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Parts of some pages were photographed from the Manuscript Book, and others, where the handwriting was difficult to read, have been typewritten

The
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Containing Papers Contributed
By Members,

During the years. 1898. 1899. 1900

1901. 1903. 1904. 1905. 1906.

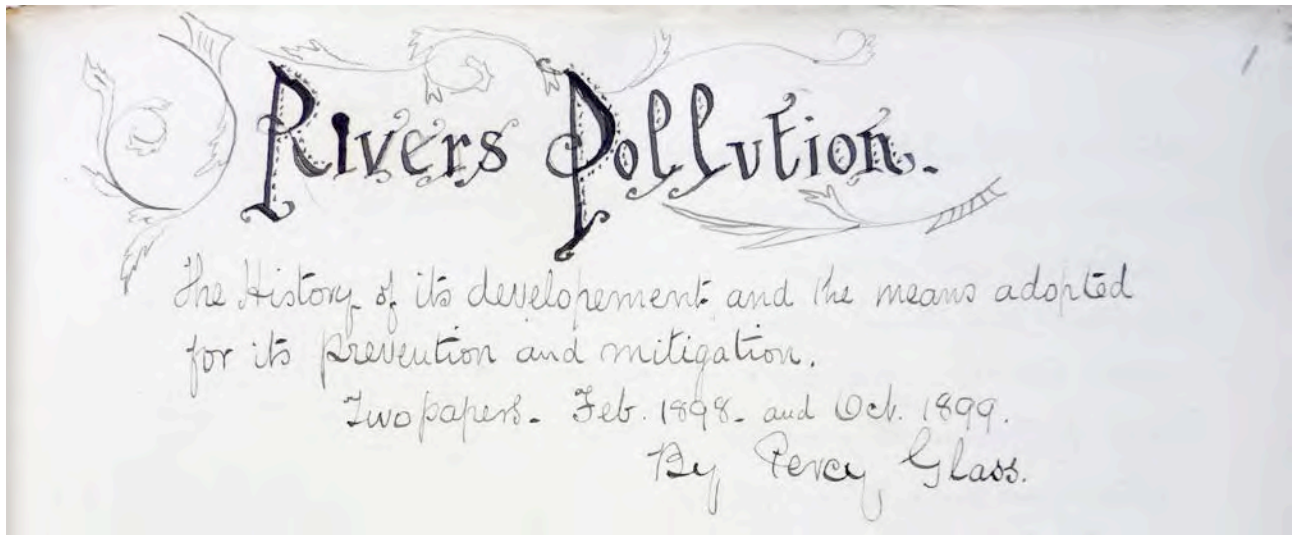
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Walking along Strangeways Manchester from Victoria Stn. To Deansgate and looking down at the foul seething flood of Irwell just as it receives the inky Irk, makes ones heart rebel that man should pollute this great good gift of running water, but when in green fields, among the bushes on the river bank you smell, instead of the sweet scent of hawthorn, the foul stink of an inky stream, polluting the land and the air, through which it flows, then you feel, with feelings that cannot be expressed, the utter wickedness of the whole thing, and you want then and there to let off steam against the abomination of River Pollution.

The question of River Pollution is practically of recent origin, for altho' doubtless, rivers have been polluted by the refuse of human congregations—or what Sir John Simon calls "Social aggregations" ever since such communities came into being, it only reached the dimensions of a serious evil early in the present century and only to an acute stage some ten years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837. So far as I have been able to learn, there is no published work in the nature of a succinct record of the gradual increase in the Pollution of Rivers and of the steps taken to prevent, or mitigate the evil.

Many works (most of them within the last few years) have been published dealing with the question of navigable waters, their obstructions etc., sewage and sewage disposal, domestic water supply etc. In many of these books there is to be found useful information, but not strictly pertinent to the consideration upon its merits, or demerits, of river Pollution, its growth, nature, danger and remedy. River pollution in this country is now very nearly at its maximum, or high water mark, the practical, political, and scientific question of remedy is only in its infancy. Much has already been done, but much more remains to be done.

GROWTH

First there is its growth---this implies the history of the thing and that has not been written. The question of drainage and sewers is an ancient one, but in olden days, as to a very large extent at the present time, the problem resolved itself into one single simple proposition, how the most cheaply, quickly and completely to convey the sewage to the nearest river. Sir John Simon in his "English Sanitary Institutions" tells us on the authority of Sir A. H. Layard that "In regard to Nineveh, a city that had almost been forgotten before history began, that there existed in that city an elaborate system of "drainage" which of course was discharged into the River. In Europe (so far as we may judge from works yet known) sewer construction did not begin till some centuries later. In Rome we can today see, still standing in almost imperishable masonry, a vast sewer which tradition counts to have been among the public works of the elder Tarquin nearly 25 centuries ago". With the final fall of Rome as a political power, all Sanitary progress disappears for nearly a thousand years, till in the 16th century Europe begins to struggle against the dominion of the monastic system and men tired of pestilence and famine, of building churches, and paying tithes, begin again to acquire municipal institutions. The following passage from Sir John Simon's book gives a very clear idea of the Sanitary condition in this country from the end of the 13th to the end of the 14th century.

"For maintenance of street cleanliness every man (1297) had to keep clean the front of his own tenement; and the casting of filth from houses into the streets and lanes of the City (London) was (1309) prohibited and made sharply punishable. At first (1309) people ought to have it carried to the Thames or elsewhere out of town; but in those times as in our own, the carrying power of the Thames was limited, and it is instructive to observe how soon our forefathers had to launch themselves in to new endeavours. In 1345 the filth at Dowgate Dock makes the Thames water there no longer serviceable to the commonalty, and four

carters are sworn as scavengers to cleanse the dock of dung and other filth and to keep it cleansed; in default of which they are to be sent to prison. In 1357 a Royal order, addressed to the Mayor and Sheriff tells how "the King (Ed. 3rd) passing along the river had beheld dung and laystalls and other filth accumulated on divers places in the said City upon the bank of the said river and had also perceived the fumes and other abominable stench arising there from; from the corruption of which, if tolerated, great peril, as well to the persons dwelling within the said City, as to the nobles and others passing along the river, will it is feared arise unless indeed some fitting remedy be speedily provided for the same, and the order forbids the continuance of practices as above, and require proclamation to that effect to be made; whereupon a new order for the preservation of cleanliness in the city is proclaimed, and part of it proscribes that 'for saving the body of the river and preserving the quays ---- for lading and unlading, as also for avoiding the filthiness that is increasing in the river, and upon the banks of the Thames, and to the great abomination and damage of the people, there shall henceforth no rubbish or filth be thrown or put into the rivers of Thames or Flete, or into the fosses around the walls of the City, but all must be taken out of the City by carts. In 1372 the king again addresses the Mayor Sheriffs and Aldermen of the City, complaining mat rushes, dung, refuse and other filth and harmful things---- from the City and suburbs are thrown into the water of the Thames, so that the water aforesaid, and the lythes thereof are so greatly obstructed, and the course of the said river so greatly narrowed, that great ships were not able, as of old they were wont, any longer to come up to the said city, but are impeded therein; and the writ strictly enjoines immediate measures to amend this state of things, and to prevent recurrence 'so behaving yourselves in this behalf, that we shall have no reason for severely taking you to task in respect thereof; and this as we do trust in you, and as you would avoid our heavy indignation and the punishment which as regards ourselves you may incur you are in nowise to omit.' Within the first six years of Richard 2nd, the same policy occurs in two similar cases in 1379 and 83."

From this time forward matters seemed to have drifted on in a desultory sort of way, with nothing of special interest to note, till early on in the present century.

Sanitary Legislation, strange to elate, is a factor which has had much to do with the increase of rivers pollution. In this connection I will quote the case of the Thames, which will approximately illustrate what has been going on the country through. "In 1832 Sir (then Mr) Edwin Chadwick was appointed as assistant Commissioner to enquire into the "working of the Poor Laws, and also a member of the Poor Laws Commission of 1838. He made some most important reports, and the result in the end was the Public Health Act of 1848" (Simons 179). The effect of this in London, was the draining and sewerage of large and densely populated areas, and the filth and refuse, which up to then had lain festering on the surface, fostering all manners of disease, were now by means of the sewers dumped into the Thames (see commission on Thames pollution early 50s.) Almost immediately after the passing of the Public Health Act in 1848, in September of that year, a Cholera epidemic broke out, and last for fifteen months, and again another visitation of Cholera occurred in 1853/4. In 1856 a Report was made to Parliament on the relation between the London water supply and the Cholera visitation of 1854. Without going fully into this most interesting and important Report I will report from Sir John Simons book a brief summary of the principal facts elucidated by the enquiry thus reported. The death rates from Cholera per 10,000 living for the population which in 1848/9 which received foul water from the Southark and Vauxhall Co. was 118. For the population which received somewhat fouler water from the Lambeth Co. was 125. For the population for 1853/4 from Southwark and Vauxhall Co., foulest of all was 130. From the amended supply of the Lambeth Co., in 1853/4 was 37. (Simon p. 261). In ten years the passing of the '48 Public Health Act, the stench of the Thames was so great at Westminster that at the Houses of Parliament all air admitted from the waterside had to pass through fine canvas saturated with strong disinfectant. In consequence of this in 1857 a Report was made to Parliament on the question. So that at the same time the pollution of the Thames was being indicted for the loss of thousands of lives by Cholera, and the attempt to Poison our Legislators at the Houses of Parliament.

No legislation, however, appears to have immediately resulted, except the Local Acts of the Thames Conservancy Act 1868. In 1868 the Rivers Pollution Commission was appointed and it reported from time to time until 1874, when the last of its Reports was made.

The whole report which thus took six years to complete is a monument of careful and painstaking investigation. It is now long since out of print, and can hardly be seen, except at Public Reference Libraries. The 6th and final volume, that upon the Domestic Water Supply of Great Britain (*sic*) is so highly regarded that, it is recommended at Cambridge as one of the text books on Sanitary Science. In 1876 the Rivers Pollution Act was passed, and carried out, though not completely, the recommendations of the Commissioners.

The development and trade and the increasing pollution of Rivers go hand in hand. Whether it need be so we shall see later. A few comparative statistics of the development in this respect during the last 50 years is of interest.

The Population of Great Britain (Sic)	in 1841 26,000,000	in 1891 37,000,000
Total Imports and Exports	in 1840 £159,000,000	in 1895 £702,000,000
Valuation for Local Taxation	in 1866 £93,000,000	in 1895 £161,000,000
Miles of Railway open for traffic	in 1854 8,000	in 1895 21,000
Capital invested in Railways	in 1854 £296,000,000	in 1895 £1,000,000,000
Passengers carried (not contractors)	in 1854 111,000,000	in 1895 1,000,000,000
Traffic Receipts	in 1854 £21,000,000	in 1895 £81,000,000
Earnings per Mile of Railway	in 1854 £2,500	in 1895 £3,800

In this connection it is also interesting to recall to mind the institution of the Electric Telegraph in 1838, and the Penny Post in 1840. from a mere casual glance at such figures as these it becomes self evident that this enormous commercial development during the past half century and especially during the last quarter of a century is a principal cause of the enormous increase of River Pollution. All manufacturing industries are dependant in a greater or lesser degree upon a good supply of water, and therefore must be carried on where water is easily procurable--- the river bank. The Map of the Mersey and Irwell Joint Committee very eloquently illustrates this fact.

The concentration of enormous industries on the banks of our rivers and feeders, entails at the same time large aggregations of population, and to the pollution of factories and works, is added the sewage from the dwelling houses. You must not infer from this that rivers pollution is confined to big towns.

NATURE

The second division of our subject is the Nature of river Pollution. In the Report of the Commission upon River Pollution, which was presented in 1871 dealing with the River *Sheds* of the Calder, Severn and Scotland, is reproduced by litho-process the facsimile of a letter—written I believe, by an agricultural implement maker, written not with Stephen's Blue black, but with water taken from the river Calder.

"The Standard Works,
Wakefield
August 11th 1868.

"Dedicated, without permission, to the Local Board of Health Wakefield."

"This memorandum written with water taken from the point of junction, this day, between the River Calder and the town sewer. Could the odour only accompany this sheet also, it would add much to the interest of this memorandum"

"Do. Do. (*Ditto Ditto?*) written with water taken from the mill goyt at the same time,(but much fainter) (River Pollution Report, Ref. Lib. 2443) It would be interesting to try a similar experiment in 1900 with water taken from the junction of the Irk and the Irwell at Victoria Station in Manchester. Still dealing with the nature of R. P. let me quote a few passages from the Commissioners of the Mersey and Ribble basins (Vol. 1—1870, p. 11, 12, 16.)

"It is stated broadly and generally by every person who has given evidence on the subject, that the rivers (except close to their sources) are polluted and filthy and that they are now in worse condition than they used to be. The recollection of many people on every stream goes back to time when they were in a habit of fishing where now no fish can exist.... The effect is to absorb the whole of the stream which is the outlet of the drainage of the country, and to apply it to manufacturing purposes solely; to throw out of sigh altogether the right of a dweller on the bank of a stream to use the water of that stream, and gradually to assume that the extent of the evil, or the magnitude of the profits which arise from the abuse of water in various processes of manufacture is a sufficient justification of the course followed up to the present time..... The effect of this conversion of rivers into common sewers is most injurious. All complain; even those who while suffering from the inconvenience and annoyance, which such a state of things entails, add to the nuisance by them selves following the general ex. (*ample?*)

While they whose property happens to lie on the stream, even many miles below the towns are sufferers in a variety of ways. Are the farmers? Their cattle cannot drink of the steam passing through their meadows. Are they dwelling on or near the bank of a river? They are driven from home by the stench, which

renders the place unbearable. Are they compelled by duty to remain on the spot? They are subjected to general annoyance and, as alleged, in many instances to ill health.

