

Page Numbers in this Book

Title Page		
Frontispiece	Colonel Mawson	
Coach, Coached and Coachman	Rev George Sumner	1
Paternoster	George Davies	9
Song Bright rune the River Dee	'Stargazer'	11
Easter at Penybont	E.G. Simpson	12
East Winds	'Red Hackle'	16
Fishing in Japan	Abel Heywood	17
Wissun Week at Penybont	Robert Burn	20
Song Our President Brother	'Srargazer'	25
Notes by the Way	'Bulrush'	26
Song The Right Fly	Francis Francis	28
In Memoriam	Francis Francis	29
Song Cumbrians Hasten to the Battle	George Davies	32
Illustration Farm at Carrog	Colonel Mawson	33
Chronicles of Penybont	David Reid	34
The Meres of Shropshire	George Davies	49
Analysis of the Waters of the Ribble and Bollin	Charles Estcourt	53
A Tour in Ross	F Kenderdine	55
Anglers' Evenings	'Red Hackle'	60
Letters to the Editor		62
One Way to the Tweed	Abel Heywood	63
A Lay of Tibbie Shiels	John Currie	69
Menu Card	W.G. Baxter	71
Annual Dinner		72
Council Fourth and Fidth		74
Sonnet		75
Song The Torrent's Winter Song		76

"A Tour in Ross"

by F Kenderdine

A TOUR IN ROSS.

F Kenderdine.

Preparatory to giving a summary of my tour in Ross it is necessary I should state that the rivers were comparatively waterless and the Lochs bright as a looking glass. Having no brother angler with me, of course I had no inducement to put my rod together, and can therefore only give what information I could pick up from the natives, respecting the angling capabilities of the district.

We were a party of six at the Central Station on Wednesday evening the 18th of August and took the six p.m. train for Liverpool, went on board the Owl, and sailed for Greenock about nine o'clock, arriving there at one p.m. on Thursday. About seven we embarked on board the Clansman Steamer for the Hebrides and the west coast. Our route is by Arran, round the Mull of Kintyre to Oban, which place we reach at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Much cargo having



to be taken in and discharged we have a short time on shore. Every accommodation that a traveller needs can be obtained at many good hotels and this is evidently a rising and fashionable sea-side resort. There were a number of yachts in the bay, some of them S. S. of apparently 500 tons. The two largest belonging to Mr Ashbury and Sir-- Coats of Paisley.

Preparatory to giving a summary to my tour in Ross, it is necessary I should state that the rivers were completely waterless and the Lochs bright as a looking glass. Having no brother angler with me, of course I had no inducement to put my rod together, and can therefore, only give what information I could gather up from the natives, respecting the angling capabilities of the district.

We were a party of six at the Central Station on Wednesday evening the 18th of August 1880, and took the six p.m. train for Liverpool; went on board the Owl, and sailed for Greenock about nine o'clock, arriving there about one p.m. on Thursday. About seven we embarked on board the Clansman Steamer for the Hebrides and the west coast. Our route is by Arran, round the Mull of Kintyre to Oban; which place we reach at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Much cargo having to be taken in and discharged, we have a short time on shore. Every accommodation that a traveller needs can be obtained at many good hotels and this is evidently a rising and fashionable sea-side resort. There were a number of yachts in the bay, some of them S. S. of apparently five hundred tons. The two largest belonging to Mr Ashbury and Sir-- Coats of Paisley.

Leaving Oban we soon arrive at the beautiful scenery of the Sound of Mull, discharge cargo at Loch Aline and Salen and have two hours on shore at Tobermory. Our course from here is round Ardnamurchan point, up Sleat Sound to

Glenely. Day light declines as we proceed through the narrows at Kyle Rhea into Loch Alsh. At Balmacara a large raft of timber was pushed overboard for a boat that met us to tow to land. It is now quite dark and after passing the light house at Kyle Aken we retire to our births. During the night our boat does business at Broadford and Portree in Skye, leaving the latter place at early morning. As we passed through Raasay Sound the sea was quit alive with what the Scotch call Lythe synonymous with Pollack. On entering the Minch, really the Atlantic Ocean, a whale swam for a considerable distance under the bow of the vessel, showing itself well when it came to the surface to breathe. It appeared about ten feet long and of a light slate colour. We had previously seen one at the mouth of the Clyde and I think they must have been Dolphins.

Our destination was the next stopping place Ullapool on Loch Broom in Rosshire. Here is a good Hotel, some stores and two or three establishments for curing herrings. We had a days fishing in the Loch, caught about twenty, the largest a codling of three pounds and saw two seals sporting close by. The scenery in every direction is grand. A mail car runs daily to Garve Station on the Dingwall and Skye Railway. There are three rivers. The Dundonnell, which runs into Little Loch Broom, let with the shootings, the Broom also let and the Ullapool river at present with the Moor



Ben Slioch from Bridge of Grudie

in the hands of the Hotel. The banks of the last river for a mile are very precipitous and rocky, but afterwards, there are some nice reaches of water. It runs out of Loch Auchall, which is strictly preserved, and contains both salmon and trout. Twelve miles on the road to Garve is Braemore, the residence of Mr Fowler C.E. The river Broom here runs through narrow and very deep rifts in the rock and being close to the high road, with paths to the most striking views, can be seen without any loss of time, a great advantage when travelling. In one place the water falls perpendicularly two hundred and fifty feet. Immediately over is a light suspension bridge affording a fine view.

Going forward another twelve miles we arrive at Altguish a lonely inn on the Blackwater. This river contains salmon and trout. The water above the Inn looked good with nice grassy banks and deep pools. Below for miles it is all rock and big boulders, among which I saw an angler pecking his way. There is accommodation to be had in the house and I think a few days could be very pleasantly spent here. It is in the midst of a deer forest and during our drive we saw a large herd of them. We continue our journey down the river to Garve a distance of twelve miles and here take the main to Achnasheen passing Lochs Luichart and Achanalt.

The landlady at Achnasheen said the trout in the latter Loch reach three and four pounds and that she had the use of two boats for her visitors. The fish were small in Sheen water but plentiful. There is a respectable looking Inn adjoining Achanalt Station. A glorious moon shone as we drove by Lochrosque to Kinlochewe. The road passes through Docherty pass, which is so steep and precipitous on one side that for the future I should prefer walking it. The river Garie is close to the Hotel, running into Loch Maree. It contains both salmon and trout.

The following morning we went along the side of Loch Maree ten miles to the Talladale Hotel, occupied a year or two ago by Her Majesty. On the opposite side of the Loch rises Ben Sliack to the height of 3216 feet with no smaller peaks intervening and although I saw other Bens 4,000 feet high, this to me was the Big Ben. Next day we retraced our steps to Achnasheen and took tickets for the terminus of the railway at Stomeferry on Loch Carron, passing several small lochs, I believe let with the shootings, on the way. There is a good Hotel here and our carriage previously ordered was in attendance to convey us to Balmacara Hotel on Lochalsh.



This is a charming resting place. Every accommodation requisite, good cooking and a hardworking landlord. Our first excursion here was a walk of four miles to Dorney ferry on Loch Duich and then a boat eight miles to the head of the Loch. Here is Shiel House Inn a noted place for salmon fishers. The charge is five shillings per day. I saw four idle rods at the door and in the kitchen ten trout of half to three quarters of a pound each.

Another day we drove to Duncraig and after hiring a boat for the day, crossed Loch Carron to land my friends for a walking excursion. It being a most sultry day I preferred sea fishing. I was supplied with an enormous fly made of scarlet and yellow worsted, with a mallard wing. The line was of the usual coarse sea kind, but during the row of twelve miles to the place of rendez-vous I caught five Lythe of two to three pounds each. I have strong

impression that our "society" could make great reforms in sea fishing.

After five days sojourn at Balmacara, we left by steamer for Oban and for the first time had rain and a stormy wind. We found Oban, I believe as usual at this season of the year, awkward as to sleeping accommodation, but finding ourselves alive the next morning took the boat for the Crinan Canal. Arriving there we found the thirteen locks on it all dry and had to walk three miles to the little steamer Linnet to take us forward. Cars, as I think is always the case carrying the luggage.

Arriving at Ardrishaig we went on board the Columbo, the finest passenger steamer in Great Britain, having day accommodation for a thousand persons. In fact it is a floating first class hotel and runs daily in the season from Glasgow to Ardrishaig and back. The upper deck is a level promenade of three hundred and sixteen feet, below, a magnificent saloon and lower still a fine dining room, where you may have anything you order at your own time. Our route is now through the Kyles of Bute by Dunoon and Mellaw to Glasgow.

I am unable to write a description of the scenery we passed through but finer I should say is not in Scotland. Beds are the bugbear! This need not frighten the ladies, I mean we had to take our nights rest, unless arranged beforehand, how we could. We slept or tried, on the floor, often on sofas and chairs, in a Schoolhouse and once I was one of two in a bed at the Bankers. The exceptionally dry and sunny weather probably accounts for the great influx of visitors.

