Supplement to Bell's Life in London.

[GRATIS.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863. [GRATIS.]

ANGLING.

WINTER FISHING.

"Now when the cherries empire of the sky
To Capricorn's cold confines recedes,
And fierce Aquarius stains its inverted year,
Hung over it faint virgo's checkered loom,
Snatch'd from the sun
While winter clothes the globe in cheerless gloom."

—Thomson.

"The struggling rays, to latitudes less warm,
Through the thick air as clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wounded, sick, and broken, with the cold."

And, soon succeeding, to the long dark night,
"On whose dim sky all objects swim confused."

Not a very pleasant picture, still a truthful one; but the hardy Briton is not to be daunted by a little cold, or piercing blast when in pursuit of sport; and if the days are curtailed, why, we have only to "steal a few hours from the night," in happy complacidity, when, over our merry blazing fire, we may discuss with our battles o'er again." How that big salmon was hooked, played, and, alas! lost in the "Blackpool;" how, on a certain day, we killed an unconscionable number of trout, but how the pleasures of that glorious day's pleasure were damped by our stopping at a roadside public to drink success to our next day's sport, when some encouraging man should be found to take the lead, and "show us the way" in their stead; said stones making our poor shoulders ache before reaching home; all which pain was cheerfully borne, under the impression of being amongst noble sportsmen, ready to turn out on our quarters how and anglers chaffed us, and how we used "unparliamentary" language when a rod broke in a rush, or the fish gave to leave a creel full of big fish unlocked, even in a dream! From the speed of the river, we guess this time we are doing a good hunting, steeple chasing, shooting, all are touched on, and what would be to the sporting gentleman who is not to be found in "parliament," is made "glorious summer" by our classical jaste. It certainly requires all the determined energy and love of sport implanted in Britons to take the field in pursuit of river sport during such months as we have experienced of late. On the last three days Nearly all November the best rivers have been so flooded, and the waters so thick, that fishing was impossible, and we have to do month, and "Time's up!"

The misguided angler wends its gloom, and still
To dogs of large size, and fishing tackle.

Whilst I write, the raging storm dashes viciously against the window, and, as I look upon them as though it had been pent up for months. There is every appearance of a wet night, and I feel convinction as an antidote to his disappointment. All things must have an end, and the weather must change, and we are staying in pretty fishing center, he will find plenty of fish to try his skill. Pike are now in splendid condition, and, if the river should fine, I shall expect will sharpen his appetite. The best sport I have had pike-fishing of late has always been on a day when the water is in excellent one day in particular. It was some years ago, and during the month of January. I had been out with the keepers in the morning, but the ground was too hard, and the hounds were sent home. As it was a fine day, I went to the place of rendezvous, where a friend who was with me that we should go to the river, which is only a short distance from the house, and try for a few fish. The snow was by this time falling fast, a north-west wind blowing sharply, and the thermometer ranged at about 20 degrees in the shade, dragging him out in such weather; however, though he growled deeply, he, nothing loth, and we shouldered our rods, and, with our pannel me, puffing at his pipe, and between the puffs stuating me, and remarked that he never always had much luck, and I believe