Have they property? Its value is often diminished; a house remains tenantless, land is unsaleable except at a reduced price. Of all these evils, instances will be found in the volume of evidence appended."

"When taking samples at Throstlenest Weir, Manchester, at 5 a.m. July 21st 1869, we saw the whole water of the River Irwell, then 46 yards wide, caked over with a thick scum of dirty froth, looking like a solid sooty crusted surface. Through this scum, here and there, at intervals of six and eight yards, heavy bursts of bubbles were continually breaking, evidently rising from the muddy bottom, and when ever a yard or two of scum was cleared away, the whole surface was seen shimmering and sparkling with a continual effervescence of smaller bubbles rising from various depths in the midst of the water, showing that the whole river was fermenting and generating gas. The air was filled with the stench of this gaseous emanation many yards away."

The case of Sankey Brook between Saint Helens and Warrington as reported at the same period is even worse. "The offensive smell is perceived two or three miles away. Some of the riparian proprietors, wearied with litigation, are now embanking the stream at great expence so as to prevent its poisonous water from overflowing their land. They cannot however bank out the sulphuretted hydrogen, which injures their property and renders their homes uncomfortable". (do. do. P.34) I think this is a fair specimen of the kind of evidence put before the Commissioners more or less all over the country. Many of you are, no doubt, familiar with picturesque Island of Anglesey. You will follow me when I say that as far as climate, nature of its industries—which are almost only three—agriculture, fishing and stone quarrying--- it is in complete contrast, both as regards climate, industries and extent of population with those which are embraced within the watersheds of Mersey Ribble and Calder.

Walking round the coast from Beaumaris, away from Menai Straits, north and east, we arrive after about 15 miles tramp at Lligwy Bay, one of the most delightful little bays I know, into which flows the little River Lligwy in which for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile brown trout, sea trout, and young salmon abound (when they have not been netted by the natives). Four miles further on we reach Dulas Bay about half way between Moelfra Bay, where the 'Royal Charter' was wrecked, and Bull Bay at Amluch. The river Dulas rises in Paris Mountain, celebrated from time immemorial for its copper mines, and flows into the sea at Dulas Bay. It has a good volume and flows through some lovely little vales, but in Paris Mountain it receives the vitiated washings from the Copper mines, and from its source to the sea it is a filthy yellow stream, useless for agricultural, or any purpose than turning a mill wheel at Dulas and poisoning everything it touches.

You perhaps have also been down to Devonshire and Cornwall and you have seen at St. Austell and elsewhere, the rivers a thick creamy white, polluted by the washings of the China Clay mines. A Gentleman, who is proprietor of one of these mines, informed me that shortly after purchasing his mine, he discovered that a man lower down stream had tapped it and put down settling tanks etc. and from the residuum, thus recovered the stream, manufactured nearly 100 tons of Mica clay.

In Crumpsall, where I reside, near the station is a spring which flows about a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile through the fields before it enters the Irk. Before that stream has flowed a hundred yards from its source, the beneficent Corporation of Manchester converts it into an open sewer. Country districts are equally guilty with urban, it is only a question of degree. At Horton in Ribblesdale 'my righteous soul' has often been vexed at the sight of milky water flowing into the Ribble from the Lime Works, and of broken crocks, old shoes and tin kettles which Villagers always religiously deposition in the river. This is typical of what goes on from source to sea on most of our British rivers, to say nothing of the drainage and sewage from gentlemen's houses, farms, hamlets, villages and towns along their course.

In December 1897 Mr Albert Gibley's trout preserves at Londwater and Wooburn, which were known to afford the best dry fly fishing within 30 miles of London, hundreds of grand trout between 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and five pounds were killed. The opinion in the district was that there were no fish left alive between the sewage farm and the Thames. The poisonous matter, whatever it was, seemed to have been allowed to sweep down the public sewers. Of course no money can compensate for such destruction as this. Mr Gibley has for years, not only protected and preserved, but most liberally stocked his river and taken every possible measure for its improvement.

DANGER

The Fanger of River Pollution is our next and third heading. Nothing under this head has been specifically tabled, except where river water is used for domestic and drinking purposes. Under the heading of History or Growth, I have already drawn your attention to the intimate relationship, which existed between the Cholera epidemics in London in 1848/54 and the polluted condition of the Thames. So recently

as 1897 there occurred a fearful epidemic of typhoid in Maidstone in Kent, which resulted in great loss of life. After full enquiry it transpired that polluted was the cause and the Local Authorities were most seriously culpable. I will instance one more case brought out in a paper upon the Municipalities of Manchester and Hamburg by my late friend Mr John R. Galloway, before the Manchester Statistical Society.

"Hamburg derives its general water supply from the River Elbe and we are assured that with the exception of a number of wells, this is practically the only source available, for the City lies in the lowlands of a broad delta, far away from any mountain range. Although the Elbe is a broad and important river, its water is not sufficiently pure for domestic purposes. One cannot expect it to be pure, for the river drains a populous valley, and has many towns and villages upon its banks. The water, therefore, is taken from a point a mile or two above the City, and by a most extensive filtration system, the largest of any City in the World, it is made sufficiently pure for household purposes. It was during the construction of this purifying plant that the terrible cholera epidemic of 1892 broke out, carrying off its thousands and demonstrating all too clearly that the authorities had been too late in making provision for the City's greatest need."

"Dr Dunbar, an American, who had studied at Giessen, was placed at the head of the Hamburg Municipal Laboratory, and it is this accomplished bacteriologist who has demonstrated quite effectually that Cholera is propagated by means of water rather than air. He devised a method by which cholera germs could be discovered, located and counted; and the purified water of the river Elbe is now subject to regular daily tests and where found to contain more than a hundred Cholera germs to the cubic centimetre it is known that it becomes a source of serious public danger. As many as 30,000 to 100,000 cholera germs to each cubic centimetre have been regularly found in the ordinary Elbe water so that purification works are a monument of what science can accomplish for a community so situated. The greatest care and vigilance are however necessary, for in 1893, the year following the outbreak, a leak occurred in one of the pipes which conveyed the water underneath the Elbe from the works situated on an island opposite Hamburg. The pure water became contaminated this way and caused a number of cases of illness and death from cholera. With regard to sewage the plan adopted by Hamburg is simplicity itself. The sewage of the whole city is discharged without treatment of any kind into the river Elbe at a point just below the City. The tide, however, comes with considerable strength up the river and it is not surprising that much of the filth emptied into the river is carried upstream and contaminates the water which has to be used for domestic purposes. This was undoubted the cause of the Cholera outbreak in 1892 and as Hamburg has had 14 visitations of this terrible scourge in 42 years, it is surprising that authorities are content to let matters rest where they are, notwithstanding the undoubted efficiency of their filtration works." (Samples were exhibited of Elbe water taken ½ a mile below the sewerage outfall and of the filtered water; samples were also exhibited of the Thames water at London Bridge at low tide, of the Irwell, the Irk and several samples of the water at Horton in Ribblesdale, a sample of Seine water from Paris unfortunately got broken in the post.)

with regard to the danger from R. P. where the water is not used for drinking purposes, there is, at present practically no evidence. The rivers, one of their principal functions being to sweeten and purify the atmosphere through which they flow, are prevented from fulfilling this function by reason of their pollution and instead of exercising a purifying influence, give off foul effluvia and noxious gases, can scarcely be held to be an advantage anywhere, but in the densely crowded districts of towns and cities through which many of our British rivers flow and at certain times of the year send up their miasma to poison millions of human beings with November fog--- conditions such as these cannot be other than a serious danger to the community at large even though a specific death rate cannot be tabulated.

In the Report of the 1868 Commissioners (vol. 1 P. 33) under the heading "Influence of R. P. on health" appears the following---

"The authorities within the Ribble and Mersey basins were asked whether the river, stream or canal passing through or by their town was a source of ill health or discomfort --- these authorities frequently express the belief that the river is a source of ill health, as well as discomfort, but the facts they describe fail to justify their opinion---- partly owing to the incompleteness of the health statistics. There needed no enquiry whatever to enable us to say with confidence that the river is often a source of great discomfort; a summer day spent on the banks of the Irwell or Mersey in any of the towns through which either river passes, is of itself sufficiently conclusive on that subject; but the evidence before us has not enabled us to say whether the filthy river is also the occasion of disease."

REMEDY

I now come to the last heading Remedy. Is there a remedy for this state of things? If so is it being applied? And if being applied, with what measure of success?

First then what is the Law in regard to Rivers Pollution?

"The Common Law of the country affirms the right of every owner of land to make use of the water of the river or stream passing through or by his property, but it prohibits the employment of the water in such a manner as will render it unfit for the use of those lower down the stream. This Common Law exists but in name, the cost of enforcing it by legal process is so excessive as, practically, to leave complaints without redress. (Vol. 1 P. 132.) The case of the North Esk River strikingly illustrates the defects of the common law. Here three wealthy riparian proprietors stimulated by the horrid pollution of the river which flows through their Parks, and under the very windows of their houses, Dalkeith Palace, Melville Castle, and Hawthorn, commenced proceedings in 1841, but not till the year 1866 did these proceedings reach the stage of a verdict in favour of the plaintiffs. Two years later (when the Commission visited it) the nuisance, although greatly abated, had not been entirely removed. (Report Volume 1 Page 38)

Mr C. I. Haworth, Solicitor, B.A., L.L.B. has published a valuable little book entitled "The Statute Law relating to Rivers Pollution." And I cannot do better than give the list contained of Laws dealing with the subject. Public Health Act 1875. Rivers Pollution Prevention Act 1876. Interpretation Act 1889. Public Health Acts amendment act 1890. Local Government Board's Provisional orders confirmation Act, Rivers Mersey and Irwell and Ribble 1891. rivers Pollution Prevention Act 1893. Local Government Board's Provisional orders confirmation act, West Riding Yorks. 1893. West Riding of Yorkshire Rivers Act 1894. This list though sufficient for our purposes is not exhaustive, there are several other local acts, but only in the nature of the appointment of Executive Boards for the carrying out of what we may call the governing act of 1876. (The Thames Conservancy Act, and the Lee Conservancy Act etc.). You will have noticed that in Mr Haworth's list no less than six out of the eight acts enumerated are acts to facilitate or provide machinery for carrying out the provisions of the Public health Act 1875 and the River Pollution act of 1876. In other words excellent as the Rivers Pollution act of 1876 was in many ways, as a direct instrument for the accomplishing of a definite work, it was a complete failure and the reason is easily seen. According to the Act the duty of enforcing it lies upon **"Every Sanitary Authority"** and upon **"every person aggrieved"!!** History once more repeated itself and **everybody's business became nobody's business**. In other words, the Act of 1876 failed, split upon the same rock as the common law, which proceeded it—lack of Compulsory Executive Authority to enforce it. Another omission which prevented any good coming from the 1876 Act, was that it did not put the compulsory function upon an authority, which should have control over the whole water shed of a river and its feeders. This defect is now, to a considerable degree, rectified by the appointment under Statutory powers of the various River Committees and Boards already referred to. The flaw in the Act of 1876 was early discovered and would never have occurred if the advice of the Commissioners had been followed, and the Parliamentary history of the efforts made to remedy the defect is very interesting. In 1894 a number of very interesting papers were read in connection with the Fisheries Exhibition in London. One of them on Rivers Pollution by Mr Barrington-Kennett. For this paper Mr William Burchell prepared a short history of measures and proceedings relative to Rivers Pollution from 1862 to the present time (1894).

1862 Select Committee of House of Lords to report on Pollution by Alkali works.

1863 Alkali Act passed—dealing with **air** – but not water.

1864 Introduction into House of Lords. R. P. (Scotland Bill) --- did not pass the commons.

1865 " " R. Waters protection England "

1866 1st Report of R. P. Commission on the Pollution of the Thames.

1867 " " " " Aire and Calder.

1868

1870 New Commission appointed and Reports completed.

1874

1875 Bill in house of Lords—For the better prevention of the Pollution of Rivers and providing a Conservancy Authority. Passed in Lords, but not in the Commons.

1876 Two Bills, one in each House. One passed in both Houses. --- The 1876 Act.

At this point it may be of interest if I summarise the principal sections of the laws for the prevention of Rivers Pollution.

Public Health Act 1875.

Section 14 page 87—"Nothing in this Act shall authorise any local authority to make or use any sewer, drain or outfall for the purpose of conveying sewage or filthy water into any natural stream or watercourse etc., until freed from all foul and noxious matter as would affect or deteriorate the purity and quality of the water in such stream etc.

Section 22 page 93--- "It shall not be lawful for any person to throw or place into or in any river, stream etc. any cinders, ashes, bricks, stones, rubbish, dust, filth or other matter likely to cause annoyance.

Rivers Pollution Act (Prevention of) 1876'

Every person who puts or causes to be put or fall or to be carried into any stream, so as to singly or in combination, with other similar acts of the same, or any other person to interfere with its flow, or to pollute its waters, the solid refuse of any manufactory, manufacturing process or quarry, or any rubbish, or cinder, or any other waste, or any putrid solid matter, shall be deemed to have committed an offence against the Act. Repeated acts that together cause pollution, although each act taken by itself may not. Every person who causes or permits to fall or flow or to be carried into any stream any solid or liquid sewage matter, or any poisonous, noxious or polluting liquid proceeding from any factory, or manufacturing process shall be deemed to have committed an offence against this Act, unless he shows to the satisfaction of the Court that he is using the best practicable and reasonably available means to render harmless the poisonous, noxious or polluting matter so falling etc. Person includes a Sanitary Authority.