F. Kenderdine 1880

Respecting the scenery, 'I would I were A Bird', (Isabella) and then I could describe all the glowing colours of sun rise and sun set, but being only an Angler my descriptions would be very fishy.

SONNET "In memorium H. L. Rolfe"

The chair is vacant in the Studio,
No sketch reclines upon the easel now,
The busy fingers and the thoughtful brow
Rest in the grave. No more shall tale of woe'
Reach that sympathetic heart now laid low,
But once so prompt its love of love to give
His gentle words and kindly deeds will love
In many hearts, with thankfulness aglow
With pleasant memories, his nearest friends,
They who shar'd his love, and knew him best,
Who knew he never strove for selfish ends,
Whose pure intent could bear the closest test
Must feel a loss t'were hard to make amends,
Save in the thought a good man found his rest.

The Torrent's Winter Song.

I go! I go! I go!
Underneath the snow;
I leap from rock to rock,
With tremulous shock,
Into the vale below.

I flow! I flow! I flow!
Under frozen snow,
And round the moss grown stones,
In low dulcet tones,
Sing to the vale below.

I spring! I dash! I go!
O'er the fleecy snow,
Falling into a plasm,
A pellucid chasm,
Down in the vale below.

And as I leap or flow,
O'er the sparkling snow,
I hang icy lustres,
In pendant clusters
Above the vale below.

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."

Manchester Anglers Association

M. S. MAGAZINE

VOL III.

1881

All rights reserved.



In Memoriam Wolfe



Frontispiece	In Memoriam	by Col. Manson	—
Title Page		" "	—
Coach, Coached, and Coachman	M.S. by the Author	Rev Geo Sumner	6
Patronoster, or Patience Rewarded	Illustrations, by W. G. Baxter	George Davies	11
Song	Bright runs the River Dec.	'Stargazer'	17
Easter at Pen-y-bont		E. G. Simpson	18
East Winds		'Red Hackle'	22
Fishing in Japan	Illustrations, by W. G. Baxter	Abel Heywood Junr	25
'Missus' Week at Pen-y-bont	Illustrations, and M.S. by Author	Robert Burn	26
Song	Our President Brother	'Stargazer'	33
Notes by the way		'Bulrush'	37
Song	The Right Fly	Francis Francis	36
In Memoriam	H. L. Rolfe	M.S. by Col. Manson	" "
Song	Cambrians hasten to the Battle	George Davies	39
Illustration	Pen-y-bont Farm at Currog	Col Manson	40
Chronicles of Pen-y-bont	Illustrations, by R. O. Billemeley	David Reid	43
The Mores of Shropshire	Illustrations by T. W. Tompson	George Davies	48
Analysis of waters of Ribble and Bellin		Chas Estcourt F.C.S.	52
A Tour in Ross	M.S. and Photos by Author	F Kenderdine	54
Anglers Evenings		'Red Hackle'	59
Letters to the Editor		Contributors	61
One way to the Tweed		Abel Heywood Junr	62
A Lay of Tibbie Shields	Illustration by Bezenian	John Currie	65
Menu Card	Designed and Presented by	W. G. Baxter	67
Annual Dinner			68
Councils — Fourth and Fifth			70
Sonnet	In Memoriam H. L. Rolfe	M.S. by Author	George Davies
Song	The Torrent's Winter Song	" " " "	" "
Headings	Pages 11, 22, 33, 39, and others	Col Manson	—

Preface

Vol three of our M.S. Magazine contains the work of the members
for the years 1880-1-2.

The present Vol records the accomplishment
of two great events in the life of the Association - viz - the publishing of our
first book 'Anglers Evening' and the occupation of fishing quarters
by a River Side.

Both events are matters for congratulation amongst ourselves. by the
former we have attained the acknowledged position, that of the 'Premier
Angler's Association of England' - how much the latter has been a
success, and an abiding memory of pleasure the writings in these
pages amply testify.

The idea first embodied in Vol two - viz -
the copying in the pages of the Magazine of extracts from papers, by the authors themselves
has been continued in the present Vol. The reader will therefore have the advantage of
perusing original Compositions in the living handwriting of the Authors.

To the members who have so written and to those who have so materially
helped in the compilation both by pen & pencil the Editor tends his sincere
thanks

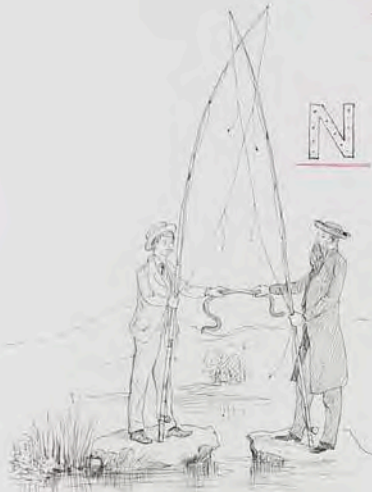
Lastly all that is contained herein has been written by Anglers,
only for Anglers.

and you are to note my brethren that we anglers love one another

Coach Coached and Coachman

Geo. Sumner.

Scraps of Paper.



N

Account of a little expedition Northwards, of one who was willing to "coach" one who, before he tried it, seemed willing enough to be "coached" in some of the elementary mysteries of ancient and modern learning. As for the "coachman" — well, of the "coachman" more anon. The time hasn't yet arrived for despatching him on his journey, and giving him a headlong impulse, and landing him (bar the bull) with whip and chestnut leaders, in — the river. There, poor fellow, he was thrown out in all directions, swallowed up, rescued, swallowed again, again rescued, and so on, and so on, till darkness put an end to the scene, and he took his ease at his inn, swathed in flannel, between the sheets — the parchment sheets of a fly-book! What was originally the primary object of the expedition, I grieve to say, was gradually lost sight of. The only circles that presented much interest were those caused by rising fish. The only scientific instrument the two cared to examine was the barometer. The one idea present to both seemed to be how best to improve the shining horn.

The two, "Coach + Coached", on a fine August morning, took their tourist-tickets, by the Midland route, through Skipton, to Helms. They left Victoria at 9.35, having previously ordered rooms and a six o'clock dinner at a comfortable old Inn, the Waterloo Arms,

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

of Chirside. The Railway arrangements, L. & Y., Midland and North British alike, were admirable. The country between Skipton and Carlisle is in many places very beautiful.

"The green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
and the two travellers were in most laughing-loving mood; for brooks and rivers in endless succession winding their way by the hill-sides suggested thoughts of treats in store and frosts in scores, of Whitadder and breezy Berwickshire.



IT wasn't, however, so much the smiles of nature that provoked the mocking merriment of those Pullman passengers. It was a fellow-creature, a commercial-traveller, the most mirth-provoking man one might meet in a month. Though not perhaps witty himself, he did his best to cause wit in others. He was as wily as Therites, (and he was the wifiest man that went to Slinn).

"He squinted, halted, gibbons was behind,
And pinched before, and on his tapering head
Grew patches only, of the flimsiest-down."

He was as merry as a pie, and as full of music—well we won't say too much about his harmony. But he sang, certainly, several times. As the train was nearing Carlisle The Coached who is a mischievous young dog and better read in Lancashire literature than in most of the "ologies" picked up in Colleges, handed round to all save one a quotation legend somewhat after this sort: "Lackasses never can sing well because they pitch their notes too high: his ee-see cuts across some where abeast-th'end o' his nose, as sharp as a pair of sithors, and twinkles"

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

like a farthin' rush-light: he steers ill-enough to crack a lookin'-glass well; he's as feaw as an empty pot o'le o'er, beside bein' as dirty as Thump o' Dolly's at deed wi' bein' wesk't: he's like a pie's tail, goin' all day and nothin' done at neet: he'd weary a groom's tree". It was too bad, too bad by half, but just then came Carlisle and a rush for refreshments. If jokes lacked dryness, throats didn't; and after swallowing a goodly draught of fine old ale, "the coached", who was irrepresible for that day at least, once more broke out in broad Lancashire - quotation again doubtless - "None o' yer brewid becoms this, bo' gradely stivep. A quart o' this, o' the top o' a beef-steak, 'ud mak' a chap's ribs feel disome, would nor it? well, here's luck! That's what aw co' milk o' paradise". "Milk o' paradise", broke in a Cumbrian jokester, it should be, it's brewed on Eden-side!"

