ought to furnish good sport for several rods for a day. From this point there are two or three good streams between it

and the end of the Fishery, which are undoubtedly good fish holds. The whole of this water is preserved by an Association of resident Gentry & a few Sheffield gentlemen combined and taking into consideration the well preserved domain of Chatsworth with its excellent staff of keepers and the strict attention paid to breeding, it should be, as doubtless it is, the best water in Derbyshire. Your Committee have had plenty of oral testimony from many residents and others who have fished the water of its excellence and we also here append an extract from the special report of Mr G. J. Eaton the professional fisherman of Matlock in which he states that "this Fishery is without doubt the best in Derbyshire. There are plenty of Grayling in the water and the Trout fishing is equally good."

The rules are very stringent but such as true Anglers will cheerfully conform to.

There are two kinds of tickets. Daily & Season. The former 2/6 per day allows fly fishing only, the latter 3/3/- allows worm, minnow & bait. The limit of

River Derwent. Report

size is seven inches. Baskets of four to eight baits are common.

Of the scenery of the district the Council is doubtless well aware. Those who have visited Chatsworth Park will know well the exquisite loveliness of all there. The same beauty of river extends up to its source.

Of the facilities of approach, taking Ballow as the probable head quarters of a Fishing Cottage. Hassop Station on the Midland line is the nearest. Thence a drive or walk of about four miles will bring the visitor to the river. If the head of the water is wanted, from Hassop to Calver, say about 5 miles. If the foot of the water, at Rowsley, you are on the water at once. Thus a good day's fishing can be had, leaving Manchester in the morning and in the one case fishing down from Calver, and in the other fishing up from Rowsley to the Cottage at Ballow, taking the bait that is left for the next day. We may say that the preserved water of the Hathersage Association is the one immediately adjoining this, and here the stringent rule forbidding bottom fishing by holders of daily tickets is also adopted. This rule is intended to effectually bar out

the thousands of Sheffield Anglers who are adepts at the sport and are within such easy reach of the water.

Accommodation.

Your Committee availed themselves of the services of the well known fishing facilities of mine host of the Rutland at Fakenwell and personally visited the fishing from its foot at Rowsley to its head at Calver, our intention being to ascertain the accommodation which Ballow could afford for the special object the Association has at heart viz. a Fisherman's Home. We were guided to Ballow by the fact that it alone could afford the conveniences required both as regards the supply of suitable residences, and also being in the centre of the fishing, and the nearest to Hassop Station, and your Committee has very great satisfaction in reporting to you, the successful result of its enquiries. Mr. Brownhead of the Quercus Hotel Ballow most cordially informed us of his places that would be likely to suit us viz. the "Post Office" and the "White House". We mention especially the act of Mr. Brownhead for notice & practical remembrance, should any of our Members face that way inasmuch as one of the chief features of the Fishing Conservation is to directly benefit the Hotels at Ballow and Chatsworth.

River Derwent - Report.

We first visited Mrs Morgan at the Post Office who has 3 bedrooms (one double bedded) and one large sitting room all most excellently furnished, for which the charge will be £3. per week, an additional sitting room (or can be used as a bedroom) can be had for 1/2 extra. This house is in the centre of the village close to the water.

Mr Morgan has two four wheeled vehicles which would be placed at our service to meet trains or to use in drives about the country, at the charge of 1/- per vehicle one way including all, or 1/6 from Hasleup to Gilling, time half an hour. This would be an invaluable boon. The vehicle holding three. Our impressions of Mrs Morgan were of the best her house was scrupulously clean & neat, and judging by her pleasing & engaging manner she would make all comfortable and happy. Your Committee have here to acknowledge the excellent assistance afforded to them by the ladies of the party - ex-officio members of the Association, and first Lady Angiers, - who personally inspected the household arrangements & desire to report to the Council their entire satisfaction & approval of the same.

