

Annual Dinner

The Annual dinner of the Association, for the year 1883, was held in November at the Albion Hotel, under the Presidency of Dr. E. G. Simpson the President of the Association, and was, like all its predecessors, in every sense, a success.

Our chief guest on the occasion was Col. H. D. Shaw, United States Consul, who, in a humorous speech, proposed the toast of the M. A. A.

Amidst the most noteworthy events of the evening was an original song, composed by George Dares, entitled, "Never say die with a whine" (see page 60) and the speech of Dr. J. W. Gilchrist, - "The Ladies" (see page 61). - The toast was responded to, on behalf of the Ladies, by a traitor Dr. Darbyshire.

We'll never say Die with a whine!

(June The Boys of the Old Brigade)

Where are the joys like the anglers' true,
 When they fish by the river's side;
 Wading its shallows carefully through,
 To pools which smoothly glide;
 Always ready and undismay'd,
 Always merry and wise,
 Danger scanning, and never afraid,
Seeking each speckled prize.

Chorus. Then steadily, softly we'll handle,
 Shadily rod and line,
 Fishing along, singing this song,
We'll never say die with a whine!

What is more sweet on a winter's night,
 When the wind blows both loud and cold,
 To sit by the fire when burning bright,
 With cronies true and old,
 To talk over what we have done,
 And what we mean to do,
 Of some rare sport, or of some good fun,
 And friendship's warm and true.

We feel the loss of a trusty friend,
 We have fish'd with in days gone by,
 But now ones will come a hand to lend,
 With willing heart and eye,
 We'll share our pouch, and taste the flesh,
 With brothers when we meet,
 With right good will of their outface and
With right good will each guest.

George Sturice

"The Ladies."

Speech of J. W. Gilbrand.

We have heard to-night many apologies from those on whom you have called, on the ground that they have not prepared. Sir, I scorn to hide myself under such a pretext. An angler at feeding time rises freely, at least I have always found it so, indeed I think we may take it as a maxim. I consider that nothing I can say here can add to the eloquent words of the horticultural friend I have in view, but still I feel that the toast that has fallen to me, is the toast of the evening. We have heard too much of brother anglers, but too little of lady anglers to-night. And Sir, where in fishing I may ask, is our sex? We are not in it. Who are the skilful anglers? Why Sir, I say here thy woman (pardon me if I say lovely woman) in casting her fly never fails to get a rise, while we creatures seek in vain. I say Sir, that in handling a rod — and I appeal to my married friends in particular when I say this — the ladies are far more distinguished than the coarser sex. And in the landing net, who succeeds like lovely woman? When she sees her prey she nets him at once, indeed no net is necessary, he succumbs.

I need not say Sir, this toast may be approached from many points of view. You WW President, and I appreciate the seriousness of this matter.

I regret indeed being called to my feet, for I am not able to give to our friends any information whatever about angling so dear to our club, seeing that I am (so to speak) only an ornamental angler. Indeed I never caught a fish but once, and that was because it was not looking, and when I drew him unwillingly to the publick strand, he was more astonished than I or I was more astonished than he.

It is not unknown to you Sir, that together we have wandered together by the meandering stream, but with no further result than that we had soles served up for dinner.

I am not either gifted with the fervent imagination, which is a part of the earnest angler, and I am consequently quite unable to give you any of those marvellous fish stories which from the days of Jonah have edified and instructed mankind. Still it is sometimes said that lookers on see most of the game, and I am somewhat of that impression.

There are several things necessary to make a complete angler. In the first place you go to some favorite shop, and purchase a rod and line, a selection of flies of all shades and sizes &c &c and proceed to the breezy d rivell, or the pellucid brook, in the hope of making a basket. But alas! that is not sufficient. Now is it that when with an able friend you proceed to the shining waters, and having offered up to the Lares and Penates sandwiches and the other treasures of your creel — now is it that he and never yourself catches the wily trout or the flashing grayling? I have my fly from the white goat to a fly like a bunch of carrots, and carried in a book as big as a ledger, while he but indifferently amangd stepping to the publick shore, returns with some of the monsters of the deep. How is this I say? For a long time it was a mystery, but, Sir, it is true that years bring reflection to us all, and years has solved the enigma. It is not alone that it should be known to the angler what flies or baits or lures he must use, but he must so to speak, be well up in the manners and customs of the fish, at what time they are open to the