When first the "Coach" set eyes on Whiteadder, and that, you may be sure was on the evening of arrival, under the soothing influence of an after-dinner pipe, she was in spate. The "Governor" wared dozent on the worms he had in pickle; the "coached", who had never wet a line in his life, was eager enough to try his hand at any kind of fishing whatever, and the "coach" was hoping, almost against hope, that by the morrow the water would be fit for fly. The morrow came; and after an early breakfast our three fishers were soon at work. The "Governor" stuck to his worming; the "coached" tried it for a time without success; and the "coach", after a blank hour with the minnow, put up a cast of large flies, and had scarcely stretched his line when he had hold of a "fush". (I may here say that on Whiteadder, every thing that runs up from the sea is called a "fush", and it is quite hopeless to expect a local fisherman to give any other name to it). The "Governor" was

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

soon aware of the fun that was going on, and left his rod lying by the side of a deepish pool, his worm in the water, with the object of being in at the death, and handy with the net. The fish was promptly landed, and turned the scale at two pounds and a half. "Not a bad beginning," thought the coach, as he examined the killing fly with affectionate interest — shining black wings with white tip, scarlet body with gold tints, yellow tag, reddish brown hackle. The best of the fun however was yet to come. During the "governor's" temporary absence from his own rod, a gigantic and hungry eel had marked, and almost digested, the toothsome worm he had found at the bottom of the pool. After a considerable amount of exertion on the "tug of war" principle, almost before it was known what strange creature there was at the end of the line, that eel was snug round a snag! x x x



MRS Peacock, the landlady, seemed almost shocked on being asked to send up the eel at dinner. She said that no-one in Scotland ate eels, but that if it must be cooked she knew how to do it. And she did know, for each member of the party thoroughly agreed with the dame of the Inegoldsbry legend who exclaimed

"Eels a many, I've ate, but any so good neer tasted before;
Go, pop Sir Thomas again in the pond, poor deav, he'll catch us some more"

And apropos of that eel, after dinner the "governor" told a little story — a nursery reminiscence of Hans Andersen. "An eel and her daughters were in a creek and the young eels wanted to go farther up. 'Don't go too far', said their mother, 'or the welly eel-speares might come and snap you up'. But they went too far and of eight daughters only three returned

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

They wept, and said 'we only went a little way beyond the entrance, and the ugly eel-spears came directly and stabbed five of our sisters to death. 'They'll come back again' said the mother-eel. 'Oh! no', exclaimed the daughters, 'for he skinned them, cut them in two, and fried them.' 'Oh! they'll come again' the mother-eel persisted. 'No', replied the daughters 'for he ate them up'. 'They'll come again' repeated the mother-eel. 'But he drank brandy after them' continued the daughters. 'Ah! then they'll never come back' said the mother, and she burst out crying 'It's the brandy that buries the eels!' 'And therefore', said the Governor in conclusion (somewhat inconsequently, it must be confessed) 'it is always right to drink whisky after eating eels - and he suited the action to the word.

x x x x x
No-one could pass many days in a place like Ford without being strongly interested in stories of Border warfare. Close at hand is Flodden Field, where fell, almost to a man, the flower of Scottish Chivalry, fighting round their King. It was at Ford Castle James slept the night before he was slain. Close at hand too are the Keeps of Norham and Etal, and half a score of others, for the most part I believe, in ruins.

The two last days of the Ford visit were a Sunday and Monday. On that Sunday, at last, - oh! that it had been one little week sooner - the rains descended and the floods came, and with them the salmon. On that Monday morning they were going over the Cauld (?) at the Fore Pool in scores - nay hundreds. Sea trout might have been caught there easily, at the sides, with a landing net. The 'coached' and a young Etonian, a nephew

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

of Lady Waterford, tried the worm for some time but unsuccessfully; and by the time luncheon had been discussed the dog-cart came round and a new departure was made to the old quarters at Chirmside.



THE week's sport may be described in a few words. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were all days to be marked with a white stone in an angler's diary. The largest basket of the three, to one rod, was thirty brace — the smallest twenty five, all trout, all taken on the fly. No fish was basketed under quarter of a pound (that is to say as near as might be guessed by the water side). In the course of the three days, twelve brace of fish, the largest no doubt, were weighed. Seventeen pounds and some ounces was the result, giving an average of nearly three quarters of a pound. The largest fish taken was an ounce under a pound and a half. The flies that were found to be the best killers were the landrail, the black spider, the Pennell brown, and blue den during the day, and at night the coachman and sand-fly. And here at last you are formally introduced to the 'coachman'. You all know him well, though, Gentlemen, no doubt. A better night fly, in my opinion cannot be tied. On the evening of the third day at Chirmside the baskets were but light. The Coached indeed had given up fishing altogether, and was in search of more attractive game. Just, however, at the edge of twilight the rise came on. For about a hundred yards below where the Coach was fishing there was a run of uniform depth — from 18

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

inches to two feet, over gravel, with a pool at each end of it. The cast at the time consisted of a coachman, sandfly and black spider. Coiled round the coach's hat there was a second, — coachman, white moth and sandfly; the whole cast being several sizes stronger than the other, and the flies a shade larger. All at once the fun began, and soon became fast and furious. There was scarcely an offer without an answering rise. A large number of fish were returned to the water that might well have been basketed, but there was really no room for them! Between them the two casts were enough. Just the hundred yards of stream was the only part of the river in which a line was wet that night, and at last the darkness became so intense that the angler had serious difficulty in finding the road and his way home.

IN

the original manuscript from which these extracts are taken there is a little story which concludes thus:— That pair of waders should have been seen to be properly appreciated — the one face covered with crimson, the other showing a proud consciousness of "something accomplished, something done, to earn a night's repose." Presently the water-nymphs were lost sight of, but one of them began to sing, and she sang in such sort as one seldom hears. To one of the two fishers, at least, there occurred with some feeling of their meaning those lines of Wordsworth



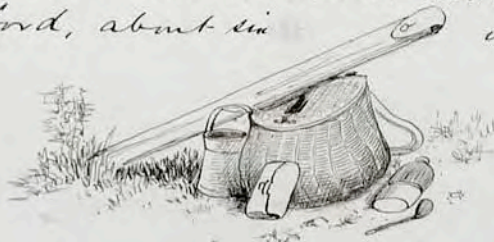
"I listened till I had my fill,
 And as I mounted up the hill
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more". 88.

Coach, Coached and Coachman.

Addenda, Ways and Means.

Whiteadder and Tidd are equally accessible via Carlisle, S. Boswells, and Dunse or Kelso as the case may be; or via Berwick. The stations for Tidd are the Collingwood Arms, Cornhill (within a drive of Min-drum Mill, on Bowmont), the Black Bull at Etal, and a little inn on the hill-top at Ford, within a few miles of the Glen and her tributary College. For Whiteadder, the angler may visit Hutton, five miles by road from Berwick; Chirnside and Allanton, on opposite banks of the river (good inns at both places); Abbey St. Bathans, four miles from Grant's House Ry. Station, where accommodation can be had at Moss Cottage; or the Ellem Inn at Ellemford, about six miles from either Grant's House or Dunse.

for fishing
smaller



This last is the best station
the upper water and the
tributaries.

Geo. Sumner.

Patience or patience rewarded.

George Davies.

Illustrations by
W. J. Barber.



A noted Angler oft had tried,
A certain pool without success,
All sorts of days he thither hid,
In hope kind fortune would him bless.
He fish'd at morning and at eve,
He fish'd when it was wet or dry,
Or hot or cold, yet did not grieve,
He could not get one fish to try.

He tried all sorts of flies he knew,
Or Angler e'er had tried before,
Fish'd when 'twas calm or when it blew,
Fish'd with long cast, or close in shore,
Tried brandling or the larger lot,
Tried wash-bait, minnow, all in vain,
He never got a rise or bob,
He fish'd with heat, or drench'd with rain.

One evening as he lay in bed,
Between the sheets all snug & tight,
A beautiful form came near his head,
And he beheld a wondrous sight:
A sight he would not soon forget,
Or could not, if indeed he would,
A spirit form his vision met,
And by his bed-side stooping stood.

And thus he said, or seem'd to say,
"Dear Patience I have seen,
Your patience hid from day to day,
Beyond endurance too I ween!
There is a trout, which you must catch,
But by one bait can he be foil'd,
Get that, and then you die his match,
But keep it dark, his sockle foil'd!"

Next morning got up in his best,
Took hat, dress coat, fish'd & shut his kids,
The Market Place goes in quest,
And for a lot of sockles bids,
And hurries home to get them foil'd,
Determined he will not delay,
For fear the "lip" by chance be shori'd,
If he should waste a single day.



But setting out he met a friend,
 Who thus addressed him, "Well, I wis,
 "Your wits are surely the far end,
 "To fish on such a day as this:
 "You will be crab'd there is no doubt,
 "Or any rate be at a heel,"
 Says Pater, "I shall kill a trout
 As sure as two and one are three."

He sought the pool without delay,
 With rod and reel and trusty line,
 So eager was he for the fray.
 Some hours before his dinner time:
 He chose a likely looking place,
 Might hold a goodly trout or two,
 That would his breakfast table grace,
 Like work of art or of virtue.

Nine hours he sat upon a stone,
 Nine hours without a blessed bite,
 Nine hours and by himself alone,
 Nine hours now verging into night,
 Nine hours of unrequit'd hope,
 Nine hours so slow and yet so fast,
 Nine hours, but by the Holy Pope,
 The Pater's got a bite at last!