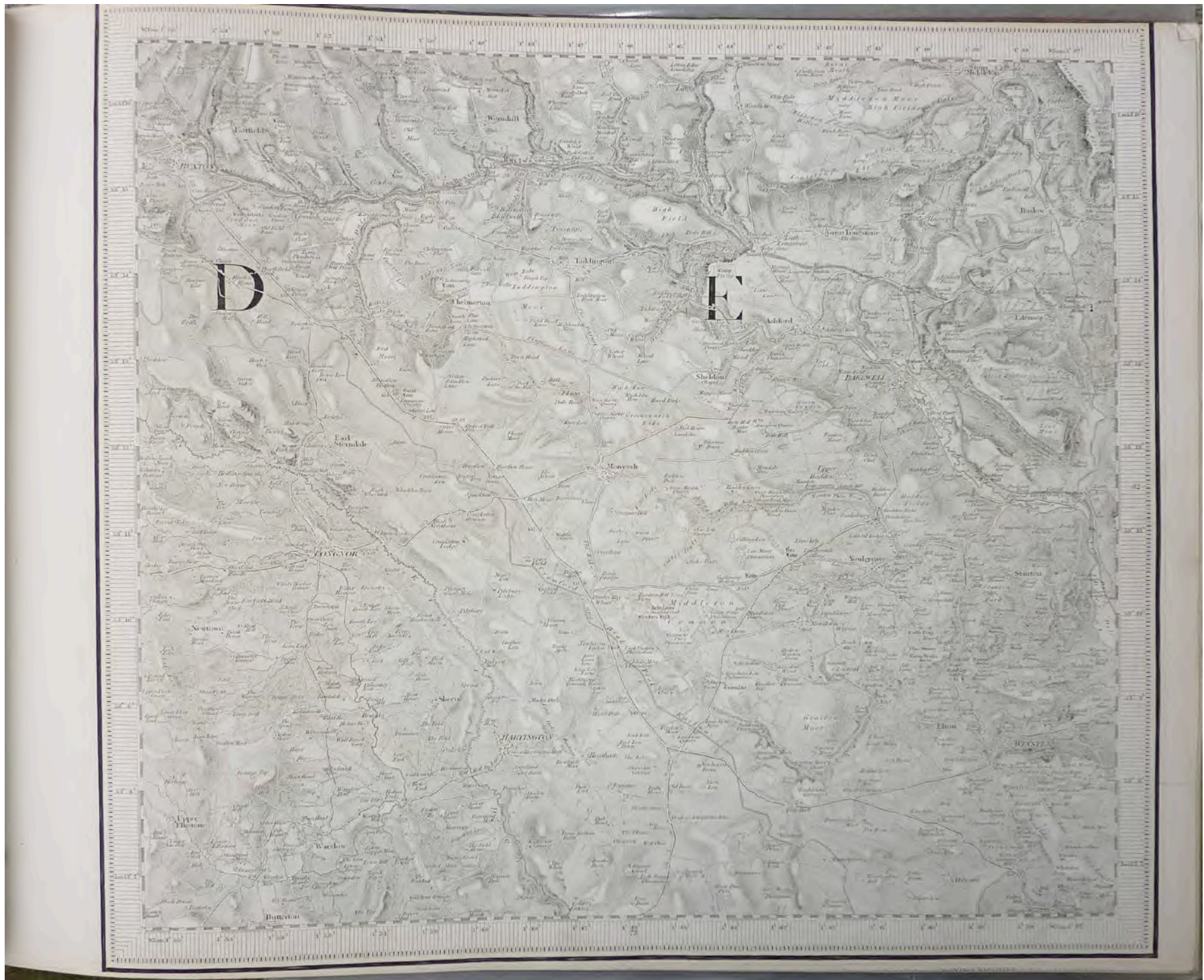
We next visited Mr S. A. Holdard of the White House, who has one sitting room & three bedrooms

at £3 per week and two sitting rooms & five bedrooms at £5 per week. This house is large & clean but on comparison with the Post Office is of secondary importance.

Copies of both letters are here laid on the table, also Ordnance map of the district, with river marked in red ink showing stations and roads.

