

knuckles or merely hit the fish on the snout, and a stretcher is too long to be handy. Another neat and instantly effective way is to run your penknife or a bradawl into the back bone immediately at the back of the neck.

When you have come to the end of your drift, and fish are rising, scoot back as fast as you can; but if they are doing little or nothing, out with a minnow on either side, row back very leisurely, and fish deep. I have found a small red phantom, say three inches long, kill best. I always trail my dap, letting out twenty or thirty yards of line, and I have very often picked up a fish in this way. One loses two out of three though, for one is travelling too slowly for the pace to strike them, and too quickly to let them hook themselves. This is not dapping, but it makes you feel virtuous, as one who is not wasting his time has a right to feel.

Dapping is pleasant enough when the weather is right and fish moving, but it is not all nuts and wine. Bad weather comes, when boats cannot venture out, and hot, bright days with the water like a mirror, when there is nothing for it but to lie on one's back in the boat, or lounge with a novel on an island, smoke more than is good for one, and finish the whiskey. When one's holiday is short it is not pleasant to say *Perdidi diem*. It requires all one's philosophy to meet such vexations with an equal mind. I had two consecutive days once, one excellently good, the other hopeless. I was philosophical enough to utilise some of my spare time on the second day in inditing

#### THE SONG OF THE DAPSTER.

##### *Obverse.*

O, the dapster's life is a lovely life,  
As he rocks on the rolling wave;  
When a southerly wind  
Blows freshly and kind,  
And fishes feed freely and brave;  
As he puts on his dap,  
He cares not a rap  
For politics, party, or trade;  
And at night o'er his glass,  
To his pal or his lass,  
He will crack of the havoc he's made.

##### *Reverse.*

O, the dapster's life is a loathly life,  
As he floats on the stilly mere;  
When the drake flies high  
In a cloudless sky,  
The water as crystal clear,  
When there's never an air  
His floss to stir,  
As flat to the rod it's stuck;  
O, it must be confessed  
That one so oppressed  
Is to *blame* if he don't D — his luck.

You may imagine how sorely I was exercised when I was forced to employ such a naughty, but capital letter. But even under such untoward conditions as these, the really gluttonous angler can have sport of a sort, if he be prepared to descend to circles of piscine society lower than that in which moves the aristocratic *salmo fario*. On one such day I had landed in order to stretch my legs by a bit of a walk. A native had just hauled his boat

up hard by, and I entered into conversation with him. He condoled with me on the hopelessness of the weather, but promised me, of course, a speedy change and the best of sport. He would not have been an Irishman if he had done otherwise. I asked if he had done anything. Yes, he had got a fair lot of eels, and going to his boat he showed me a squirming, inextricable tangle of slimy sinuosities, fifteen or twenty, I daresay, or more, some of considerable size. I inquired how he had managed to catch them. It appears, from his statement, that the eel is partial to warmth; that in such weather as we were then suffering under they come into somewhat shallow water and expose themselves to the heat, even as the ordinary Englishman stands with his back to the fire with his coat tails well apart, but with the difference, that the eel presents another part of his person to the comforting warmth. He lies on his back with his silvery belly turned up to the rays of the sun. The sportsman (or assassin) crouches in the bow of a boat propelled with the utmost gentleness, so as to avoid creating the slightest ripple. He is armed with a long, straight stick, to the end of which is whipped a large cod-hook. As he glides stealthily along, he peers down into the water immediately beneath him, and it appears that the basking eel is easily seen lying at the bottom like "a white sltick." The gaff is then slid gently into the water, and the wretched eel clicked with the cod hook. I fancy this is not so easy to do as it sounds, as the boat is moving, and depths vary, and the skin of the eel is tough and slippery. It must require considerable adroit-

ness and much practice to make a sure stroke. My old friend was evidently a past-master.

If you disdain such a poacher-like proceeding, you can turn your attention to perch. In the lake which I know best there are plenty, and they grow to a great size. The local way of fishing is simplicity itself. A length of strong gut, a hook, a worm, and half a soda water cork, and there you are. You fish in very shallow water, with not more than a foot to eighteen inches or so between float and hook. In addition to the above requisites, a shoal or two of perch are necessary. Perhaps I should be more accurate if, instead of shallow water, I recommend you to fish in shoal water. You may sometimes—if you have the luck to drop on the right place—catch them freely. With strong tackle one stands on no ceremony with them—they don't expect it—but just throw them into the boat. No fish seems to resent capture more than the perch. As you yoick out a pounder, and he comes hurtling through the air with his red fins distended and a-quiver, his back up, his eyes starting, mouth agape, the whole fish has an air of amazement and indignant protest almost human, and wholly comical. Every one knows that perch roam about in shoals, seeking what they may devour. In these shoals the fish are of assorted sizes. I do not think one ever sees big and little ones mixed. If, after catching a few small ones, you get a big one, you may be sure that one shoal has passed on and another taken its place. The big fellows hold themselves haughtily aloof from the smaller



fry; they seem to observe an attitude of supercilious tolerance such as the third year man assumes towards the verdant fresher. This being so, the studious fisher of perch endeavours to fish always in that shoal where the big fish are. A friend of mine accomplished this apparently difficult feat in a very ingenious way. Finding himself among big ones he marked the shoal thus: Between his float and reel line he introduced a few inches of fine silk. The next bite he had he struck, and, of course, broke, and away went the perch with the float. Wherever that float was he knew the big ones were, and by always fishing near it he had a wonderful catch—seventy perch weighing over 40lbs.—in two hours; nothing over 2lbs. As an instance of the free biting quality of the perch, I may remark that he caught the standard-bearer himself three times.

It is good for man to be alone when he is dapping. But on still, hot, hopeless days, or when you have been driven by stress of weather to land, or to lie for hours in the lee of some island, waiting for the gale to moderate, you feel the want of a comrade, if only to quarrel with; and, failing one, you turn to your boatman. And it is odds that you find him able to wile away these dreary times and afford you entertainment if not instruction. If these men fish at all it is generally by rule of thumb, fishing as they always have done and their fathers before them, rarely exercising their powers of observation, or, if they do, observing the wrong thing, or drawing the wrong deductions. One man I had—"Wee Johnnie"—was a capital angler after a fashion. His

theory was that trout roamed about in shoals, or "bunches." For, he said, if you catch one you often catch two, or three, or more directly—the true deduction being that here you were crossing a shallow where the depth was right. These are places to mark and to remember, until you have a good working model of the lake's bottom in your head. You may not learn much from your boatman, but his queer sayings and exaggerations, anecdotes and beliefs are sure to amuse you. If he speaks of a big fish, he will probably call it "an ojou fish," or a "holy terror." Once, while I was lying by, a big fish rose some little distance out. "Did ye see him, yer honour; did ye see him now? Holy jaspers—he was as big as a dog! he was as big as a big dog!! he was as big as a big black dog!!!" A fine climax! If he wants to tell you there is good fishing in such a river or lake, he will say, "Is it fish now? Sure the water's shtiff wid 'em;" or "Your honour's rod could stand upright in the wather, and faith, it's truth I'm telling ye."

One good friend of mine, Paddy Quin by name, told me of a monster pike he caught. After a prolonged contest he got his gaff into it, but could not lift it into the boat, as its weight brought the gunwale so low that he was afraid of swamping, so he toted round to the stern. "But faith, yer honour, when I tried to lift him, the boat fair tipped up wid me, and that's the holy truth." So he lashed the gaff to a thole pin and towed the monster home—five miles—when "by God's blessing, I dragged him on to the beach." "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ojou

baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" No, he had seen, but not caught, a bigger. An Ennis-killen man hooked a veritable monster of the deep one day. He had fought him fair for some hours (or days, I really forget), but it broke him at last. Some few days after there arose a great storm, insomuch that this fish was washed up dead upon the shore, and people went from all parts to view him, Paddy among them. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure I can't tell to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat!" I suppose my face must have betrayed some incredulity, for at once he clinched the matter and silenced all controversy by adding "wid his hat on!"

After some such statement of his I asked him once, "Now Paddy, *can* you speak the truth?" "Sure and I *can* do that same," apparently implying that he preferred fiction. One day—one hopeless day of blazing sun and brazen sky—such a day as must have inspired that poet who told of the fishes breaking out into perspiration beneath the sun's perpendicular rays—I asked his opinion of the weather, and, I daresay, I manifested a certain truculence of manner as who should say "Prophecy unto me smooth things, or prepare to die the death." Paddy was quite equal to the occasion. He considered the problem gravely and then said, "Indade, yer honour, and it is hard to spake the truth." And to this day I do not know whether he meant to say it was hard to tell what the weather would be; or whether the truth would have been unbearable; or

whether his usual habits made it difficult for him to utter anything but the unvarnished.

The poor boy got into trouble once and had to "do his bit." It appears he had a difference of opinion with another gentleman of his profession as to the right of fishing on a certain piece of water. The controversy waxed high and hot, and winged words flew from boat to boat. At last Paddy's temper gave way, and finding his adversary impervious to reason, he gaffed him in the neck, hauled him out of his boat, and nearly drowned him. Even in Ireland this was considered too forcible an argument, so he had to go into temporary retirement. This formed an epoch for him, and though he never cared to refer directly to his abode in Her Majesty's prison, he would often fix a date by "The year that I gaffed O'Reilly;" or "About two years after O'Reilly came out of his boat wid a gaff in him."

He was a firm believer in fairies—"sure he'd seen 'em, and seein' was believin'"—and had many tales to tell of adventures with them. Before the Franco-German war broke out, he had seen the whole matter fought out by fairies on a certain hill side, and could have predicted the issue. When I diffidently hinted that I understood that poteen was an admirable medium through which to view the tricks and manners of the good folks, he would declare, with strong asseveration, that he was "black fasting from everything but sin." Wild swans are, according to Paddy, enchanted birds; to kill one is to bring certain disaster upon yourself or anyone who becomes possessed of the body. If, in killing a fish, it



bled much, it was a sure sign of a good fishing day, and we should have great sport.

It seems to be a point of honour with this race never to drink a nip of the "cratur" without a toast. "A tight line to your honour;" "Well, here's good luck and better;" "May he come," or such like. By the way, it will be found that the Irish boatman's taste in the matter of whiskey needs cultivation. I believe they prefer poteen to the finest ten-year-old Glenlivet; if they know it is illicit I am sure they do.

One lake which I have fished divides two counties, and is dotted with islands innumerable, evidently expressly designed by nature for the practice of illicit distillation. Often have I seen at late hours the glow of fire on one or other of these islands. Doubtless the police and revenue officers see it too. But careful watch is kept, and if the enemy attacks from the right shore the distillers simply slip off to the left, where the police may not follow. One day the schoolmistress of that parish, who lodged with our landlord, was walking by the edge of the lake close by the house. Suddenly the earth appeared to open and swallow her up quick; when she had scrambled up, she looked for the cause of this catastrophe, and found that a large barrel of poteen, in its fermenting stage, had been hidden there, sunk in the ground, and covered with a sack, over which was strewn the shingle of the shore, until the whole was hidden. Mr. Kerr, our landlord, was alarmed, for, had it been found there, on his land, the revenue officers would have dropped on him. The funny thing was that he knew

quite well who the delinquent was, and sent to him humbly requesting him to remove it off his land, which the said delinquent was graciously pleased to do. I suppose it would have been as much as his life was worth to put the revenue officers upon it.

I thought I should like to taste this stuff. Paddy next day produced a bottle with much display of mystery and many a warning wink. Of the two, I prefer methylated spirits!

But I have kept you under the lee of this island long enough, and the lake is calmer now; so let us be off. How about daps? It is a great nuisance to run short, so always replenish when you can, and never throw away at night any store you may have left; they are not good for much in the morning, but they do to make a start with. Once I had arrived at the fishing ground which I intended to exploit that day, and everything looked most promising, but I had no daps. We landed to search for some. Now, I am not a jealous fisherman—one of those who like to have all the fun to themselves; so as I had to do all the hard work—all the fishing—I thought "Wee Johnnie" should have the fun of hunting for and stooping incessantly to pick up the necessary ephemera. Moreover, mine would be the post of danger, for I undertook to see that no one stole the boat. After a prolonged absence Johnnie returned with empty basket, and said he had searched everywhere, but "there's divil a dap to be had." I told him to go at once and search the other places, for he should see my face no more unless the daps were with him. Then I lit another pipe

and kept watch on the boat, but Johnny's phrase kept jingling in my head, and presently shaped itself thus:—

#### THE DAPSTER'S LAMENT.

The wind's from the southward, the sky overcast,  
The fishes are feeding like mad;  
I'm early afloat, for this day is my last,  
But divil a dap's to be had.

Charles Farlow purveyed me my tackle so fine,  
And Hardy of Alnwick my gad;\*  
America sends me a patented line,  
But divil a dap's to be had.

My boat's clinker built—the sculls are the best,  
And Johnnie's a handy wee lad;  
My skill would suffice, were it put to the test—  
But divil a dap's to be had.

My basket will hold, at the least, sixty pound,  
There is whiskey to make the heart glad;  
A fisher was never more thoroughly found—  
But divil a dap's to be had.

Ah! pity a man in so woeful a plight,  
Shed a tear o'er a fortune so sad;  
Wind, weather and water, and everything right,  
But divil a dap to be had.

This brought the luck, I think; for wee Johnnie turned up with a plentiful supply, and I killed 14 fish.