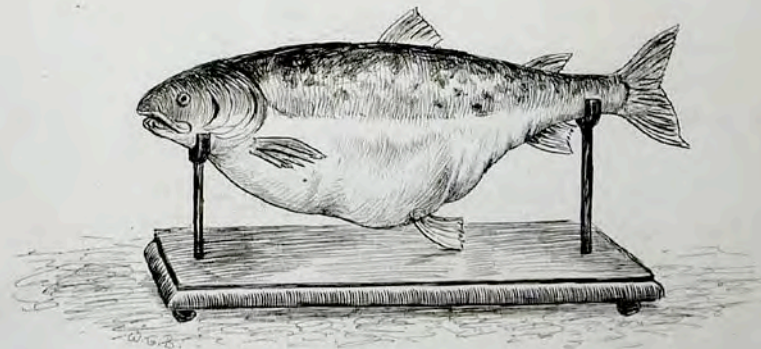
His line flew out with lightning pace,
 His subtle rod was bent in twain,
 Both left and right the fish did race,
 With mighty rush, but all in vain:
 It leap'd, it sulk'd, it almost fled:
 It was a grand and glorious sight,
 And glorious was that fish when dead,
 A trout of nearly three pounds weight.



The Pater laid it in his creel,
And moralizing thus began,
"By Temperance it is we feel,
What Temperance can do for man;
Tho' Temperance I sought this peck,
By Temperance I had my wish,
Tho' Temperance my head was cool,"
By Temperance I killed this fish."

Tho' Temperance the ardent foe,
Of early manhood is preserv'd;
Tho' Temperance each fond desire,
Is in the bounds of prudence curb'd;
Tho' Temperance my heart is proof,
Against wiles of widows how'er clov'd,
And will not yield for their behoof,
That is to say, well, hardly ever!"

His moralizings at an end,
He homeward trudged a happy figure,
And as his steps did further bound,
He felt at least two inches bigger.
To tell all things is not my work,
To write all things is not my duty,
But Pater did not keep the fish,
A widow had the speckled beauty.



John Danks



right runs the River Dee.

(Since ... I never saw the tracks.)

"Stargazer."

Bright runs the river Dee,
Through Liangollen's lovely vale,
A bonnier stream you ne'er did see,
Or wand'ring down a fairer dale.

Upon the hills the heather grows,
The valleys all are clad in green,
White Dee from Wata sweetly flows,
His flow'ry banks so fair between.

When surly Ninter hies away,
And merry Spring comes peeping out,
By Dee we'll spend our holiday,
In fishing for the speckled trout.

At Carrog and at Corwen too,
We'll whip the stream from morn till eve,
While larks sing in the ether blue,
And swift the air the swallows cleave.

When wrist and eye begin to feel,
As if in rest they stood in want,
We'll homeward trudge with red and eel,
And spend the eve at Pen-y-tent.

Easter at Pen-y-bont.

18

E. G. Simpson.

Dear Mr. Editor,

When a party of the Manchester Anglers were starting for the fishing house at Pen-y-bont in order to spend their Easter Holiday there, you asked me to send you a short report of our doings, and though there is not much to report in the way of a glorious success, in the fishing, I think that the experiences we gained during our five days visit, may be of service to the Members of the Association - I would in the first place explain that our party was not a regularly organised party, of friends going by arrangement, but was composed of four members of the Association who had separately come to the determination to go to Pen-y-bont on the Thursday before Easter, and who had never before been away together on a fishing excursion. I mention this, because during the five days which we spent together, there was not a shadow of difference amongst us - not a cross look or word to mar the perfect harmony, and (though anglers are proverbially friendly and sociable) I think this speaks volumes for the "composition" of the Manchester Anglers Association.

The journey down was made pleasant by friendly chat, and in course of time the train steamed into Glyndyfrdwy Station, and there an agreeable surprise awaited us. On the platform we found our friend E - a member of the Association who had come down the day before, and who was staying at his old quarters the Burwen Inn. He is a master of the art, and

has fished the river more than twenty years, and so soon as we saw him we made anxious enquiries as to the state of the water, what sport he had had, and so on. The answer was worthy of a true brother angler - "River very low, and bright - I've been out to-day and got nine brace and a half, which I have brought for you so that you may have some fish for breakfast in the morning."

Our good friend had heard that we were coming down, and had been waiting. I don't know how long on the platform for the arrival of our train, but then he is one of those unselfish men whose greatest pleasure in life is doing a friend a good turn.

Upon arriving at Barrog Station we found Mr. Hugh Jones ready for us and the boys soon had our luggage over for us at the house, and the hearty welcome of Mrs. Jones, made us all feel at home directly.

What a comfortable old place it is - My Mr. Editor, it is worth taking a journey from Manchester to spend an hour in the kitchen at Pen-y-bont with its chimney, corner wide enough and quaint enough to gladden the heart of my friend Edwin Maugh himself. The old oak chairs on each side of the fire, the dressers with its load of fine old pewter platters, so carefully kept that they shine in the flickering fire light, like burnished silver, the tables

white as snow, and everything about the place clean and shining as a new pin, home-cured hams & sides of bacon hanging from the ceiling, and the healthy-gerial face of that fine old Welsh yeoman Hugh Jones as he sits quietly smoking his pipe makes up a picture delightful to the eye of any true angler - and then the bed rooms, comfortable as can be, clean sheets, plenty of bed clothes and last not least a good large hot bath standing ready for one's use. How I blessed the care and forethought of the fishing house committee as on Friday morning I turned out of my warm bed, and into my cold bath, and what a breakfast we all made of ham and eggs, such ham, and such eggs - Why Sir, after Manchester it was Olympus, and as I threw my bedroom window wide open I thought that even if I did not catch a fish, I had done right in coming down to Pen-y-Bont.

Friday was not a promising day for fishing but we all turned out - some of our party going up the river on the Cornu water and I and our friend B - going down the river, after getting our fishing tickets & beach at the Railway Station - The wind was in the east, the water was clear as glass, the sun was shining in a bright blue sky, and everything seemed against us for fishing. But the beauty of the river scene is so great that I forgot all these drawbacks, and after spending some hours in whipping the water with no other result than catching a great number of salmon parr (which were all duly thrown back into the water) we returned to Pen-y-Bont, tired yet full of life - disappointed at our sport, but feeling in our hearts a deep thankfulness for having had one more delightful day with

nature. And then the evening meal, so nicely cooked and served, the lighted pipes, the stroll across the bridge to the Grouse Inn, where two of our friends (not members of the Association) had taken up their Quarters - the further ramble in the bright moonlight - the chat, the chaff, the jokes, the one last pipe before turning in - and then - the end of a day of pure enjoyment -

Saturday morning broke on us, with a sun shining bright as ever, and still the West wind blowing, and so after our previous days experience, we determined to take advantage of the fine weather, and walk to Dala. We looked up our friends at the "Grouse" and after a charming walk of about 16 or 17 miles which was enlivened by many a tale and joke from our friend the "Anecdotalist" and a friendly argument with the "Professor" as to whether "fishing" meant "catching fish" or "trying to catch fish", we arrived at Dala, had a capital tea at the White Lion Hotel, and returned to Carrog by train in the evening.

On Sunday we had a great gathering of friends at the fishing house. The first to put in an appearance was our friend B - then came the "Professor" and the "Anecdotalist" and our party was soon afterwards increased to ten by the arrival of our Librarian, and a friend who had come over the hills from the Valley of the Berriog.

With true hospitality we brought out to our thirsty brethren the best wine we had in the cellar, in

I must say, Mr Editor that we brought out all our wine — those still. — Sir — we the ten thirsty anglers regardless of the untarnished respectability of the fishing house and the credit of the Association, actually drank Champagne, and liked it too! This is told you in strict confidence Sir, for if the Association heard of such disgraceful conduct, we might be severely reprimanded or perhaps expelled, unless indeed the exceedingly small quantity consumed was taken into account.

Thus refreshed, we had a glorious ramble on the hills. The day was simply perfect. I never remember so fine a day, in March. The sun was pouring down rays of summer heat, and when we gained the top of the hill, we were glad to throw ourselves down on the heather, and drink in the beauty of the scene. Far as the eye could reach, mountain towered above mountain whilst in the valley, at our feet the lovely river rushed flashing over the rapids, or glided peacefully between high banks, clothed with vegetation, on which the tender herb of spring, were even then beginning to show. The hum of insects, the song of birds, the sounds of life from the valley below mellowed by distance, served only to increase the feeling of perfect calm and repose, and as I lay there lines of the poet came into my head, and into my heart too, & preached to me in language far more eloquent than words,

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

On Monday to our great delight, the wind changed and for

two or three hours the west wind was blowing, during which time we had very fair sport. The water was as bright as it could possibly be and as the river was at summer height, fishing "fine and far off" was the order of the day. The flies which did the most execution, were the March Brown, and Blue and Orange Duns & it may be as well to say here, that the Dee is so rapid a river, that "down stream fishing" is requisite.