Your Committee strongly advises one point, that season tickets should, if possible, be had, & that they be made transferrable in order to secure the privilege of bait fishing. Without this, the fishing would not be of half its value to us.

Further communication to be made to Mr Martin, Steward, Chateworth or Mr Luman his clerk.



River Eden, Cumberland.

Report of the Commission of Inspection.

Your Committee, in reporting the information they have been able to obtain from correspondence & from recollections of this magnificent river, desire to say they have been unable to personally visit its waters. Upon considering the work set before them, they found that complete information could not be got without at least a week being consumed in visiting the district, and considering the extraordinary expense this would entail upon the Association, even if your Committee could have given the necessary time, and also the short time at the Council's disposal for the choice of pieces, your Committee have done their best to procure information from the two sources named above & beg to lay it before the Council.

There can be no doubt that of all English rivers in the North West the Eden stands at the head - both for its length & for its magnificent width - while for its fisheries it stands if not pre-eminently the best, certainly with few equals. Rising in the North of Yorkshire, flowing through Westmorland and Cumberland, emptying itself into the Solway, it goes in round numbers

a length of from 70 to 80 miles of first class fishing, from Moorland burn fishing at its source to some of the best Salmon Sea Trout & Whiten fishing at its foot.

It is preserved by several Associations along its course, the best of which are referred to in the letters accompanying this notice. It is possible for an Angler to commence his Spring fishing at its head, and enjoy his sport the whole Summer through, finishing in Autumn at Carlisle amongst the Salmonides. The fish are both numerous and large in some localities: Sea-trout up to 1½ and 2 lb are far from scarce. One of your reporters had once the pleasure within the half hour of landing 8 fish not one weighing under ½ lb without stirring from one spot all caught with fly, clear water and all yellow trout. Baskets crammed by the st. ranging from 6 lb to 16 lb are by no means uncommon.

We are indebted to the Courtesy of the Editor of the Field in forwarding letters to his contributors, one "Aquile" who reports weekly on the lower waters the other who reports upon the upper waters. The first named has most obligingly replied at length as follows.

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River Eden. Report.

and to whom we recommend that the thanks of the Association be accorded:

(Copy of letter.)

13 Cross Street

Barbills 4th Oct. 1899.

"Dear Sir,

"I take the earliest opportunity of answering your letter, and shall be glad if I can be of any service to your Association.

"The best centre for good Trout fishing on the whole river is Haydon, in the middle of the Pennine Anglers' Association water (£2.2. per year). The rough Hardy water of Farnon Wood which a low condition of water suits best, extends down to Arncliffe, above Haydon are gravelly streams which could be fished in any condition of water. There would be a chance of Salmon in September or October, but a licence of £1.1/- is required for Salmon. A Cottage or apartments might be got if not at Haydon, at Kirkstow a mile off, on the other side of the river. I don't know of any Cottage - but you would probably meet with your requirements by advertising in the Barbills Annual. Kirkby Stephen is of course, nearest to Manchester and

"accommodation would of course be plentiful enough. There is an Association (tickets 5/-) & I should suppose plenty of Trout.

"Appleby is a good centre with plenty of accommodation a good deal of fishing with additional water to be got at a reasonable price, plenty of Trout, no first rate fishers (resident) to do great execution among them, and no poaching except a little Salmon &c fishing. Several swift trains run from Kipton to Appleby without a stop I believe.

"If a chance of a Spring Salmon is desired Otterill, some 8 miles from Barbills would be the place, but I am doubtful as to accommodation. This is adjacent to the best portions of the Barbills A. A. water, the charge to strangers however is heavy. £3 the season with £1.1/- licence.

"If I can give you any further information, I shall be happy to do so."

I am

Yours very faithfully,
Signed Thos. Harrison

D. Reid Esq

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Giver Eden - Report.

Copy

Applby

January 25th 1880

Dear Sir

I duly received your letter dated 30 Sept. last & I much regret that owing to my being latter seriously indisposed at the time it got mislaid and has only just now turned up.

