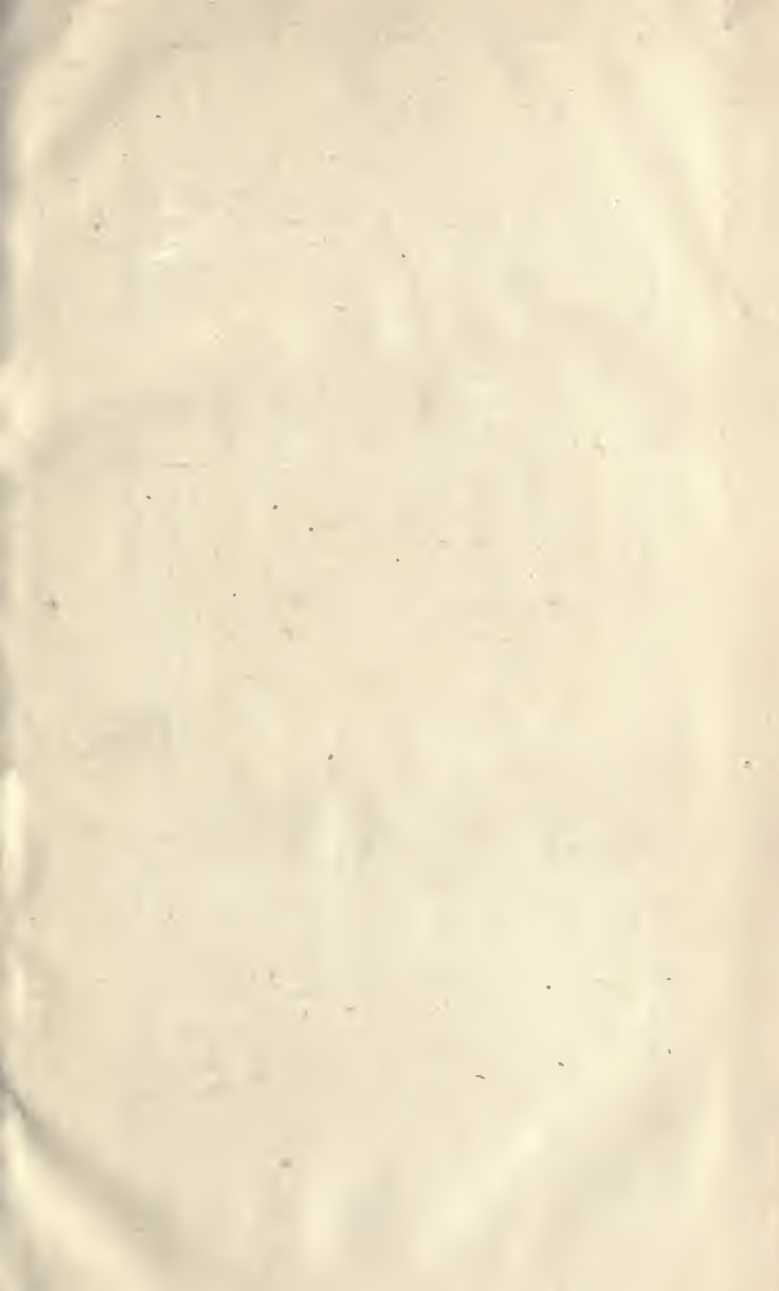
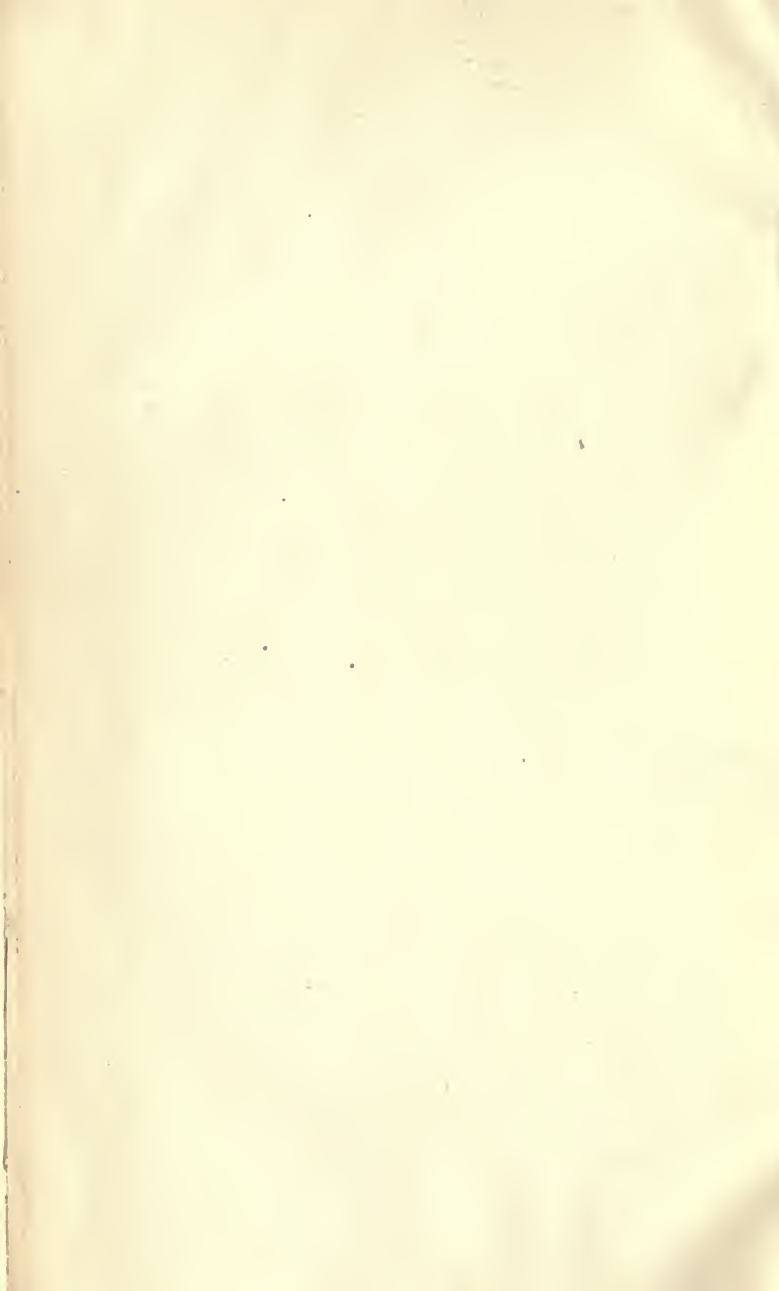