The Act is to be enforced by any Sanitary Authority, or any person aggrieved. If any Sanitary Authority refuses to proceed under this Act any person aggrieved may apply to the Local Government Board, and it may after inquiring it sees fit direct the Sanitary Authority to take proceedings. The Joint committees which since have been appointed are made Sanitary Authorities for the purpose of carrying out this Act."

Immediately after the passing of the Act the weakness of its operational adoption was discovered and from Mr Burchall's list we now see what steps were taken in Parliament to amend this defect.

1877 Select Committee of the House of Lords "To consider Conservancy Boards".

1879 River Conservancy Bill, passed the Lords but failed to get through the Commons.

1881 Both Houses introduced Bills dealing with the same question. Neither passed.

1882 The House of Commons again shelved a bill dealing with the question.

1883 do. Do.

The next great step forward, I think may fairly be attributed to THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL. In view of the opening of the Canal, and the water of the River Irwell being required for it, a good deal of discussion and private conference, resulted in the Sanitary Authorities of Lancashire, Cheshire and part of Derbyshire petitioning the Local Government Board, which in December 1890 held a public enquiry at the assize Court Manchester. Following this inquiry, the subsequent Report and at the united request of these petitioning authorities, the Local Government Board established the Mersey and Irwell Joint Committee under Subsection 3 of Section 14 of the Local Government Act 1876. this clause was introduced by a Chemical Manufacturer Mr (Now Sir) I. T. Brunner who said of it that he trusted and believed it would "change the face of the country to such an extent as to make it a far more beautiful and pleasant country to live in." (For fuller particulars see three letters in the The Manchester Examiner Oct 3/24 1891.)

When the Mersey and Irwell Joint Committee was appointed in 1891 application was made to the Foreign Secretary (Lord Salisbury) to obtain information from Foreign countries as to the Laws and Regulations abroad relating to the Pollution of Rivers, Lakes and Reservoirs, and the means adopted to prevent the same. Some information of this character had been obtained by the Rivers Pollution commission and included in their Report; but for chronological reasons it was necessarily very scanty.

Lord Salisbury (the late) promptly complied with the request and our Consuls abroad soon supplied this information in regard to the U. S. America, France, Germany and Russia. This information was printed in the form of a Hand book for the use of Members of the Committee, of which Mr Hulton of the County Council, was good enough to present me with a spare copy. It is a most interesting compilation, but time will allow only a very brief notice of the condition of things in these Countries. The Book contains 99 pages and of these 56 pages refer to the Laws and enactments in force in the U. S. of America. The Laws against river Pollution are much more stringent than our R. P. Act of 1876, but except in the State of Pennsylvania, where there is a specific enactment against Colliery and oil refuse, being put into the rivers, in the interest of game-fish, they only apply to those rivers and their feeders which supply water for domestic and drinking purposes. So that their legislation is not so much against river Pollution as for preserving pure drinking water.

In France the only regulations in force are as follows:-

1 A few Resolutions of the Privy Council anterior to 1789.

2 The Laws of 1789 and 1790.

3 The decrees of 1810 and 1880 upon unhealthy, dangerous or noxious works.

4 The Law of 1829 upon river fishing rights, which prohibits the throwing into any stream of materials likely to stupefy or destroy the fish therein.

- 5 The decrees made annually under the Law of 1829 and a Decree of 1875 for the purpose of determining the measures to be observed in turning into the streams the refuse and effluents from works etc.

6

This regulation has been known for a long time to be insufficient. The Laws relating to fish have only been brought into force when such destruction has been caused wilfully. At the time this Report was made further legislation was proposed, but I am not aware whether it has become Law. This Law, if passed, would bring France nearly in line with our own Law on the subject, but here also, the main object appears to be the preservation of pure drinking water.

In Belgium ---- The Law, such as it is, is vested in the Provincial Councils, but has been proved to be inadequate. At the time this Report was made (1891) steps were being taken to cope seriously with the question.

In Germany --- Since 1794, under the common Law the public rivers and streams are under the supervision of the Government. The use of Rivers is regulated by the Police Authorities who promulgate the enactments for preventing the Pollution of Rivers. Pollution appears to mean where detrimental to navigation and the health of human bipeds and fish.

In Russia ---- The Laws against River Pollution are very stringent.

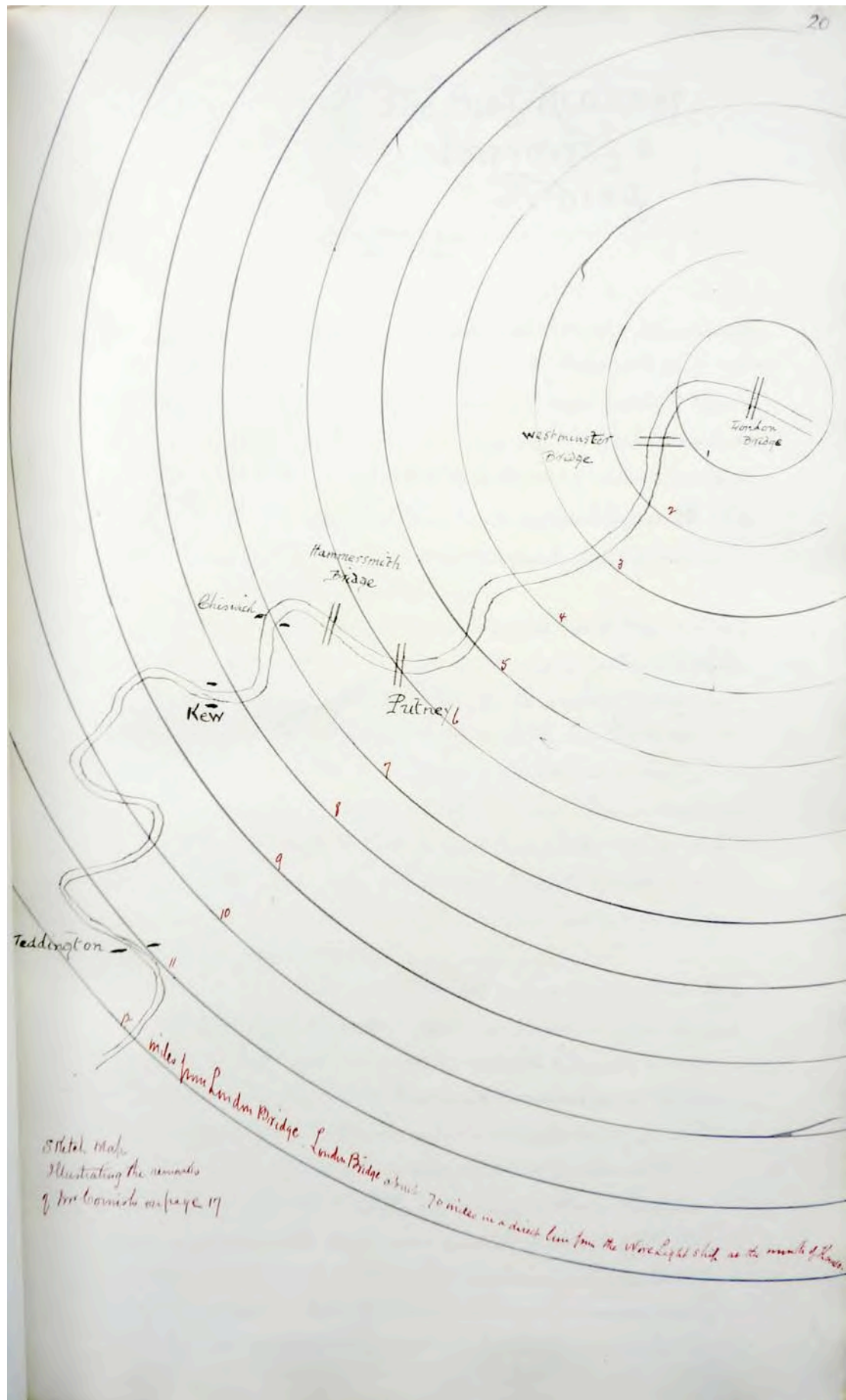
Mr Consul Mitchel remarks that he can safely assert "that the provisions of the Law remain a dead letter, rivers and other sources of water supply being polluted without compunction, or any action being taken by the Local Authorities to prevent or arrest the same."

From a comparison of our Law dealing with R. P. with the Laws of Foreign Nations, we may well assert that in England at all events there is under the Law a remedy for River Pollution. It has even now, at so early a period from the commencement of the operation of the Law—barely half a dozen years---been demonstrated that there is not only a legal remedy, but that when compelled by law offenders can carry out an effective practical remedy. I will name two cases, which have come under my own notice. Early in 1896, I think it was, I was dining in the Coffee Room at a Macclesfield Hotel, and sitting at the opposite end of the same table were a number of gentlemen, who were evidently by their conversation paper manufacturers. Several of them were denouncing in no measured language, the iniquitous Mersey and Irwell Joint committee (I have often heard River Polluters express the pious wish that this blessed body was at the bottom of the deep blue sea.) one of these gentlemen, however, took exception to these remarks, and advised his friends to set to work at once, and loyally carry out the suggested improvements, said he, I was at first just as hostile as you, but I found in the first year I recovered sufficient material to cover the total cost of the original outlay, and I am now saving (I think he said 80) tons a week of useful material which I formerly let run down the river.

Some little time ago, one Sunday morning, I walked with a friend to look at the Water of Leith where it flowed through the City of Edinburgh my friend, a native, said this used to be a foul filthy stream. When I saw it, it was bright and clear as crystal. Here the Local Authority put down a sewer under the bed of the river from the highest point of pollution and then compelled all refuse and sewage to be turned into the sewer--- I believe after precipitation. This drain or sewer finally discharges into the tidal waters of the Firth of Forth. Now in the season trout up to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound are caught in the heart of Edinburgh by those who have right of access. Mr C. F. Cornish, the naturalist writing in the "Cornhill Magazine" says he thinks there is a fair prospect of our catching sea trout at London Bridge before long. The main cause is the gradual cleansing of the Thames water, largely through the action of the County Council in securing the better treatment of the London sewage, while a minor contribution is made by the efforts of the Thames Conservancy to render the Thames not only a navigable waterway, but a clean one. The sure and certain index of this improvement has been the successive reappearances of certain kinds of fish, creeping annually higher and higher from the sea. Mr Cornish has noted this process for some eleven years. The first indication that some change was taking place was the appearance of a couple of Porpoises at Hammersmith Bridge, "early on the morning of the fateful day when Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was rejected". A few years later the whitebait and shrimps were swarming at Gravesend. In 1894 it was rumoured that Thames flounders had once more been caught off Chiswick Eyot, almost on the spot where the last salmon was taken in 1785 in the Bishop of London's Fishery. In the winter of 1896 and the spring of 1897 the first practical results were felt in the London Market. Whitebait shoals swarmed in the Lower Thames and its tributaries and "bait" became a cheap luxury. (See diagram at the end of this article)

At the end of August the delicate Smelts, true estuary fish, appeared in the Lower Thames and were caught as far up as Teddington, and a second shoal came up to Putney and thence to Kew in September. As it is known that Salmon and salmon Trout still make trial of the mouth of the Thames estuary every year,

though they turn back before its foulness, there is, according to Mr Cornish, every hope that they will follow the whitebait, the flounders and the smelts if the present laudable efforts of the county Council are supported. (Manchester City News Dec. 29th 1898)



(I cannot reproduce on paper the samples of Thames water already referred to, but to many who had been familiar with the river--- it was pleasing revelation to note the wonderful improvement which had taken place.)

I cannot conclude this question of remedy without quoting as much as time will allow of the most interesting report of Mr Tatton, Chief Inspector to the Mersey and Irwell Joint committee, on the work done from its formation in October 1891 to March 1896. the District under review has a population of two millions, the rateable value is in round figures £10,000,000. The number of works on the Irwell is 272—Irk 44—Medlock 18 --- Mersey 60 = 394

"Depositing cinders in or on the banks has been practically stopped. The dredgings from the Ship Canal, into which these solids eventually find their way, now contain hardly any cinders, whereas formerly they were chiefly composed of them. This result has been obtained with but few prosecutions, a remonstrance being usually found sufficient. The sludging of mill lodges, which consists in sending forward down stream the solid filth and sludge, which has been brought down the stream and collected in the lodges has also been stopped. The progress made by manufacturers has been greater as far as results are concerned, than that made by the Local Authorities, those rivers which are principally polluted by sewage showing less improvement than those in which manufacturing pollution forms a larger proportion." "In October 1893 45 works had efficient purification plant.

In 1896 180 plants.

In October 1893 191 works had no treatment adopted.

In 1896 5 works had no treatment adopted."

"Manufacturers who use river water have, in many cases already derived considerable benefit."

There is one great practical difficulty in dealing with River Pollution and that is the need of any authority, to be effective **to have control over the whole watershed.** This difficulty is gradually being surmounted by the establishment of such bodies as the Mersey and Irwell Committee, of whose recent Report I have just cited. Another difficulty is that the river valley is the natural course for drainage, artificial, as well as natural, which must, like the river, follow the gradient. I thought I had propounded a new idea on this point, but my friend Mr H. T. Crook, first disabused my mind of this delusion. I have since discovered that among others, 30 years ago the late Mr R. N. Philips made an almost identical suggestion.