In reply to your enquiries I may say in the first place that Applby would unquestionably be the best centre for your Association for fishing the Eden as in addition to the Capital ground which lies in the immediate vicinity of the town the Westland and North Eastern Railways afford every facility for reaching any part of the river in a short time.

The question of renting a house or apartments is one of much greater difficulty - private apartments for one two or perhaps three gentlemen may as a rule be readily found in Applby but I fear you would not be able to meet with a suitable house anywhere in the neighbourhood. We have however in Applby two good hotels which possess most of the quiet and comfort and very much greater conveniences for anglers than would be found in

any private apartments which might be at liberty. A tolerably commodious Temperance Hotel will also be opened long before the fishing season commences, judging from present prospects. I would however strongly recommend each of the members of your Association as may from time to time visit this part of the Eden to take up their quarters at the "Innkeeper's Hotel". Mr Longrigg is a most obliging landlady and I believe every comfort and convenience would be found at her hotel; and what is of far greater importance from an angling point of view Mr Longrigg has the privilege of giving permission to her guests to fish in a long stretch of one of the best parts of the river.

As you may perhaps have gathered from my Angling Notes in the Field we have no Angling Association in our district, but most of the choicest parts of the river are either free, fishable by permission - (in most instances readily obtained) - or by payment of a small annual charge. - The Turfley, Stophen Angling Association the nearest point of whose waters lie some 5 or 6 miles to the south of Applby (close to a Railway Station) grants daily and weekly tickets at very moderate rates.

I may perhaps add that April is generally one

River Eden. Report.

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"of the best months for fly fishing in these waters, and I do not know that I have anything else to say except that I shall be glad to afford you any further information in my power, - and if your Committee purposes visiting Appleby, shortly, if you will be good enough to apprise me of the fact a day or two beforehand I shall be very happy to lend them any assistance I can.

The river is now icebound and judging from present appearances, it is likely to be so at the opening of the season on the 2nd proximo. -

"Again expressing my regret that I have not been able to reply to your letter sooner,"

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours ever obediently
(signed) J. W. Wright

Mr David Reid

Manchester Anglers Association.

The approach to this fine fishing water is by the Midland main line to Scotland, but we are sorry to have to add, there are no convenient trains at present running, such as would suit us. Your Committee has always had in view a good train running say on a Friday evening and

coming back early on a Monday morning, this being in their opinion the kind of thing likely to suit the majority of our members. Unfortunately it will take the best part of a day to get here at present.

The Council will see, that it is obvious so large a district river, should not be carelessly visited, and that it should not rush into responsibilities without full consideration & information. Your Committee therefore feel that the Eden had better be left for the present, as no doubt maturer experience obtained from a stream nearer home, & in the meantime, the additional information which will, during a season, come to the knowledge of us all with regard to the Eden, will be of value for future action.

In concluding our remarks on the Eden, unless Anglers were to go to the lower waters, they do not get a chance of the salmonids; the upper waters being of course Trout streams, being so, it opens out the question, that streams nearer home of equal value to us, may be obtained, say head of Ribbles, the fore & Shole district, and many others, within easier access, or what is equivalent, less time.

Summary.

19

In summarizing the four reports herewith presented to the Council, the Committee feels that it will not be deemed presumptuous in expressing an opinion upon what seems to be the best course for the Council to take from the information laid before it, & therefore desires to say, that of the two rivers, containing Salmonides viz the Dee and the Eden, the balance seems to be in favor of the Dee, for the following reasons:

Reasonable & comfortable quarters can be had on the Dee.

No likely places have presented themselves as yet, on Eden.

The Dee can be reached in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours by an evening train leaving at 4 O'clock.

No train save the middle of the day can be had for Eden and the time would be $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The Anglers Railway ticket is now available for the Dee, & in all probability the time may be extended.

The distance is too great to the Eden for the Anglers tickets to be available.

The Dee valley now presents every facility for travelling, while fishing.