EX LIBRIS









AN

ANGLER'S RAMBLES.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

AN
ANGLER'S RAMBLES;

BY
EDWARD JESSE, Esq., F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF 'GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.'

Fish, Nature, Streams, Discourse, the Line, the Hook,
Shall form the motley subject of my book.

L O N D O N :

JOHN VAN VOORST, 3, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXXXVI.

SH439
J5

————— ' Vidistis ut escam
Deliciasque breves vitæ mercatus ademptâ
Interiit Piscis, dulci male credulus hamo :
Non aliter fraudem blandis inimica voluptas
Occulit inlecebris, quibus inconsulta juvenus
Si capitur, jam non magis hausta venena tenaci
Egerit ex animo, captus quam Piscis aduncum
Sanguineis potuit divellere faucibus hamum.
Sed longo mœrore brevem dulcedinis usum
Æternisque luet vix cognita gaudia pœnis.'

VANIERII PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM, Lib. xv.

TO WHOM
APPROPRIATE



TO

WALTER CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY, M. P.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN you were unanimously requested to become the President of the Walton and Cotton Club, there was not a member who did not feel

DEDICATION.

that their choice had fallen on one from whose experience and practical knowledge in their favorite Art of Angling, they should derive both instruction and much pleasing information. Nor have they been disappointed. On every occasion on which we have had the pleasure of seeing you in our chair, some useful hint has been recorded, or some fact related respecting the inhabitants of your northern rivers and lakes, which were equally new and interesting. Some of them will be found in this little Volume, which I beg leave to dedicate to you, and to my brethren of the Walton and Cotton Club, as a trifling proof of my sincere regard for you all, and as an acknowledgment of the many pleasant and rational hours which I have enjoyed in your society.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD JESSE.

Hampton Court,
July, 183 .

P R E F A C E.

THE following pages were written at various times, and are chiefly recollections of scenes and circumstances which took place in my younger days, with the exception of the paper on Thames Fishing, the greater part of which has appeared in Fraser's Magazine.

Those who, like myself, are admirers of the secluded and tranquil scenes which are so frequently to be met with on the banks of many of our pretty streams and rivers, will find some of them faithfully described.

The present Volume has no pretensions to be considered as a regular Angler's Guide. What I know and practice, I have mentioned, and I trust that my 'brethren of the rod' will find a few useful hints. At all events my favourite art will be found to be divested of the cruelty which is so generally attached to it, and I have endeavoured to shew that it may be enjoyed without the infliction of unnecessary pain.

PREFACE.

As I have always felt a great interest in many of the scenes and occurrences which are to be met with in country life, I have endeavoured to describe and embody them with my hints for Anglers. What has interested me, will, I trust, interest some of my readers.

Such as my work is, it is now submitted to the public, and as my former Volumes have been so favourably received, I trust that these pages will meet with as kind a reception. The following amplification of the motto of my title-page, parodied from Juvenal, will best describe the nature of my work.

The peaceful Angler's joys by pool and stream,
His sports, his toils, form our discursive theme ;
Nature he loves—her works we humbly scan
And mystic laws—beneficent to man ;
Then turn again to rod and line and hook,
Or with a tale fill up our little book.

THAMES FISHING.

- ' The patient angler takes his silent stand
- ' Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
- ' With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
- ' And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.'

POPE.