The dapper must think less of numbers than of weight. My best day was 24 fish, weighing 47 lbs., but I have made bigger averages with fewer fish. One day I killed six fish only, which weighed 20 lbs. There was one over 7 lbs, another over 6 lbs. I have killed in my dapping experience three trout over 7 lbs., and one which

\* Scotch for rod.

turned the scale at 8 lbs. and yet I am not happy, for I have seen fish that these would make a bait for, as Paddy said. I give here a record of a few takes by certain friends of mine, which I guarantee to be absolutely trustworthy as to numbers and weight:—

	Fish	lbs.
Four rods ...	42	86
" " ...	25	52
" " ...	52	110
" " ...	33	66½
Grand total for 11 days in Jubilee year:—		
Three rods ...	397	609½
One rod ...	161	269¼
Single rod, one day:—		
— ...	32	51
— ...	16	40*
— ...	7	22

In 2½ hours one rod killed 13 fish, 31¼ lbs. One friend of mine has killed 3 fish between 8 and 9 lbs.

In the dapping season the lake almost invariably settles to dead calm as the sun goes down. Then the surface is seen to be covered with innumerable sloughs from which the pretty May-fly has emerged, and lots of spent drake float dead upon the water with outspread wings; often a rise will come on, and you will see them quietly engulfed in a most tantalizing manner. A friend of mine has had sport even under these circumstances, fishing the spent drake (artificial) after the Test fashion. It is difficult to do; it wants the perfection

\* 5 of these weighed only 5 lbs in all.



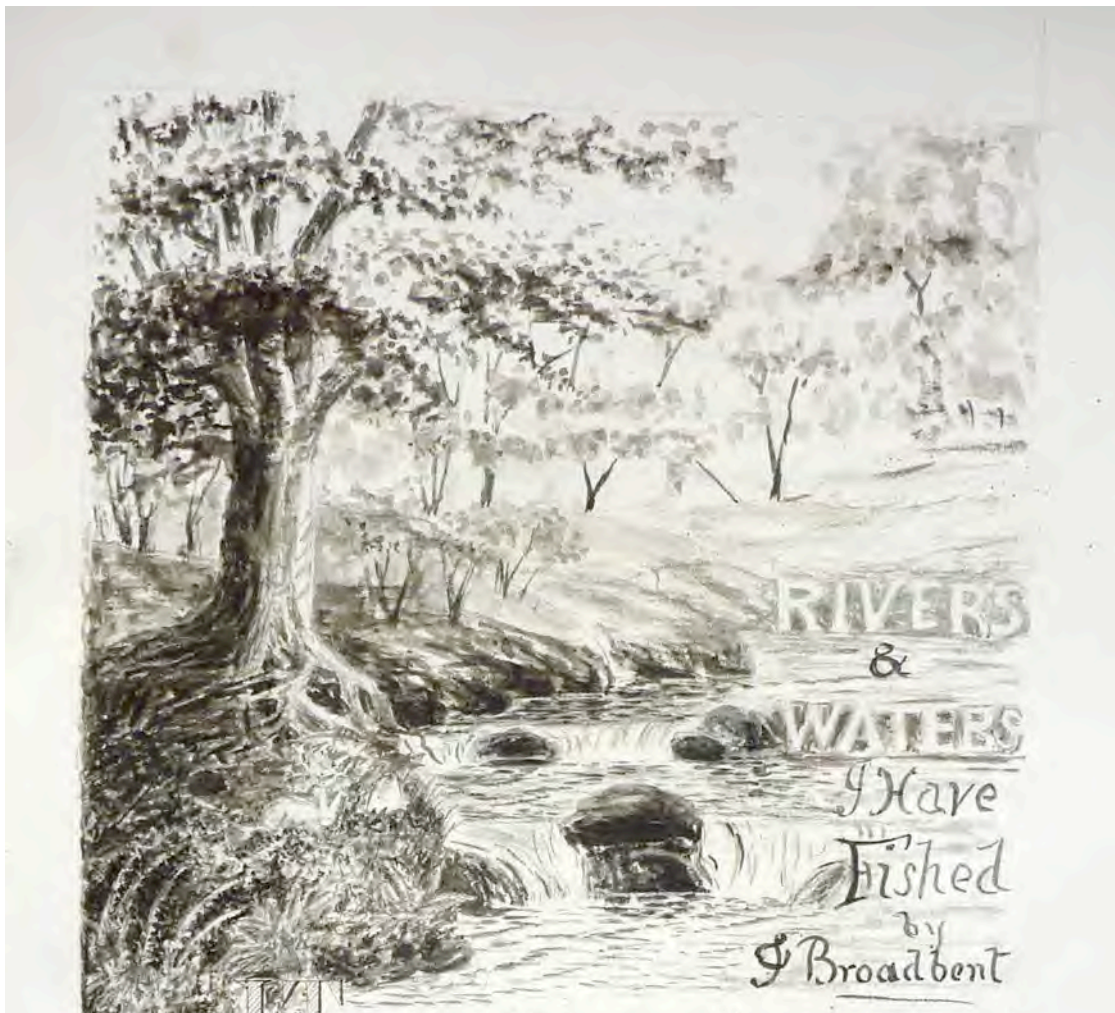
of casting, for you must be fine and far and light as gossamer. But the striking is the crux with such fine gut and such heavy trout.

We have pretty well played this day out, so let us turn the boat's nose homeward. The quarters that formed my home were most comfortable, the people kindness and goodwill itself. The farmer who was our landlord is a young man, well connected, well educated, energetic, capable, and thriving, quite different from what one expects an Irish farmer to be. I mention him in order to relate a curious experience he had; I believe I was able to explain how it came about, and thus destroyed a promising plant of superstition which was already taking root. He was working in a field immediately above his house on the hill side. The lake below him was like a sheet of glass. As he looked upon it he saw to his amazement and terror a railway train, engine, carriages, and van all complete, slowly proceeding down the middle of the lake. He rushed to his house and called out his wife and servants, and some five or six besides himself distinctly saw this curious portent. Thinking, of course, that it was *diablerie* in some shape or form, which ought to be put a stop to, he brought out his gun to shoot it! But his wife hung on his arm and besought him not to venture upon such a deed of derring-do, and presently the train vanished from their sight. There is no doubt that this was seen; there were too many witnesses to admit of its being a mere hallucination or a case of temporary insanity, or what not. Mr. Kerr himself looked upon the incident with

much gravity, not knowing whether it presaged ruin to himself or only the end of the world. The idea prevailed that it was certainly prophetic. Within a few years the lake would be drained or otherwise dealt with, and a railway line be laid along the bottom.

My explanation may be as mistaken as theirs. On the opposite side of the lake there is a low range of hills, and at the other side of them a railway. I imagine that a train was passing along at this time (as I ascertained was probable). By an effect of mirage, owing to some peculiar atmospheric conditions, this train was mirrored in the sky, upside down, as is usual in mirage. Whether this could be seen or not would depend upon the angle at which it was regarded. It certainly was not seen by Mr. Kerr. But the absolutely calm bosom of the lake reflected the mirage, and, in doing so, of course, restored the train to its normal position. Whether this is rational or not, I really do not know. Anyhow, it sufficed to quiet my friend's alarm. I shall be glad to hear if anyone can solve the mystery in a more scientific fashion.





## RECOLLECTIONS OF MANY WATERS.

BY JAMES BROADBENT.

**U**NTIL some eighteen years ago my angling experiences were confined to fishing for coarse fish in the reservoirs near my native town in Lancashire. At this time I went to reside in the then quaint and quiet little village of Cannock (Staffordshire), which has since been considerably spoiled by the march of modern so-called improvements, though it is one of the few places where the old custom of ringing the curfew is still kept up. There I first experienced the delight of angling for trout and grayling; a delight which has deepened with increasing years, and is now a never-failing source of interest and pleasure, whether in looking back upon the many enjoyable holidays passed by the riverside in some charming valley, or in making plans for the future—that golden future—when the hope, which springs eternal in the angler's breast, of slaying a mighty "sawmun" shall become a reality. And oh! the joyful anticipations when, on a winter's evening, surrounded with fur, feather, and silk, we tie the Duns, March Browns, Red Spinners, and the endless variety of

entomological specimens (many unknown to the naturalist) which we consider necessary for our next summer's campaign.

Whilst living at Cannock one of my most intimate friends was a Scotchman—we will call him "Mac." He had been a fly-fisher from the time he was big enough to handle a rod, and was one of the most successful anglers I ever met. In a happy moment I was induced to join him in a fishing expedition to Loch Awe, Argyleshire. On our outward journey we went through Greenock and thence by boat through the charming Kyles of Bute to Ardrishaig; then we took coach to Ford, at the head of Loch Awe, and made this village our first resting place. The accommodation at the small inn was of the most primitive character—the beds were of chaff, and our fare principally trout and braxy mutton, washed down with potato whiskey; but the keen bracing air engendered an appetite that made us anything but fastidious; so long as the supply of food equalled the demand we were easily satisfied with the quality, and I question whether we should have declined "long pig" if nothing better had come in our way.

We arrived at Ford on a Saturday afternoon, and in the few hours' fishing at our disposal Mac got sufficient trout for Sunday and Monday mornings' breakfasts. There was a service in Gaelic at the little kirk on Sunday morning, at which we were *not* present. Instead, we spent a long day in exploring the country in our immediate neighbourhood. We had a lovely walk across the hills to Craignish, a small fishing village on the coast, and



obtained most charming views of sea and loch. We stayed at Ford for a few days only, and then removed to Port-in-Sherrich where we stayed another two days, and should have remained longer but that our hostess treated us rather shabbily in the matter of bedrooms. In the evening, after we had finished our day's fishing, we engaged two sturdy Hielandmen to row us down the loch to Port-Sonachan, a distance of about ten miles, where we arrived shortly after eleven o'clock. It was a rough, dark night, and I was very thankful to reach the shelter of Cameron's Hotel, which became our headquarters during the rest of our sojourn at Loch Awe; and a more comfortable hotel it would be hard to find. After our experiences at Ford it was elysium. We found the fishing best between Ford and Port-in-Sherrich; the bays are smaller, but there are more of them. The trout there are more numerous and not so highly educated as at the lower end of the loch, owing to this part being less fished; but they do not run quite so large on the average. It was my first experience in loch fishing, and I have therefore nothing remarkable to relate in the way of big baskets, but my friend Mac had excellent sport on several days, and we were able to send some nice specimens of Loch Awe trout to our friends. I understand that Cameron has now a small steam-launch on the loch to tow the boats out to the fishing ground in the morning and fetch them back in the evening; but we had only our own and the boatman's arms to trust to, and many a long row we had at night after our day's fishing.

On our homeward journey we drove all the way from Port Sonachan to Helensburgh, staying one night at Inverary. A more delightful drive it would be difficult to find; we passed along the head of Loch Fyne and Loch Long, through Tarbert and along the shores of Loch Lomond, passing through Luss, where we rested for a couple of hours. It was my first visit to Scotland, and was in all respects a new experience to me; to a tired man of business I cannot conceive anything more invigorating than a fortnight spent at Loch Awe at the end of April or the beginning of May. And here I would fain record my deep and lasting gratitude to my mentor, that learned Piscator, for having quickened in me the love of angling which had lain in embryo for many years, and which has since led me to follow the windings of many charming rivers and burns, and developed in me the love of nature inseparably connected with an angler's life.

My favourite river in Staffordshire was the Blythe. It is a tributary of the Trent, and not, as I have often seen stated, of the Dove. It rises near to Longton, in Staffordshire, and, after flowing through a somewhat flat country for about twenty miles, falls into the Trent at King's Bromley, a few miles north of Lichfield. It is a quick-running river, alternating in deep pools with streams rippling over a clean gravelly bottom, until a mile or so above its junction with the Trent, where it becomes very deep, with few streams, and holds more pike and coarse fish than trout and grayling. The lower reaches of the river are very open and easily

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comfortably accommodate a Christmas round of beef, we piled up the fish, with the biggest on the top, after the manner of anglers. The sight was one to gladden the heart of the most exacting fisherman—one half of the trout averaged close on a pound each; there were no small ones, as we had returned all less than eight or nine inches in length. Our landlady, who had lived at the farm for many years, said it was the finest dish of fish she had ever seen, and although I have caught more fish in one day I never caught so fine a lot in such perfect condition. I fished with only one fly the whole of the day—a Dark Mackerel, a favourite fly of Ronald's, and one which has lost none of its charm since his time. The next day, fishing with another friend, we had almost as good a basket, twenty-six fish, and in all probability should have beaten the previous day's take but for a bad breakage of one of our rods, which restricted our fishing for the rest of the day to one rod. During the greater portion of this day we fished with the artificial May-fly—sunk.