It is that the question of artificial drainage and the prevention of river from pollution, being so inextricably associated, and the satisfactory dealing with pollution being possible only, by an authority exercising control over the whole watershed of a river—the same, or similar body, with certain necessary qualifications and reservations should have similar charge of the drainage and sewerage of the same area. That an uniform system, and a telescopically increasing sewer, should be constructed in effect from the source to the sea on all rivers, with a large population residing on their banks; that all foul water, refuse, effluent and sewage should be suitably and locally treated and as far as possible, having due regard to the maintenance of a full supply of water and the continual flushing of the sewers, water so treated should be returned to the river; that flood water be saved and stored in the higher reaches of the rivers, for compensation in the time of drought and generally to maintain a regular flow of water in the river at all times, and for the flushing of the sewers.

The Pollution of our Rivers is a great and serious evil to be coped with. It requires all the patience and intelligence, which can be bestowed up on it. We must not forget our duty to posterity, nor the stern but scientific warning of the Mosaic Code as to the visiting of the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the "third and fourth generation". Much remains to be done, but I believe the problem can be completely solved, and to use in another sense the now historical words of Mr Gladstone "the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted".

I have endeavoured as shortly and as clearly as is possible to lay before you the general position up to the present time of the important question of Rivers Pollution and the means adopted for its prevention and mitigation.

There are many things which I should like to have included but which time limit would not permit, what I have done can only be regarded as a crude skeleton, at least however I hope I have been able to demonstrate that it is our duty as citizens, and in the interests of generations yet to come, to do all in our power to hasten the day, when our rivers and streams shall no longer be a bye word and a curse, but a boon and a blessing to the toiling millions of our people.

(The paper was fully illustrated by means of Lantern Slides.)

The Best Means of Improving a Fishing.

By H. W. Lee. 1898

I have been asked to bring before you a Report made last Spring on the means of improving the fishing on a part of the River Wharf which came by chance into our hands & which deals, not with the matter of breeding trout, or the vexed question of stocking with fry, yearlings, two year olds, rainbow, or any other sort of fish; but is drawn up entirely from what I might almost call the trout's point of view of a river and shows how it is possible to provide food, other than the artificial flies, or little bits of tin, which are the only contributions we anglers usually think of making towards the support of the fish we turn in.

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The Officers of the Association seem to consider that the Report will be of interest to the members, not only, or indeed in the main for the information it may itself contain, but also it may be the means of starting a discussion, and of bringing to light information which may have bearing and be of value in increasing the production of our fishing at Horton.

I have not been asked to bring this report forward because of my knowledge of the subject of which it treats of which I know little or nothing; but because I have been a member, for a long time, of the length of waters to which it refers and can tell you how it came about that the Burnsall Angling Club came to go into the matter.

I have no doubt many of you have seen and perhaps some fished, the length to which the Report refers, and I know any of you who may have done so will agree with me, that it would be impossible to imagine a more typical trout stream, and it would be impossible to desire to pursue your sport among more lovely scenery than that bounded by the woods of Barden Tower at the one end, and the more open country running out into the limestone district seven or eight miles above, at Lynton, which forms the top limit of the fishing. The stream itself presents the characteristics we are used to associate with the rivers of the Yorkshire Dales. At the top limit it will be as big as our own river below Horton Bridge, but the size of the bed and the volume of the water seems to increase much quicker than in the Ribble, and by the time Burnsall and the lower lengths are reached, the river is one of considerable size. The water seems to me to be more varied than that of the Ribble, sometimes rushing down a boulder covered slope, then flowing in one gentle stream over a gravel ford, then scarcely moving along an almost level dub, and in many places roaring and foaming over solid rock in which it has cut innumerable channels, and worked out great holes, the resting place in any imagination at all events, a giant trout. The trout and grayling that inhabit it are as lovely in shape and

color(sic) as the river itself; but of late years many of us consider that the size of the trout at all events has steadily decreased, and although on a good day a first rate fisherman will still get his ten or twelve brace, yet the average weight seems to be considerably below what it was, and the pounders or thereabouts, which used to be fairly common, now nearly exist entirely in our dreams. This state of things cannot be for want of stocking, because we can see there are plenty of fish in the water, and fish have been turned in yearly by the club and also, I believe, by the Duke of Devonshire, who not only gives the Club about two miles of fishing but also, I believe, helps them to stock and watch it. It can hardly be accounted for by over fishing, as the Club has only fifty members, many of whom do not often take advantage of their membership, and although day tickets are issued, it is at a cost of 5/- per day, with the express condition that only artificial fly is to be used, so that it is quite the exception for many members to be found on the water.

The last point that occurred to the Committee was to enquire into the food supply, and the result of this was the Report sent in by Mr Harry Speckley, an expert on the subject, which I am now going to read to you.

17TH FEB. 1898—REPORT re RIVER at BURNSALL (WHARF)

"On the 15th of the present month, according to instructions, and in the company of two members of your Committee. I visited the River Wharf at Burnsall, the fishing right of which is vested in the Burnsall Angling Club, for the purpose of examining and advising on the natural food supply existing and obtainable. The river was very unfavourable for the purpose, being in flood, but through the courtesy of the two Gentlemen present, I obtained information which it would otherwise have been impossible to get. I found the river almost destitute of the various marginal vegetation, conducive to insect life of the order Coleoptera (Beetles), Neuroptera (Ephemerae), Diptera (Flies and Gnats etc.) and Hemiptera (Water Bugs, Boatmen, Plant Lice etc.), which constitute the principal food of fishes. I would suggest that the planting of such vegetation should be proceeded with in its proper season, viz April and May so that the introduction of the above insect life, that is not at present found there, can take place at the earliest opportunity. Many of the best marginal plants can be obtained in the neighbourhood by your Keepers, and planted on the river side in suitable places. Amongst the most suitable are the following --- The Water Plantain (*Alisma Plantago*), Water Cress (*Nasturtium Officinale*), Brooklime (*Veronica Beccabunga*), Mare's Tail (*Hippuris Vulgaris*), *Vallisneria Spiralis* and the Water Speedwells. All of the above are free growers, and easy of cultivation, and do not require the obnoxious system of periodical cutting to keep them within bounds, and in the course of a season or two will be found to be covered with the very best of fish food.

I learned from the Gentlemen present, also your keeper, that there was a great scarcity of Aquatic Vegetation; this you must be well aware is a great detriment to your fishing, for in addition to providing food, they also provide shelter, and this I would draw your attention to as one of the essential things on a Trout Stream. The most suitable plants for this purpose are *Anacharis* (*Alismastrum*), Water Lakewort, (*Littorella Lacustris* [Shore Weed]), Water Lobelia (*Lobelia Dortmansi*), Water Starwort (*Callitriche Verna*) and the Water Stonewort (*Chara fenestres*).

The above, or any obtained, should be planted with care and judgement, in places that are not suitable for fishing, such as small bays made by floods, backwaters and sand ridge, and some of them in very deep holes. Few of the above mentioned reach the surface of the water so that they do not materially affect the fishing, and yet at the same time support an abundance of fish food. Both the aquatic and marginal plants should be stocked with Mollusca and Crustacean, but by far the better method of proceeding is to utilise the small streams, and ditches for the breeding of these things, and let their young be carried down into the river by water flowing from them. The reason for this is that if you place your stock in the main river, the probability is that they will be destroyed by the fish before they have had an opportunity of increasing, thus doing away with your stock.

If a supply of *Gammarus Pulex*, the most valuable of the Crustaceans as fish food, is obtained towards the latter part of May, a double supply will at once be had for the one trouble and expense, for they will be then carrying their eggs, which they do until they hatch.

Of the Mollusca the Common Aquatic Snail (*Limnaea Peregina*) is by far the best and most prolific, and will thrive in almost any kind of water. Other insect life you will soon have as the stream gets stocked with vegetation.

A few Willows and Alders could with advantage be planted in places where there is no shade; they will supply food and can be obtained without expense by simply driving in a new cut stake of either kind well into the bank, and leave them to grow until they obtain the height of a few feet. A pocket knife will at any time keep them within bounds.

I would also suggest that the stock of minnows be kept up, and that the Herons be destroyed; this is successfully done by offering a premium to the gamekeepers on the adjoining land for each head brought. Besides the Heron I also noticed the Kingfisher; about this bird you must use your own discretion, but there is no doubt he is detrimental on a trout stream.

On the flats, or glides I would suggest that you adopted a system of stocking which I explained to your keeper, that answers four purposes, viz that of making an artificial stream, a rest, or shelter for fish, a home for insect life, and a preventative of poaching. I think the four benefits mentioned above should recommend it to your consideration.

I found the length well supplied with feeders, or small streams, and if these had a little attention could be made to answer the purpose of larders for the main river. One thing I should impress upon your notice and that is that the streams in which the fish out of the river go up to spawn, and the ova is left in the natural redds, should not be very productive of insect life of the larger kind.

Many of them are carnivorous, and make great destruction both on the ova and the newly hatched alevins; rats also do considerable damage to such a stream. It is by far the better plan to set apart becks for the two purposes. The beck coming from the fry pond, I noticed as being the most suitable for the purpose of rearing food, and by a system of rotation could be made a splendid place for the rearing of fry. The small stream called the Gill Beck was the richest in insect life of those I examined.

In it I found many useful specimens that could with advantage be used for transporting to other streams on the length. I had no means of ascertaining what head of fish the river contains, but would remind you that overstocking until the supply of food is increased is simply a waste of time and money, for not only do you exhaust the supply of food for the present year, but by so doing you do not allow nature to recoup herself, for doing away with the parent you also in many cases entirely do away with the young.

Another thing, which is of great advantage to a trout stream is the introduction of new blood; this does not, in my opinion, receive the attention it deserves; you will know better than I if it is so in your case.

The limited time at disposal must be the excuse for the brevity of this report, but I shall be glad to supply any information I can.

Signed

Harry Spreckley
Water Bailiff

Upper Mill Pool
Via Leeds
Feby 17 1898.

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CAMPING OUT AT LOUGH DERG

Abel Heywood.

Whitnortide 1898.

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The month was May!

It was some time in the evening when we started from Exchange Station. In the carriage I discovered Mr Austin & Mr Martin. Mr Paterncroft Mr Roe came bringing with him a cart-load of impediments; old battered tin boxes, ugly bundles of old clothes, bundles of sticks and as nondescript a lot of rubbish as could well be brought together. However, it all went into the van labelled Mr Roe's party, Pettigrew, and proved in the end to be much better than it looked.

The other men brought a box apiece, tin or otherwise, and fishing things. One of these boxes when we reached Pauldy's land was missing! But I anticipate.

We reached Holyhead in due time and, each carrying his own wares, fishing-rods and baskets hastened on board the steamer which lay almost along-side the quay.

Our voyage was to be to Greenore. There were a good many passengers but we got a couch apiece without difficulty and took possession by depositing our trunks upon it. In some cases I think the trunks were the sole occupants.

For myself I went to bed like a steady man, and slept till I awoke, that is, till the steward came round to tell us up if we wished to leave the ship at Greenore.

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It was some time in the evening when we started from Exchange Station. In the carriage I discovered Mr Austin and Mr Martin. At Patricroft Mr Roe came bringing with him a cart load of impedimenta, old battered tin boxes, ugly bundles of old clothes, bundles of sticks and as nondescript a lot of rubbish as could well be brought together. However it all went into the van labelled Mr Roe's party, Pettigo and proved in the end to be much better than it looked.

The other men brought a box apiece, tin or otherwise, and fishing things. One of these when we reached Paddy's land was missing! But I anticipate.

We reached Holyhead in due time and each carrying his own wraps, fishing-rods and baskets hastened on board the steamer which lay almost alongside the train. Our voyage was to be to Greenore. There were a good many passengers but we got a couch apiece without difficulty and took possession by depositing our traps upon it. In some cases I think the traps were the sole occupants. For myself I went to bed like a steady man, and slept till I awoke, that is, till the steward came round to call us up if we wished to leave the ship at Greenore.

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

All things come to those that wait, so, our express started for Pettigo and dragged its weary length along. A wretched journey as every Irish journey is. At last Pettigo is reached. Roe's provident care had insured the attendance of a cart to take the luggage to Lough Derg, six or seven miles away and the same provision had arranged for dinner at the inn or hotel in the savoury named little town. Anyone who has been in an Irish inn, will know what Aibilians is like. You walk in at the swing glass door, through a flagged lobby, up a flight of stairs, right opposite the door but dark. These stairs which take a turn half way up, are covered with dirty oil cloth, worn here and there into holes. At the top you turn again coming to a landing onto which several doors open. Pass through the first of these and you find yourself in a large room scantily furnished, a dirty well worn carpet that has never been taken up since its earliest days.

Some cheap prints are on the walls and grand disorder is on everything. However dinner is ready, a boiled leg of mutton, and we eat what we can and then go out to look for the "kyars". These turn up bye and bye and after our captain has arranged with the shop keepers for a supply of smoking provisions to be sent out daily, we mount the cars, two men going in each and set off, soon getting to the end of the little village, when we find ourselves in low uncultivated, or nearly uncultivated ground, with the road cut through it, and guarded so to speak from it, by pretty high grass fences with a profusion of yellow gorse in gorgeous bloom. It was a brilliant day, so that we enjoyed our drive as much as thought (SIC) the scene had been more beautiful than we found it.