It is somewhat amusing to notice the different characters and description of persons who visit some of the villages in the vicinity of the metropolis by which the Thames flows, for the purpose of fishing. I frequently have them as companions on the outside of our stage coach, and I must in justice to them say, that I invariably find them pleasant and good-humoured, generally full of sanguine and eager anticipations of excellent sport, though now and then casting a look at the sky, and asking the opinion of the coachman as to the probable state of the weather on the morrow. I observe that our coachman always treats these worthy disciples of Izaak Walton with great respect

and civility, which I presume these open-hearted lovers of angling return by a small addition to the usual fee. I always think it a piece of good fortune whenever I find myself placed on the roof of the coach near these light-hearted fishermen, with their rods between their knees, and their fishing baskets properly secured. There is a sort of freemasonry amongst anglers which speedily makes them become acquainted with each other, and then commences an agreeable relation of their exploits in the piscatory art. It is certainly with no small pride and self-satisfaction that these communications are made. Every minute detail of the capture of a trout is entered into; its length, its weight, its condition, the sort of tackle used, the species of bait, the mode of putting it on—even the very way in which the fish is dressed, and its extraordinary fine flavour, are all eagerly detailed in succession, and patiently listened to. Patience, certainly, is a necessary qualification in an angler. Indeed I remember a Thames fisherman, who, on my evincing some displeasure at not having the good sport he had promised me, very coolly told me that I should never make a good angler if I could not fish a whole day in a bucket of water without shewing impatience.

But to return to my companions on the Sheperton and Chertsey stage. Sometimes I meet with humble *ground*-anglers, the height of whose

ambition is to catch a few dozen of gudgeons. These are a peculiar class of persons in the art, and are generally a little advanced in life. I frequently see them safely deposited at the Bell, or Red Lion, at Hampton (a good station for gudgeon-fishing), and now and then the wife of one of them, a neat, tidy, round, little woman, makes her way from the inside of the coach. A punt is soon in requisition, chairs are placed in it, a fisherman's apron, having two pockets in it, is put on, and the party then commence their operations, looking as happy, patient, and contented as possible. I observe, also, that bottled-porter and other prog is not forgotten, and these are applied to while the ground is being baited and raked, a necessary operation in gudgeon fishing. Later in the evening, the party may be seen in one of the neat little parlours of the Bell Inn, enjoying their tea and other refreshments, and deciding upon the important fact as to who caught the most fish. The view from the windows of the inn is one of the prettiest I know. The Thames pursues its calm and steady course immediately below it, while the celebrated Moulsey Hurst, with its green and level turf, is seen on the opposite bank, covered, as it generally is in summer, by parties of cricketers. The ferry-boat is constantly making its passage backwards and forwards, and numerous boats and skiffs add to the pleasure and interest of the scene.

The river calmly swells and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its various turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The sternest heart its wish might bound,
On earth to dwell delighted here,
Nor could on earth a spot be found,
To nature and to me so dear.

BYRON.

Few fish bite more eagerly than gudgeons, and this perhaps is the reason why so many persons may be seen patiently sitting in punts from morning to night on the river Thames employed in catching these fresh water smelts. There appears indeed to be a fascination in gudgeon fishing which it is not easy to account for; and the wonder is increased when we see three or four persons in a punt lightly jerking a rod every instant, and watching a float as it glides down the stream before them, the sun sometimes scorching them, and at others the rain wetting them through. Notwithstanding this, however, the fascination certainly exists, and it is mentioned as a fact, that the clergyman of a parish in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, who was engaged to be married to the daughter of a bishop, enjoyed his gudgeon fishing so much, that he arrived too late to be married, and the lady, offended at his neglect, refused to be united to one who appeared to prefer his rod to herself.

The gudgeon is angled for in shallows, from the end of spring to the beginning of autumn, and the

best sport is generally to be had in warm cloudy days. The Thames anglers generally use a short rod and line, with fine tackle, a No. 8 hook, and a quill float. The bait should be gentles, and allowed just to touch the ground as the stream carries the float along. The ground should be frequently raked, as this attracts shoals of gudgeons to the spot, and a few gentles should be thrown into the water now and then in order to keep the fish at the desired spot. The Thames fishermen, however, who generally attend the gudgeon anglers, are acquainted with the best places and the best methods for taking these fish.

Another class of Thames fishermen I meet with, are dabbers for chub with cockchaffers. These have more retired habits than your punters, and cause themselves to be landed on some *ait*, or small island in the river, from the banks of which, under the shelter of the willows, with a long rod, a short line, and a lively cockchaffer, they often have good sport. The chub is a shy fish, but is readily taken with the bait I have mentioned, if proper caution is used.

Next comes the barbel fisherman: his arrival is previously announced; a punt pole is driven into a certain spot in the river, where, perhaps, he has had good sport the year before, and the ground is properly baited by one of the resident fishermen of the place, ready for the arrival of his customer.

According to the rule of Thames angling, or rather one of its bye-laws, the fixing a punt-pole in a particular spot, is a sign that the ground is taken, and I never hear of this privilege being disputed. I have known sixty and even eighty barbel taken in one day by a single party in a boat, but this does not happen often in the season. Some of the barbel are of a large size. The barbel thus caught are generally given to the owner of the punt,* excepting three or four of the largest, which are taken away as specimens of the sport which has been had. The largest which I believe has been taken, weighed fifteen pounds and a half. It was caught by a gentleman of the name of Thompson.

In winter, large shoals of barbel congregate under the lee of a sunken boat, lying one upon the other, and are often taken in considerable numbers by letting a hook fall amongst them, and then pulling it up. At these times they are so torpid and inanimate as to suffer themselves to be pushed about with a punt-pole. I have caught barbel when trolling for trout with a bleak, and also chub.

The barbel is so called from its barb or beard.