Few stopping trains travel on the Eden valley line.

Many of our Members already know the Dee well, and can spot others up at once.

Few know anything of the Eden.

Salmon fishing is much cheaper on the Dee than on the Eden, & we therefore consider that the Dee has by far the preference, so far as our knowledge goes at present.

The Council will then have to decide upon the Dee, and the Derwent.

The Dee is a Salmon river and no restrictions as to bait and fly.

The Derwent is not a Salmon river and with restrictions, unless they can be removed.

The Dee residence is an old Welsh farm, plenty of room, but a little rough.

The Derwent residence is a modern house, and most comfortably furnished.





CRAIG BRIDGE . SANTON ON IRT

J. F. Johnson

De Fischer's dreame.

One sunny daye: my mynd y^e sweete accorde
 With nature's gentel charmes, too far recorde;
 I wander'd lonely by y^e woded bankes
 Of an olde loved streame;
 And here, and there, as came y^e rivere intoe viewe,
 I try'd y^e gentel arte, as Walton taughte of Olde.

In vaine I cast y^e templynge feather'd barke,
 O'er ryptynge current, under Rocks and Bonghe;
 No goulden fronte, ne silvere whithyngs rose;
 All mye skill was fruitlesse.
 Languid, and tir'd at laste, with heate and exercise,
 I soughte refreshyngs shade, rest, and consolatione.

And founde, beneath an Oake, a velvet swaile,
 On which, when Fyscher's comforte had been drawne
 From y^e well filled flaske and glowynge pipe,

I sunk y^e calme reprove.

'Twas then, with soule contriv'd, senses lull'd, eyelids clos'd
 Mye harte, awake, went wanderynge tow'ards mye Love.

And redde againe with her, y^e mem'rie sweete,
 Those wordes, that glances speke to withynge eyes,
 Alternate doubtynge, or with joye asside

But Doubt held Maisterie.

Y^e paine was offer'd worshipp of a Mantie harte,
 All now, alas, seem'd hopelesse, all love's labore lost.

And soe, y^e deep despaire, y^e trembling cryde,
 "Ahe mee! — I'll styve no more to win her love,
 "That Love which too mye soule y^e Food and Life;
 " Of y^e I'm not worthie;
 "Soe now will seeke to frame mye thoughts tow'rd worldlie gaine
 "And Love schall onlie mean, ' Mye Love that was for her"

Unhedefull then, I hearde a tendere voice; —
 Yet againe, — and then mye harte bett madlie;
 For well I knewe y^e tones of that dere tongue
 Soe sweetlie refectyng
 "Dere One", — Dere One. 'Thye thought of mee were mine of Thee,
 "But of mye Love, — now thine, — Thus I give Thee Token".

She thought meene, was present y^r mye harte,
 And, as her last words died y^r murmurs softe,
 I felt her lips reste fondly on myne owne; —
 — I breath'd Ambrosia. —

Ahe me! — I woke, and founde I clasp'd y^e quarr'd olde Oake
 Rounde which a Weddyng trynde, mye lips press'd on y^e Flowre

Bezonian —

Landonrow

Aprill y^e 22nd

1880

My last Day in



The end of my time was come; I must to-morrow return to books and clerks, and troubles, and cares, and sorrows. I have had only a poor time of it during my fortnight; but as I review my experiences, partial successes and utter failures, I find some consolation in the remembrance, that no one I have seen, whether native or foreign, has done better in these glorious Langholm waters than myself. A few herling and

Dumfriesshire.

and sea-trout, with a larger number of much less worthy brown trout, or as they are called here "elderings" is the sum of my basketings. "Verra bad time this has been sir," said Elsie, and so said everyone. Even Dave, the best fisher in Langholm, as all Eskdale acknowledges, has caught few trout or herlings this year, but then he looks on such, as soon as the salmon are in the river, as little better than vermin. "I was feekin" said he "in the Skipper's pool, (every pool in Esk or Liddell has a name,) on Thursday night, an I saw a gran sea-mon loup; I fished doon the pool, an' was verra carefu' whan I cam to the spot where I knew he lay, an' I hookit a whiten. Ay mon, I was so disappointit lik' that I laetit him richt awa'. Weel whan I cam doon again, I raist a fish, an I said, 'Noo I have heen' but he was



My last day

only a dry trout. I killed him, an' he was thirty pound an' a half. Then I got another o' the same size, an' I was so disgustit, that I reelt up my line and gaed stricht awa' hame."