There were plenty of fish rising, but they came short and were not really well on the feed. We managed to make a moderate basket but many of the fish were small and not in very good condition. The salmon fry, were also a great nuisance, but the fast good flood will remove many of them, and also materially improve the fishing.

Tuesday morning, saw us sorrowfully packing up our traps and in a few short hours we were again in busy Manchester.

And now, Mr Editor, I will conclude my letter with a few hints which may be of service.

To fish the Dee properly, you have to wade deep and trousers are much better for the purpose than stockings, as the river is not only deep but strong. A good strong landing net handle with a spike at the bottom is a great assistance in wading.

Hugh Edwards, one of the best fishermen on the river, lives close to the fishing house, and from him may be obtained good useful information as to the fishing, and also flies suitable for the season and the water.

Pen-y-bont.

Mrs Jones furnishes everything that is requisite in the way of provisions and charges a moderate price for them, whilst some of the best beer in Wales, can be obtained from the "Grouse Inn".

Here also, if the fishing house is full, comfortable quarters can be obtained at a moderate rate. Perhaps I may as well state that, the expense of my trip from leaving Manchester on Thursday afternoon to returning on the Tuesday following, including railway fares, trip to Bala, fishing tickets, provisions both eatable & drinkable (exclusive of the champagne which was an extra & not taken into the account) amount to the sum of Two Pounds, three shillings and six pence, and if Mr Editor, you or any other man, can show me how I can get a greater amount of pleasure and health for the same money I shall be glad if you will do so.

And now Sir, in conclusion let me, through the "Manuscript Magazine", point out to the Members of the Association, that within four hours railway journey from Manchester, they can at Pen-y-Bont fishing house have at the minimum of cost, capital fishing, most comfortable quarters, and the means of blowing of the cobwebs of Manchester, by a ramble through scenery so glorious that words cannot possibly describe it. By all means let them try it: provided they don't fill the house too much; for I am selfish enough, to hope that before long I may again find myself in my comfortable quarters at Pen-y-Bont, in the company of three or four as jolly good fellows as have in my recent visit been the companions of

Yours very truly,

East Winds.

Our old friend, Mr. Editor, has been and indeed is yet favoring us by a prolonged stay, much to the dissatisfaction & disappointment of all of us. It will be fresh in the memory of all how last year we had such a long spell of the same conditions of weather, & how through March, all April, until far on in May, - before even fair fishing was obtainable - None suffered more than the tormented readers to Kirkcudbright & you will also remember how the same wind inspired the poet to sing forth its praises & denounce it in vigorous terms in the pages of the Magazine.

Being one of the few who had the opportunity of spending Easter at our happy & pleasant fishing house, Ten-y-Hout I was also one of the few who had the luck as far as fishing was concerned, of a taste of the East wind of 1880, as the reports will show since the fortnight or three weeks preceding Easter, during Easter & since. The fishing has been very bad, nothing doing, & to Easter anglers almost a total blank. I notice in the columns of the public press how extraordinary the experience has been found elsewhere, all over the Kingdom there has been one cry, no fishing - cold wind - East winds &c. I send you the following extracts for insertion in the Magazine, they are certainly worth noting by the thoughtful mind.

Week ending March 29th. Take the Tweed in the north, the Wear in the east - Eden in the west - Ure and Swale in the North. In the Midlands - Derwent, Nye, Trent, Ribble, Dee, Severn. Still more south, the Hampshire streams and right to the Taw and Torridge in south Devon. In Ireland from the north, Ballinacree and Galway, on the west, Kellaloe & Ahlone in centre to the Blackwater in the south, the whole of these districts which includes everything in the way of angling are unanimous in one report, such as - "Wind still east" - "No fishing" - "Coldest of east winds nothing doing" altogether against fishing - "Rod fishing very poor" - "Waiting anxiously for the change" - "In consequence of east wind no fishing" and ominous words "Sad look out for Easter anglers" - and so Easter came and its holidays.

April 3rd. The reports are almost invariably the same in the aforementioned districts - On the Dee we know from practical experience, the fulfilment of the ominous prophesying. Then came a change - many of us noticed the slight change to South west, this is followed by a little rise in the fishing barometer of reports. Others again all over the wide districts named, and from then till now moderate sport is reported, but all are noting the coming change "After the next flood", the real April showers - Anglers be ready.

Thus what an extraordinary effect on our sport has this East wind. Happy angler he who can be on his water side at the next flood.

It is worth noting during this wind, that if a river is in full water, sport is better than if it is low, and again frosty nights are a general accompaniment of such a wind. Of course if a river is full, frost will not have such a hold on the water, consequently the water being warmer, a rise of fly, more or less takes place during the day, even with an East wind, but even then the fish seem not to care for fly. Now how is this? Will the M. A.^s explain.

East Winds.

22

Our old friend, Mr. Editor, has been and indeed is yet favoring us by a prolonged stay, much to the dissatisfaction + disappointment of all of us. It will be fresh in the memory of all how last year we had such a long spell of the same conditions of weather, & how through March, all April, until far on in May, before even fair fishing was obtainable - None suffered more than the tormented readers to Kirkcudbright & you will also remember how the same wind inspired the poet to sing forth its praises & denounce it in vigorous terms in the pages of the Magazine.

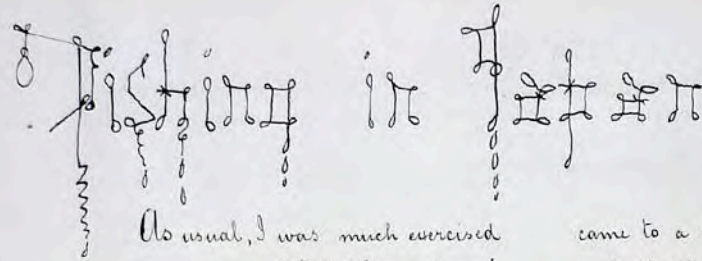
Being one of the few who had the opportunity of spending Easter at our happy + pleasant fishing house, Ten-a-Hout I was also one of the few who had the luck as far as fishing was concerned, of a taste of the East wind of 1880, as the reports will show since the fortnight or three weeks preceding Easter, during Easter & since. The fishing has been very bad, nothing doing, & to Easter anglers almost a total blank. I notice in the columns of the public press how extraordinary the experience has been found elsewhere, all over the Kingdom there has been one cry, no fishing - cold wind - East winds &c. I send you the following extracts for insertion in the Magazine, they are certainly worth noting by the thoughtful mind.

Week ending March 29th. Take the Tweed in the north, the Wear in the east - Eden in the west - Ure and Swale in the North. In the Midlands - Derwent, Nye, Trent, Ribble, Dee, Severn. Still more south, the Hampshire streams and right to the Taw and Torridge in south Devon. In Ireland from the north, Ballinacree and Galway, on the west, Kellaloe + Athlone in centre to the Blackwater in the south, the whole of these districts which includes everything in the way of angling are unanimous in one report, such as - "Wind still east" - "No fishing" - "Coldest of east winds nothing doing" altogether against fishing - "Rod fishing very poor" - "Waiting anxiously for the change" - In consequence of east wind no fishing" and ominous words "Sad look out for Easter anglers" - and so Easter came and its holidays.

April 5th. The reports are almost invariably the same in the aforementioned districts - On the Dee we know from practical experience, the fulfilment of the ominous prophesying. Then came a change - many of us noticed the slight change to South west, this is followed by a little rise in the fishing barometer of reports. Others again all over the wide districts named, and from then till now moderate sport is reported, but all are noting the coming change "After the next flood", the real April showers - Anglers be ready.

Thus what an extraordinary effect on our sport has this East wind. Happy angler he who can be on his water side at the next flood.

It is worth noting during this wind, that if a river is in full water, sport is better than if it is low, and again frosty nights are a general accompaniment of such a wind. Of course if a river is full, frost will not have such a hold on the water, consequently the water being warmer, a rise of fly, more or less takes place during the day, even with an East wind, but even then the fish seem not to care for fly. Now how is this? will the M. A.^s explain.



By Abel Heywood Jun^r

Illustrated by
W. G. Baxter

As usual, I was much exercised in my mind as Whit Week approached, to decide where I should spend my annual holiday.

I carefully read through the Manchester Directory and Johnson's Dictionary without finding any help, but at last a brilliant idea struck me; I went to Lewis' and bought a pound of poetical tea, which I found to be wrapped

in a piece of paper giving a graphic account and gorgeous picture of Japan. That settled me. I resolved to go a-fishing in Japan.

As Thomas Ingoldsby says, "next morning I was up betimes" I went to Victoria Station, took a third class return ticket for Yeddo, by the Lancashire and Yorkshire express, and in due time after an uneventful journey, except that we got over the line in crossing the equator, and ran full tilt into a monsoon, wrecking it completely. I heard the porters cry out "Yeddo! aw' yo' chaps fro' Manchester change here". Of course I alighted and having partaken of a bowl of bird-nest soup, asked my way to the Mikado.