reductions of the table, and with what favorite entrée or "gibier" they may be tempted. I would illustrate what I mean for those young anglers who are around me, for I feel it would not be without its moral advantage. Six or seven revolving moons have passed away, in fact two summers, for it's the same thing, since two of our friends proceeded to a remote region in the west of Ireland, in pursuit of the lordly salmon, which is a very good fish I am told; we will call the two Boy and Boy for the sake of argument. Boy is an admirable angler, there is no guile, no trick, dodge, no invention of man or angels that he is not up to. The other is a plain simple, child of nature, Mr Boy endowed with a love of nature and nature's works. Well what was the result? Upon their arrival Boy arose and commenced vigorous fishing at seven o'clock, whereas Boy lay in bed, took his breakfast, smoked a pipe, may several, and leisurely proceeded to the water. At six when they met for dinner Boy was without result for his labours, but Boy on the other hand returned with salmon 1, 2, 3 & 4 which he produced to his friend. On the following morning Boy was up at six, but brought no salmon home while Boy took his leisure as before, smoked his pipe and returned with six salmon and so on till it resulted in the disgust of the early rising angler, and simplicity was triumphant. And now for the moral. How was it the scientific angler failed, and the child of nature succeeded? In a word I can inform you. That child of nature smoking his pipe, wandered up the stream, anon picking up on the pebbly shore and moralising thereon, and in due course arrived at a salmon ladder, and then stopped to observe their manners and customs. The ladder as is customary in such appliances, was divided into a number of landings, and he observed that the salmon after leaping the first rise, stopped on the landing to recover his breath, then leapt the second getting still more puffed, the third where he blasphemed, the fourth where he perspired, the fifth where he blasphemed and perspired, and then proceeded till finally he arrived at the seventh landing, where as the angler observed the salmon paused, out of breath, blaspheming & perspiring. At that moment the student of nature stepped in and collared him. This is angling reduced to the simplest manner which I recommend to those unable to catch the reptile in the ordinary way.

I need hardly say that the subject, and the toast I rose to propose, has been ever present to my mind and heart.

I give - "The Ladies"

COUNCILS

Sixth Council elected 1882

Col John J. Lawson President	
Esteout Charles FLS	Harker Thomas Vice President
Robert Brown	E. G. Simpson
J. O. Mackenzie	Joseph Thwaites
David Reid	Henry Vanman M.A.
Geo. S. Woolley Treas	Abel Heywood Jun. Hon Sec

Seventh Council elected 1883

E. G. Simpson President	
Harker Thomas	Geo. S. Woolley Vice President
Robert Brown	David Reid
Cha. Esteout FLS	Frank Glover
J. O. Mackenzie	Joseph Thwaites
Geo. S. Woolley Treas	Henry Vanman M.A.
Abel Heywood Jun. Hon Sec	

Annual Meeting 1884

The Annual Meeting of the Society for 1884 was held upon the usual meeting night in January. The President of the Association was the chair. The usual routine business was proceeded with. The Secretary and Treasurer reports were of the most satisfactory character. This meeting was the first held in the new quarters by the Grand Hotel. The officers elected for the year are as follows.

Eight Council elected 1884

E G Simpson President

George S Woolley Robert Burn Vice Presidents

Charles Estcourt FLS David Reid

Thomas Harker Joseph Thwaites

J. O MacKenzie Geo C P Roberts

George Davies Geo S Woolley Treas.

Abel Heywood Jun Hon Sec



Stargazer to Bulrush.

*On receipt of a Christmas Card,
of which the above sketch is a copy.*

"Bulrush's" child seems in an awkward plight,
I'm sure I pity him poor little man,
Expecting all the while to have a bite,
Like "Crabstick" says they do it in Japan.

"The Otter" never had such a mighty rise:
Though all rules of gentle art quite mocking;
"Stargazer" never stared so with his eyes,
Or shov'd 'a take in so utter shooting.