* Although barbel are rejected as a fish not fit to be eaten, they are by no means to be despised if dressed in the following manner. The fish should be well cleaned and the back-bone taken out, and the sides cut into slices and thrown into salt and water. After remaining in it for an hour or two, these slices should be *spitshed-cocked*, the same way as eels.

It delights, in summer, in strong currents, and gets under bridges, in the weirs amongst piles, and sometimes in deep holes. It is in these places that they are caught in the greatest numbers, and I know of no spot where an angler is more likely to have good sport than at the deep just below Hampton, and nearly opposite to Garrick's temple. Indeed, I like that spot for other reasons. I never fish within sight of it, without thinking of that celebrated actor, and admiring the beautiful sloping lawn which he so much delighted in, and the classic temple in which he deposited his noble statue of Shakspeare, and his mulberry-tree chair. One may fancy him emerging from his arched grotto, with Reynolds and Johnson, Burke and Beauclerk, in order to show them the beautiful Thames as it calmly glided at the foot of his lawn, or its graceful windings, till the distant bridge terminated the view. Here the gentle craftsman may depend upon good sport, should the weather and the season be favourable. His fishing ground should be previously baited, and he should use a strong and rather short rod, with a reel and a strong line, and a bottom link of two or three lengths of gut twisted together, with a No. 5 hook. The line should be run through a bullet, which should have a *stop* at about twelve inches from the hook to prevent its slipping upon it. When the line is thrown out, the bullet rests on the ground, and the stream

causes the bait to move about. The best bait is graves (the remains of tallow-chandler's fat), which should be boiled till they are soft and nearly white, and also gentles, cheese and salmon-roe. The line cannot be cast into the water too quietly, neither is it necessary to throw out as great a length of it as the Thames anglers generally do. I have caught as many barbel close to the punt as at a greater distance from it.

The barbel is a powerful fish, and it requires some skill to land a large one; so that it should be played and managed with great care.

Roach and dace fishers form another distinct class of Thames fishermen, and it is very seldom they try for any thing else, or indeed, understand any other sort of fishing. So keen, however, are they at this sport, that many pursue it very late in the year; and a retired surgeon, of the name of Wood, is still talked of at Hampton, as having braved the coldest weather in winter in order to follow his favorite diversion. He would get up before it was light, have his breakfast, and fish till it was dark, at a time when the wet was freezing on his line. He had always, however, a *hot* dinner brought to the boat, which must have kept him from starving in both senses.

The largest roach I can hear of, weighed three pounds. In the spawning season, which takes place in April, immense shoals go "to hill," as the

fishermen call it; that is to the shallows, for the purpose of depositing their spawn.

The season for roach fishing in the Thames begins about the middle of August, and continues throughout the winter, at which time, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, many persons follow the diversion. Londoners will beat all others in fishing for roach, and they may be seen pursuing their favorite sport at the arches of the several bridges over the Thames from Battersea upwards.

The angler for roach should use fine yet strong tackle. The rod should not exceed eight feet in length, with a line somewhat shorter made of horse-hair. The bottom link should be of gut two feet in length, a large quill float, with two or three small shot about eight or ten inches from the float, and No. 10 or 11 hooks. The best baits are gentles and paste having a little cotton worked into it, to prevent its being too readily taken from the hook. Some persons use boiled wheat or malt, but gentles are generally preferred. Boiled wheat is however good as a ground bait.

In fishing for roach, the bait should be from two to three inches from the bottom, and the angler should strike quick.

Pike and perch fishing seems to be followed only occasionally, as it is very uncertain sport in the Thames. Some large perch are now and then caught, especially by the sides of the projecting

boarded piles, which are here and there placed on the sides of the river to throw the current of water into the main channel for the purpose of facilitating the navigation of barges. From the position of these piles, and the action of the water, deep holes are generally found near them, in which the perch harbour. The pike which are caught in trolling, are generally small, but there is the picture of one just hung up on the walls of the entrance to the Bell Inn, at Hampton, which weighed ten pounds and a-half, and was lately caught in an odd way by a gentleman of the name of Waring, whose feat is duly recorded, and authenticated, on the picture. He was fishing with fine tackle for some other sort of fish, when the pike in question came at his bait; he was taken unawares at seeing so large a fish, though he has the character of being a tolerably expert practitioner, and snatched away his line; in doing so he hooked the pike in the belly, and the boat being luckily adrift, he was enabled to secure it, after playing it for a considerable length of time. Indeed, many extraordinary stories are related by Thames anglers, as well as by the fishermen, of the way in which fish have been caught, after having been hooked *foul*. I have been assured, indeed, that on one occasion a good sized trout was landed, that had been entangled in an accidental noose in the line, by a person who was trolling in the rapid at Hampton.

Having given this account of what I consider to be the *inferior* kind of fishing in the river Thames, I will now, "loving reader," say somewhat respecting the trout fishers. These are generally first-rate performers, and proofs of their skill may frequently be found by markings or outlines of fish on the walls, or preserved by paintings, at some of the comfortable little inns near the banks of the Thames, between Ditton and Windsor, and probably much higher up. Thus, 'June 25th, 1818, 'Mr. D'Almaine caught, at Hampton Deep, two 'trout, one weighing eight pounds and a-half, and 'the other seven pounds.—Langshaw, *Fisherman.*' And an outline of the fish is given. Perhaps however, the greatest feat which has been thus commemorated, is the following:

'October 3d, 1812, at Shepperton Deeps, Mr 'G. Marshall, of Brewer Street, London, caught 'a salmon with *single-gut*, without a landing net, 'weighing twenty-one and a quarter pounds.' The picture of this salmon has, I believe, been lately removed from Shepperton to Staines.