I will give the experience of one other day on this river, some miles lower down, and then pass on to the Meece. One dull, cloudy, but mild morning in November I set off, accompanied by a small boy to carry my impedimenta, as I had five miles to walk from the railway station to the river, and back again in the evening. We all know that after a long day's fishing it is no joke to have to carry waders, etc., in addition, if the fates are propitious, to a well-filled creel. It was one of my early days as a fly-fisher, and, perhaps on that account,

of all my successful days it stands out as a "bright spot in memory's waste." I began to fish about ten o'clock, and had been getting fish with tolerable regularity up to about three o'clock, when, in fishing a deep hole with a heavy stream running into it, I hooked something large. I saw the fish as he took the fly, and whether he was a big Trent trout or a small salmon I shall never know for a certainty. He made tracks up the stream as hard as he could go, until he landed me in front of a high fence, with water below me too deep for wading. I let him have as much line as I dared and then gave him the butt, in the hope of turning him, trusting that my tackle might hold; but, alas! it failed me, and the fish went on and on, and, for all I know, may be going yet, with the remains of a cast and three flies tacked on to him. I never saw him again, but I might say of him, "he never told his weight, but let imagination, like a germ, grow on his vanished form." The painful incident was too much for me, so to steady my nerves I settled myself down for a quiet smoke, and possibly might have taken a mouthful of "cold tea." I rigged up another cast of flies, but my friend from whom I had just parted must have spread the news that there was danger about, seeing that I took no more fish that day. When I came to turn out my creel and take stock of the day's sport, I counted up seventeen beautiful grayling, in the pink of condition, many of them close on a pound each. It was a day to be remembered by a young fisherman; I need not say that, ever since, I have had a strong affection for the much abused grayling, and so far as my humble efforts

"runs," the perfection of spawning beds, so that with the limited amount of fishing over twelve miles of water, and with freedom from pollution, except such as is common to all rivers flowing through an agricultural district, there is every chance for the trout to increase and multiply. There are four or five mills on the stream, about a couple of miles distant from each other, and the pools formed by the damming up of the water at the head of these mills give food and shelter to some grand fish. And the Meece fish *are* grand, whether from a sporting or a gastronomic point of view. They cut pink when cooked, and in weight range up to about two pounds; occasionally an odd fish goes beyond this, though such fish are not frequently taken. The average is about three-quarters of a pound. The last time I fished the stream, in August, 1888, the keeper told me there had been splendid sport during the time the May-fly was on, many of the baskets weighing twenty to twenty-four pounds for as many fish.

One member of the Manchester Anglers' Association will not soon forget the sight he and I had one evening in May on a shallow below one of the mills. In a very short length of water we saw—I am speaking literally and not with the angler's reputed advantage of magnifying and multiplying spectacles—scores of grand trout making big waves as they scudded away. The water was then too low and clear to give us much chance of taking any fish, as the mill above was stopped, and there was very little water coming down, but in the earlier part of the day we had sampled them, and amongst the fish we took was one scaling nearly a pound and a half.

This river is full of food. In the autumn it is considerably overgrown with weeds in some of the stretches, and these weeds provide insect life in myriads. The local anglers rarely fish with more than one fly on their cast, the favourite being Dark Mackerel (described in Ronald's book), the Alder, March Brown, and various Palmers. The flies are dressed very large, quite as large as an ordinary sea-trout fly; occasionally they are used as large as a small salmon-fly. If you fish with small flies there the result will be small fish. The fishing during the month of June is entirely reserved for members, so that a visitor never has an opportunity of fishing the stream during the May-fly season. There are several good rules in connection with this club, one of which is that no person shall be allowed to fish the stream on two consecutive days. Such a rule as this would not answer well on an association water so far distant from the bulk of its members as is the river at Horton, but I think it might be applied with advantage to those who live within a few miles of the village. When most of the members of an association live within a walk or drive of the river it is an excellent way to prevent over-fishing. Another rule, much appreciated by outsiders, is that every member is furnished with a number of tickets, one of which is available for the use of a friend on any one day of the week for which it is issued; if the ticket is not used during that week it is valueless. These tickets are not available during the month of June, nor can they be used by any person residing within nine miles of Stafford. Visitors are restricted to the use of artificial



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fly, and all fish taken under ten inches in length must be returned to the water.

Before I leave this river I must tell you the following legend of one of its members who has now joined the great majority—I do not vouch for its truth. He was a parson, and, as is often the case where the environment is favourable, an excellent fisherman. During the season there were very few days on which he did not make use of his privilege as a member to fish the stream, and rarely indeed did he go home with an empty creel; in fact such was his reputation that he had earned the sobriquet of "The Otter." On one occasion when his family, a tolerably large one, had met for the mid-day meal, and the removal of the cover displayed to view a joint of beef, the children with one voice exclaimed "Oh, ma,—meat!"

A short account of my experiences at Horton, where I spent my holidays in 1890, may be interesting. The weather was very varied, and we saw the river in many moods. The biggest water was early in the morning of the 25th August, when the river rose nearly six feet; yet by mid-day it was fishable with fly, and I heard of eight or nine trout being taken with a Blue Dun—it was between twelve and two o'clock. The fishing was, like the weather, variable, but only once had I a blank day on the river. The fish I caught were in very nice condition and the bulk of them of a good size. My best taken with fly (a small Blue Dun), weighed fourteen ounces, and gave me a good fight in the stream just below Horton Bridge. I found the Olive Dun, the Blue Dun, and the Alder the most successful flies on the river; and on the

tarn a fancy fly with silver body, black hackle, and Indian Crow tag, and a small Alexandra with a little bright red in the wing.

For an expert in spinning the natural minnow there was a splendid water many times during my visit. I met a landowner on the river one day, and he had then, about three o'clock, eleven very nice trout, all taken in this way. I heard of his getting a trout the day before I left Horton, which weighed 2lb. 3oz., and he—the trout I mean—had quite a dish of small trout in his larder; his capture will be a good riddance to the water. There is little doubt that the water is very well stocked with good fish, but except under favourable conditions they are not easily caught. I came to the conclusion that the best baskets were to be made either with the worm or by minnow-spinning, although occasionally the fly will hold its own; for instance, on one occasion a big rise of Duns came on the water about two o'clock, and in half-an-hour I caught six fish in one stream, four of which averaged half-a-pound each. I left the river to send away my "catch" by parcel post, and, sad to relate, I did not kill another fish that day. I noticed that on three consecutive days there was a good rise of Olive and Blue Duns between twelve and three o'clock; the colder the day, the later the rise. As to which part of the river is the best I scarcely dare hazard an opinion; but I agree with the keeper, Walker, in this, that if you cannot get a fish between "New Inn" Bridge and the wooden bridge below, you are not likely to get one anywhere else.



I went to the Tarn four times during my stay, and never came away blank except on the last day of my visit, when I was made to feel very small by my boy, who took three fish and lost several others, whilst I never touched one. There was rather a curious incident connected with the taking of these fish. When we were at breakfast my boy said to me: "I dreamt last night that I caught a grand basket of trout at the tarn, and I can show you the fly I caught them with." He brought his fly-book and showed me a small Alexandra; I said it looked a very likely fly and he had better try it, and see if his dream would come true. It came so far true that this fly was the only one that would stir the fish.

I must not leave Horton without saying a word for it as a health resort. Westerly winds prevailed while we were there, and it seemed as though we ought to taste the brine on our lips, the wind was so bracing and exhilarating. We had several very pleasant excursions. A capital day can be spent at Settle and Giggleswick, with a walk back to Horton by Stainforth Force and village. My boys and I walked over to Clapham one morning, and then through the caves, returning to Horton by Moughton Scars. These scars are scarcely less interesting than the caves, and are well worth a visit; the limestone formation is most peculiar, and the traces of the action of the sea are as plainly visible as though the sea had left it but a few years ago. The hart's-tongue fern grows here in great luxuriance. Of course we had a climb to the top of Pen-y-ghent, calling at Hull-pot and Hunt-pot on our way. Another pleasant

walk is from Ribbleshead Station to Alum-pot, near to Selside, and then on to Horton. This Alum-pot is a fearsome place. When visiting it you should make inquiries as to whether there is a bull in the field. The farmer very often turns one in, and I understand Mr. Bull effectually prevents anyone from going near.

A friend and I drove over to Malham Tarn on Thursday, the 21st of August, for a day's fishing. Under ordinary circumstances the drive must open out some charming views of hill scenery, but on the day we went the clouds were resting on the hills and quite obscured the view, and it rained, and *rained*, and RAINED, till we were like drowned rats! In spite of the rain we fished hard till four o'clock, but with little success. My friend got one fish of 1lb. 5oz., and lost another. Successful fishing with fly in Malham Tarn seems to be very uncertain, the fish rising badly to fly as a rule. A few years since very large takes were made with fly, but we were told by the owner that some time ago he netted the tarn to take out the perch, and a great quantity were so taken out. Since then the fly-fishing has not been so good, and his theory is, that when there were a considerable number of perch in the tarn they, being the strongest fish, drove the trout off the best feeding ground, compelling them to seek for food on the surface. There seems a great deal to be said in favour of this theory.

To sum up the result of my visit to Horton I would say, "I have been there and still would go." It is a charming place, full of interest; the time passed all too

quickly, and it was with great regret that I took a last fond look at Pen-y-ghent as he stood there in his grandeur, a veritable "Monarch of the Glen."





Streams of the Isle of Man by Stanley Aneale

*In* Lancashire I think we all know where the Isle of Man is. An Island rich in history, antiquities, legends and natural beauty. Surrounded by the sea, which gives it its very life from the days of Scandinavian rule or under the Vikings to the present matter of fact 19<sup>th</sup> century.

To quote from one of the greatest novelists of the day my countryman Hall Caine who says "The sea is always present with every Manxman everything they do everything they say gets the colour and shimmer of the sea. The sea gets into their bones, it comes out of their skins, Their talk is full of it. They buy



## MANX STREAMS.

BY STANLEY KNEALE.

**I**N Lancashire we all know where the Isle of Man is: an island rich in history, antiquities, legends, and natural beauty, set in a sea which has been its very life from the days of the Vikings to the present matter-of-fact 19th century. To quote from one of the greatest novelists of the day, my countryman, Hall Caine, "The sea is always present with Manxmen; everything they do, everything they say gets the colour and shimmer of the sea. The sea goes into their bones; it comes out of their skins; their talk is full of it. They buy by it, they sell by it, they quarrel by it, they fight by it, they swear by it, they pray by it." So it is only natural that I should begin this paper by speaking of it.

Before I try to give you an idea of the Manx streams from an anglers' point of view, may I quote my countryman's beautiful description of the Island of Man. "Seen from the sea it is a lovely thing to look upon. It never fails to bring me a thrill of the heart as it comes out of the distance. It lies like a bird on the water. You see it from end to end, and from water's edge to topmost peak, often enshrouded in mists, a dim ghost on

a grey sea; sometimes purple against the setting sun. Then as you sail up to it, a rugged rocky coast, grand in its beetling heights on the south and west, and broken into the sweetest bays every where. The water is as clear as crystal and blue as the sky in summer; you can see the shingle and the moss through many fathoms. Then the mountains within, not in peaks, but round foreheads. The colour of the Island is green and gold; its flavour is that of the nut. Both colour and flavour come of the gorse. This covers the mountains and moorlands, for, except on the north, the Island has next to no trees. But, oh, the beauty and delight of it in the spring! Long broad stretches glittering under the sun with the gold of the gorse, and all the air full of the nutty perfume. There is nothing like it in all the world. Then the glens, such fairy spots, deep, solemn, musical, with the slumberous waters, clad in dark mosses, brightened by the red fuchsia."

Such is Man as seen by a Manxman, and in the spring. But in the summer months, when thousands of people from this county and other parts are swarming over that little Island, it is spoilt for the angler; he loves the quiet music of the streams and not the wild war cry of the irrepressible tripper, who comes driving down the glens in clouds of dust, throwing stones into your favourite pool, hurling satirical remarks at the poor angler, and chasing away the poetic and delightful halo of thoughts which surround the trout fisher.

Many are the days I have had spoilt thus; but, fortunately for me, some years ago, I was able to fish the

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stream in all seasons and weathers; all day and every day that was suitable, wandering forth in the morning and spending solitary days in some of the wilder glens, among the hills; meeting no one but, perhaps, a shepherd and his dog, and the weather-beaten mountain sheep. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the rivers in the Island is the entire absence of such fresh-water fish as the pike, perch, roach, grayling, and other fish described as coarse. I suppose that, as in the Welsh rivers, the rapid nature of the streams, with gravelly or rocky bottoms, would prevent their thriving very long, even if they were introduced. However, in the lower parts of the Sulby (the most important river in the Island), where for three or four miles the river runs deep, and in nice gravelly pools and glides, grayling might be introduced with advantage, that is if they are not detrimental to trout. The latter are found in great numbers in every stream in the Island, with the exception of some few that have been poisoned by lead mining, that curse of many rivers in this country. Why a man should be allowed to poison another man's fish any more than his sheep or his cattle is difficult to understand; yet he seems to do it with the greatest audacity, and with hardly a remonstrance from the injured side.

The Sulby, which is the largest and best trout river in the island, flows into Ramsey Bay. The lower part of the water is brackish for about two miles, the salt water ascending with the spring tides nearly up to Loughen-e-Zeigh (the goose pond), about three miles from the sea.