A man in a calf-skin waist-coat, who wore a handsome pair of elogs, offered to show me the way for "Cuffence" and he kindly carried my fishing-rod, a postage stamp, and a tooth-brush, which constituted my luggage. In polite terms he said to me, "Neaw then kem on" and I followed him until we

came to a large red house with a green door, and a brass knocker and depositing my luggage on the door step, he bade me adieu, telling me I could, "rather knock or furr". At that time I did not know the exact meaning of the Japanese word "furr"; I therefore knocked loudly with the brass knocker, and after a time the door was opened.

During the interval I heard confused sounds of shifting machinery and human voices, but could only distinguish the following words, which I have not been able to translate: "Thee goa, will' ee, awm o' suds".

The lady who answered the knocker was dressed in the height of fashion; let me commence my description of her costume at the top, i.e. her head. The hair was worn rough, the back part being made into a coil, from which stuck in all directions a number of hair-pins: over a part of the head was thrown in a negligé manner, a head dress of what appeared to be rather soiled lace or net work. (I am not acquainted with the technical terms Japanese ladies apply to these materials) and a double row of pearls, as though made of a hollow candle, went all round the front of it. Two flowing strings of a similar material to the head dress, completed this becoming ornament.

The lady's face was rather red, the nose especially so, and this is considered a great beauty in Japan. Over the head



-ders a blue mantilla covered with large blue spots was negligently thrown, and secured to the point of the gown or dress, by a very palpable pin or two. The cut of the dress was sweetly simple, and short enough to show the lady's ankle, about which, more anon as the poet says. The dress "material" (I believe the expression is correct) appeared to be a Lancashire print, but of course



W.C.B.

that could not be, the front of the skirt was tastefully turned inside out, and carried round to the back, where it was no doubt secured by some dainty article or "épinglé", but of course I could not see it. Japanese ladies always avoirding turning their backs on strangers. The turned-up dress discovered the petticoat if I may so term the pretty garment which was thus brought to sight; its material I could not determine but it was striped black on a blue ground. The fair one's ankles were clothed in sky blue woollen, and then came the coverings for the feet which were of a curious + complicated pattern. They were evidently made of leather, + had buttons and button-holes, but the negligé style of the lady's dress was with admirable consistency, continued here, for the sides or flaps of the boots were open, + just as there are cracks + wrinkles in the finest china, so there were cracks + chinks and tears in these charming boots, or whatever else they may be called. But this was not all, over these boots was a sloping strap so to speak, tied with tape on the summit of the foot, which

strap was attached to a thick wooden slab, that was in this manner bound to the foot. The slab in Japan however is not allowed to touch the earth, from which it is raised by an oval rim of iron attached to the slab by two uprights also of iron, of about two inches in height.

This particular dress for the foot is called locally a "Patten" the tout-ensemble, if I may use such a phrase here, was striking to a foreigner, and as the door opened, it certainly struck me, for the lady, by some mischance in moving one of her feet, projected the wooden slab or patten with its iron hoop, rather forcibly against my waist-coat, making me cry, "Oh! my!" very loudly.

"Is the Mikado in?" I asked. "Sure an 'he is," the lady replied, "is it wanting to see him ye are?" "Indeed, fair madam I do," I said, knowing that Japanese ladies required to be addressed in language somewhat of style, "Would you graciously hand my ticket to his Majesty," with these words presenting the card of the Manchester Anglers' Association.

The lady clanked away leaving me on the door-step, and in a moment the Micky came running out, crying, "Come in, come in, you're the first Manchester Angler that's been here. What will you take to drink?" I told his Majesty I would have a bottle of pop, and then saying, "now to business old man", I told him I had come to Yeddo by the



W.C.B.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway to fish, and I wanted him to make it right for me wherever I should go.

"To be sure I will" said he, and taking down a large school slate, 13 x 9, which was ready at his hand, he wrote, "This distinguished man is a Manchester Angler, fee, fo, fitum," the most liberal permission that could possibly be written even by a prince.

Before I left the royal presence, he enquired if I wanted aligators or green-turtle, and being assured that I only required such fish as are taken with a small fly, he showed me on a curious map which I cannot here describe, exactly where I should go, and putting his head out of the door, shouted for "Tom", telling me that the man who speedily answered my summons, was at my service. Tom soon took me to the water, and pulled out his fly-book, which was filled with imitations of sparrows, cuckoos & partridges, but thinking these unobtainable, I tied a cast of my own make, & I regret to say without success.

"Aw'll tell the what," said Tom, "thee just try a grub, & tha'll ha' one in no time" and he began to root in the ground, finding before long a large, fat, white grub the size of a silk-worm. This Tom put on a hook he supplied me with, and I threw it in the river. Tom was right. No sooner did it reach the bottom than I found I had a bite, and that the fish was hooked. I know the quick savage rush of a salmon, but I was unprepared for the behaviour of my first Japanese fish. He was not disposed to come out, nor to run away with the line. Slowly, at an even pace, as though some one at the bottom of the stream was winding it up, was the line taken out, and I saw that the fish, with uncontroulable force, but at his own measured pace was making straight for the other side. Inch by inch was the line taken out, and then at forty yards distance, I saw a large fish, perhaps 25 lbs in weight, slowly emerge from the stream, and with my line hanging from his mouth, and after walking a short distance, leisurely began to climb on apple tree. I knew now what I had got.

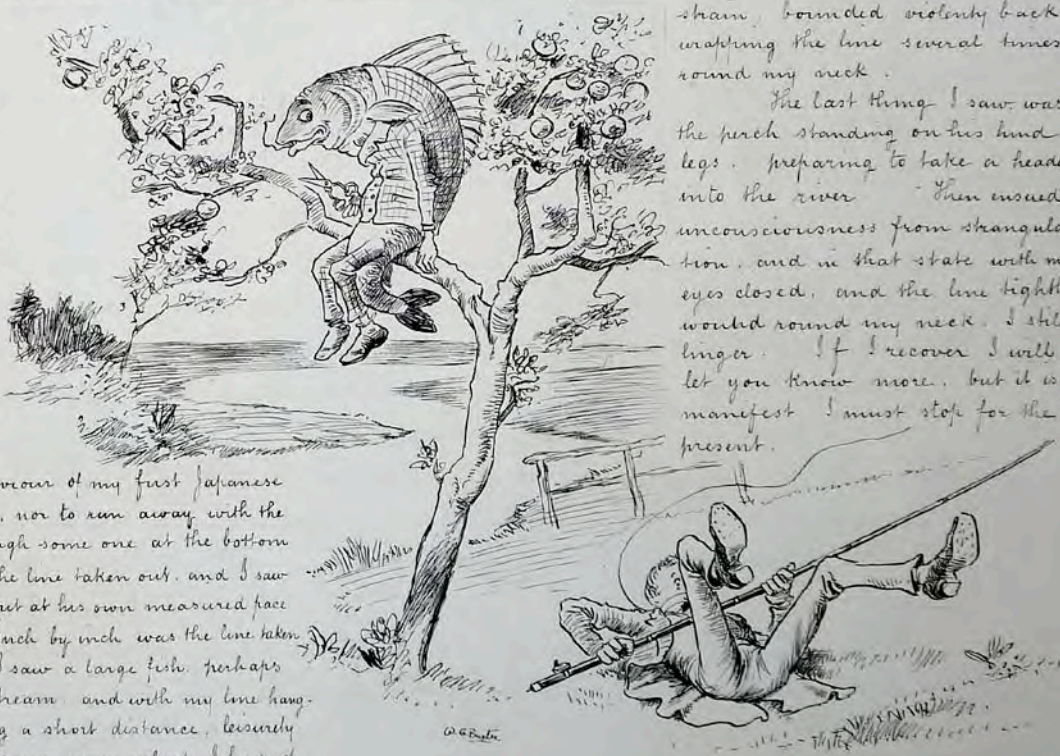
it was a climbing perch.

"Hooraay," said Tom, "just bide here Maister what aw got the blunderbush, an' we'll ha' him as sure as my name's Tom."

All right, Tom I said, holding the fish as tight as I thought advisable, and prepared to wait until Tom returned with the "blunderbush", which I take to be a kind of gun, used in Japan; but scarce had I spoken, when the perch, with the deliberation which characterised all his actions since I hooked him, took a pair of scissors from his pocket, and cut the line!

The supple rod suddenly released from the heavy strain, bounded violently back, wrapping the line several times round my neck.

The last thing I saw was the perch standing on his hind legs, preparing to take a header into the river. Then ensued unconsciousness from strangulation, and in that state with my eyes closed, and the line tightly would round my neck, I still linger. If I recover I will let you know more, but it is manifest I must stop for the present.





Whissun Week at Pen-y-Bont 1880.

Master Jeddatur,

As rich a lot o' members o' the 'Sociation' was deare at the Fishing hearse during Whissun week, I think praps you'd like to know what we did, and how we enjoyed ourselves. Writing's come much in my time, but aw'll do my best to tell you, and nobody can do us noo. There was a grandly good muster, both young and ood, two on 'em brose their wives, and two on 'em their lads. The ladies gan quite a whooanly look to the place, an' their presence added much to our pleasure. Praps too, they'll speak a good word for us, and tell their friends, that fishermen are not the cold blooded, selfish chaps they're generally said to be.