I had met Danie before in the spring. A tall, lithe dark complexioned man, with hollow cheeks, but kindly eyes. Very reserved in his manner; full of Scotch caution; but as good and kindly a natured man as breathes. During my visit he had expressed the greatest anxiety that I should get a salmon. On one occasion he left his business to go and help me, but his good offices were not responded to by the fish. At last I was on the eve of departure, and the salmon were still in the water. "Weel, Mr. Crabtree, I wadna' like ye to gang back without a

fish, an' to-morrow if ye'll tak me rode, it's langer than ye're ain, ye'll stan ma' be a better chance."

So he lent me his rod and not only that but his best flies, which half the fishermen in Langholm would have given their heads to have, his line, a thick twisted hair one; his gaff; and lastly he offered me his wading stockings, which he noticed would reach higher up the leg than my own. Is not that something like hospitality? How many fishermen would trust rod, reel, line, and flies with a stranger whose fishing they not only know nothing of, but mistrust and have good reason to treat with contempt? Danie's good offices did end even here. He wished to desert his business once more that he might help me to the fish; but he was not master of his time for another



My last day

Where the breeze-bowed fir trees nod,
Where the wild winds worship God,
Where his pencil paints the sod;
then by a fenceless road, among the ever-
lasting hills, opening out every now and then
lengthy views of the rich vale below us. There
had been frost in the night, the frost of
the year, and the grey mist lay thick
on the hills, sometimes entirely obscur-
ing their sides, while their rounded tops
stood out clear and bright in the morn-
ing sun, heightened by the process, to
twice their real altitude.

We got down at the first budge
and as we crossed, Archie looking over
said, "Oh now, the water's in grand
order the day, either for fly or worm."
There had been a flood the day before
but no rain had fallen since, and the
water though "full" was of a fine dark

colour here called "black".

Archie fished worm, he is a great
bait fisher. I used Dave's flies, and
all the morning thrashed away with his
long 19 ft. rod, without a single touch,
his fortune was worse than that of my
companion, for he had a whiten and
three elderings, half of which he in-
sisted on putting into my creel. Here
we changed our ground, going a little
lower down the river, but first stopping
in the shelter of a stone wall, by a little
rindie to take our lunch, Archie ac-
cepting one of my potato-trout and
witches, and I in exchange a piece
of his gooseberry pasty.

As we slaked our thirst at
the little stream, "This is better
than spirits" he said, "they never
did anybody any good, Dave."

My last day

to run into the side of the pool, but Echie knew the ground, and shouted,

"Keep him out in the stream, yell love him if he runs in there," and with a little persuasion I managed to get him into the deep again. "He's a fesh" said Echie "sure enough"; and at the instant the "fesh" rose to the surface and slowly rolling over gleamed in the bright sun like a thick lump of gold. "Oh, he's a gay gran fesh, give him the rod and bring him doon." "Yay, I have only trout tackle, and dare not, if I put any more pressure on, I shall break".

Here the fish gave another roll, less lively than the last, but not less dangerous, and I saw him to be hooked by the middle dropper, one of the small cat sized herling flies, and knew my chance of landing him to be but small.