All this lower part, and even higher up, abounds in the spring months with small white trout, as they are there called. There has been much discussion as to the species to which these fish belong; whether they are the young of the salmon sewin or white trout. A specimen of them was sent to Mr. Day, and he at once recognised it as the sewin. They appear in the river in the greatest numbers in March and April, returning to the sea in May. An old Manx saying is: "The first flood in May takes the white trout away." They are also caught near the mouths of the rivers in the autumn; though usually of a larger size they are not so numerous as in the spring. They are, for their size, decidedly "game," rising very freely and fighting hard. They generally average in the spring about seven or eight to the pound, occasionally approaching a pound each in weight. I have often filled a basket which held eight or nine pounds in a few hours, catching as many as twenty out of one pool. Some of the larger-sized require a good bit of management when hooked; they spring into the air, strike the water with their tails, and make a great commotion, until after two or three minutes play they are landed. And they certainly are most beautiful and delicious fish. They are most plentiful in the brackish pools, and in the two or three miles of deep water above the town, where the river glides along in one continuous pool, varying in depth from two or three feet to ten or twelve; the gorse-covered hedges, which in many places run along the river banks, are rather troublesome to the angler. All this three or four miles



of still water can, of course, only be fished in a breeze which has to be pretty strong to get over the high hedges and banks, and round the bends. On a suitable day in spring one is pretty sure of a basketful of fish, white or brown, on this part of the Sulby; and although the brown trout are also small, you occasionally get a half-pounder, or even larger, to quicken the pulses. You require all your skill to steer clear of the long weed, which is rather troublesome on this part of the river, and successfully land up the high bank. At one time I never used to carry a landing net, and many is the good trout I have lost through not having one. In one instance I lost a large sea trout—I mean large for the locality—perhaps about two pounds. After a desperate fight for about ten minutes (I had only a very light fly rod) I had coaxed him to the bank, played out as I thought, and was just bending over the high bank trying to get my fingers round his gills, when he made a sudden spring, nearly hitting me in the face, dropped back on the water, and floated away, hardly realizing at first that he had got half my cast; when he did, he made a bolt and disappeared, a wiser if not a happier fish.

About half-a-mile above Ramsey is a bridge, just beyond which, on your left hand as you face up-stream, the tributary Aldyn joins the Sulby. Many a basket of good trout have I had from that little stream. But lately, whenever I have visited it, the water has always been very low. Very few parts of it are suitable for fly; up-stream fishing with worm answers better, especially on the lower

part. About two miles up there are some nice little pools which contain good trout. A great many salmon run up this little stream after a freshet; I have seen the small pools quite packed with them. This was in the autumn, when they were making their way up to spawn; but very few of them get back to the sea; they get caught in the dams or small pools, and find their way into the cottagers' houses. This is the case, more or less, with all the rivers on the island. At Sulby Bridge, I have gone into numbers of cottages and seen smoked salmon hanging up, and the inmates have told me they never feel right without a bit of smoked salmon in the house. Most of these are spawning fish, and quite unfit for food. Since the Salmon and Fresh Water Fishing Act of 1882, river inspectors have been appointed, and a more strict watch is kept; rod licences are also necessary. The licence for salmon and white trout is £1, and for trout 7s. 6d. yearly; a weekly licence for trout is 2s. 6d. When first these licences were imposed, there was much indignation among the small landowners along the river, who did not see the force of having to pay for the right to fish for their own and their neighbour's fish. At Sulby they formed a "Trout Association," every member of which was bound to prosecute (for trespass) anyone fishing on his land with a licence, but it was all right if you had not one; on the other hand if you were without a licence you were liable to be prosecuted by the Fisheries Board. This caused a good deal of ill-feeling, and indeed does so yet; it almost stopped fishing for some time. I used to get over the difficulty by taking

out a licence and leaving it at home, and when I happened to be asked by one of the Association if I had a licence, saying, "I hadn't one!" taking care not to add "with me." Perhaps the method had its moral shortcomings, but I had no sympathy with an association whose members instead of agitating for a repeal of what they considered an unjust law, stopped the fishing altogether.

The Sulby above the junction of the Aldyn consists of a long deep glide, fairly wide, an easy casting distance in most places, and getting narrower as you get higher up. This water for about two miles can only be fished in a breeze; above it the water gets broken into sharp runs, and nice gravelly pools; just the place for grayling. This is not very good fly water, being covered with willows and other trees. From here to Sulby Bridge the river is more open, and there are some very nice runs and stretches of fly water. On the other side of the bridge you get to Sulby Claddagh, a flat common, covered with low gorse, bramble and bracken, through which the river runs. Here, on a bright day in spring, you are almost dazzled by the golden blaze of the gorse, the blue sky, and the sun on the white-washed cottages. There are pictures whichever way you turn; it is a paradise for artists, and is much frequented by them. The Glen Moar Inn is near and comfortable; a capital place to stay at if you intend to fish this water and the glens above. On the Claddagh there are no high trees overhanging the river, but plenty of room to get your flies clear out behind, except for low gorse bushes here and there. It used to be my favourite bit of the

river; there are broken runs and a few dams and pools; of course, as with all small streams, you want a fair quantity of water to be coming down, but especially in this part, as in the dry weather the water merely percolates through the loose stony bed. Many a good basket of trout have I taken from this part of the Sulby, considering it a poor day unless I had two or three dozen, and sometimes getting as many as five or six dozen, weighing about eight or nine pounds. This Claddagh is just at the entrance to Sulby Glen, or more properly, Glen Moar (the big glen) and is called Gob-na-Volly (the mouth of the valley.)

After entering the Glen, the river becomes more wooded, and you come to some old starch mills, not worked now. Below these there is a very good pool, which used to contain some capital trout; they seemed to fatten on the refuse from the starch making. If I did not get a few good trout out of this pool, I always knew the day would be hopeless. From this point you go up the river for about four miles, all fair fly water, rocky, with good pools here and there, which become larger and deeper and more overgrown as you go higher up to Tholt-e-Will. Here the river takes a bend to the right for about a mile, with good pools, which are rather difficult to get at. The trout in these deep and dark brown pools are much darker in colour, and are not well fed fish, but you find them up to a fair size,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb., and even bigger. I have caught numbers of 1 lb. trout; but fish of this size are only rarely met with. After Tholt-e-Will the river bends at right-angles to the left,



and about a mile up divides into two streams of equal size, the one on the right coming down Druidale, and the one on the left from Crammag Glen, rising some three miles away between Snaefell and Benny-Phott. In this glen there are some good deep pools, and very often when the river is low you get better sport here than lower down, as it is fed more by springs. Although the river lower down is continually fed by small tributaries, its bed is broader, and the water loses itself in the loose stony bottom. It is really quite surprising what capital pools you come across by following an insignificant little stream to its source among the hills. These are the salvation of the trout in the small rapid streams of the island; but for these the fish would be swept away by the frequent floods. The scenery up these glens is most beautiful, and there are numbers of small glens where even in the summer you are not likely to meet a fellow-creature the whole day. Of course, out of the tourist season you can have nearly the whole river to yourself. In the summer months the Sulby, from Tholt-e-Will down to Sulby Bridge, is very much over-fished; and since the road down the glen runs near the river, and is a favourite one for visitors driving over the mountains from Douglas to Ramsey, there is little enjoyment in fishing.

The first salmon I ever caught—it has not been my good fortune to catch many—was on the Sulby river, in a pool below Ellenbane. I was strolling along up-stream, fly-fishing for trout, taking a nice little fish out here and there, when I came to one of my favourite

pools, where, if the trout were in anything like a taking mood, I was always sure of a few good ones, when, in front of me, just at the edge of the eddy where the water came into the pool, I saw a swirl, and the flash of a silver side, that sent my heart into my mouth! I had only a light trout rod, and nothing but trout flies; however, selecting one of these—a large Red Palmer, with some tinsel round the body—I went down stream a few yards, walked across so as to get on the bank opposite to where my silver friend was evidently feeding, and casting across the stream, letting my fly swirl through the eddy at the head of the pool, in the second cast I felt a tug and was fast in a fish. Before I had time to realize it, a fine fresh salmon sprang out of the water. Fortunately I was fishing from the winch, otherwise he would have broken me at once. I thought he was off; but no! After many repeated springs, I began to steady myself and wind in so as to feel the fish. I had certainly hooked a salmon, but how to land him was the difficulty. Of course, he had nearly all his own way; I just kept as much strain as I thought my trout cast would bear. Very fortunately for me, the fish seemed to like the pool he was in, which was about twenty yards long, shallow at the head and with a long clear shallow at the tail which he did not seem to care about; if he had taken it into his head to rush over the shallow and down stream, I could not possibly have held him for many seconds, as the river below was so overgrown by willows and trees that it would have been impossible to follow. He began leading me up and down the pool, just as he pleased. A short

distance above the pool the river is crossed by a foot-bridge, over which there were occasionally some passers by, who seeing that I had got hold of a large fish, watched to see him landed until they grew tired of waiting. That fish seemed to me like the brook, it went on for ever, up and down the pool for upwards of two hours, and I dreading all the time that the gut would fray. Fortunately, as I afterwards found out, the fish was hooked in the lip, so there was nothing to come in contact with the gut. I had no gaff or even landing net; at last, seeing a boy passing, I hailed him, and got him to cut a willow stick which was forked; one of the ends of this he cut short and sharpened, leaving the other as a handle. With this primitive gaff I knew there must be no missing. After many attempts I managed at last to bring the fish to the side of the pool under the shelter of some floating grass, and just within reach of my willow gaff; then with a tremendous strike I dragged him up the bank, breaking my rod top in so doing. But what did it matter? There lay on the grass a beautiful salmon of seven or eight pounds. This may not seem very large to salmon-fishers, but to me in those days he appeared a perfect monster, and I was rather glad than otherwise that he would not go into my basket, but had to be carried home, a visible trophy of my skill to all passers-by. I did not at all like having that fish cooked, but setting-up was not so much in vogue in those days, so he was boiled, and pronounced excellent.

Of the rivers on the south of the island I know very little. I have caught trout on the Silverburn, which

finds its outlet in Castletown Bay, and which, like the other streams, abounds in small sewin in the spring. The streams Dhoo and Glass, which, uniting near the town of Douglas, give it its name, both contain trout. At Laxey there is a good stream, the poisoning of the lower part of which by the lead mines prevents salmon and sea trout from coming up; you can see the lead-coloured water for some distance out in the bay, of course poisoning everything with which it comes in contact. In the Glen above the mine, there are plenty of small trout, rather dark in colour. Further along the coast you come to a delightful little glen called Ballaglass, in which there are large numbers of trout. Some years ago this stream was poisoned by mining, now it is no longer so, and the trout have become as plentiful as ever. At the bottom of the Glen there has been recently erected a large building for the manufacture of bellite, but this has been stopped by the House of Keys, who think the explosive too dangerous for them to allow its manufacture to proceed. This Glen is very much wooded, and there are not many places where you can get a fly comfortably on, but down nearer the sea it gets more open. There is a large brackish pool at the junction with the sea, which generally contains any number of trout and sea trout. Last summer, when fishing there, with a good breeze to ripple the pool, in two hours I caught about forty nice trout; they were silvery, game, well-fed little fish. This beautiful glen is not much frequented, being out of the beaten track. A friend of mine fishing there, some years ago, caught a



splendid trout (brown) weighing about 2lbs. At the north-west side of the Island there is a partly natural and partly artificial trench which drains the greater portion of the flat land and meadows of the north, finding an outlet near the sea at a small hamlet called Lhen Moar, which is the Manx for "big meadow or swamp." This stream varies in width from about eight to twelve feet, and is of a uniform depth of three or four feet; it has a peaty bottom, much overgrown with weed, water-lilies, and so on, which are cleared out about twice a year when they begin to choke the stream up. The spring, when the winter frosts and floods have cleared the weeds out, is the best time to fish this water, as in summer it often gets grown over, and the places for putting a fly on are few. The Lhen Moar is about eight miles from Ramsey. There is a mill there which is a convenient place at which to put up a conveyance. From this mill down to the sea the stream is very narrow, but pretty deep, and it contains some big trout and sometimes sea trout. The best wind to fish it in is one across; you should fish straight upstream, as, standing some distance from the bank, you are out of sight of the fish. One fly is quite enough; the stream being narrow, more would be in the way. About half a mile above the mill, its trench, running along the edge of a large swamp (a capital place for snipe in the winter), is more open, and when there is a good water it flows almost level with the banks. Farther on the banks get higher, and it is very difficult to keep out of sight of the trout. Fly is the only thing you can successfully use, on account of

the bottom weed; and a good strong breeze is essential. Use one fly and a strong cast, as the trout are large, dark-coloured, and hard fighters, making a desperate splash and struggle when they feel the point of the hook. You mustn't give them an inch, but get them into your net as soon as possible, otherwise they at once get into the weed or under the overhanging bank, against which they saw your cast, and are off at once. You lose a great many fish in this way. They are very uncertain risers, and you never know when they will be in a taking humour; but if you happen to be there on a favourable day (sometimes to all appearances the most unlikely) you will have some capital sport. On a very fine day I have killed twelve trout averaging over  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and lost as many more. They are not very particular about flies, but like them rather large and rough with a suspicion of tinsel; just such flies as we should use on the tarn at Horton. On a fine spring day this is a most delightful four miles of fishing. The white cottages which skirt the meadow, the gorse and the sweet smelling flowers which are beginning to blossom, all have a charm for the angler. But it is also a very disappointing place. I remember starting off one morning on what promised to be a good breezy day, in the early summer, and, on arriving at my destination, the mill, I found a dead calm, with a blazing sun. As there is no broken water, fishing was out of the question, so I walked down to the sea and enjoyed basking in the sun on the beach, watching the sea-birds circling over the blue water and golden sands. That was all very well, but I had come to fish, and I hate

being baulked, so I thought if I could find a worm or two I might manage to hook a trout. But a worm was as difficult to get as a trout. There had been a long spell of dry weather, and the ground round the lower part of this stream is very sandy and dry; however, I managed to get a couple of small ones by digging with the spike of my rod, and creeping to a hole much overgrown so as to shelter me from the observant trout, I lowered the worm, not knowing whether it was lighting on a bramble or in the water. I suppose it must have been the latter, because I felt a tremendous tug that nearly pulled the rod out of my hand, and I was fast in a good trout. But how to get him out was the difficulty. I could not reach him with my net over the bramble; there was nothing for it but to guide my fish round a bend between many brambles and gorse bushes to a favourable spot. After fifteen minutes, I landed the finest brown trout I have ever caught in the Island, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Big trout always seem to lie in the most difficult places. I managed to get one or two more small ones, but worms were scarce, and I did not care much about that kind of fishing, so I had to wend my way home without having put a fly on the water; still, I was partly consoled by the thought of my big trout. There is a small stream running through Ballaugh Glen in which there are plenty of trout, but like all small streams it is difficult to fish with no width of water to get a fly on properly.