We don't expect that fish should have much brains:-
So that belief most people are inclin'd,-
But "Saraday" has used persuasive pains,
To prove not only brains, but also "mind".

All I right friend I, you may that doctrine preach,
And add thereto all fish made of jelly,
If only you will undertake to teach,
This mind like many more is in their belly.

Stargazer.

Our Fishery at Horton.

Thomas Harker.

1884



Our Fishing commences at Ribbleshead and extends to Helwithh Bridge. I might say almost without interruption a distance by water of from twelve to fourteen miles. The Ribble has its rise at Middale Head about four miles from the place where our Fishing commences. I remember being induced to visit this place about twenty five years ago, we walked a short distance from the high road, and found a spring, the water from which went in opposite directions, one portion went down Middale, and after travelling a short distance takes the name of Middale Beck and flows on until it joins the Yore near Howes, and continues its course until it reaches the sea at Hull, and the other portion turns west, and becomes one of the main sources of the Ribble. It takes the name of Gale Beck. I have frequently walked by its side as far as Ginstones a wayside Inn about a mile from Ribbleshead Station. A short distance below we come to Thorns Gill, an interesting and romantic spot, and on my first visit to the head of our waters. It was here I began to fish. I found trout numerous even at this extreme point. A short distance below Thorns Gill a small stream joins Gale Beck and at this point it takes the name of Ribble, and under that name so full of interest to us all, flows onward to the sea. On this occasion I had the pleasure of the company of our fishing secretary, Mr. Burn. We desired to become acquainted with the nature of our fishing the whole distance between Ribbleshead and Horton Bridge, and very much we enjoyed this inspection, and

Yorkshire, Ingleborough, on our left Cam Telt and Penyghent. If ever a man is inspired and feels truly happy, it is at such a time as this; grand scenery all round, beautiful wild flowers and ferns, to be found on all sides, and the lovely flowing river at his feet. I felt I could truly say, "This world is full of beauty" and then again when I looked up at those grand old hills, I was constrained to exclaim, "My Father made them all". As we go down the river after leaving Ribbleshead, we observe

on the right bank about a short distance from this deep pool, into which Cam waters. Having visited far as the bridge at the top with what pleasure I first place, Cam Beck runs the are many waterfalls in its how grand it must be to water comes rushing down is well stocked with trout. county equal to it. We



Selside, a small village mile from the water-side point we come to a large Beck delivers it bog-colored Lynn Gill, and gone up as of the Gill, I well remember beheld the wild beauty of this whole length of it, and there course. I can well imagine see this place when a heavy its rocky bed. Cam Beck I know of no beck in the shall never be short of trout as Mr Farrar preserves this

in our upper waters, a long excellent trout producing beck. All the way down from the point where Cam Beck joins the Ribble, it is almost one continuation of streams easy to fish for four miles to the bridge at Horton. With a favorable water this length will make a good impression on all who visit it.

There is a very fine stream just opposite New House Tarn. I had the pleasure of having two good trout on at one time in this stream, but I failed to land them both. The Fishing from Horton

Horton.

Bridge down to Helwith Bridge a distance of about four miles by the river, contains many very fine streams, and some very deep pools, safe retreats for many of our large fish.

I like Mr John Tennant's length very much, also Mr Foster's above and below the wood bridge. The length opposite Mr Gornalls house is a favorable place and then we come to Mr Slinger's from the wood bridge down to the mill; a delightful piece of fishing. I am only telling you what some know better than I do, having had more time to test the quality of our fishing.

The fish we get on the large as those above Horton experience goes. There is our fishing, and that is to rise at our flies; so with those salmon fry at have no Manufacturers therefore no poisonous sub-fishing. The poacher only



lower waters are quite as large as far as my one great advantage about we have nothing but trout that we are not troubled every cast. Again we on this stream of ours, and - stones to damage our has to be dealt with, and

we have reason to believe that Walker our watcher will be able to give a good account of himself, should he come across any of these gentlemen on our waters; so also will several other watchers employed by our friends the landed proprietors who take a great interest in the preservation of the river, and help us in many ways. It may be of interest to some of our members to know how we became introduced to this fishing. I heard through my brother-in-law Mr Raws in 1880 that a friend of his John Slinger Esq had some very

good trout fishing. It struck me I might enquire about this, knowing that our Association had a desire to become possessed of a fishing water of its own at a convenient distance from Manchester by rail. The result of correspondence with Mr Slinger on the subject led the following members to visit Horton, Mr Burn, Mr Thwaites, Mr Estcourt and the writer. This self elected committee of inspection left Manchester on the Bank Holiday in December 1880.