The art of fishing for trout from the tops of the weirs of the river Thames, is, I may venture to say, confined to very few, and to those only who have been in the habit of practising it for a considerable length of time. It requires good tackle, great skill, and some nerve. A bungler would even find it difficult to put a bleak properly on a

set of the hooks which are used in Thames trout fishing, so as to make it spin as it ought to do. The angler sits or stands on the top of the piles of the weir, the foaming water rushing through them with great force and noise. The torrent then forms eddies, and little whirlpools in the basin below, and from which as the water expands itself, it again resumes its calm and stately movement. In the position I have described, the angler has to cast his line into the foaming basin, and this a skilful practitioner will do to a distance of from thirty to forty yards. The great art, however, is in gathering up the line properly in the hand for a second cast, so that it may not become entangled, or be checked in its progress. When the position of the angler is considered, this is no easy task, especially as the loss of his balance might precipitate him into the torrent below. I do not mean to say that all Thames trout are taken by anglers while in this position, as some persons troll from boats or the banks of an ait, but the best, and generally the most successful fishing, is from the tops of the weirs.

Among the few celebrated Thames anglers, I must mention Mr. G. Marshall first, because I believe him to be the best, taking him as a bait and fly-fisher. His forty years practice in angling has tended to make his mind and body active and vigorous, and few of his brethren of the rod

have met with more success in his favorite amusement.

Mr. Cox, of Bermondsey, is another first-rate angler. He is however, I believe, only a bait-fisher, although a very good one. He will enter his boat at Maidenhead or Windsor, and moving gently along with the stream, will troll down to Hampton. On the 20th of May 1834, Mr. Cox landed at Hampton, after such an expedition, with fourteen trout, some of them of a large size. The gentlemen I have mentioned, are of the old school of anglers. The best among the *new*, are Sir Hyde Parker, William Whitbread, and Edward Mills, Esquires, each of them capable of appreciating the difficulties and pleasure of Thames trout fishing. I should not forget to add Mr. Bachelor, of Windsor, and Mr. Goodman, of Hampton Court, to the list. There are few better or more persevering anglers to be met with.

I must not at the same time omit to make honorable mention of John Tagg. This worthy fisherman lets out boats and punts at Hampton Court, provides rods, lines, and baits, and waits upon those anglers who employ him, with equal civility and attention. He is moreover one of the king's watermen, and manages a punt better than most men on the river. His skill is confined, I believe, to boat fishing, as I never heard him mentioned as a troller. He is a great favorite in the neighbour-

hood, and deservedly so, as may be seen by the following inscription, which I found engraved on some brass-work at the bottom of a handsome rod, which I accidentally found in his boat when I was fishing for barbel last autumn.

Johan. Taggo
 Piscatorum facile principi,
 Puntorumque propellatori,
 Undisque profundissimis Thamesis Molisque
 Certe pernoscenti,
 Dianæ fontibus et canalibus
 Bushi paradisum irrigantibus
 Egregie imbuto,
 Viro per orbem terrarum noto !
 Viro vix alii mortalium secundo !!
 Viro incomparabili !!!
 Hoc signum admirationis
 Sheridanii,
 Brinsleius, Franciscusque,
 Laudum ejus fautores
 Faciendum curavere.

And underneath it is stated that the rod was—

Presented to John Tagg,
 For his many virtues and transcendant talents in Fishing,
 by Sheridans, Brinsley and Frank.

Should any novice in the art of trolling for trout, be anxious to become a proficient, I would recommend him to place himself under the tuition of Mr. Walters, of Hampton. He is not only a good fisherman, but is remarkably civil and obliging, and has a good stock of tackle ready at any time and for all seasons and descriptions of fish. I must

confess, however, that he tries to keep up the spirits of his customers by telling rather marvellous fishing stories; but this is a necessary part of his profession, and with such an instructor, any one may make very considerable progress in the piscatory art in a short time. I wish however to take this opportunity of cautioning him and his brethren of the rod, not to angle for trout *themselves*. When not otherwise employed, they are constantly doing this, and the consequence is that their regular customers are disappointed of their sport, and many of them eventually go to more distant stations. Living as I do near the banks of the river, I have too many opportunities of witnessing these proceedings of the Thames fishermen, by which they gain little and lose much in the end.

The Thames trout are taken of a large size, some of them having been caught, and that lately, weighing as much as sixteen pounds. Trout from eight to twelve pounds are by no means uncommon, and they afford excellent sport to the angler. When caught, and if in season, there is no fish in the world perhaps, which can equal them in flavour and goodness. The high price which is given for them is one proof of this, and I never yet met with a *real* epicure who would not give them the preference to any other fish. I will state an instance of this.