Then there is the Rhenass (the ridge of the waterfall) known to the tourist as "Glen Helen." I cannot

understand why people should change names full of association and description for utterly meaningless ones. Imagine, for instance, changing the name of a beautiful little waterfall near Ramsey called "Braid-foss" (the waterfall of the ravine), a most descriptive name, into Niagara, a name which makes it ridiculous; this is just one instance of many hundred changes of names in the Island. But to return to the Rhenass. The stream rises between the two mountains called Sart Fell and Glen Maggle, just near the source of the Sulby, but runs in a different direction for four or five miles to St. John's, where it becomes the River Neb. From the point where it is joined by the Foxdale river to the sea, it is poisoned by the Foxdale lead mines. All the stream above the junction is filled with small trout. In most of the Manx streams I think there are too many trout for the quantity of food; they rarely grow to any size, and the rivers are so scoured by big floods which rise and fall rapidly (caused by the extension of draining, not only of the arable, but also of the mountain lands) that the moss and insect life are washed away. The fishing has very much deteriorated since first I knew it, when with very little skill you could generally fill your creel. Two or three years ago 30,000 Loch Leven fry were distributed in the various streams of the Island; some were put in the reservoir of the Ramsey Water Works and in other small ponds. I have not heard of many being taken; there is no doubt it would have been better to put in yearlings, and in smaller number.





At a social gathering of the members of this Association held in the early part of last year, you were pleased to propose and accept the toast of "Our literary Members", from that time I somehow felt more than I had done before that I was really one of you. But the feeling of pleasure I then felt was afterwards tempered with regret that I should be able to contribute so little that could or would be of interest to Anglers.

Indeed I feel that it would be sheer presumption in me to pose as the author or reader of a paper bearing even remotely upon the mysteries of Angling, I don't think gentlemen that I am likely to attempt anything so rash, I use the word *Mystery* advisedly, for I had no idea how much one had to learn to become even an average fisherman before I attended the Meetings of this Association. To the uninitiated like myself the bare sight of a Veteran Anglers fly pouch, our good friend



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It was with a good deal of pleasure that I heard you approve very distinctly, a remark made by one of our members that our Meetings here should not be looked upon as evenings to be devoted to purely angling matters, but also as one of their objects though secondary, to bring the members together, that they may know each other and that each one may contribute as he is gifted, to the social enjoyment of all. I took heart at this and thought that a few notes on the way Hortonwards chiefly of Historical and Archaeological interest might possibly be acceptable to the Members when nothing of greater interest or importance was within call of our Secretary.

From the very first of my connection with you, although not a fisherman, I have always enjoyed the companionship of Anglers, for as a rule I have found them something more than mere adepts at hooking or not hooking fish, they have shown themselves to be often men of culture possessing a large and varied knowledge of Natural History, Botany, Ornithology and cognate subjects. In confirmation of this I would ask, Who but a man of culture could or would have written the article in the second volume of 'Anglers' Evenings' headed 'St Boswell and the Tweed' The following beautiful passage occurs

"The angler's pastime leads him amongst the most glorious and sublime scenes in nature. He sees them in the early morning ere the sun has dispelled the vapours from the cloud-capt hills or dried the glistening dewdrops from the grass, or the curling smoke has begun to ascend from the distant cot, or the rustic labourer has risen from his lowly couch; and while yet no sound is heard save the cheerful voices of the birds hymning their Matin song of thanksgiving.

Now the sun has reached his meridian splendour and the air is laden with the perfume of 1000 wild flowers, and every leaf and cranny send forth their myriad of winged inhabitants to dance away their short life in the warm brightness of a summer day. The green hillsides are clad to their "'''' the fleecy flocks, and the oxen wade knee deep in the rich verdant pastures. He wanders by the winding stream or stately flowing river and every bent and turn presents him with a new and beautiful picture. He stands beside the flowing waterfall and as he strains his ear to listen to the fancied voices, remembers that he has read somewhere of a voice which is like the sound of many waters,"

And so on, this quotation from a paper by one of our own members fully confirms my statement that a love of angling and of learning are often met with in the same person, so that it might not be so singular as at first sight may appear that it has seemed good to you to have a limited number of Literary or non-fishing members seeing that both may and do have tastes in common drawing each to the other in the bonds of good fellowship; so much by way of apology for this paper.

It has always appeared to me a most enviable position when one, wearied and tired by the cares of business, can find an opportunity to renew his strength by perchance a week or a fortnight's holiday in the West Riding of York, with what feelings of satisfaction and pleasurable anticipations have many of us in such circumstances seated ourselves in the train at Manchester and looked Hortonwards, where there has always been and happily still is much to enjoy and little to regret.

After leaving Manchester the objects of interest will not come upon him too soon, for until Bolton is passed there is not much either of scenic beauty or historic interest to attract particular attention. East of Bolton lies the Oakes Station.

#### HALL I'TH' WOOD

The tourist should leave the train here, and taking the footpath to the left of the line, a short and pleasant walk will bring him to **Hall I' th' Wood**--- a house well worthy of a visit for its own sake as well as its associations. This is recognized as a fine specimen of Elizabethan style of domestic architecture, in so much



that it has been taken as a model for modern buildings of that class. It is also celebrated for having been the residence of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the mule spinning frame.

#### **Turton Tower**

Resuming our journey by rail a few minutes ride will bring Turton Tower into view on the right of the line. This place, though its history reaches back almost to the time of the Norman conquest has so far received scant notice. It is a square building of stone, with two wood and plaster gables in front. It consists of four storeys, with an embattled parapet in which there is some ancient armour. From the high ground hereabouts there are fine prospects, the scenery in front being eminently picturesque, and the huge mass of Holcombe Hill making an effective background. Proceeding onwards by train we are soon travelling along the deep cuttings through the high ground, which lies between the town of Blackburn and the vale of the Ribble, and in a few minutes arrive at Wilpshire, which is the nearest station to ancient Ribchester. Continuing our journey past Langho, which is now an obscure and unimportant place, has its place in history, the next noteworthy place is Whalley.

#### **WHALLEY**

The situation of Whalley is incomparably beautiful. The village itself nestles in one of the quietest nooks within the confines of Ribblesdale. Through this charming valley flows the Calder, from whose bank rises Whalley Nab, picturesquely timbered with green patches in the upland where sheep and cattle feed. Eastwards may be seen the huge mass of Pendle, and not an unimportant feature in the landscape is the insular rock on which stands the ruined keep of Clitheroe Castle; and far beyond towards Ribblesdale are the lofty peaks of Ingleboro and Penyghent. Whalley church and its surroundings are of absorbing interest. It must not, however, be confounded with the Abbey. They were two quite separate foundations, the Church being at least six centuries older than the Abbey foundation. The former is generally believed to owe its origins to the preaching of Paulinus, the great Apostle of the North of England. The date assigned is about 628 A.D. The three runic crosses that stand in the church yard are worthy of particular notice; they are supposed by some antiquaries to indicate the site when Paulinus first preached the Gospel to the inhabitants about 628; others are of the opinion that they are of even a still earlier origin. The ruins of the Abbey are also deserving of the fullest and most careful examination, for only by so doing are its vast proportions understood and its former magnificence realised. It was founded by Henry de Lacey Earl of Lincoln a. d. 1296 and possessed by a colony of monks of the Cistercian order who had migrated from Stanlaw in Cheshire. Resuming our journey a run of three miles brings us to the ancient borough of Clitheroe, which is a convenient centre, and from which one may go forth to luxuriate in the grandest scenery. Its history proper may be said to begin from shortly after the Conquest, although it knew something of stirring events in Saxon times. With the rest of Lancashire south of the Ribble, Clitheroe was Royal property in the days of the Confessor, but after the battle of Hastings had transferred the Crown of England to the Norman Conqueror, he, to make his victory secure, parcelled out the realm to his various companions in arms, and this district was part of the large possessions allotted to Roger de Poitou. Who ever cares to see places whereon the events make up a nation's history have been erected, will find much to interest him in Clitheroe and its beautiful and historic surroundings.

#### **MITTON**

Mitton is within a couple of miles, Whalley not less than four miles, and Stonyhurst about the same distance. The great attraction of Clitheroe is its castle, and no lover of the picturesque will leave this ancient town without visiting this interesting relic of olden times. If an angler finds it inconvenient to stay overnight in Clitheroe, he can, if he leaves Manchester by a train about nine a. m. have a most delightful ramble in this district and be in plenty of time to catch the five p. m. train from Hellifield to Horton. To one so inclined I would offer the following suggestions; take, if possible, an excursion ticket to Whalley and travel by the ordinary train. Leave the train arriving at Whalley and make straight for the Churchyard, note the ancient crosses, see inside the church and then proceed to view the Abbey ruins, for which the requisite permission may be easily obtained at the lodge. Two hours will be ample for this. Afterwards take the road for Mitton, which may be reached after a delightful walk of two miles. The roman road from Ribchester to Ilkley crosses this road at a point about equidistant between Whalley and Mitton. As the latter is approached, and just before the bridge over the Ribble is crossed, there is from the road a fine view of Little Mitton Hall—the residence of Mr J. Hick; and on the hill in front, rising directly from the banks of the Ribble, stands the venerable parish church of Mitton.

Continuing on the Stonyhurst road the Lower Bridge over the Hodder is soon reached, and the scenery is most picturesque. The fine building just across the Hodder is Hodder House, a branch establishment of Stonyhurst College. The walk hence on to Clitheroe is a charming one of from two to three miles. The journey I have suggested is about as much as can be accomplished in one day. Another ramble of



equal interest may be begun at Chatburn, thence by road to Sawley passing Swainsbrook on the way. No intelligent tourist would think of proceeding further without inspecting the ruins of Sawley Abbey, beautiful in themselves as well as interesting in their surroundings. Crossing the bridge over the Ribble behind the inn, there is a delightful walk of from two to three miles, either by road or through the fields, to the ancient village of Bolton-by-Bowland. The valley here is full of scenic beauty, the slopes are richly wooded, and the turn in the river gives it the appearance of a picturesque amphitheatre. A short distance further lies Bolton Park, within which Bolton Hall, full of historic interest, is situated commanding a fine view down the valley of the Ribble. About half a mile from this place are the village and church of Bolton-by-Bowland. The church is a very ancient foundation, mention being made of it in a charter bearing date 1190. The interior contains many memorials of the Pudseys and their descendents. Passing through the picturesque village the walk hence to Gisburn is very delightful; and arriving at this place good accommodation and cheer is sure to be found. At this point for the present at least, I must conclude these notes. I should have been glad had I been able, to have finished at Horton, but I have found this quite impossible within the limits of a reasonable paper.”

#### **SAWLEY ABBEY**

Sawley abbey was founded in the year 1147 by William Baron Percy, whose grandfather came over with the Conqueror, it was endowed with large estates, and exercised great influence in the district, it was an older foundation than Whalley by 150 years. At the dissolution in 1536-7 William Trafford the 21<sup>st</sup> and last abbot like John Paslew of Whalley took part in the pilgrimage of Grace was tried at Lancaster found guilty and executed March 10<sup>th</sup> 1537. After this event the buildings fell fast into decay and whenever a house or barn was to be built or repaired stones for this purpose were drawn there from, an observant traveller will soon detect this as he walks through the village. The site of Sawley like most of the Abbeys is a beautiful one, in one of those well wooded and watered spots, with a fishery at hand, in which the monks of old delighted to dwell. Crossing the bridge over the Ribble behind the Inn there is a delightful walk of two to three miles, either by the road or through the fields to the ancient village of Bolton by Boland, the one through the fields tread the rich pastures of Craven is certainly to be preferred, the valley is full of scenic beauty and the slopes are richly wooded and the turn in the river gives the appearance of a picturesque amphitheatre.

Soon Bolton hall comes into view ancestral home more beautifully situated. The park is undulating and studded with noble oak and ash trees which have long survived the Pudseys who planted them, whose branches soar high in air, and seem to reduce the pedestrians beneath to mere pygmies. It has been said that an avenue of oaks, and elms is the true colonnade to a gentleman's house, as to stone and marble, any one can Park within which rear them at once, they are the work of today, but give me the Colonnades that have grown old and great with the family and tell by their grandeur how long the family has endured. Such is Bolton

#### **Bolton hall**

Is gloriously situated, commanding a fine view down the Valley of the Ribble, it is considered to be the oldest Manor House in Craven and not of later date than Edward the third (1327-1377). What a crowd of memories rise, as one looks on the stately pile, of the Wars of the Roses of the loyal Sir Hugh Ralph Pudsey, and of the unfortunate King Henry the sixth (1422-1461), who after the battle of Hexam, where the Lancastrian forces were defeated found an asylum here for some time, it was not far from here lower down the river, where he was betrayed; whence he was conveyed as a prisoner to London. One room in the Hall is still called King Henry room, the window of which commands a fine view of this beautiful demesne. Henry left behind him a few relics, which have been carefully preserved by the members of the Pudsey family.