O' the Sunday, there was abbut three on us stopping there. Peter had come o' the Thursday, and Jim and Bob come bi' the afternoon train on the Saturday. After a good thick lay, Peter wanted to be off an' rush to the river. He sed, "it was the only time i' the day to fish, the wafter was so low, it was no"

WHISSUN WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

"good trying while the sun was sawb, as the fish could see so yeggily, and directly, they seed a rod, and a basket, even a hundred yards off, away they scuttled under the stones, and nowt would bring 'em sawb." Tothor two, had aytter had too much

baggin', or was lazy in the lung journey, but they didn't care to bother in their tackle, and sed they'd go, and watek him catek some fish for breakfast.

Putting on their coats, and lighting their pipes, they walked down the bank to the pool under owd Glendower's mound. Finding a nice sheltered nook under

a thick hedge, which sheltered 'em fro' the east wind, they settled down comfortably, while Peter set to work in good yegnech to catek their breakfast. He fished down

witheaut a touch, then thinkin' it was still too early, he coom sawb and jeryped um.

A gradely nice heawr was passed, the young May morn was swiming brightly, o'cryed, the birds was twittering in the bushes, the cuckoo was co'ing fro' each hill side, the trees was jush coming into leaf, and the hedge sides was grand in primroses and spring flowers.

Owd Nature seemed to sejoyce that winter was gone, and if the wind would only change fro' the east, we m'ch caly believe summer was near. Again Peter fished down the pool, and still no fish.

Then we sat o' the bank again, and talked o' the owd ayeieint King o' Wales, who was buried under the big hill opposite; what a fractious bullying sort o' chap he was, and how he quarrelled even in his friends when they m'ch i' Ceauceil to settle how the country was to be divided, after they'd bytten and killed the King o' England, who they was jush going to feight. Well, after

a bit, Peter tried agen, and still no good. Then he towed 'em o' the big fish he'd killed in Scotland, and the big birds he'd plish in Ireland. When it was nearly

dark, he tried agen, and jush hich the neeb toime. Soon there was three nice fish in the basket, and then a big one, after poo'in' him all o'er the pool, broke his loime.

It was too dark to mend it, so we toddled to'ards whoam, in leeb hearts, and slack waisterats. Supper, a cosy pipe, and chat, and we was soon in bed.

WHISKEY WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

Sunday morning was grand, a clear blue sky, and bright sun, and the wind tho' still in the east, was gentle and warm. We thought o' going to Church, but as there was English service only every other Sunday, and this wasn't one o' em, it was each o' the question.

Baptists and Methodists in the Welsh language was none in our way, so we decided to walk over the mountain.

We toddled up the mountain side by slow + cozy stages, often stopping - not because we was each o' breath, but to admire the view. At last, we got to the top, and glad enow we was to lie down on the grass. None on us, was as young and lissome as we once was, and a po' up above 1800 feet, so soon after breakfast took its tale.

There was lots o' peewits flying o' around us, and after resting a bit, we set to work to try and find a nest. We fini' one at last in three eggs in, and of these we took two.

To carry 'em safely, one o' the party put 'em inside his gloves, in his coat pocket, but before we got whoram, he managed to get upon both o' em. The view fro' the top, in the clear morning air, was fine.

The valley o' the Dee for miles, lay at our feet, and at our feet hand, was the head o' the Vale o' Clwyd. The mountains beyond Bala Lake was in full view, and away to the north, was the peaks o' the Snowdon range.

For moar than an hour, we lay upon the grass, in awe that was beautiful in nature spread each before us.

A solemn feeling, inspired by the scene, came over us, and few but serious was the words that passed.

A sermon of moar than forty parsons present seemed to be preached to us, and when we got up to go forward, it was with the happy feeling, that we was aw the better for having spent that Sunday morning on the top o' the mountain.

I can't express our feelings better, than in a few words, fro' the grand book written by our godfather Isaac Walton:

" Bless silent groves, Oh may you be, for ever, Mirth's best nursery!

May, pure contents for ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,

And peace still slumbers by these purling fountains:

Which we may every year, meet, when we come a fishing here."

WHISSUN WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

On Monday morning, another member, who with his wife had been stopping in Llangollen, since Saturday noon, and from lodgings at a nice snug little cot close to the church, talking their meals with us at the Fishing house.

At week, another member, and his wife come, but they couldn't stop two days. Tuesday brought three more brothers to the boat. On Wednesday, there was to be a gathering of five at Victoria station, to go to the noon train, but only four turned up. For some reason, a special third class compartment, marked "engaged" in big letters on the windows, was reserved for us.

Whether it was some compliment to the 'Sociation, this special mark of favour was shewed to the members, - or whether being Race week, and we'd a three card, thimble-rigging look about us, and the Station master thought we'd better be put by ourselves, I don't know, but we were locked in, and nobody else, all the road to Chester was allowed to jeague us.

Three of the party had never been to the river before, and they were in high glee at the prospect of a holiday. The steward on 'em had brought a big bottle of red coloured pop, to celebrate the event, and we all went round whistles, and wished each other good sports.

Our journey was soon over, and we'd a warm welcome at Pen-y-bont from the 'capps that were there. They'd just finished their dinner, and were camping in the garden, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air. We all fished a bit at week, but it wasn't much good.

One member said, the birds loved him so, and that he'd better go whoam and play cards. A big thrush on a tree kept coming east to him "Fred-er-seek" - "Fred-er-seek", then changing its note to "You're-beak" - "You're-beak"; and an avid cornerack in the field croaked out "Play Nap." - "Play Nap."

The two hardest working fishermen of the lot, said "the early morning was the only time to catch fish", and arranged to go down the river at four o'clock, and told us what a lot they'd get. Nobody else would jeague 'em, so they toddled off to bed early, but were up again at three. Mrs. Jones had a good warm breakfast

WHISSIN WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

reddy, and they'd the trap to take 'em down some four or five miles. In noon, they come whoam, quite knocked up, wi' a little trout ayele, weighing praps a quarter of a pound.

The lazy 'uns had their breakfast at nine o'clock, went up to Corwen bi' the train, and walked back bi' the river side, fishing a bit here, and there.

They'd one fish to show for the lot, over hawve a pound. Towards dark they tried again, getting a few nice fish, two or three o'er hawve a pound each.

O' Friday, we aw went to Corwen again in a body, and walked up as far as wheer the river Alwen enters the Dee. When there's good waytes i' the river, this mun be a grand place for fish. It was no use fishing for trout, the waytes was too low, and the sun too breet. One man went in for catelup swigs, in a nice quick place under the trees, and the others sat down to watch him. Heer breeding their jakes and weise, he minded his wark, and bi' the time he'd done, he'd gotten abeaut a dozen on the bank.

The two who'd started early the mornin' afore, sed "it was evidently no use fishing i' the early morn, the sun was too breet - eh better, eh better; they'd try fishing late, and would agen go down the waytes, and have a proper do." Aw day, they'd aw the lads abeaut catelup breet, and the professional fisherman ab lines close to, was set on to mak' special flies. Agon they went abow, and their setting off i' the trap was a seet. They'd as many worms as wd fill a quorb pot, a milk can full o' loise minnows, jake shuaps, tommy loaches, and bull yads, and to mak' sure, they took the professional in 'em.

The others walked quietly up the river, and spread themselves each i' favourite spots. Here was one trying for a poike i' the big pool, there another in a quick corner, fishing for trout in' worms; a bit further on, was one, who having seen what was done i' the mornin', had set his mind on catelup a swig or two, while three o' em went up to some good streams, wheer one o' the party had gotten

51

WHISSUN WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

two nice fish, the mesh afore. When the sun had gotten reared the hill they fished i' earnest. In a bit, one on 'em geet fish i' summak, he thought wur a tree little strain, but when after going steadily down stream, his line begun to slacken, and come towards him, he geet feetub, and sheawted to the mesh man to come and help him. After some good play, they managed, between 'em, to land a good trout, nearly a pound and a quarter, better scale weight. The Jimmy, but there wur some pleastur!! They shook hands, and sheawted agen, then poed eawn their pocket pistols, and drunk aych other's healths, aw the while admiring the spotted beauty that lay o' the bank at their feet. As it wur getten late, and they'd three miles to walk whoraw, they went to find their third friend. Never did three anglers go whoraw w' better hearts! One had a big fish i' his basket, the second had played and landed two grayling, but as they wur full of spawn, he put 'em back, and the third, who had no' his wading gear w' him, and had to fish fro' the bank, had had a "gradely good nibble".

At the house, they, furi' the others, who wur quite reddy, to admire their catch. One on 'em, who is of an enquiring turn o' mind, and likes to know aw abowt every-thing, sadly wanted to open the fish, and see what he'd had for dinner.