After another view "He's 5 lbs," I said to Echie, but he with characteristic caution, recommended me to land him before I weighed him. I was getting rather nervous by this time, and asked, "Can you manage to gaff him here if I bring him in?" "Ha, ha, we maun hae him doon at thae stanes," pointing to a small pebbly strand further down. The docile fish consented to



be led gently downward. "Now can

you manage it?" I asked, and Archie went down towards him, but at his approach away went the fish again into the strong deep water. But the stream and the line turned his head again; and once more the fish came sailing slowly down, broadside on. Archie is a practised hand with the gaff: many a fine salmon, in his sheep-herding time, has he snicked out of the water, before the days of the association and its preservation. His sixty year old eyes are not so sharp now, he says, as they used to be, but so that he does not strike the line by mistake, he has no fear of his weapon. In he goes again, the fish gives another roll, fatally exposing his side, and in a second the salmon is wagging head and tail with the gaff hook for a fulcrum, and with a sad gasp in his golden spangled side. "Ay, he's a gay

fish" said he, giving him a finishing crack on the head, I am aicht glad you got him, an' it was weel done, for see, he is no fast hookit, but only by a weel hit skin." "Well, he weighs just about the 5th doesn't he?" "Weel, naw, I think he's fower an' a half," but Archie was as much under the mark as I was over, for he turned out, when I took him to the grocer to be weighed, to be a grilse of $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

"We'll sit doon a bit, noo," said Archie; "we've got a fish at last, an' I'm gey glad you hae him; I'd rather you killed him than I wad hae had him myself." "I know you would Archie, you are the most generous angler in the world except friend Davie," and then we sat and talked about sheep, and dogs, and salmon, until my blood cooled down, and I resumed my rod.

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My last day in Dumfriesshire.

with a feeling of the proudest satisfaction. I had caught my salmon at last; and if he were not exactly what you would call one of the "denizens of the deep", he was at least big enough for my tackle; had he been one pound more, he would never have been mine, and a grilse on the bank, is better than a lordly salmon in the river.

We did not stay much longer, but felt that we had done our work, and so with "thankful hearts" as old Isaac has it we waded across the river and trudged home again. Here the sight of the fish's tail sticking out of the basket, (for I had arranged matters in that immodest time, and had lost some of its silvery manner,) was hailed by the youngsters with screams of delight, and I became in their eyes, at once the

greatest and most successful angler, in Langholm, as in my heart I was the happiest.

Crabstick.



A tail-piece.

Note by Editor. The phenomenon of Crabstick's salmon being of golden hue is to be explained from the fact mentioned in the paper, that the season was autumn. His fish had evidently been in the fresh water some little

Salmon Fishing at Ribchester.

By Fat & Slender

Fat and Slender went to fish,
On the river Ribble.
Fat would use a Salmon fly
Slender worm or dible.

The day was fine when they set out
With heart's light as a feather
For they expected splendid sport
In such glorious weather.

They bade adieu without regret
To smoke and dirty Manchester,
For Ribbles quiet there to rest
The gentle wind the branches stir.

But hardly started had the train
When Fat pulled out a bottle
And took a swig. O' such a lung!
Says Slender "What a hootle!"

They smok'd their weed as slowly went
The slow train onward plodding;
One puff'd away luxuriously,
The other did some nodding.

* * * * *

Well after waiting just an hour,
From their first arriving
The horse and trap then came in sight
And Master Tom was driving.

They were not long in getting to
Their comfortable quarters
Almost within the pleasant sound
Of Ribbles running waters.

They had their tea and such a tea
Sure none need wish a better
But then Miss G- is sure to please
If visitors will let her.

* * * * *
We'll try tomorrow anyhow
So you come at eleven.
"You'll catch no fish" says Charlie "sure"
"As I shall go to Heaven."

* * * * *
"I must" says Charlie "anyhow"
With a look quite comie
"Have in the morn say sum and suikie"
"The doctor calls it 'tonic'."

Salmon Fishing.

Whack went home and Fat & he
walked about the city.
Fat explain'd the hows all,
Slender, he grew witty.

Next morning at the proper time
Whack came to their diggings.
Fat put on his fishing clop,
Slender on his leggings.

And all let out in spirit's good,
Fat meditating slaughter,
For all pronounced without a doubt,
It was a bumpy water.