Here within the compass of a moderate estate, the Pudseys enjoyed every distinction feudal or ecclesiastic which their age and Country could bestow, the manor, freewarren Park, advowson and family chantry. Here they sheltered their persecuted Sovereign; and here after the loyalty or dissipation of their forefathers had abridged their resources, the last amiable possessors enjoyed to extreme old age the blessings of retirement and religion.” See Whittaker Craven 128.

About half a mile from Bolton Hall are the village and church of Bolton by Bowland, the church is a very ancient foundation as mention is made of it in a Charter bearing the date 1190. it is a plain building of late gothic Architecture with some remains built in of the original Norman structure. A tall and handsome tower stands at the West end. The interior of the church is particularly interesting, it contains many memorials of the Pudseys and their descendents and representatives the Dawsons and the Littledales on the North side of the Choir is the family Chapel of the Pudseys under the Norman Arch which divides this chapel from the chancel is a monument unique in its character and well worthy of notice. Elevated on a basis of plain masonry is a slab of grey Craven Limestone ten feet long and five feet nine inches broad and nine



inches thick, on which an engraven in relief the figure of a Pudsay in armour with the Paternal arms on his breast, and his head resting on two deer. Two wives are on one hand, and a third on the other all in mantles reaching down to their heels, and broad square caps, near the feet of the first are the Roman numerals VI of Second II and the third XVII indicating the number of their respective issues, beneath the parents are the figures of their children, 25 in number, some in Military some in ecclesiastical attire. Among the many singularities of this tomb Dr Whittaker remarks "it is singular that the name of the husband and father of so numerous a family is never mentioned, but from circumstances it may be clearly proved to belong to Sir Ralph Pudsay, the faithful Lancastrian who afforded shelter to his Sovereign in time of need."

We pass through the village on the way towards Gisburn, it is neat and picturesque with a pretty green in the centre of which stands a cross, the walk hence to Gisburn is simply delightful, here is sweet rural retirement miles away from busy city life, just such a place as one would wish to flee into when wearied and desirous of repose. Soon the Ribble is approached and the views from the bridge up and down the stream are very beautiful; the banks are lofty and well wooded, it is such a spot as good old Isaac Walton would have loved to fish in, the water is clear, unpolluted and fish abundant. At one end of the bridge is an old Corn Mill whose very stones speak of sacrilege a close inspection discloses the fact many of them had been brought from Salley Abbey. For in the walls are sculptural stones bearing the ensigns of the Percy family, one of whom founded the Abbey, on another stone is a shield bearing the Crescent the baronial badge of this distinguished family, the Arms of the Lacies on another and so on, it is easy to imagine how sadly out of place they were. Sally Abbey like many another similar edifice had been a quarry for people miles around, the cognisances wrought to tell to distant ages of a noble benefactor, or a scroll intended to bespeak the prayers of the pious for the soul of a deceased founder, have been wrenched from their companionship and been built up the wall of a calf house, or formed part of the basement course of a stable, could these stones speak verily they might say: (sic)

A short walk by the wall of Gisburn Park brings us to

#### **Gisburn**

A neat little town noted for its cattle market, being in the midst of a rich grazing district. The Church at the North end is a handsome structure of the date of Henry the Seventh (1485-1509); but there are some cylindrical columns at the entrance to the Choir, which date back to the time of Henry the First (1100-1135). Although there are but few antiquities in Gisburn, it is an ancient village having been in existence at the time of the Conqueror. Gisburn is mentioned in the Domesday Survey. The Manor of Gisburn was given by William son of Henry de Percy to Sally abbey for the sustentation of six presbyter monks, subject to a payment of twenty marks to the Priory of Sandon in Surrey. It, with other possessions was afterwards granted to Sir Arthur Darcy; and in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign (1571) together with Grangemere, it was sold by Sir Henry Darcy, Knight, to W. Lister, and is now the property of Lord Ribblesdale. The Listers have been settled in Craven since the time of Henry the Fourth (1399-1413). Arnolsbiggin, a house in the township of Remington, was their residence for above 300 years, but at the end of the seventeenth century they removed to what was then called the Lower Hall, now styled Gisburn Park. In 1797 Thomas Lister then head of the family was honoured with the title Baron Ribblesdale in recognition of his patriotic conduct in raising and equipping a troop of yeomanry cavalry when fears were entertained of an invasion of this country by Napoleon, his great grandson is the present peer.

Gisburn Hall, although it may have small pretensions to Architectural elegance, yet for beauty of site it has few equals. Standing on an eminence above the confluence of the Stock Beck and the Ribble, in the midst of a well wooded and beautiful Park, it commands a fine view of the river and the picturesque and undulating valley below. Up to the year 1880 this delightful place was open without let or hindrance to the public; but in consequence of the misbehaviour of a picnic party it has been since closed except to those having permission to pass within the gates. At Gisburn Park was preserved a herd of Wild Cattle, descendants of that original race which once over ran the great Forests of Lancashire. The race so far as Gisburn Park is concerned, dwindled in numbers, and there being no chance of the breed being perpetuated, the last two or three were killed off about thirty years ago.

#### **Hellifield and its peel.**

From Gisburn we go by train to Hellifield. The only object of interest here is the peel or castlet. Its name suggests its original use—a stronghold to flee into in troublesome times. When the (Scots) were wont to pay unwelcome visits and carry off without compunction all they could lay their hands on that was removable-- a peel or strong tower was used by a family of consideration, as a place of safety and defence both for themselves and their belongings. Dr Smiles in his life of George Moore graphically relates how necessary such places were in Cumberland when the ravishing hordes, came down from beyond the border to plunder the "statesmen" of that County. Dr Whittaker in his History of Craven says: "The Peel or Castlet was



built consequence of a licence granted to Henry the Sixth and it still remains a square compact building, strong but of too narrow dimensions to accommodate the family in the style in which they had lived and therefore intended rather as a place of retreat in case of sudden alarm. Traces of the old moat can be seen encircling the building.” The Peel stands in the park like grounds, not of great extent but of much beauty and is said to possess some of the best timber in the North of England notably the Ash, the Sycamore and the Beech. It was originally built by the Hamiltons who lived in splendour at Wigglesworth on the other side of the river. Their fortunes were lessened in consequence of the revolt of Sir Stephen Hammorton in the reign of Henry the Eighth (1509-1547) and from that time to the present have occupied the peel at Hellifield. From thence there is a nice walk through the fields to

#### **Long preston**

Which is on the direct road to Horton. There are many places that bear the name of Preston or Priest town, for such is its meaning. It is therefore necessary to add a distinguishing word to indicate which of the many places called Preston is meant. The one under notice is called Long Preston, from the long straggling street, which constitutes the village. It is picturesque, and has an ancient look about it. The Church from the residence of whose priest this place derived its name, is conjectured to have existed in Saxon times. Certainly a church already stood here when the Conqueror landed in England, and though Long Preston now is and has been for a considerable time a place of no importance, yet that it has been deemed worthy of notice for about a thousand years will make it a place of interest for all time. It is mentioned in the Domesday Survey made in 1086. Not a vestige of the original Church or Chantry now exists above ground, and the present building was raised in the reign of the fourth Edward (1461-1483). There is an hospital at Long Preston composed of ten cottages and a Chapel for daily morning prayer, erected in 1617. It has an endowment of £200 a year. In a History of Preston in Lancashire, published in London in 1822, the following anecdote is given,

“It is well known at Long Preston, near Settle, in Yorkshire, that in the year of 1745 a buxom handsome young woman of that place anxious to see the Pretender and his army went to Preston in Lancashire for that purpose, a distance of thirty eight miles, no doubt on foot; and after gratifying her curiosity and staying for some time in or near the rebel camp, she returned to her native village. This became so much the subject of general conversation that it was the occasion of producing a ballad which obtained as much notoriety in Ribblesdale as the famous historical ballad of Chevy Chase.”

The Ballad referred to begins:-

“Long Preston Peg to proud Preston went”

The Ballad appears in Bells “Ancient poems, Ballads and Songs of the peasantry of England”.

Proceeding Hortonwards for three miles and a half we come to the pleasant and picturesque little town of

#### **Settle**

I know of no part of rural Yorkshire nor even of rural England, which I have seen that possesses more varied and romantic interest than the district whose convenient centre and basis of operations is Settle. It is a place unique. What can be more pleasurable to a man or woman whose whole physique is saturated in city smoke than to climb Castleberg (the pride of Settle), or better still Great Hiffel, which lies immediately behind Castleberg and take in the glorious panorama spread out before him? But this is not half the good that awaits the sojourner in Settle. As one either walks or rides through the district he will perceive that is altogether a pastoral one. The climate and herbage is well suited for cattle raising. Who has not heard of the celebrated “Craven Heifer”?

The whiteness of the roads indicates that Settle is in the midst of a limestone district and the Ribble in joyous course flows by the western side of it. The situation of the town is snug and well chosen and the houses have in many cases a respectable and old fashioned look. It is an ancient place. Its history extends to a period before the conquest and its name that signifies a seat or station (of a tribe) is traced back to the Saxon “Setl”. There are in the immediate vicinity two Roman Camps one in Smearside and another on Great Hiffel just behind Settle. It has several Market Charters. The first was granted by Henry the Third in 1249 and a market is still held there on a Tuesday in each week. Settle is mentioned in the Domesday Survey of the Conqueror. All the roads to Settle lead to the market place and it naturally asserts itself as the centre from which a start is made to visit the various places of interest in the neighbourhood.

The market place has an old world look about it. The arched buildings on the North East side are certainly more picturesque than ornamental. They are known as the Shambles, and the date of their erection is unknown. Strange as at this day it may appear, yet it is an attested fact that underneath the present ground surface of the market place, near where the cross now stands, the town gaol was located, access being obtained to it by a flight of steps. The Parish Stocks were in close contiguity. At the south east corner of the market is a fine building of the Elizabethan style of Architecture known as “Preston’s Folly”. A person of



that name built it but had not sufficient means to finish it in the splendid style in which he began. It bears the date of 1679. On the road to the right, past the Folly, is Upper Settle where the "old pound" is situated. A singular custom relating to this was the pound keeper breaking a stick in two giving one part to the finder of the lost Cattle that he might be identified on claiming the reward on the Cattle being redeemed.

This is the mountain road to Malham, distant about six miles, but after the Roman Catholic chapel is passed the road branches off in two directions. The one to the left leads to Malham, the other to Airton and Kirby Malham. Anyone, however, going direct from Manchester would find these places easier of approach by leaving the train at Hellifield, and fairly within easy walking to catch an evening train onwards to Horton. The district in and around Settle knew something of the troublous times during the Civil wars of Charles the First's reign, the church at Kirby Malham was garrisoned by the parliamentary forces and Cromwell's signature appears twice in the registers. It is an interesting pile and worthy of a visit.

#### **Part two—Giggleswick to Horton.**

About three quarters of a mile west of Settle is Giggleswick, the name no doubt signifying the home or village of Gikel. It was a place of some little consideration one thousand years ago, and was anciently a market town, Settle being an off shoot from it and up to so late a date as 1838 the people of Settle who wished to attend the parish church had to walk to Giggleswick, Settle being a township of that parish. Local tradition states that there was, long ago, a keen struggle between the people of Settle and the Giggleswickians, as to whether the market should be held at Settle or Giggleswick. Settle was finally chosen, and no doubt wisely so. Although Giggleswick is not more than three quarters of a mile from Settle the scene is quite changed. The Church, the School and the village itself are embowered and surrounded by sycamores, elms, and limes, and a quiet calm pervades the whole place. On the two occasions when I visited it last summer I found that the Church was entirely gutted previous to restoration internally. This it stood in much need of. Standing under the lych gate on the South side its full proportions are seen to the best advantage. They can not be called noble but are picturesque and venerable.

The date of the foundation of the church is lost in antiquity, but I think that there is little doubt but that a church existed here in Saxon times. The present building was erected during Henry the Seventh's reign (1485-1509) and is dedicated to St. Alkelda, Middleham in Wensleydale being the only other English church dedicated to this saint. It is supposed that her remains rest in Middleham Church. There is not much about Giggleswick church to interest the antiquary. Before the present alterations were begun, there was one object inside the church worthy of notice, and that was the pulpit. It bore the date 1680 and was is popularly called a three decker, made of fine oak and curiously carved. On the panels were the names and badges of the twelve tribes of Israel. Just by the entrance to the church yard stands the old market cross and considering the vicissitudes through which it has passed it is in a good state of preservation. Before its erection on its present site it was used as a threshold in an old house, and its beautiful gothic head walled in. The Cross stands on three steps and at the base of them the old stocks were fixed. One of the stone posts belonging to them yet remains.

Giggleswick, however, owes its reputation chiefly to its richly endowed and well managed school and the remarkable ebbing and flowing well near by. The school was founded by one James Carr, priest, in 1512 and after 46 years the Rev. J. Nowell the then vicar of Giggleswick applied to king Edward the Sixth in 1553 for a charter for the school which was granted and on May 26<sup>th</sup> that year it became the Royal Free Grammar School of Giggleswick. About forty years ago the endowment amounted to £850 per annum besides free residence for three of the masters. The school is open to receive pupils from all parts. I chanced to fall into conversation with one of the old inhabitants and the school was mentioned. At once a severe expression came over his countenance and he expressed himself to the effect that what was intended for the benefit of the poor of Giggleswick parish was taken from them and given to the well to do people from all parts of the Country and the people of Giggleswick are grieved at it. I think the old man must have been misinformed for after some research, I cannot find that the benefits of this school were intended solely for the ancient parish of Giggleswick. Indeed the Charter contains no restrictions or qualifications to residence or place. The school has turned out some remarkable men. I will only name two; Dr Howson the late Dean of Chester, a man of great learning and deep research and the eminent Dr Paley the Archdeacon of Carlisle.