Two old friends, whose names I do not feel

myself justified in mentioning, but who will be recognised by many who have partaken of the hospitalities of their table, were in the habit of coming to our pretty village of Hampton, not only to fish (they were punters) but also to regale themselves with Thames trout. They were so alive to the merits of these fish, that on leaving Hampton they enjoined the worthy host of the Red Lion, at whose house they had taken up their quarters, to send to them in London the first fine trout he could procure. He was desired not to mind the expense, but to despatch the fish in a post-chaise, so that it might arrive in time for dinner. The host had soon afterwards an opportunity of procuring a remarkably large and beautiful trout, which was duly sent in a post-chaise to Mr. W——'s house in Spring Gardens. It arrived at five o'clock, and was immediately taken to his sitting-room. After admiring it for a short time, he sent an invitation to his friend Mr. T—— to come and partake of it at six o'clock, and described the appearance and beauty of the fish. He received an answer from his friend, acquainting him that he was dying from a sudden attack of gout, but that it would be a great satisfaction to him if he could *see* the fish, provided it would not be injured by being conveyed to his house for that purpose. The trout was accordingly sent—Mr. T—— feasted his eyes upon it, and soon afterwards closed them for ever.

I have already stated that the largest trout are generally taken at the weirs, but in consequence of the force of the water, the nature of the situation, and the constant endeavours of bunglers in the art to get a run, many fish, in the course of the season are pricked, and become shy and difficult to be taken even by the most skilful in the art of angling. Indeed a moderate angler may fish a whole season at the weirs without taking a trout, and it requires such masters of the rod as those I have mentioned, to have a chance of success. It is an art peculiar in itself, and the best salmon fisher in Scotland or Ireland would be obliged to confess that he was quite ignorant of it. The Thames can alone boast of this class of anglers, and they are altogether unrivalled.

It is a well known fact that the large Thames trout will not take the artificial fly, but by mere chance, and some will not run at a bleak during a whole season, however fine the tackle, and however skilful the angler may be. A large trout may be seen almost daily at this time (June 1835) opposite the water-gallery of Hampton Court, which has defied every endeavour to capture it. A gentleman of my acquaintance, an expert spinner for trout, moored his boat close to a spot where he had frequently seen two large trout on the feed, and which, after many attempts, he had been unable to take. When the fish appeared to have become

accustomed to the boat, and had been seen feeding close to its sides, he endeavoured, at various times, and in different ways, to induce them to take a bait, but never succeeded, and I verily believe, the fish are at this moment in the full enjoyment of their native element.

Many curious anecdotes have been related to me respecting the capture of Thames trout, and I will relate one or two of them. Mr. Marshall, of whom honourable mention has already been made, and who is so well known to every lover of Thames angling, during one of his piscatorial excursions in the present season, (1835) hooked a trout in the Thames of twelve pounds weight. After playing it for some-time, the fish struggled greatly, and at last made a leap out of the water nearly a yard high, and shook the hooks completely out of his mouth, which Mr. Marshall plainly saw. On losing the fish, he let the hooks run directly down the stream, and the trout being very tired, and of course less active, he suddenly pulled, and hooked it again under the fore-fin and caught it. The fish was so tired that it lay on its side for half an hour after it was in the well of the boat.

Mr. Marshall also caught a trout which weighed sixteen pounds, and which had broken from him the preceding day. The set of hooks and a portion of the line which had been broken were found in his mouth. This fish, with the tackle in his

mouth and that with which it was taken are preserved in a glass-case at his house in London.

I may here mention that when Mr. Marshall was once fishing with a friend of his at Uxbridge, they each hooked a trout at the same time. His friend's trout took a run and crossed Mr. Marshall's line, and they became quite entangled. The two fish weighed eight pounds, and were both landed at once in the same landing net, a circumstance which perhaps the oldest fisherman had never seen before. On another occasion when he was fishing with three flies, he hooked a trout on the leader, another took the first bob-fly, and in playing them, a third took the second bob-fly, and he landed all three at once.

Perhaps, however, the most curious occurrence which this veteran in the art relates, is the following, and no one who is acquainted with him will doubt his accuracy. He was one morning angling for trout, when he suddenly heard a great splash in the water, and on looking round, saw it was a hare which had jumped from the bank to swim across the river. When she had got to the middle of the stream, Mr. Marshall threw his trout-fly over her, hooked her on the fur of her back, and in the language of the angle, landed her "*comfortably*." Indeed the accuracy with which this expert angler can throw a fly is quite extraordinary. He was one day fishing near Carshalton, and in a

row of high trees, across the river, and which were *fringed* with fishing lines and flies, he saw a poor bird hang by the beak. It had taken one of the artificial flies, and it hung in a small cavity between the branches. There was no way of getting at it except walking through the river, and procuring a high ladder. Being very anxious to set the bird free, he threw his fly across the river into the cavity, hooked the line, and freed the bird.

It is now time to return to the subject of Thames angling, and in throwing out hints to those who may be inclined to partake of its amusements, I would recommend Hampton as a good and central place for an angler. Its weir, with those of Sunbury, and Teddington, are at no great distance, and if these do not produce sport, it may generally be had at Shepperton. Indeed I like Hampton, not only from its being a good fishing station, and a pretty and well situated village, but from the civility, and I may add kind disposition of its inhabitants. I should be wanting in gratitude if I omitted to make this avowal.