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

But I had forgotten all about that box. The luggage is carried from the train to the steamer by swarms of porters, and as you had your berth to be looking after and other things to be doing, it is very difficult to have one of your eyes to take note of what is being carried on board.

We each of us managed to spot his own box going down except Martin, but he was not alarmed, supposing that he had missed it on its way. However it was worse than that, he had missed it altogether, and when we reached Greenore, the railway authorities argued that the box must have been in the wrong part of the train, and had gone on to Dublin, but all agreed that it would turn up and would be sent back **some** day. Friend Martin spent a little fortune in telegraphing after it, I trust has duly made a claim and had the claim allowed

by the peccant company. The box turned up I may say, amid great excitement about three days after we had settled down in our tent. How the owner managed in the meantime I don't quite know. I know he bears his crosses with most philosophic calm.

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

When Irish boatmen are introduced it is usual to enliven matters by quoting their wise and witty sayings; but Robert and Tommy are not much in that way, and I should have to invent witty stories if I thought it necessary that this truthful story should be so enlivened.

Let me instead to ease my conscience quote a story of two other Irish boatmen. This runs as follows— "Two anglers were fishing in a lough from a boat, with Paddy at the oars, when a fish for the second time rose at the angler's fly and was struck and just touched and then gone! 'Tare an' ounds' said the boatman. "Ah! It was a grand fish ,yer honner Yez'll not see the likes of that fish again today. Oh! be the powers he was a fine gentleman he was" "A big fish was he Pat?" "Troth an he was sorr he was the full of a doss" "As large as that! Did you see him?" "Sure an I did sorr; truth he was a real treasure of a trout." "How big would he be? You think?" "Truth sorr, I can't say to a two foot but your honner's clothes wouldn't have fitted him." This story I need hardly say is one of our late friend Pritt.

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

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

I do not remember what delicacies I found on the table, suffice it that I was astonished at its diversity and its quality. But the table was all askew, the floor was on a slope of twenty degrees and very lumpy, our chairs which we brought with us could not be induced to stand up. We got our tea notwithstanding and

Austin who gave up tea for fishing came in by and bye with six nice trout for tomorrows breakfast. Our larder was now brimming over. We were in for a fine time.

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

By and bye the breathing of some of the company became audible. There is one man who never snores, this man was on my left; on my right lay a man who always snores and as one generally made as much noise as the other, I found it difficult, seeing that I had had no whiskey to promote slumber, to get my eyes closed; and as I lay awake (perhaps as much from the novelty of the situation as from anything else) I heard the wind begin to get up outside and after a time the rain began to fall in sheets upon our resounding canvas.



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

It is said that at one of the Belle Vue sieges, perhaps the siege of Sering-a-pat-am, which I think was the first of them, an old woman asked as the entertainment was closing "when is the ravishing going to begin?" in the same way you may be asking "when is the fishing coming on?"

The fact is I have very little to say about the fish. They were like the prayers of those who buried Sir John Moore.

I have already mentioned that the first portion of the time we spent at the lough was wet, it may be added that it was generally stormy too, the lough being turned into a sea and when I add that it was cold also, it will be understood that we could scarcely have tip top fishing.

The lough is a pretty long one, some six miles or so, and almost as wide as long; you may almost take it as a quadrilateral, with Roe's island (which is generally a peninsular) jutting out from one of two sides and splitting that part of the lake into two bays. One of these bays is in front of our Derg. This outflow is almost two miles from our tent. Lake fishing is not the most entertaining of sport, but it is sometimes so good on this lake as to be worth following, on the occasion of our visit it was certainly not worth going so far for, though the joys of our encampment made it entertaining enough.

The far end of the lake from us is diversified by a number of islands, and it is around them that the best of the fishing is generally found, but on account of the stormy winds we were seldom able to get there and did not do any great amount of execution even when we did get there.

Much nearer to us however than these islands, is Saint Patrick's or the Pilgrim's Island as ugly a place as you ever put your eyes upon. It is an island of, I should say, three or four acres and St. Patrick is said to have once slept on it. The consequence is that a chapel stands on the isle, it is a place of pilgrimage for the faithful, and nearly the whole of the island is covered with ugly mill like buildings in which the pilgrims find accommodation. There are also three places called butts, on a grassy slope round which the pilgrims make a certain number of perambulations barefooted and it was told us how "the highest in the land" have sometimes made the pilgrimage and paid the penances, which we saw a few poor foot sore peasants engaged in doing. As well as the chapel and the cottages there is a square in which are three life size marble statues of St Patrick and others but the place appals me by its ugliness either from a distance or on close inspection.

Round this island, in among all the nearer islands, round gull island, a little craggy rock, where scores of gull lay their eggs on the bare stone, and round the distant rocks that peep up here and there, the trout are to be found, and are to be got with fly cast or trailed and with minnow.

One fish of 3 ½ lbs. was caught while we were there, on the minnow, but our party got nothing over a pound, and very few of **them**. The average weight would not be more than six ounces.

The flies used are nothing particular, they are called local ones, but are of the usual make and colours, and about the size of hurling flies used on the Scottish border, but a cast of flies I used in river fishing in Norway, considerably smaller than the orthodox ones, I found generally to catch quite as well as the favourite size and colours of the place. We, of course, always had plenty of fish for the larder and one or two of our friends were able to send off by post, boxes of samples to their families. The fishing was bad all the same. By far the most interesting bit of fishing I had was on one stormy night when roe undertook to pull Martin and myself in a boat and to find us some fish.

The waves were breaking with considerable force at one end of the lake and Roe, telling us to cast right into the breakers and almost on the stones, pulled us slowly along the margin. We both picked up a fair number of fish, and from the fact that there was some little skill required in pitching the fly to an exact spot to avoid a stone and so on, it was much more pleasant and exciting than any other fishing I had.



Flogging plain water in a lake is not the best of sport. On another day Martin and I went to the river. It is only a smallish stream, though there are few places where it can be waded, there are a great number of deep pools, but we had no great sport, though I think we did that day as much as those we left at home on the lake. It was, I may say, the only fine day we had, and during our absence the ever careful captain of the party, hung out rugs and blankets to dry in the welcome sun. I scarcely need say that the rain made up for it at night.

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

In the last words I spoke I mentioned fire, and in that connection must bring in the name of Martin. Every day while we were on that dissolute island, did that brave and good man get up before us, and light the fire, often in wind and rain. And you don't know what lighting a fire is when the wood is wet and the turf, as it always was, is soaked. I don't know how he did it, but the porridge pot was always hanging by the chain when I turned out, and I am ashamed to confess it. The fire was made gipsy wise, and a considerable amount of wood (twigs etc.) had to be burnt even when everything was dry, before the turf which Robert and Tommy brought daily, would catch fire.

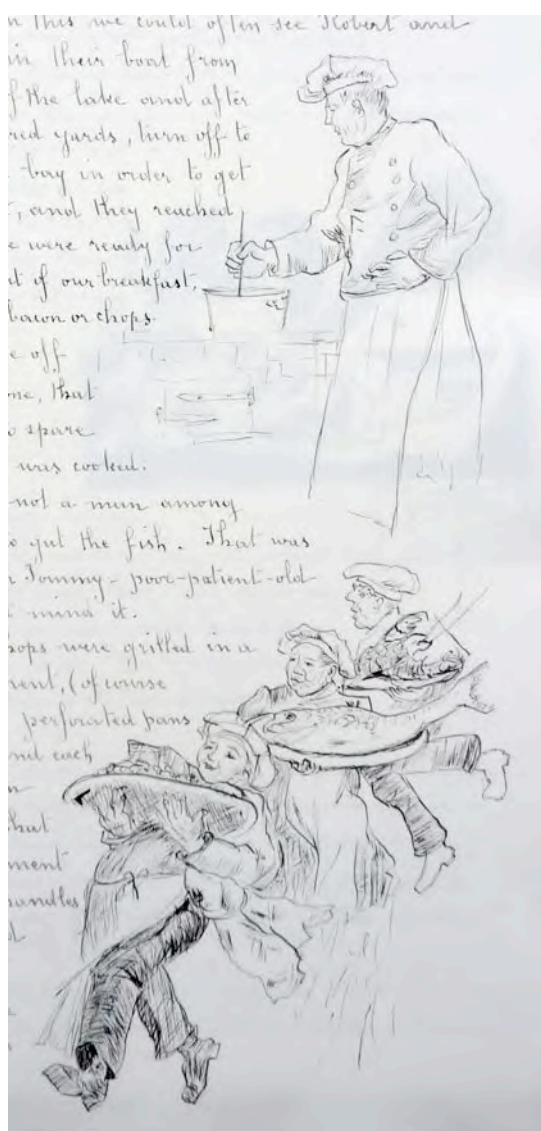
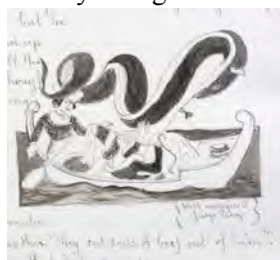
By the porridge was on, the lazy fellows, as I have explained would get up, wash in a tin basin on a stone each man afterwards hanging his towel on line if the weather permitted. One after another took a turn at stirring the porridge with a long stick cut out of wood. (This stick was always kept in the lake for sweetness.) The stirring took not far from an hour and as the verses relate, we often found the salt had been forgotten, but otherwise, I say it without fear of contradiction, better porridge could not possibly be made than Martin gave us.

In the mean time there was bread to be cut, tea to make and milk to boil, but unfortunately both water and milk had to wait, for the porridge monopolized the fire. And I have to confess that as a party we sadly deficient in domestic economy. Will it be believed that one night the tin box was left open, and the next morning, bread, meal, sugar, cheese, salt and preserved ginger were all found to be soaking wet and swimming about in the box half full of water! The porridge ready however, except on that sad wet morning, we poured it into soup plates, in varying quantities, according to taste, and sugar and milk also to fancy. The milk was brought daily by Robert, but as we had our porridge before he arrived, our morning milk was always yesterdays. The porridge all vanished before the water for the tea boiled, but the tea came by and bye, and the eggs which were boiled in a cone shaped pan arrived about the same time and we were able to sit to our table and discuss our breakfast and our programme for the day together.

While engaged in this we could often see Robert and Tommy put off in their boat from the opposite side of the lake and after rowing a few hundred yards turn off to the far end of our bay in order to get our supply of peat, and they reached us by the time we were ready for the more solid part of our breakfast the fish and the bacon or chops. We had to put these off for three reasons; one, that there was no fire to spare till everything else was cooked. Another that there was not man among us bold enough to gut the fish. That was always reserved for Tommy, poor, patient old chap—he did not mind it. The bacon and chops were grilled in a patent arrangement, (of course Mr Roe's) of two perforated pans hinged together and each with a frying pan handle to it, so that when the arrangement was shut up the handles came together and formed one. The advantage of the thing was that you grilled one side of the bacon or what not and then turned the pan over and did the other side. Nothing could cook chops or frizzle ham better.

These things accomplished Robert and Tommy had to have their breakfast finishing it off with a wee drop of the crater. They never omitted to "wish success to the fishing" but it never came notwithstanding. It was said that Tommy once told a story of an enormous eel that lived in the lough and occasionally ravaged the neighbourhood, but he could never be wound up even by whiskey to tell the story while I was by though he did mutter something one day to make us

believe the oracle had spoken. There was only one sentence, however, that I could make anything of and it was this "they cut soots of beef out of him". I hope we may hear the tale some day.



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

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

This may be, indeed, no doubt is – perfectly true. But on two occasions we ventured to make a lobscouse dinner. How it was done I don't know, all I had to do with it was to peel and cut up some potatoes. Martin and Roe did the business between them, and mighty well they did it!
The pleasures of the poor are not to be sneezed at.



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



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

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





THE BLUE MERLIN THE NIGHT HAWK AND THE FISHERMAN'S CURSE

BY JOHN HENRY LEA.

October 1999

A member of our Association whose name suggests fishing from a boat has told me that I must write an article for the Anglers Evenings. I have escaped doing this for some years, but it has been put to me rather as a matter of duty therefore it must and shall be done.

Upon the 7th day of July 1899 something happened respecting our fishing at Horton which in our annals will ever be worthy of pleasant remembrance.

The 4.35 P.M. train from Manchester to Settle instead of making a terminus at Settle wandered on to Horton a distance of 6 miles and made Horton its terminus, the train being special from Settle to Horton on Friday afternoons. This was the triumphant result of courteous negotiations between the Association and the Midland railway company, and will, it is hoped, be of great use to the members.

It enabled three weary busy men from Manchester after a surfeit of letters, interviews, telegrams, deeds and documents, and telephones to breathe a little

fresh air in the wild
hills of Yorkshire
in the home of the
lapwing, the snipe
and stone curlew.