About one mile from the village on the Clapham Road is the Ebbing and Flowing Well, which has a world wide renown. The reverend Thomas Cox in his History of Yorkshire published in the last century says "Giggleswick a village situate upon the Ribble where at the foot of a very high mountain is the most noted spring in England for ebbing and flowing. Sometimes thrice in an hour and the water subsides three quarters of a yard at the reflux though 30 miles from the sea." Of course it has long since been proved that the ebbing and flowing of this well has no connection whatever with the sea or tides but is entirely owing to a



double siphon naturally formed in the rocks. This discovery was made by the late Thomas Hargreaves of Settle and there is a complete model of it to be seen in the library of the Mechanics Institution in Settle. There is a good story told of a traveller on horse back who arrived at the well at flow or when the well was full. Leaving his horse for a moment to drink he was greatly astonished to find that when he got back that the trough was empty. Thinking that his horse had taken up all the water he in a state of alarm remounted and hurried off to Settle to have his horse attended to where after stating his case to the vet he was well laughed at and returned a wiser man. I first visited this well on May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1890. What I saw I communicated in a letter to the Manchester City News which appeared in that Journal the following Saturday. It was as follows--

"Moss Side Manchester May 28<sup>th</sup> 1890.

Being in the neighbourhood of Settle a few days ago, I paid a visit to what is known as the ebbing and flowing Well and I thought I might interest some of your readers if I reported what I saw more especially as I have heard it stated that some have visited it and have denied that there was anything peculiar about it. I arrived at the Well at 3-15 p.m. on Thursday last May 22<sup>nd</sup> and found the water standing in the trough about eight inches deep. After waiting not more than five minutes I heard a rushing of water and immediately the water in the trough began to rise to the overflow, which would be about eighteen inches from the bottom of the trough. It remained thus for about three minutes then it fell about an inch below the overflow but immediately rose again. This was repeated twice at intervals not more than five minutes. Then it rose to the overflow was continued there at least five minutes when I left. If some who have visited the well have declared the reported phenomenon to be "all a myth" I can say otherwise for the best of all reasons as the foregoing will testify. James Berry."

The same phenomenon which I then saw others have seen but it not always to be seen for last year when I visited the Well in the month of August there was no peculiar efflux or reflux. On the opposite side of the road is the site of Giggleswick Tarn. When the water was drained off some years ago, an ancient British Canoe was found in an excellent state of preservation. It is now deposited in the Leeds Museum. The hill behind the well is called Bucklian (sic) Brow by passing through a little gate on the right make the ascent and from Giggleswick Scars which lie to the right there is a magnificent view embracing the wide expanse of country watered by the Wenning and the Lune. The Cumberland hills, Morecambe Bay the magnificent proportions of Ingleborough and Pen-e- Ghent and the beautiful vale of the Ribble.

#### **Stainforth foss.**

Presuming a course almost due north for a little over a mile the little hamlet of Stackhouse is reached. It is an ancient place and mentioned in Domesday, a quiet well to do peaceful abode that has remained untouched and unchanged for generations. Of all the places I have seen for peaceful retirement and beautiful surroundings Stackhouse on the Ribble has few equals. When at Stackhouse the tourist is almost within hearing of Stainforth Foss, undoubtedly the grandest sight on the Ribble. He will of course hie himself there and if he has not seen it before he can form but a poor opinion of the treat that is in store for him. The river Ribble above Settle rapidly diminishes in width and has more the appearance of a mountain torrent. In a well wooded part of its course is Stainforth Foss ("Foss" in the Craven dialect is a water fall. In the Lake District a water fall is called a "Force" Both "Foss" and "Force" are derived from a Danish word signifying a cascade.) Stainforth Foss with its surroundings is a charming spot. The stream here falls down a series of shelving rocks of limestone, and when in flood is very grand. After several minor cascades there is one of considerable size and at its base is a deep basin into which the waters surge. The darkness of the abyss is rendered more intense by the overhanging of the wood on the opposite bank of the river, which rises almost perpendicularly from the stream. The attrition of the water wide of the ordinary bed of the river shows with what volume at times the waters come down. I have seen the Foss and its surroundings under all conditions both when the river has been low and in flood, and on the last occasion during a heavy snowstorm and have always been amply repaid for any trouble I may have experienced. About fifty yards above the Foss the river is spanned by a grey moss grown bridge of a single arch and looking upstream forms a pretty background to the picture. The views up and down stream from its ramparts are exceedingly pretty and not likely soon to be forgotten. In the summer and autumn the road leading from the bridge to the high road is rich in wild flowers and must be a perfect Elysium to the botanist.

#### **Elwith bridge.**

Having reached the highway leading from Settle to Horton let the tourist turn to the left as there is nothing in Stainforth village calling for particular remark, and make direct for Elwith Bridge. It is a delightful walk. The river is a pretty object all the way as in its contracted bed fretting and foaming it hurries on along its rough and rocky bed ever and anon pretty cascades coming into view. The whole vale has a warm and fertile aspect and the mountains, which bound the view form a splendid background every turn in the road disclosing new beauties. Smearside is full in view and Moughton is seen on the left then Pen-y-Ghent with a glimpse of Cam fells beyond. In time Ingleborough comes into view then Whernside, which



stretches along Chapel-le-Dale. The road next falls to Elwith Bridge. From Elwith here to Ribblesdale the valley is spoken of as Ribblesdale proper, but why so spoken of here more than in some of the lower reaches of the river it would be difficult to say. From the above named bridge a first view is obtained of the village of Horton-in-Ribblesdale the grey tower of its ancient parish church forming a conspicuous object in the picture. In due time the village is reached the goal of the tourist.

#### Horton IN RIBBLESDALE

The parish of Horton in Ribblesdale is the most *northerly* in the old Archdeaconry of Craven stretching along the valley about eight miles from north to south and from the skirts of Ingleborough to the summit of Pen-y-Ghent in the other direction and includes the hamlets of Birkwith, Studfold and Thornes. According to the ordinance survey it contains 17, 256 acres. An Enclosure Act was passed in the fifty fourth year of George the third (1814) . In 1871 the parish contained 916 persons living in 137 homes. The Learned Dr Whittaker in his History of Craven says, "Horton or Horetown is so called as being often grey with sleet, when the lower grounds are. Every village of this name with which I am acquainted stands comparatively high.

The first known facts in its history are several successive donations within it to the monks of Fors, or Jorevall (Jervaulx pronounced Jarvis by the natives in and near Middleham.) It is supposed that the abbey of Fors or Jorevall stood on the site of what is now the church yard of Aysgarth before the removal to more genial quarters at Wilton in the parish of Middleham. In document extant in the ninth year of Edward the second the Abbot of Jorevall is described as Lord of the manor of Horton and Edward the first granted to the monks of Jorevall free warren in Horton. In the Coucher Book of fountains Abbey one Adam parson of Horton with the parson of Giggleswick attest a charter of the date of Richard the first. I mention the foregoing to show the antiquity of Horton. When the Church was founded, and how the monks became possessed of the rectory is not known. Up to the time of the Reformation the services were probably conducted by a stipendiary. No vicarage was ever endowed. Up to 1877 it was perpetual curacy simply, but in the year named it was made a vicarage, with the bishop of the diocese as patron.

The church fabric which is dedicated to St. Oswald, consists of nave, two side aisles, chancel and square tower at the west end and a south porch, and is of very high antiquity. The latest date assigned to it is the reign of Henry the first, so that the body of the church will have been standing for upwards of 700 years. The tower is understood to be of the date of Henry Seventh or Eighth. The Font is Norman and coeval with the body of the Church. There are three bells the first made by George Dalton, York, 1770, the second by the same maker 1776, and on the third there is a Latin inscription, which I translate to be "With gladsome sound I will sing to thee O' God 1614." The parish registers date from 1556 copied into a parchment book in 1607.

There was in the north side of the churchyard a free grammar school founded by John Armistead by deed dated January 25<sup>th</sup> 1725. He endowed it with land and money with which estates were purchased by the then trustee. The master was to be in holy orders; the school was to be open to the boys of the parish free of expense and they might remain in the school until they had acquired a classical education. In 1818 the income from the endowment was £180 per annum. In 1877 it was £320. The school was not a little distinguished in its time chiefly during the head master ship of the Reverend George Holden L. L. D. who presided over it for nearly forty years and is reputed to have educated a greater number of clergy men for the church than most men in a similar situation. He was a man of high classical and mathematical attainments. His father who also bore the same name was perpetual curate of the chapel of Tatham Fell and lived at a place called "The Green" which at that time belonged to the chapel but was three miles distant from it. He as well as his son, was a great mathematician and good scholar, and was author of an annual publication entitled "Holdens Tide Tables" for the compilation of which he is said to have received a Government grant. Local traditions say that he was a little hump backed man with one arm shorter than the other. It is reported of him that one Sunday having completed his three miles walk from his home to his chapel, he suddenly remembered that he had left out a cipher in one of his calculations. Back he returned at once and corrected his tables; but there was no preaching at Tatham Fell that day. Holden senior was also a religious controversialist. On one occasion he was called into the Punch Bowl Inn to argue with the Roman Catholic priest, who getting the worst of the discussion, lost his temper and on Holden saying that God made man upright at first, he thundered out in reply "then who the d--- made hump backed ones." George Holden senior died in 1793 and was interred at Bentham. Dr George Holden, his son, became headmaster of Horton Grammar School about 1781 and was instituted as a minister of Horton Church in May 1798 being the owner of the advowson. He died in December 1820.

The present Post Office in Horton churchyard no doubt was part of the old Grammar School building. A new school was built on the other side of the beck and the endowment applied for the imparting of an elementary education to the youth of both sexes. On the school green is a relic of a past age. Here were



placed the parish stocks. Time was when the police stations were not so much used as now and when an erring brother was found who had been more zealous over his cups than discreet a gratuitous seat was provided for him where could enjoy a little quiet meditation.

Of the natural beauties of the district round Horton it is not my intention to speak, nor do I propose to describe the Ribble and the scenery at this early point of its course. There are rivers that have played and do play a more important part in the world's history, but of those that water the valleys and plains of England there are few in richness of antiquarian and historical association, or loveliness of the district they water which exceed our own Ribble. The Romans in the long past days colonised its banks, the Saxons fought some of their battles in its valleys, and the Saintly Edward, monarch and Confessor was Lord of a large portion of Ribblesdale. King John held court near the Ribble. John of Gaunt regarded the principal town on its banks with favour and would have constituted it the metropolis of his Duchy had there not been a castle to his hand on the hill above the Lune. Bruce scourged the banks of the Ribble with such bloody vengeance that his ravages by fire and sword are yet told in the tradition of the district. Henry the fourth granted charters at his castle of Clitheroe, above its waters. The unfortunate Henry the sixth was sheltered on its banks when his throne was overturned. Cromwell led his victorious troops by and over its waters and a little later the tide of fortune again turned adverse to the Stuarts on the Ribble. The Castle of the Norman baron was planted on the heights, and the Abbey of the Cistercian monks was founded in the valley of the Ribble, and tower, hall and church have since risen to grace its course. Dynasties have fallen, society has changed proud castles and stately abbeys are in ruins but the Ribble remains unchanged. It hurries along to mingle its waters with the mighty ocean as in days of yore, and I trust that for generations to come it will continue to afford to fishermen healthful pleasure and enjoyment."

The ballad referred to begins:

Long Preston Peg to proud Preston went  
to see the Scotch rebels it was her intent.  
"A noble Scotch lord, as he pass(ed) by,  
on this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

"He called to his servant, which on him did wait,-  
Go down to yon girl who stands in the gate  
that sings with a voice so soft and sweet  
and my name do lovingly greet.

"When thus command the messenger went  
and brought the young damsel up into the tent  
and there was Prince Charlie before whom she did kneel  
and brave young Lovat and the darling Lochiel.

"Then up spake Lord Murry: ! of these I would speak.  
Whence comest thou lassie, and what dost thou have ( herve? seek?)  
Art thou for us or not, I pray these relate?  
and what was the song thou didest sing in the gate.

"You shall know what you wish if you list to my tale:  
I come from Long Preston in sweet Ribblesdale  
A milk maid I am Peg Rathmill my name  
and To see Bonnie Prince Charlie hither I came.

"Arthur O'Bradley was the song that I sung,  
A song of two lovers who wedded when young  
and it tells of old customs which still do prevail  
in Craven in Yorkshire, and in sweet RIBBLESDALE

Only the first two lines were given by Mr Berry the rest has been gleaned from "Google Books" where a copy of the poem is reproduced from "Bells Ancient Poems" etc. (mentioned by Mr Berry.) The names in the poem, contrary to the 1745 suggested by Mr Berry perhaps refers to the 1715 uprising. What is surprising is that the verses below are very "tame" and seem to lack the bawdiness that was present in songs that were sung in Craven pubs in the 1940s and 1950s.