Presently the party fro' deawn the river come back. The fisher's basket wur two trach abowt two ounces aych, and three little snigs. In addition, they'd both tumbled in, and wur as wech as mops! Dry clothes, supper, and we wur aw as wech as ninepence.

As it wur eawn last week together, it wur soon settled, we're to have some singing, and a regular jollification. A big jug o' the celebrated "Grouse" beer, and some Mountain dew wur set o' the table, pipes wur lighted, and then the fun begun. The farmer come in, and he set the ball a rowling by singing a song i' Welsh co'ed "The Cobblers." We didn't understand the words, but by his

WHISSUN WEEK AT PEN-Y-BONT 1880.

anties and capers, we could follow him, and jargued i' the chorus, in the best way we could. Then for abowt two hours we did go on; those 'uh didrik sing, towrd tales, the big jug was refilled moar than once, and there was an unlimited demand for crowd waffles. Aw the week, the weather glass i' the room had stuck hard and fast at "Seb Fair", but whether there was a change brewing outside, or deceived by the web appearance o' things inside, it went down moar than an inch during the evening.

O' the Saterdag morning there was a strong wind fro' the west, wi' heavy rain clouds o'eryed. It didrik rain, but it was no use fishin'. One o' the party had a post card to tell him, he'd been made the feyther to a little lad, and aw was going on well, so in his joy, words would do, but we must go over to the "Grouse", and web the little un's ged, and we did it i' gradely style. If that lad is' a fisherman, it woyah be fro' wath o' good wishes. Then we had our last dinner together, as moar on us was coming whome bi' the afternoon train, and so break up a pleasant happy party. Aw the time, there hadrik been a cross word, tho' there was ten on us, five stoppin' i' the house, and five sleeping at the cottage, having our meals together.

In our ourd age, we shall look back wi' great satisfaction to that Whissun week holiday.

For the information of our fellow members, 'uh wereik theer, yo' might tell 'em, Meatur Sollytur, that our bill for eating and drinking, as included, was nobbut three shillings and fourpence happening a day, each. Nobody can call that extravagant.

Bob o' the Beck.

Our President Brother.



Stargazer.

Some men have their hearts full of kindness,
His pleasure for them to do right
And duty, if hard, is ne'er irksome,
To do a good turn their delight;
They love to assist one another,
When hustled about in life's throng,
Such friend is our President Brother,
So here's to his health in a song.

CHORUS. (And here's to health, here's to his health,
And here's to his health in a song.)

How dull would be life without friendship,
The friendship that's true and sincere,
The clasp of the hand's tender pressure,
Can soften much sorrow and fear;
And the angler who feels for another,
In trouble and sickness and wrong,
May claim our good President Brother,
So here's to his health in a song.

Our President's motto is patience,
And who is more patient than he?
More friendly with each brother angler,
Or kinder, more gentle, and free;
The novice may hear from him wisdom,
To cheer him as he goes along,
Then toast we our President brother,
And here's to his health in a song.

Yes here's to his health brother anglers,
Right gladly we pledge him to-day,
And long may we have him amongst us,
We all of us heartily say;
It's not easy to find such another,
In all of our great city's throng;
Then toast we our President brother
And here's to his health in a song.

Col. John S. Mauson C.E.

First President of the

Manchester Anglers Association.

Notes by the way.

Whitsuntide Reports 1880. It gives me much pleasure Mr President & Gentlemen to acknowledge the May memoranda made by our Members, and communicated to me for the pages of our Magazine, such notes are of great value. The increasing number of them shows the growing interest of the individual members to the Association a matter of congratulation to us.

Whitsuntide 1880, the great Lancashire holiday & especially so to the Angler is now a thing of the past. We may now sit down & count up our creels, (and alas I fear, to the majority) so far as good fishing is concerned, we may literally say empty, empty Whitsuntide with its sister holiday Easter has indeed been disastrous to us.

It will not be an ill spent moment, to call attention to the singularity of this Spring & compare it with the no less singular season of 1879.

In our Meeting night of April we were condoling with each other on the ill effects of the biting, chilling & miserable east wind, that effectually prevented that

our expectations then were all on the much prayed for departure of that unwelcome wind then come rain & happy angler see who could only be on the water side to catch the first flood, but lo! wind went, yet no rain came, and from that time, Wind until after our holiday time was over. drought - drought - a precisely similar result to us all was the consequence, no fishing -

Let me remind you of the condition of things last year, few of us will ever forget extraordinary, long, cold and shudding nor-easter that held us under its spell until far on in May, and immediately on its departure, the deluge with continuous rains that flooded the country, then after the first change the very superabundance of the element we now want, caused similar results, it spoiled fishing. Verily an Angler has much to disappoint him; perhaps on the other hand it is this "glorious uncertainty" which charms us. In any case we are far from the position which Auld Sandie Thomson places an angler. "Gentlemen, my file can't catch a fish when the fish allows him; but catch the fish when he wishes to be caught."

I have to acknowledge the Report of Mr S Crabtree, who with a friend spent Whit Week at Toome Bridge on the Bann the outcome of the paper by our friend Mr Brownbill.

Dr Simpson fishing in Loch Erne N.W. of Ireland. I believe with two other of our Members, reports few trout.

Our esteemed Treasurer Mr G S Woolley and friends fishing the Eden, reports as follows and encloses the tickets and other papers he obtained for said fishing, this is a most commendable practice. Such tickets will be under the care of our Custodian for reference.

Notes by the way.

Report from Derbyshire the Wye, Derwent
 our Don Sec. Whit Week. No water, even here on this
 stream which in general fishes best in a low water, even
 here. too low.

Our Vice President, Mr E. S. Simpson fishing Loch
 Awe, reports - Adversely low water, want of rain,
 accompanied by most tempestuous weather - Whit Week
 bad, week after slightly better.

Lastly and what will be the centre of interest
 the doings on the Dee on our fishing house: the reports
 are as follows. From the Thursday preceding until
 the Monday after Whit Week, there were Members con-
 stantly at work. During this time about 12 Members
 and 8 friends patiently & perseveringly toiled away;
 the result was Mr Thwaites on Friday preceding Whit
 Week, caught the best basket, viz 12 fish, and after that
 a brace or a brace and a half, was the highest reward
 for the most persevering rodster. Even Edwards failed,
 not a fish on one occasion, on another only two. Not a
 coracle was seen, nor a professional save Edwards during
 the time. Talking with one of the old Keepers aged 75
 and a watcher for 35 years, he stated, not to his
 had Dee ever been so low. Certainly all known arts
 were tried early morning and late at night. Fly in
 all places, Devon, Quill & natural Minnow were tried
 on stream & pool. The worm & fly chiefly, according to
 Stewart, the pool fishing of evening all deadly arts on

the border were tried but of no avail: Such was the fishing
 at Ten-y-Bont.

In the Field of Saturday last a basket of
 50 lbs 3 days fishing by two anglers in the Dee is re-
 ported to have been taken and evidently about the time of our
 stay there, a statement so astounding that we think it
 worth notice however it has proved a fact and our Mr
 Thwaites corroborates it.

It was a matter of the greatest delight and
 happiness to all at Ten-y-Bont that the only large and
 in fact the Caracot fish taken during the week, fell to the
 rod of our amiable and much esteemed brother the Libra-
 rian, and this capture would have made him King of men
 for a that - save that the patient perseverance of our most
 modest of Members, was rewarded last Saturday by the cap-
 ture of a fish, a goodly trout of 2 lbs 11 oz - a prize that will
 entitle him to the wearing of the laurel for a long time to come
 and gain great renown. The lure on this occasion was
 that most extraordinary new-bait cockle & cockle boiled
 gentlemen, with plenty of salt too.

Salwegian & West of Ireland salmon prefer shrimps but
 must be boiled & well salted. A salted minnow is by many
 preferred to fresh. Salted salmon roe, the diabolical bait of
 the Tweed & commended by Stoddart for its despatch-
 ness is well known, and a bolton trout is incapable of retaining
 that most delicious morsel - a boiled and well salted
 cockle.

The Right Fly.

36

Francis Francis.

I was throwing my fly on a fine summer's eve
Where the stream rippled gently, a trout to deceive,
But no trout could I tempt and no capture achieve
Not a rise could I get to my wishing.
My rod it was supple and strong was my line
My reel was quite perfect, my collar was fine
And as for my casting 'twas simply divine
Yet I could not succeed in my fishing.

When homeward returning I met pretty Jan
And I thought to myself here's a chance for a man
For maidens like trout will come home to the pan
If you cast the line over them neatly.
I told her my fancy, she smiled and said "nay,
Your comparison does not go more than half way,
So excuse me young man if I wish you good day,
For you've failed in your fishing completely."

"Your rod may be supple, your lines may be strong
Your reel may keep winding up all the day long
But for any nice catch you may go to Hong Kong
If you're nothing but that to rely on
As for maidens and trout they are both rather shy
And if you are anxious to tickle their eye,
You will never succeed Sir, without the right fly."
So she bowed and went off with Tom Lyon.