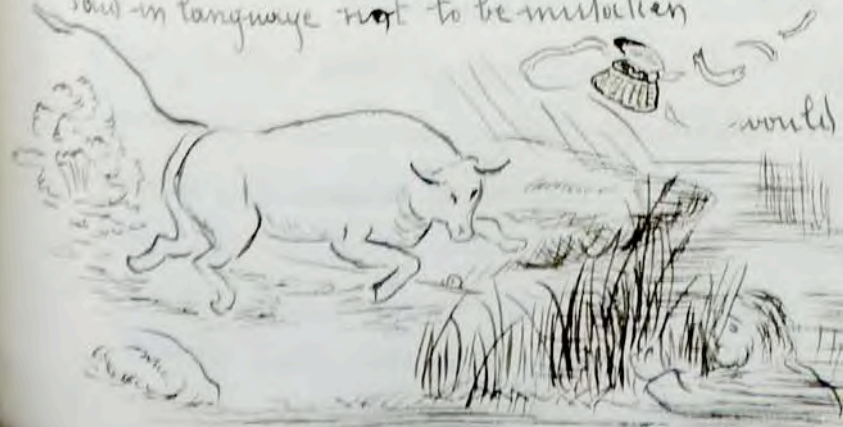
The passengers from Settle to Horton were not numerous on this the opening day: the three anglers formed the great bulk of them and a wagonette was waiting to take them to the Tarn for the river owing to the dry weather was a discouraging sight, its waters had gone off to the seaside.

For a sluggish liver the drive to the Tarn was equal to a days hunting; it reminded one of a short run in an ancient bathing-van. The warning call "hold fast" the reply "Oh! drive on we are held fast" and the next minute a tumble on the hard boarded floor with barked knuckles and a funny bone.

The bags jumped on to the floor and the rods just escaped jumping overboard, and the seat bumped us hard through the cushions.

I made B. and S. a noble offer to row for them while they fished the Tarn but G. said "Oh! No you must put on your waders and fish the rules of the Tarn."

To this I readily assented. The lapwing and curlew complained bitterly of being disturbed and a bull at the far side of the Tarn said in language not to be mistaken



I had he would
would pound me to a
jelly if I did not
instantly
hook it.

My net was some distance away on the bank so when he was nearly exhausted I took him by the weeds to get the treading net and having got it I took him back a bit clear of the weeds and announced his capture with a wild Hootoo! in which my friends joined. It was very nice and good of them to share my joy particularly as they had not been fortunate and were leaving by a very early train in the morning.

To hook a good sized fish on tackle of the lightest is a great delight; all the heat and dust of the journey and the bumps of the road are forgotten in a moment and you think -


"Well really this was worth coming for!"

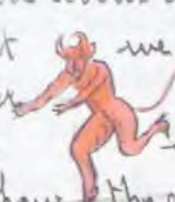
At dusk the air was thick with a very tiny longtailed, yellow-bodied lightish-winged moth-like fly called the fisherman's curse, which covered your hands and face and came all over your coat, a great contrast to the huckle blue merlin which had captured two fish and looked worn and rather bare.


The unsympathetic person who described fishing with bait as a fool at one end and a worm at the other, might describe a fly fisher as a wandering lunatic at one end and a fisherman's curse at the other.

I had two of the prettiest, fattest trout that ever were seen for shape and colour, and I decided to offer them to my friends and brother-anglers who were leaving the next morning. To be sure, I thought what a fool

I should look if I caught nothing the following day, yet I also thought with a secret chuckle that I would come early, very early, the next day and fish every yard of that side of the Tarn where I had fished, and be quite sure with the blue merlin to catch a basketful.

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I also remembered that one day and caught nothing, but that
a brother-angler who knew the district well, had caught
seven fish all of which he insisted on my taking home, so
that I re--turned something like a hero notwithstanding -
standing my disappointment.

In the evening we had supper ordered for 9.30. for which we
were about an hour late, and having done full justice
to it  we took to our pipes and discussed fishing and
other kindred stories till bedtime.

The most successful stories were those calculated
to show the great modesty of the angler, his extreme re-
tience about his own good points, and the criticism which
he patiently and uncomplainingly bore from the unworthy.
I was up before 6 a.m. in the morning and saw my friends
off by a train at 7.15 a.m., and one of them gave me some use-
ful hints but I had just made up my mind how I was
going to make a record basket, and all sorts of
hints  were thrown away upon me.

I got to the Tarn and starting well above the posi-
tion of the night before I found that the wind had changed
and was not stormy, and that it was very bright and
clear for fishing; however, I persisted and fished every
yard of the old site with the blue merlin but never
stirred nor saw a fish.

I waited just a little then did it all over again with a
little longer line but with no greater success.

Then the keeper came up and got the boat out for me
and I changed the flies to a March Brown and a
night hawk.

Taking the boat to windward and letting it drift down
I fished almost every yard of the water, and at last in
the weeds near the boat house, a fish took my top-fly
with a swirl and hooked himself firmly.

He made several ugly rushes to try and get me in
the weeds which are heavy and numerous at this

I should have mentioned that the Midland Railway Company provided me with a hot dinner in a luncheon basket at Helliwell at 7. p.m.

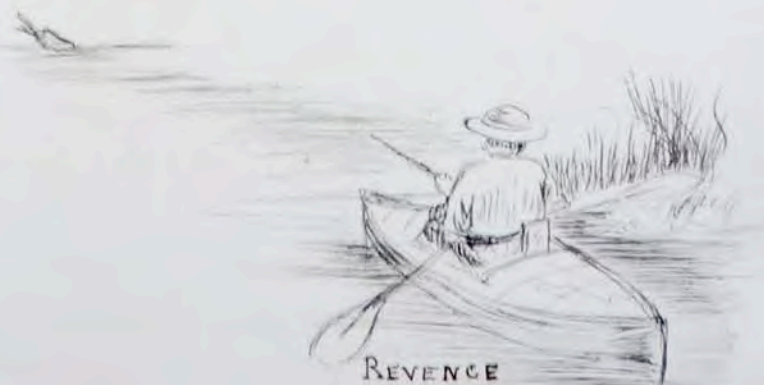


I am afraid some exception may be taken to the title of this history, as calculated to lead to



the expectation of a weird blood curdling romance, although it is only, for anyone but a friendly angler, a slow and rather long-winded rig-murder possibly more or less imaginative, if so anyone is entitled to take the name for a novel, I designed it to suit the popular taste of the day, and I will call this instead,

"Fishing for Rainbows amongst the clouds."







LOCH RANNOCH.

By P. W. Kesler.

Read Nov. 1899.

WHERE shall we take our holidays? was a question my wife and I asked ourselves some eight or nine years ago. We did not wish to go abroad, and we had tried various sea-side resorts; but her walking capabilities were not great, and I take no pleasure in being driven for pleasure, so it was decided to try and pass our time in a boat, and incidentally acquire some knowledge of the gentle art of angling. Enquiries up and down eventually led us to decide upon a visit to Kinloch Rannoch, and there we duly found ourselves, and have found ourselves almost year by year since. With this our first visit was in August, we have always gone earlier since. August in Scotland is apt to be a trifle crowded and that too much resembles our own sweet city in our usual times.

Rannoch can be reached by several routes. The simplest is by train to Strath with a thirteen mile drive up Glen Erchie over the hill, a charming drive.

By night mail ten hours will take you from Manchester to Kinloch. Then there is the Pitlochry route, with its 20 mile drive, passing along Loch Tummel and by the 'Queens View' a beautiful drive also by which Pitlochry coaches in the season bring tourists to inspect the beauties of Rannoch. From Abingfeldy the driving distance is eighteen miles, the road passing round the base of noble Schiehallion, with a steep ascent undescant. Very wild and very beautiful is some of the scenery on this route.

You can also drive from Blair Athol but that is simply

the Skirran route again with six miles of road along the railway added.

The last two or three years have added a new approach short by the West Highland railway to Rannoch Station with a seventeen mile over the wild moor of Rannoch and along the whole length of the loch.

The railway journey by itself is very beautiful, and the drive along the loch gives one an impression of its beauties which none of the other routes do.

Except by the Oberfeldy route nothing is seen of the loch by the roads till the village is reached.

This village is called Kinloch Rannoch, As a rule one finds Kinloch to mean the head of the loch, but at Rannoch it is the other way about, and one of my boatmen, an old-schoolmaster informed me that the gaelic language allowed this. All the same, I think, Kinloch Rannoch is the only Kinloch put the wrong end.

Kinloch Rannoch up to this year boasted two hotels, this year a third has been added. Needless to say they are in different landlords' properties. They are all good but it may become hard on one of the three. The village situated about a quarter of a mile from the loch straggles down towards the loch in one direction, and in another to the bridge over the Tummel.

You have the merchant; the Post Office, where fish can be bought; a shoemaker, who also deals in fishing tackle; a tailor or two and so forth. And of course, the two Scotch Kirk and an Anglican church, for the visitors.

The centre of the village, opposite the station Hotel is an open space with a monument to the gaelic poet Ossian Buchanan who was a native of the place.

The bridge is of course the centre of life, where every one visitor or native comes to pass his time when not otherwise occupied.

Obtaining more acquaintance with the village, the next thing is to take stock of the loch.

Those who have shiners from Pannoch Station will have had their opportunity of forming a judgement.

Others will want to see what shape it takes. The first thing they should do is to go to the bridge and study the view looking west. In the distance you see the three Shepherds of Glenene and other hills of that neighbourhood.

The loch itself lies in a basin surrounded by hills of highland character, and shooting lodges dot its shore.

A road runs all round the loch, giving a pleasant excursion for those who have other than angling intentions.

The loch is nine and a half miles long and about one mile in width. It is fed by the river Gane which comes down from Loch Lydich on Pannoch Moor, and by the Bricht-Water which brings the water from Loch Bricht as well as by numerous burns. The Tummel flows of it to join the Tay in the neighbourhood of Ballinluich.

There is one very interesting item in the scenery of Loch Pannoch namely the Black Wood of Pannoch, one of the few remains of the old Caledonian Forest. On Pannoch Moor you come across thousands of the roots of the old trees, and the West Highland railway passes by some stumps of some few others of the survivors.

The Black Forest is celebrated for one or two species of moths not found elsewhere, but as fishing the loch will entail a closer acquaintance with the wood I will not dilate on it further.

Having then made ourselves comfortable and studied one's surroundings the angler will have to consider about arranging for the attainment of his object.

I will deal first with the loch fishing and for that a boat and boatman are requisite. Each hotel possesses about half a dozen boats and very good craft they are.

The boatmen at Pannoch are a very decent lot. With a few of them there is a tendency to lapse into a little over-indulgence in the national drink, but I think that the indulgence in this weakness is often dependant upon the employer he may have for the time being.

Big fish there are but it is rarely they are taken with fly, they become the victims of the troll.

But before referring to the 'odium cum dignitate' of sitting in your boat with your boatman doing the work and you with waiting for the big fish to come, I might just refer to the flies that are of use. I suppose they are of the usual loch sort Zulu, grouse wing, with claret, green or purple bodies, much brown, teal wing with red or green bodies, black and blue snail - not too large.

My wife always insists on having a Zulu for her top dropper, and it is wonderful what she gets (and misses) with it.

To revert to trolling, it is certainly as well to have a trolling reel with you to use in going to your fishing ground in changing your position. You may have the luck to get something worth having and

anyway you are likely to pick up something

The best fish I have seen weighed 13 lb. though I have never had any luck with the troll myself worth mentioning. Whether it be the boatman, or pure unadulterated luck I can't say, but the boatman's party who had the above mentioned 13 lb. er got a six pounder the following day, trailing the flies and a three pounder the day after, and finished the week, with another party, with a second thirteen pounder, a good record. I might add that the first thirteen pounder took about 1½ hours to land, as the tackle used was light and they had to humour him.

As we watched them from a distance moving up and down the loch, my old boatman's remark was to the effect that, so far as the fish was concerned he would keep them at it all day if they did not persuade him more sternly.



I have said these big fish are rarely caught with the fly.
 as a matter of fact you must not expect anything over one pound-
 and not many of that weight are brought to the creel
 how and then an angler may have the luck to
 hook and land something worth having with
 his fly rod. The case I have mentioned of the
 six pounder caught with the hatching fly is an
 instance.



In the Dunmohair Hotel was a stuffed
 seven pounder, which was caught with a
 fly by the landlord, not an expert fisherman.
 Personally I have had only two experiences of good fish caught
 with the fly. The first broke me and I don't know his size
 But as an instance of the curiosities of fishing I may as well
 tell how it all happened. We were coming to the landing place
 in the evening having had a spell of dead calm. As we approached
 a breeze sprang up from the east, and as we went along I took
 my rod and remarked to my boatman that I would get
 another fish yet for him, and, I did, at once.
 We had still a few yards to go and I cast towards a big
 boulder standing out of the water, immediately my tail
 fly was taken with a rush and round went the reel.
 The boat was round in a second and we were racing
 alongside the fish. Three big rushes did he make and the
 third my line came back to me, limp, and a very angry crew
 we became. The cast had broken just below the middle fly
 whether it was that my line had stuck a little or whether
 he ran me over a stone, the theory I rather favor, - the fact
 remains we had lost a good fish and it was gall and
 wormwood to my poor boatman for his great rival had
 just landed and was watching the whole performance
 from the shore a few yards off. I have always thought
 that had that fish been on the deep side of the boat
 and not on the shore side we should have scored a
 triumph

aboard landed and got started on the way home my poor old boatman suddenly remarked "and we should just now be getting him into the boat" The episode amuses to this day. The second decent fish that I had to negotiate was equally a big fluke. We had had a long drift and no luck and we were going into shore to get out of the troll whilst we changed our position. At one of my casts my line tightened and quickly I struck. The reel went off steadily and presently to such an extent that I remarked to my boatman "Now, I think you'd better be after that fish" "Do you think so, Sir" was his reply, to which I could simply say that I had forty yards on my reel and he could see where he was, so we went off to court him into deep water and in a quarter hour we had him in the boat a badly conditioned fish of $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs with a wound on his jaw. In good condition he would have been, I suppose, upwards of 5 pounds. But my boatman was pleased, for when in the net, the hook had come out of its mouth, and having safely stowed it, he slapped me on the back with "Thank you, Sir."