I have already mentioned the Bell Inn. Those who are well acquainted with it, must well remember its good-humoured, obliging, and portly landlady, and also the fat and lazy black-and-tan spaniel of King Charles' breed, which might almost always be seen reclining at the door-way, with its paws hanging over the step, looking as contented

and happy as a dog could look. Its position was always against the door-post, and I never saw it move at the entrance or departure of any one. I always considered it as a sort of philosophical animal, which passed its life in the study and contemplation of the many human beings who sauntered past that much frequented spot. No one ever thought of disturbing it, and even those of its own species passed by without taking the liberty of either snuffing or growling at this privileged pet. Its long dignified ears, its solemn look, and appearance of deep thought, may account for the deference paid it.

I cannot dismiss this notice of the Bell Inn, without observing the comfort and cleanliness which is to be found there, or the prettiness of the only daughter and heiress of this place of good entertainment. The hostess has brought up her daughter with the greatest propriety and decorum, and it is easy to see that she has never been subjected to the ill-timed jests of a passing customer. The anglers who frequent the house are staid and decorous in their manners, as all honest anglers are; and their ambition seems to be that of perpetuating their exploits on the walls of the inn.

I must also mention the snug inn at Shepperton, near the Church, as a good fishing station. Here may also be found some curious accounts of trout taken with a single gut. Many other places are

annually visited by fishermen on this beautiful river. Amongst the rest, I must not omit to mention Henley on Thames, where good trout are frequently caught. The mutton-chops of my old friend Mrs. Dixon are altogether unrivalled, and she has the art of making all her guests happy and contented. I always enjoy myself greatly at her house—^{*}not only with reference to the beautiful scenery which I see around, but from the real comfort and cleanliness of every thing about me. Her sheets repose in lavender 'till they are wanted, and her beds are neatness itself. Added to this, a large and respectable looking bible is placed on the dressing table of each bed-room; a practice which I wish was more generally followed, and which in my opinion adds greatly to the character of the inn and its hostess.

Pangbourn is another station I much admire; and here some excellent fishing may be had when the weather is favourable. It is a quiet and retired village, having some beautiful views from the high grounds above it, and where some delightful walks are to be met with. It is a place I can safely recommend to a brother of the angle, who may, like myself, be fond of adding the enjoyment of scenery to his sport. I say "sport," though I have been found fault with for the term by some well-meaning persons, as if some degree of cruelty was attached to it. It is a fisherman's own fault if it

be so. I never fish with a live bait, or with worms ; and I am furnished with a large knife having a small hammer at the end of it, with which I kill my fish the moment they are out of the water. It may be said that pain is inflicted on a fish the instant the hook strikes its mouth. I do not think that this is the case. It is either resistance, or the sight of an object that alarms them, which occasions a fish to shew fear, and not from any actual pain they feel from the hook. This is well known to fishermen—as well as the fact of fish taking a bait while they have had a set of hooks in their mouth. I have already given an instance of this in the large trout taken by Mr. Marshall, and another proof of it, amongst numerous others, occurred this summer in the Thames near Kingston bridge. On two consecutive days this summer (1835) a large barbel broke the tackle of a gentleman, and on the third day he caught it with two hooks, and the line attached to them, which had been previously lost, fixed to its mouth. Sir Humphrey Davy has some curious observations on this subject in his *Salmonia*. He says, that ‘ the nervous system of fish, and cold blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook is usually fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves ; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked

‘ and played for some minutes, he will often, after
 ‘ his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth,
 ‘ take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had hap-
 ‘ pened; having apparently learnt only from ex-
 ‘ periment that the artificial fly is not proper food.
 ‘ And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks
 ‘ in their mouths, and tackle which they had
 ‘ broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks
 ‘ seemed to have had no other effect than that of
 ‘ serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them
 ‘ to seize another morsel of the same kind.’

To the accuracy of this statement I can bear testimony; and it may tend to do away with the charge of cruelty which has been brought against anglers. Indeed, I much question whether any animal which is deprived of life for the purpose of affording food for man, does not suffer more than the fish, when the latter at last is properly caught and speedily killed. At all events, I am persuaded that fish taken in nets have to undergo more actual suffering than those caught by the rod.

I have dwelt upon this subject, from an anxiety I felt to rescue myself and others from the charge of enjoying a cruel sport. I do not consider it to be so. If it was, I do not think that so many excellent, humane, and good men would have been found amongst its advocates. *Oh yes*

It is now time, after this digression, to pursue my account of angling.

I regret to say that the good old times for

Thames fishing are on the decline. This may be attributed to steam-vessels, which disturb the water so much, that a considerable quantity of spawn is loosened and washed away from the places where it had been deposited; and also to gas and other nuisances, which are suffered to poison the water, and the numerous locks, which prevent the free passage of fish. Much mischief may also be attributed to the illegal nets which are used, and to the negligence of those whose duty it is to detect them, and who are frequently open to bribery. During floods also, fish go to grass, as the Thames fisherman call it, and poachers are in the habit of constantly and unlawfully draining the meadows, and entirely strip the country of fish, by preventing their return to their natural home, the river. For these reasons the fish in the river Thames are decreasing in number every year, and some sorts have quite disappeared—the salmon, for instance, and the skegger-trout, which used to be abundant. Even gudgeons are much fewer in number. Perch also are difficult, to be procured, and the lovers of water souchée make great complaints in consequence.