## Fishing Reminiscences



I have one or two hobbies, I suppose most of us have, which I hot out now and then, in a wild sort of way and thereby by the patience of my friends, but in my most wanton moments I never before contemplated such an enormity as I find myself committing tonight in seeing how far I can trespass on your forbearance with impunity, however I do trust that no one will imagine that my presence here this evening in this capacity is cheeky. It is not due to any misplaced ambition which blinds me as to what is that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. So far from that I do believe that one of my strong points in which I excel too, if you will pardon the boast lies in appreciating excellence; nature has been very prodigal in endowing me with those qualities which go to make a brilliant listener. This opinion or conviction has been often confirmed at these meetings when I have been charmed by the reciting of some paper which has carried me far far away from Dytoun Street from roof and gable, till I could hear the music of the waters the breeze among the leaves and fairly thank God for the blessing of living in this beautiful world. At such moments when I could lean back in my chair, watch the smoke from my pipe



and drunk in the future so eloquently silence before me without <sup>myself</sup> to think it is at such moments that I have had my conviction confirmed that I was always intended by nature to be a listener, and I have had a good deal of practice at it, developed what was evidently a natural gift and have been fortunate enough to have had ample opportunities to do so, as I frequently tell my dear wife.

And gentlemen just a word for the listeners: because a man is a born listener, it does not therefore follow that he is a born fool as might be supposed. The listeners are a necessary factor in the human economy. Society may be divided many ways into rich and poor; into rogues and fools; into talkers and listeners &c, just as the land into hills and valleys - listeners are also a huge factor, they are the better half. I mean the larger half, they have it in numbers, in size, if not in quality for I would not trench on the claims so willingly ceded to that other great subdivision of humankind, our better halves - they are then the more numerous half they form what some of our friends might describe as the nitrogen of society - It is quite possible to have a thousand listeners to one talker and the intellectual assimilation as some others of our friends might call it quite perfect; but when there is only one listener to half a dozen talkers, which occasionally happens the thing is a failure, resulting in the intellectual stomach being overcharged, or to the formation of fire gases, or heat, or an explosion -

But I must hobble along a bit smarter, I can imagine some of you waxing impatient and wishing to ask me how it happens that after I made the wholesome discovery that I was a born listener I should do violence to the wise instinct with which a



thoughtful providence has endowed me, and I must confess that my sympathy is entirely with you in the matter of this inflexion - I will therefore give the why and wherefore. It would not be unreasonable were I to lay the blame on other shoulders than mine; the energy which characterizes your Secretary and which asserts itself whether he be at No 6 Millar on Change or in the wilds of Kibbickhead among the half pounders - this energy has been brought to bear on me in the shape of persuasive appeals to do something in this line - but do not blame him, I will not shirk the responsibility. It came about in this wise - I have often felt when enjoying one of these evenings, that it was hard lines for some of our friends to cater so frequently, it is always a sorry business to overwork a willing horse - and in an enthusiastic moment, I offered to set an example of doing my best out of very slender material, knowing well that if I cut up poorly in the experiment I could anyway always fall back with confidence on that kindly forbearance which would be extended to one who shows himself willing to do his best. And again it occurred to me that just as a delightful paper might by its very excellence dishearten a flagging fencer by trying a flight - so the exhibition of one of a lower quality might tempt some of our younger blood to try their practice hand and possibly be the means of bringing to light a latent genius "Full many a gem is cast".

And so gentlemen in an enthusiastic moment I promised - and I flatter myself I got over the promising part fairly creditably - the next thing that occurred to me and I confess it was a poser was this. If this paper had to



be read it will first have to be written, and written about some-  
thing, and thus it came about by a very natural sequence  
that I am going to give you, who I however fear may not  
be much interested in the subject, the how-it-was that I  
became a fly-fisher

Possibly some of you may remember John Just. He was  
Botanical Lecturer at Pine Street Medical School Manchester  
about the latter end of the forties. He was a thorough-  
going fly fisher, tied his own flies, and selected his own  
horse hair. This was, if not a pre-gut era, yet an era in  
which hair was the rule. I remember that he preferred the  
tail of a thoroughbred colt.

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## THE FIRST LESSON: AN ANGLER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY JOHN MOSCROP.

**P**OSSIBLY some of you may remember John Just. He was botanical lecturer at Pine Street Medical School, Manchester, about the end of the forties. He was a thorough-going fly-fisher, tied his own flies, and selected his own horse-hair. This was, if not a pre-gut era, yet an era in which hair was the rule. I remember that he preferred the tail of a thoroughbred colt. I need scarcely remark to this audience that he was a right good fellow, loyal, gentle, and game to the backbone, as all good anglers are. Among his many accomplishments he was a fair mathematician, and of such a persevering turn that he came two hours each week to my father's house to try to drive binomials and the calculus into my thick head. I think I was one of his most distinguished failures. One evening his eye alighted on a fishing rod in the corner of the room. "Ho-ho! Master John, and so you are a fisherman." I pleaded guilty to catching perch on Saturday afternoons. "Never caught a trout with fly, John?" "Never." This was said most emphatically, for in those days I looked

on fly-fishing for trout as something too awfully divine to be hoped for. The outcome of this conversation was that my dear old friend (and very proud am I to call him such) obtained my father's consent, no doubt very gladly given, to my spending the summer holidays with him.

Where was there a happier or a prouder lad than I as I walked into Macintosh's shop in Piccadilly to be measured for a pair of waders? To this very day the smell of naphtha is to me a delightful fragrance, so powerful is the influence of old associations; and I believe that of all our senses the sense of smell is the most powerful in presenting to the mind old associations. I was fifteen or sixteen years of age; it was my first trip from home without my own people. My mother said, "John must have a portmanteau of his own;" it was duly purchased and as duly stored by her own hands with the many things necessary for a month's outing. Mr. Just provided fishing materials; a rod with rings all the way down, and a reel. Till then my line had been tied to the end of the rod. As I have said, his flies were soundly made. They would be scouted by the average angler of to-day as being too rough, and not an imitation of the natural insect; and yet, although they differed much from the spick and span shop article of the present time, my heart goes out to them yet. They had to my eyes a look as if they meant business. Their very roughness added to their value—there was method in it, as in a blot-in of Anderson Hague's—and, again, they were fished in north country streams, fished downstream as sunk flies, and for aught I know they may



have been the truest imitation of the insect in its transition from the larva stage. Anyhow, I will contend that the rig-out, simple as it was, was not to be sneezed at even when compared with these advanced days.

Our destination was in the neighbourhood of Lower Bentham, the residence of a relative of Mr. Just's. It was a typical old farm-house half hidden by a rookery, stretching away into a grand cover of sixty or eighty acres where I had permission to shoot jays, stock-doves and rabbits, but no pheasants—"Mind, no pheasants, John." The recollection of the month spent there makes me long to be young again. We were twenty minutes' walk from the Wenning, a tributary of the Lune, and my friend had the privilege from Pudsey Dawson of fishing the Hornby water, from Tatham Bridge downwards. Our route to the water was by footpaths through the fields, and in crossing one I was led off the track to see an old friend of Mr. Just's, who lived in the corner of the field. I was quite curious, for I could see no house. "Take care, or you'll be treading on him or some one of his youngsters. Ah, there he is. Allow me to introduce Master John Moscrop to"—(here he gave the botanical name of a scarce plant whose habitat he had discovered years before)—"I always look up my old friend when I am this way to see how he is getting along, and to assure myself that he has not fallen among thieves. Only to a few would I give the privilege of acquaintance with him in his own home, but I know you are no Vandal." And then he stooped down, and had a good look at the plant, and then trod

daintily about on account of the seedlings, with an almost chivalrous reverence in his bearing. Oh, he was a grand sample of God's highest work was "Old Just," as we used to call him, and a fitting companion for either a cultivated gentleman or the young school-lad I then was.

Well, we arrived in due course at the roadside inn, by Tatham Bridge, where I donned my waders for the first time, and rigged up my rod and flies. It was decided that I should begin operations at the head of the first stream, below the bridge. After a few instructions about casting, I was left to my own resources. A few minutes only passed when there was an unmistakable pull, a tight line, a wriggle, followed by a fish flying over my head. Down went the rod on the gravel bed, and I pounced on my first catch. My enthusiasm was somewhat damped by my hearing from the next pool "Nay, nay, that sort of thing won't do, young man. Where would you have been if it had been a trout?" "It is a trout, sir, and such a beauty, all the colours of the rainbow on it;" and I took it to him so that he might see it with his own eyes, for I was very proud of my trophy, and had many a gloat over it for the next hour as it lay in my pannier. Alas! for human nature! Before the week was out I caught myself saying "Only a penk." I showed my friend the victim of my prowess.

"Why, John, man, you've caught a salmon!"

"But," said I, "it isn't such a very little one," for I imagined he was poking fun at me just as if he had said I had caught a whale.

"I tell you it's a salmon, a young salmon; if it had had the luck to live a couple of years it would have been a six or seven pound grilse;" and then he pointed out the distinguishing marks of the salmon penk (the local name for parr).

"But, sir, how did you know at that distance that it was not a trout?"

"Well, you'll find out one of these days that trout have not learnt the trick of flying like a swallow, and you'll discover at the same time why you have been at the trouble of trailing that landing-net about all day long."

And so I did about the third day. I had been carefully fishing the rough stream, paying particular attention, as per instructions, to those places where there was a good-sized boulder among the gravel, with a well-worn hollow round its base, when there was a golden glint, a break on the surface, a tremendous pull returned by me with interest, in spite of instructions to be cool and gentle. Cool and gentle, indeed! A terrible but alas! only momentary struggle at the surface of the water (no flying like a bird this time); and then all was quiet, my rod straight, the snipe and yellow stretcher gone—gone to glory. The reaction was fearful. I was too old to cry, too young to take refuge in a hearty big D, and "better luck next time." I had not learnt that the satisfaction of success is equalled by the despair of disappointment, nor do I know that the knowledge of that philosophy even to-day brings with it much solace. You see it was so aggravating; it was my first trout,

and oh! such a whopper; it must have been pounds and pounds. I don't know whether any gentleman present has ever missed a "big un," but if he has done such a thing I am sure I shall have his sympathy.

That was my first engagement with a lusty trout; short, decisive, and instructive. I had had my first lesson from the best of teachers—experience; and it was thoroughly learnt. It was a negative lesson—it taught me what not to do. The second lesson was positive. One day, I heard a shout from Mr. Just. "Here, John, quick!" Down went the rod, and I was off like a greyhound. There he was with bent rod, closely following the movements of a fish he had hooked. "Is it a big one, sir?" "It's a mort," said he, "a fresh-run fish. The beginning of July is early for Wenning. I did not expect one so soon." I can now call to mind how closely he kept in attendance, the reel only giving out line when the ugly rushes were made, to be quickly recovered as he followed up, and at the end of what appeared to me hours, but was probably not more than ten or fifteen minutes, he put the net under a silvery mort of two pounds, no little feat for single hair. That practical lesson of ten minutes was worth a library of books on the subject.

It was a glorious month for me, full of intense interest, pure enjoyment, fresh air, exercise, and charming scenery, for Wenning is a model trout stream. I had a good digestion and a clear conscience. I was in bed about ten, and was not troubled with insomnia till six o'clock the following morning. Before my return I was



taught to tie my own flies, to make up my cast lines, and was fairly initiated in the thousand and one little dodges that go to make up the stock-in-trade of a fisherman, as well as in the outside incidents that are associated with the fisherman's sport. For instance, on the mort day, on our return, we made a detour in order to cross a certain pasture, for I learned that when the morts are up, the mushrooms are not far off. The end of the month left me a sworn life member of the craft, and an untold and untellable debtor to the truest gentleman I ever knew. I visited Wenning two or three times afterwards in his company, but he went on his long journey while I was yet in my teens, and I and Wenning parted company.

In October, 1889, an old gentleman and a friend were enjoying the privilege of trying for a salmon in the Lune. The quarters were at Wennington, and, as usual, the water was out of order, low and clear; plenty of fish showed themselves in the pools, but they were evidently only coming out for a lark. Saturday was to be the last day, and again, as usual, rain came; not a shower, but rain that kept it up; and before dark Lune was stirred, and looked like a salmon water for Monday. Is it a wonder that the train did not take away two disappointed anglers, but left a couple of expectant ones who requisitioned the telegraph instead of the train? On the Sunday afternoon this present "old party" might have been seen strolling along the high road towards Tatham Bridge. He called at the little roadside inn, which did not seem one bit altered

during the forty years that had passed since last he saw it. There was the identical oaken bench where I sat when I donned my waders for the first time on that memorable morning. I sat down on it again and my memory was very busy. Where was the smooth-faced lad, guileless, ingenuous, trustful, knowing no deceit and suspecting none? Were these the qualities to get through this world with? Alas, there was very little of that lad left. I could even view him in my mind's eye as some one else. I strolled on to the Bridge and looked on the stream. The course of the water was changed very little. I could pick out to within a yard or so the spot on the gravel bed whereon that unfortunate penk pitched; but the stream was overgrown with trees; I could scarcely have put a fly on it now. I leaned over the parapet, and seemed to see that young lad make his first catch. My thoughts rambled along to my dear old friend, and his horse-hair, his hackles, his cheery laugh; and to my old father who took me to Macintosh's, and to my mother and her solicitude about the "things in the portmanteau." In short, I had a reverie, not altogether sad—indeed, not sad at all—but which left me with two tear-drops trickling down.

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