It is always the boatmen who get the fish, it is the angler who loses them. But the loch fishish is not the only thing that offers itself at Rannoch. There is always the river but like all rivers, I suppose, you must take it at the proper time. It is full of fish, of that there is no doubt heavily fished tho' it be, by natives as by strangers, with a decent water you can always depend upon something with the fly. In a spate the worm is killing. Then there is the creeper season when the fly is at a discount and then you have the night rise about midsummer when two or three pounds may reward you and baskets of one or two dozen good fish between nine and eleven o'clock at night are by no means unusual, one case I remember of a man, no great adept who stood on one stone half an hour and brought in nine fish weighing over a pound while a professional or few yards from him could not

find their way home as soon as possible. just as any Christian would do under similar circumstances.

I have heard any amount of arguments with the law laid down, by a man who knew, or thought he did, - but I confess that the theory of the 'Teroy' of the Scotch lochs remains to me entire unexplained.

And turning to the river there is an unexplained mystery there. The Tummel at Rannoch is not a salmon river, the falls of Tummel prevent the salmon coming up, but in fishing it, you will, in places be bothered by catching numbers of small fish with the finger marks of the salmon parr upon it. Again, I am an ignoramus, but I have often heard it argued, as to whether they are salmon parr or not. My own impression is that some of them are tho' I have not idea what the rest of them may be.

I think it is certain that a few Salmon do manage to get up the Tummel Falls, tho' it would never do to admit it in the neighbourhood of Rannoch, as fishing rights would be too deeply affected. But the landlord of one of the hotels has a stuffed fish, which was caught not very long ago by a visitor, which is certainly not a trout. When it was caught it was sent to Mr Malloch to stuff, with a letter asking him his opinion as to what the fish was. As no reply came a telegram was sent repeating the question. The answer was short. "Do you want your Salmon stuffed?" Very canny, very Scotch. Needless to say that stuffed salmon is not largely advertised.

But from this I judge that sufficient Salmon do get up the river to breed and that some of these small fish are salmon parr.

By permission fishing may be had in some of the burns. It can be had in any case, as stated further on but I hold a visitor should not do anything to make it difficult for other of his kind.

I know nothing of this river fishing personally, ones boatmen usually disparages this form of sport, but it would variety to ones experiences and certainly lead one among many beauties of nature.

Loch Linnel can be fished from Rannoch. It means a long drive there and back, and, probably if you try it in the Rannoch season, you will not have much to show for your trouble. It is an earlier loch than Rannoch.

March or April are, I believe, the best time. But it holds good fish. It also holds many pike, which Rannoch does not which, no doubt accounts for the difference in the quality of the baskets. But I have myself brought back from Linnel, and what I have seen others bring in May, June, July and August, fully justifies the Rannoch boatmen's judgement of it. It is a down loch.

If, by some means or other, permission can be had to fish Loch Lydoch or Lyden which lies close to Rannoch station, and therefore a long drive there and back the angler may, weather being propitious, come back with a very full creel, but with nothing of any size probably. It is a private loch belonging to two land-lords who reserve it for their shooting tenants and I don't know that, except as a change, it is from the angler's point of view, very much to be preferred to Rannoch itself. I fished it with a friend on my first visit, but have not been again. But the main reason I have not been again touches the ethics of Scottish land lordism of which I speak later on. Sir Robert Menzies is the landlord of one share and was owner of the private road by which you formerly had to go.

If you desire to take a day off or to employ your Sunday rest in exercise, you can find diversion in various directions.

Or climb up, Craig Var, or walk to the Macgregor's cairn, or up the hills along some burn side, according as you feel disposed to move or less labour.

If you feel really energetic, a climb up Seehallion is well worth the effort and not a difficult matter except perhaps the last 100 ft which is over boulders.

In connection with loch fishing, a good deal might be said about the land-locks. I dare say it is the same elsewhere in Scotland, but I may as well state that practically on the whole of the north shore you are forbidden to land. This is the ~~view~~ of Sir Robert Menzies and an article might be written on this view of anglers' rights in general, and on Sir Robert's doings in particular. I will give one instance. A party had landed on his shore when Sir Robert appeared on the scene. A row was the consequence which ended by the baronet breaking the anglers' tackle. Eventually he had to pay for the damage but he had spoilt the sport for the day. But quite apart from the fishing, Rannoch is undoubtedly a most delightful place for the town man to resort to. The scenery is beautiful the air is bracing and there are more directions to walk or drive in than is usual in a Scotch village. I foresee a time however when much of its charm is likely to be missed. The opening of the West Highland railway has brought forth great possibilities for the excursionist. Some day coaches will appear on the loch and you will have the coaches from Rannoch station to the loch, the steamer to Kinloch, and the drive to Pitlochry, Blair Athol or Aberfeldy or vice versa, advertised over the British Isles, just as the Loch Tay, the Loch Katrine and the Loch-Corn tours now are.

It will then be high time for the lover of the Rannoch of old times to go in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

Its glory will have departed for many of us.

An Ideal Day

E.S. RICHARDSON

FEBRUARY 1900



It is reported that there are men possessed of large quantities of M.S. in their own handwriting - dealing learnedly, and originally with matters on which it is the highest interest of their fellow-men to be well informed - yet who have sought in vain a publisher to publish - or an audience to listen.

I am not one of such men. This M.S. has not been awaiting an opportunity to be read - it has been produced at high pressure during the last few days, and it was with a fear lest my sense of humor must be running out that I sat down with pen, ink and paper to write of an ideal day on one of those mornings of storm and snow which leave the British Isles in undisputed possession of the finest climate in the world!

Snow-broth! - why the very name makes the anglers blood run cold. And yet - by the law of contrast - is not this the very season when it is good to think and write of such a subject.

Years ago in the month of February coming along the Stretford Road on one



of those sunny days - which run before the chariot of summer
I met a friend - and remarked originally enough on the warmth
and brightness of the day - "Ah!" said he "wait till May
and June". - "Why" I asked - "Oh! - we have cold east winds
down this road all May and June".



Thy task is in a vein - precisely the
opposite of this.

To recall in a recollection of the past
or to imagine in a season yet to come
"An ideal day from a trout fisher's
point of view. What should it be like?"

Well first of all it must have a setting -

Such a setting as Manchester any day - or as such as
dwell in Bolton may supply. It must not come as a matter
of course. The mere taking of the rod from the house porch -
the fly book from the table - and the stroll down the garden
to the likely stream - for a day's fishing to be as many other
days of the year of the man who lives where the river runs.
No - it is ideal by contrast with reel of work - and smoke
and pavement -

What a preface for a day that is when trains have to be
looked out - roads to be taken out of the dusty corner -
gut examined and tided - and the pages of the fly book
turned from end to end with an interest as eager as that of any
bibliomaniac.

of books.

The feathers

August - the

the station master in the

Oh! and the fly which killed the

The bridge in the dusk one day -

Is its neck broken? A try! it goes - but we

stick it into the flannel to remember that we

There are rare editions of flies as well as

The peacock's tail under the shoulder

from the curtain killed before

Greenwell's glory tied by

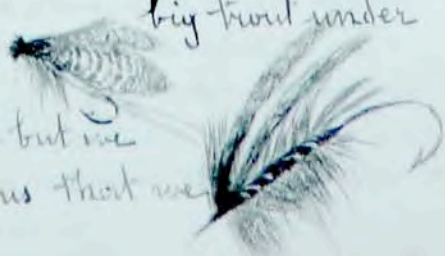
Scottish Village -

big trout under

the bridge in the dusk one day -

Is its neck broken? A try! it goes - but we

stick it into the flannel to remember that we



have a yarn about that big fish we once killed - a yarn not too easily to be credited - but true up to now. We have never seen the book since our last day last year. The quantity of tackle is alright but the quality brings misgivings and we wish we had written for some fresh gut - and a few flies - but it's too late now.

I cannot describe the journey of him who goes a-fishing with the out of the Stuart Witley - whose chapter "The Scotch Moil" in the book on the grouse in the Furs and Feathers series - telling of the run from the din and squalor of London to the Scotch Moors - every sportsman should read - and yet the Angler's journey from town to the country is of the same kind and excites similar feelings.

I knew once a Manchester Angler who declared he always began to whistle beyond Lancaster - and one put a rod on the rack provided only for light articles with a feeling that no silken umbrella can arouse - or fishing basket is the most delightfully suggestive of luggage which "we'll take with us in the carriage" - and when the friend who wasn't quite sure whether he could get away, - jumps into the carriage, and we are off, we feel that there is something to be said for the day before an ideal day.

As we go we discuss the prospect of sport - the weather is right - and the streams which we catch a glimpse of from the carriage window make us hope that the river will be in order.

We arrive late in the afternoon - exchange a greeting with villagers whom we have known these many years past - and reach our quarters - something to eat - and then have our rods out and go down to the river for an hour -

A few casts tell us that we have not lost our cunning - as the line gets out it goes out straighter and our flies are soon finding, by the angler's instinct, places which we remember were likely. As with swimming - so with angling - we never forget it - it is natural to us to cast where trout are - ought to be - and before we leave the river side, we have taken a fish or two - a fact sufficient to warrant the inference - we shall have a good day tomorrow.

Angler's logic is optimistic - the circumstances of each day point unflinchingly to better things in the immediate future.

But we go homeward - and if it be not to "an honest alehouse, where we shall find a clean room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall" it is to such a country inn as every Angler of experience knows, where the entrance hall, the cellar and the larder are fitted with a view to the comforts of his kind. Even total moralisings are kindly in such places - and take the form of contrasting the village parliament with the ribaldry of the beer-shops - while the other makes imaginative enquiry regarding the soon to be tested quality of ale and Scotch whiskey.



He must leave the Angler's evening to form a part of the ideal day - and think of him going to rest in the silence made welcome and impressive by the remembrance of the jingling of team-hoof bells, the rumble of wagons and the passing of feet less than twenty-four hours back.

To sleep - perchance to dream - fishes who put their tails to their noses - anglers who put fishes in their baskets - no although fishermen are always going to do no end of wonderful things, always pursuing a fish of portentous size - which they never catch - they know nothing of night-mare.

To wake in a strange room, is the only true beginning for the ideal day - the momentary doubt as to what has happened - resolved by the remembrance - of course I came up last night - I'm in the Angler's Paradise - is a great delight. "Cures mind the parish - Sweepers mind the court - We're away to Snowdon, - for our ten day's sport!"

But what's the time - we must be on the river by nine o'clock - Oh - I must get up - a lie-a-bed angler is like a feather-bed warrior - and we get up easily

have a yarn about that big fish we once killed - a yarn not too easily to be credited - but true up to now. We have never seen the book since our last day last year. The quantity of tackle is alright but the quality brings misgivings and we wish we had written for some fresh gut - and a few flies - but its too late now.

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How shall we start - oh! well go down and fish up
of course - going past each other and so keeping in touch
through the day - Does an ideal day need a com-
panion! - it may, be argued but I think so - if he be
of the right sort - an old friend and a keen angler
one who generally makes about as good
a basket as we do - not a novice who
has to be helped and shown and
who comes walking and
shouting down the bank
right on the lip of a good
rising fish, to tell us he
has broken his reel; - not an expert who
with the same flies and tackle kills three trout to our
one, and occasionally drops down to the stream just
behind us and hooks a fish in that very spot which
we fished so carefully ten minutes ago - but given
the right sort such as our noble selves - good company
and good discourse add a charm which is wanting from
the day alone - however successful the basket proves us
to have been.



Personally, I generally kill more fish when alone
simply because I find I work harder - but the pleasure is
less - for even on the best days there are hours when
there is nothing doing, and tho' we may not sit and
sing under honey suckle hedges where Mandolin and her
mother pass and sing choice songs and sweetly sing -
yet we notice the birds and flowers - and chat of blues
and reds and smoke the pipe without which the
day is less than an ideal one, let most of us confess.
So breakfast over let us get into our waders - have
just a look at the paper which comes in as we set
forth - notice that the British force has retained -
whatever place it was trying to relieve, and off we go
It is a springy day - yes - we will not quarrel about
months - for there are in England early and forced

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Marches as well as late cut - windy ways - it must
be spring June -



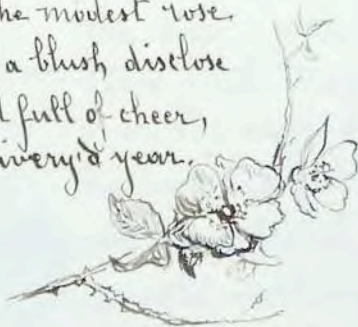
This day some Nature seemed in love
The lucky sap began to move
Fresh juice did stir th'embracing vines
And birds had drawn their valentines.



Already were ~~the~~ eyes possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice



And now tho' late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new livery'd year.