We at once went to "Studfold" the residence of John Slinger Esq. & having told Miss Slinger who I was we had a hearty reception. Mr Slinger came in and having explained the

that we owe him a debt of gratitude for his very great kindness in our first efforts & the ready way in which he helped us all the way through. Having got Mr Slinger's fishing we began to see our way to extend; our object being made known we soon found the large Owners on the river look kindly to our plan of preservation, and I must say we found these gentlemen everything that can be included in the term. They not



object of our visit, he was ready to help in any way he could. He first of all let us have his fishing & then did all he could to help us with the other large Owners of the fishing in the district. I must say in justice to Mr Slinger

Horton.

round our fishing within easy distance of Horton. Weather Cote Cave is well worth a visit, about ten miles from Horton and two from Ribbleshead. In this district of ours there are several Becks, and water courses disappear suddenly and run for considerable distances underground. Horton our headquarters is not rich in historical association. The fabric of the church here is of high antiquity and it is probably as old as Henry I so Whitaker leads me to believe. There are many places within ten miles of Horton well worth a visit, for instance "Malham Tarn" "Malham Cove" and Gordale Scar a good days work. Another good days work would be a visit to Linton, Arncliffe and Kilnsey Crag. We have also Blapham with its cave a distance of about seven miles. We have Stainforth Force within a distance of five miles. A trip by the Midland Railway to Hardraw Crag could be visited. Drygarth Force & Leybar Shawl: this would form a days pleasure never to be forgotten. After leaving our fishing water for a short time I must now come back. I am glad to report a great increase of fish during the last year. The fish have spawned well this season and in great numbers. I feel sure Walker has done his duty in watching well his spawning fish. I am also glad to report Walker has taken a troublesome poacher a short time ago, and has given it into our custody. The Lady Otter is now before you, and a very handsome girl she is.



The Farmer's Boy.

New Version.

'Crabstick.'

The sun had set beyond the hills,
The stars were twinkling bright,
As to the "New Inn" quite a crowd
Of farmers came in sight,
And as they came the roads along,
Strong men both gay and free ----- e,
They were heard for to say, "There's nothing here to pay."
"So we'll have such an awful spree ----- e
"We'll have such an awful spree."

Some men from Manchester were there
S. Barker, Simpson, Durn,
Kincaid, Ostrout and Heywood too,
And at supper they took their turn,
They at the head of the table sat,
And filled it up to a T ----- e,
And said, said they, "now isn't this a day,
And shant we have a spree ----- e
"Now shant we have a spree"

Deef, mutton, ham, in goodly piles,
Were on the table laid,
And precious soon the farmers bold
A mighty clearance made,
Then Barker jumpit upon his feet
As bold as bold could be ----- e
"I thank you for that cheer, & am glad to see you here,
And hope you'll have a spree ----- e
And hope you'll have a spree"

Now songs of turkeys, cocks and hens,
And girls who ran away,
And speeches from the Manchester chaps
Till they'd nothing more to say,
Except with a cheer, "you are welcome here
So make yourselves quite free ----- e
With the liquor and the pipes, the actuals & the swipes
For we mean you to have a spree ----- e
"We mean you to have a spree."

At last the clock with dismal stroke
Gave warning it was ten,
And then friend Barker he got up
And said, saith he, "my men,
"Were loth to part, but yo mun goo,
"And goo at once said he ----- e --
"For its ten o'clock at night & coming on moonlight,
"And we've finished up our spree ----- e
"We've finished up our spree"

Then off they went those farmers bold
With many a howl and cheer,
And in their skins they took away
A hog'shead of spirits and beer
As they did gang, they gaily sang,
As loud as loud could be ----- e
"These Manchester men, must come here again
And give us another spree ----- e
And give us another spree"