Slender chose a hole for shuir
The best in all the rubble.
He sat four hours a quarter less
Without a blessed nibble.

So he was tired, and gave it up
And went to Fat and Charlie.
And ask'd what sort of sport they had.
Says Whack, "O we've done rarely."

Where are your fish for now I see.
I'll this connection sever.
Says Charlie "only wait a bit
There's plenty in the river."

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We've caught no fish I'm free to say,
Of river there's a lack o'
But then we've got our frog to drink,
And plenty of good booze.

Says Slender "I've another lack
I'll try for that is gammon
In fleet if within twenty miles
Is sport, or more or salmon."

Fat came back without a fish
More wise if sadder dinner.
No haave he made with the fish,
But made it with the dinner.

Sunday, Slender went to church
Fat look'd over his tackle.
Admired his flies of various hues,
Of wing or tail or handle.

Slender, all the afternoon
Ben Fox's martyr's story,
Fat sat in the easy chair
And took it out in sorrow.

Monday, fishing still no fish,
Slender rather taunting.
Fat good temper'd all the while
Nothing ever daunting.

Salmon Fishing.

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Evening, Cards, what the game.
 "The lamp did brightly burn here."
 Fat got Slender, Henry had
 Eye the bottom turner.

Game after game, long/ly fought.
 I was pleasant, sometimes funny.
 But Henry, and Sir Eye
 Took Fat and Slender's money.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 And still no fish; confound it all
 It really is working.
 But Fat good temper'd all the while.
 Says no good comes of croaking.

Wednesday - time they should return
 "Now Slender don't be faddy,
 A friend will take us for a drive
 With his new wag the paddy."

"And the place we're going to,
 I've always there been lucky.
 Rewards you know do always come,
 To those who are quite plucky."

"Right, says Slender, let us go
 They went, came back as ever.
 "I'm d—d" says Slender if there is
 A Salmon in the river."

They found the City much astir,
 The children all were crying.
 A cruel hand had killed their pet,
 Their Jackdaw lay a-dying.

Their dog was canonized
 Gibchester hath like hobby,
 For be it known throughout the world
 Their dog is now "Saint Hobby!"

Thursday, sounds of martial strain
 Sounded through the City,
 And Fat and Slender now must go,
 It must be more the pity.

They took advice to Kitty's hand
 To Nellie's pleasant looking.
 And thanked them for their comfort,
 And good and homely cooking.

Henry Slender

"Charlie Whack" his proper name is Charles Dechurst dealer in "beasts fish-ropes ginger beer,
 lung-beans red herrings, sugar, tallow candles, tobacco, soft soap, cones long and various other things
 too numerous to mention.



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Our Annual Dinner.

This gathering, the second of its kind, was held in the Association's new premises viz. the Albion Hotel, on the evening of the 14th day of January 1890, and was in all respects a success.

There was an exhibition of fishing tackle by outsiders, and the usual exhibits of "precious gear" by our members though we missed the familiar and original collection of our brethren "Squills" "Gills" and "Trenchment" which gave such vitality to our first gathering.

The most noteworthy of the many objects of interest, was the splendid collection of preserved specimens of fish captured by our brother Alfred L. Jardine. Of the many enjoyments of that evening the chief pleasure to be remembered will doubtless be the selling of the Anglers' Pic from Isaac Walton by our brother Henry Stevens, and the original Song by George Davies "We'll all go a fishing to-day". The quaint programme which was prepared for the evening is well worthy of notice and also of a place in the pages of this volume.

Our guests were almost the same representative men as on the occasion of our first gathering, particularly pleasing is it to mention the names of Professor Williamson The Mayor is Mayor & Geo. Miller amongst others who delighted us with their apt speeches - and "pleasured us in their enjoyments".

Our esteemed President Col. Rawson our Vice Presidents Rev. Mr. White & C. G. Simpson the Hon. Secretary and Henry Bauman by their "lost words and worth" prepared for us such a dish - "far too good my Masters for any, save honest men and true Anglers".