"Oh! to be in England now that April's there" and being
in England - Oh! to be wot in hand by the river side.
But how of the river? Oh! sir, doubt not but that
Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout
with an artificial fly, a trout! that is more sharp-
sighted than any Hawk - -
and more watchful and timorous
than your high-mettled Merlin
is bold! - We must have a day
when there is art needed if we
must succeed - we do not want the devil low river
of midsummer when the up-stream corn fisher



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comes on his haunches up the shallows, with the sweat running out of his shirt sleeves, and catches fish - nor the brown falling water of August after a heavy rain makes all men equal with the minnow natural or acquired - but we want the fly-water - barely tinged - making caution a condition of success - and proving that what is hard to do is worth doing. We amuse our non-angling friends by repeating that it is not

the fish we kill that makes the delight of angling - we know the truth of it, or the truth which is in it - and yet we do like to feel the panner becoming a burden towards the end of the day - and we do not like Phil. May's lunatic over the asylum wall when he has learned from us that we have fished six hours and caught nothing - to invite us to come inside. No - we like to catch fish - and

on a spring morning when water and weather right - with overage skill - with a March Brown and Snipe and purple we do catch fish - and of what size! - well - on ideal day may be had at Boston - I know no stream of the size where the trout overage so well, half a pound the day and the season through, if we respect the excellent size limit. The fish of the day comes towards the close of the day on the best of days - but trout that give trouble are with each half hour, some we lose



two anything friends will talk of during those delightful pauses in the day's work, while a shower falls - or lunch is eaten - or while from very weariness they rest and smoke and chat and congratulate themselves they are not in town - and of course the talk runs on the likelihood of a good afternoon's sport - "well begun is half done" says the proverb - well begun is sometimes done altogether in a day's fishing.

I remember one morning at Horton when a beautiful cloud of March Browns came down the river near the Hedworth Bridge - their wings and movement in a patch of May sunshine being very wonderful - and after they were gone I killed in a few minutes seven fish - and going on I met Mr. Vincent Beecher - What have you done? Three and a half brace - So have I. We passed each other - I going up - he down and met in the evening and had not another fish between us, tho' I at any rate and doubtless he too, had been hard at it all day.

Springtime is the likeliest for a good day, all day - and on the best of days the fish will rise all afternoon - but I do not consider that the ideal day is to be judged by pounds and ounces - much less by numbers.

I do not think I am less keen than other anglers for a good basket - but I think decidedly that an easily made good basket means something less than first rate sport - fish must be stalked - flies must be changed - wind must be met by a flanking movement after repeated failures of a frontal attack. The angler must match himself against his fish if he is to find the full pleasure which his sport - as such - can give him. "Combining them out" is not sport - "smoking 'em" as old Walker used to say - and though the afternoon shall only yield another couple of brace, we have now ten trout of size worth catching - and the evening before us. We are not over-fagged for we have been fly fishing the day through - much less exhausting work than either worm or minnow fishing - and as the day is warm

enough to suggest summer - the last patch of snow gone seaward past us from the hills - we can hope for and enjoy the evening rise - and it comes, to crown the day's sport. "Just on the edge of the dark" is a picturesque phrase, and the experience of it with fish rising - and a friend's look in sight but in that wonderful throbbing manner which is the line of beauty to the angler - is as near perfect enjoyment as the world of sport can offer - even remembering the well-struck ball from the tee - the half volley to leg - and the chase better than a yard at tennis.

There are moments of exquisite pleasure in an ideal day. I need not describe an evening's fishing - but I must say that the enjoyment fades, as sunlight becomes darkness fish can be killed in the dark better than by moonlight but it is an eerie and uneasy business - wading nervously - and taking trees for men walking - and so with three more brace - 15 or 16 fish in all, we are content, and walk homewards - slowly - for we are burdened - but through the field where Mandlin's cattle meet us - and yet eagerly for we are hungry. And now I want to say a word about the evening meal. I am not a dyspeptic - I have no prejudice against a good dinner - such as can be had at many a country inn, but I cannot compare the pleasures of the table with pleasures of the river-side in favor of the former. It is appalling to me to be on the feed when trout are on the feed - to be eating fish for dinner when I might be catching them for breakfast - and yet how often a good day's sport is left, without those hours in the dusk which round off and perfect it - because the dinner hour is fixed at the very best time in the day for our sport. Even if the day should be dinnerless it were better but it need not be supperless - but on behalf of the continuance of ideal days I must appeal for a later hour for the evening meal than the one frequently adopted -

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and fishing would lose half its charm if we killed every fish we rose - every fish we hooked - but we are content with several three-quarter pounders - and one over a pound, and from nine in the morning till midday there will be most times a rise of fish.

One of the best anglers in our Society, says look out for a rise of duns about eleven o'clock, and fish them in the throat of the streams - and I have found the wisdom of following this advice more than once.

The morning is the worktime of the Angler's days - he will see something of his friend - shout to him as he passes beyond him going further up - done anything - and by the way how the ripple of the water drowns the loudest voice - or he will stay and if not "watch his pet

- fight a round"

like the old porter at Ray by when Tom Brown and Slogger Williams fought their famous fight - yet watch an old friend land a good fish, and learn that it was on the blue dun - dressed from the inside of the water hen's wing - with yellow body - and a little fur from the water rat.

Or as twilight gets past even if you with three or four brace of good fish feet ready for a rest and chat - a sandwich - a pipe -

There is much to talk about. What time in the morning did they rise best with you? Did you see the duns coming down in waves with all soil set about an hour ago?

Yes, and the trout would not look at me - And we have seen a heron - or a water-ouzel and thought of a Son of the Marches and Charles Darwin - and we have noticed trout skimming in the shallows and fancy the creeper must be out; one of us once knew a river watcher who was an adept at capturing this kind of bait - Walker they called him - and he lived at Horton in Ribblesdale - Ay and Common on the Coquet, Major Pheasant at Appleby - Sprates on the Yore.

There is a company of famous men whom anglers know and love and talk about. Some of honored memory like the old Keeper of the Manchester Anglers - some able to take the best of amateurs out for a day and give a wonderful lesson in the art of killing trout - such is Sprates - But who can convey an idea of the many subjects



You cannot - or, at least, cannot
and keen - look up from your
plate to the sun setting - and
feel you are in your right place.
Fish till dark - till you cannot
disentangle your cast even by
holding it up to the skylight -
then finish up and go home.
In its proper place what
or meal the angler's supper is.

You meet these men from up-stream, and down stream,
men who have done better and worse than yourself, men
who boast of the salmon - even of the eels they have
killed - tho' Mr Chawm, never yet have I met men who
attempt to take the cake by telling of the sport enjoyed in
the capture of a cockle.

No one goes home that night - days may necessarily begin
or end with a railway journey - or even may do both - but
they are not ideal days - No - we must sleep in the same
bed at the opening and at the close of such a day - and
between supper and bed we must gather together - Kill
all the fish over again - talk of past days and days to come -
and go at last to rest more convinced than ever that no
recreation known to men brings together better fellows -
men who love nature - not because they pry into the secrets
of some department with the microscope - but because
they nestle in her bosom as her children - and feel that
they have an intelligent and close share with her wonder-
ful and teeming life.

Contemplation and action - friendship and self-re-
-home - skill and fortune - reason and instinct.

There are other things have jostled each other in a day of life
which if on the one hand it has made us feel - as Matthew
Arnold said in hard soul that he felt - barbarians - yet
on the other has fitted us for our place in a civilized -
highly organised - and even streamlined whirl of life and
business and if next morning the trap is at the door -

and we must perforce go back to work - we have tasted
- may drink at a pure fountain of pleasure - and go
back the happier - the fitter and the better for the day
which is twice blessed - in anticipation which was
much - in realization which was more and now in
recollection

My paper is slight and commonplace I fear - but it
has carried me to many a hostelry and to many a
river-side - and I can only hope that the ideal which
I have so slightly sketched - may be filled in and made
more perfect in the experience of my hearers - at Horton
during the season which opens within a month from
to-night.

"Melnich by the Sea."

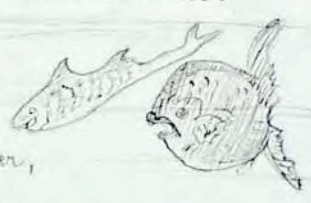
(Air - 'Jessie of the Railway Bar')



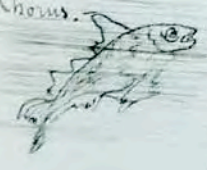
I will tell you if you're wishing,
Of some men who went a fishing,
In the lochs and lakes abounding at Melnich beside the Sea,
How they spent the days together
In both fine and in rough weather
And went home again to Edinbro' except P. Glass and me.

Chorus -

There was Percy Glass and Fraser,
And then Drysdale sharp as razor,
And there's Howden, Bill, and Fisher, all the lot good men and free
There was Morrison from Sutherland,
And Heywood from another land,
With Deas and Greig, and all put up at Melnich by the sea.

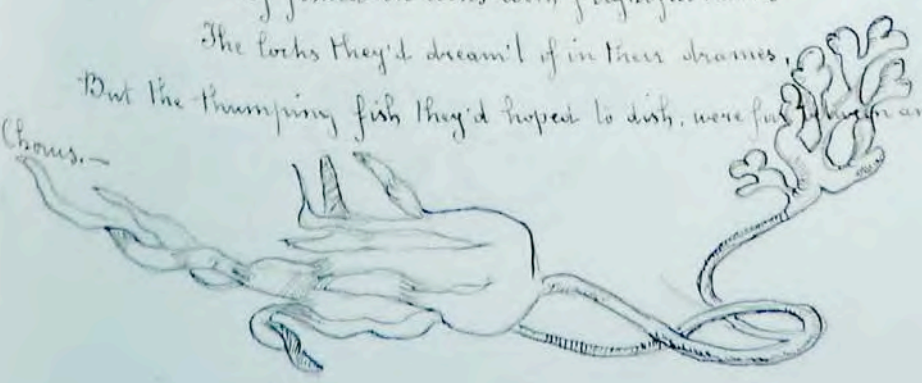


Chorus.



They balloted the lochs by night,
On principals all just and right
And went to bed and dreamt all night, of things that they would do
They fished in lochs with frightful names
The lochs they'd dreamt of in their drames,
But the thumping fish they'd hoped to dish, were few and far.

Chorus -





But all the same they plenty caught,
The trout were good and gamely fought
And in the week some hundred weight were laid on dish and tray
They'd four ounce trout and two pound trout
(The largest p'haps should be about)
And only two men ever came in blank on any day.

Chorus —

That long these men may come to fish,
These lonesome lochs I truly wish,
And when they come I trust they'll find the spot they found before
And that these kindly gentlemen
And I one day may meet again,
Is what I fondly hope and trust, we'll fill our creeks once more.

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And there's Howden, Bill, and Fisher, all the lot good men and free
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And Heywood from another land
With Deas and Grey, and all put up at Melnich by the Sea.

Abel Heywood



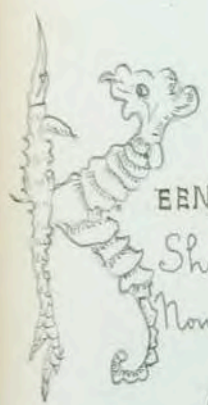


"Members are requested to come
prepared to give an account of their
Summer doings"

P. K. Goolby. 1900.

With apologies to
"The Banning."

Secretary speaks —



BEEN Brother Anglers, Summer now is over,
Short grow the days, the trout are out of season;
Now that we recommence our Winter session
What of your doings?



Innocent Anglers! Little do the mad ones
Who on the golf links roam about in scarlet,
Know of the calm and quiet recreative
Pleasures of Angling.



Tell me, friend Abel, have you been to Norway
 Tilling your creel from its pellucid waters?
 Say, Harry Roe, how did you find the trout in
 Erin's green Island?



Tell me, in short, enthusiastic Anglers
 What have you all been doing in the summer?
 Here I am, seated, ready to record your
 Various stories

(Jas. Broadbent speaks
 on behalf of the
 assembled anglers)



Stories! God bless you! we have none to tell Sir.
 Angling is quite an antiquated pastime;
 We have exchanged our fishing-rods for drivers
 Hobbies and putters.

No

Licence
 !!!



Only last week while playing in a foursome
 We were were alarmed by fearful imprecations
 Shortly we found (but tell it not in Gath, Sir)
 Thwene in a bunker

We should be glad if you could see your way, Sir,
 For you to wink an eye at our defection
 Deal with us gently - Rumour says that you too
 (It is but a rumour)

Secretary
 speaking wrathfully. -



Deal with you gently! Shades of holy Isaac!
 Frauds! whom no love of sport can rouse to angle
 Wretched, misguided, miscreant, indecent
 Miserable Humbugs!!

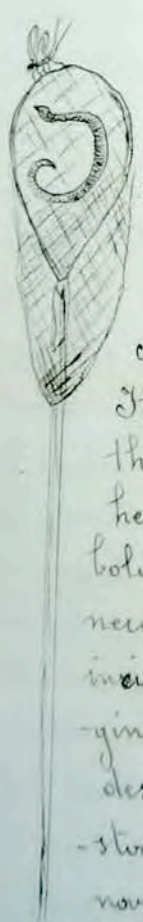
Breaks up the meeting
 and orders several
 whisky & sodas - and takes golf for the rest of the evening)







Easter
Hogling
in
Dixterlandshire
PERCY GLASS
1899



o all whom it may concern.

The following narrative plainly and truly sets down our real as in contradistinction from our ideal experiences.

This explanation is the more necessary because there are evilly disposed persons who do not hesitate to go even beyond insinuation, and to boldly and cynically aver that a fishy story is of necessity not a plain narrative of simple facts and incidents, but consists of a liberal draft on the imagination, not always without draughts of another description. Let it therefore be distinctly understood at the beginning that this is a true narrative and is innocent both of draft and draughts.

The first rendez-vous of the bold adventurers was Waverly Station near to the foot of the Great Rock on which is poised the Castle of Edinburgh-