Much might still be done to improve the Thames fishing, if the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London would expend the twentieth part of what a civic feast costs, in having the river staked in many more places than it is at present, by having the nets properly looked after, and by employing

some additional water bailiffs. So many persons enjoy the amusement of angling in the river Thames, who can get it no where else, and so much benefit is received from their presence at the several villages on its banks, that I trust something will be done for the protection of the fish during the earlier stages of their existence.

Persons of every class seem to participate in the amusement of Thames angling, from the Duke of Sussex to the little fat cobbler of Hampton. His Royal Highness was at one time a determined angler, and kept a punt at Shepperton for the purpose. Here he was attended by the famous Peter Purdy, (poor Peter! a better fisherman never poached the Thames), and who invariably answered "Yes," or "No, your Royal *Rodney*," to any questions which the Duke asked. Peter, on being reminded of the great mistake he thus committed, said that for the life of him he could not help it. He had heard so much of Lord Rodney from his father, who was one of his crew, that he protested he could think of no other name whenever he spoke to a great man.

As for myself, I confess that the quiet amusement of angling has great charms for me. It combines also another pleasure with it,—that of studying nature. The song of a sedge bird, the cry of a water-hen, the peculiar flight of a king-fisher—even the very insects which flit around me, all add

to the interest I take in fishing on a fine summer's evening. Let me here give two stanzas of an old song for the benefit of my associates of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club.

Come, lay by all cares, and hang up all sorrow,
Let's angle to day, and ne'er think of to-morrow;
And by the brook-side as we angle along,
We'll cheer up ourselves with our sport and a song,

There, void of all care, we're more happy than they
That sit upon thrones, and kingdoms do sway;
For sceptres and crowns disquiet still bring;
But the man that's content is more blest than a king.

I cannot mention the Walton and Cotton Club, without referring to the agreeable, rational, and convivial dinners I have enjoyed in the society of its members. Here some gentlemen who, like myself, are fond of angling, and the quiet enjoyment it brings with it, meet to talk over, and communicate to each other, their pleasant observations on the piscatory art; and I never quit the club without regretting that our old father Izaak Walton is not there to witness the enthusiasm with which his name is always mentioned by his 'honest scholars.' If those who sneer at anglers could witness the good-humour and kindness of heart which characterise the members of the Walton and Cotton Club, and see the good fellowship which subsists amongst them, they would probably desire to belong to so agreeable a society. One of the

members, (I need not mention his name) whose antiquarian knowledge and deep research have made him as much known to the world as he is beloved by his own circle, is the very picture of Izaak Walton himself. His placid and benevolent countenance, and his venerable white hair, joined to his gentle and unaffected manners, mark him as the very prototype of his favourite master; and his and father Walton's name might with great propriety, be 'twisted in cypher' together. He is only a ground angler, but very fond of the amusement. I can fancy him following his favourite sport, by the side of some sequestered brook,—

—————' with patient skill
' Attending to his trembling quill.'

Amongst the other members of the Club, I must not omit to mention our treasurer and secretary, to whose exertions we are all so much indebted. He is the very personification of good humour, and an enthusiastic admirer of father Walton. I might refer to other members of the Club, but I feel that I have already said enough, though I trust not too much, to shew how highly I appreciate the pleasure of belonging to such a society. Even our worthy landlord seems to partake of this feeling of kindness towards the Club; and I never see him enter the room with a magnum of our excellent old port in his hand, without fancy-

ing that he looks upon us all with peculiar complacency.

Amongst the many 'honest anglers' whom I have occasionally met with, and who are, like myself 'dear lovers and constant practisers of the art,' there is no one whose society affords me greater pleasure than Ned Bartlam's. I met him during a little fishing excursion I made along the banks of the Thames, somewhere between Reading and Oxford. He was then dressed in a green jacket, which came well over his knees, and which had seen good service; and he had on a pair of unusually thick shoes and strong gaiters, with a straw hat. His fishing-basket was hanging behind him. There was, however, something in his air and appearance which made me immediately see that he was a gentleman. He was accompanied by a little terrier dog, who employed himself in snuffing at the various rat-holes by the side of the river. I should add that his rod was handled in a masterly manner. Having accidentally occasion for his assistance in helping me to land a fish, our acquaintance began, and was resumed that same evening at a small comfortable inn where we had both taken up our temporary abode. I found my new friend perfectly well skilled in the art of fly fishing; and his collection of flies, which were all of his own making, was really beautiful. As I am

only a troller myself, I fancied that I was looked upon with some degree of contempt. At all events I was sensible of my own inferiority, and, therefore, listened with all proper respect and attention to the various descriptions Ned gave me of his exploits, without intruding any of my own. It was not till we became better acquainted that I ventured to try and persuade him that trolling might have its charms; and that if trout would not take a bait, I had still a chance of sport with pike, perch, and even chub and barbel. I believe, however, that to this day he looks upon me as a mere poacher—so bigoted is he to his own favourite mode of fishing.

Next morning we separated, after having, according to the example set us by ‘old Master Izaak,’ paid our reckoning, and commended our hostess for ‘having been diligent and having used us kindly.’ We did not, however, take leave of each other without an agreement to meet again; and our acquaintance, thus commenced, has been turned into a friendly intercourse, which I trust is mutually agreeable. Ned, indeed, is not the kind of person one meets with every day. He has a mildness and gentleness in his nature, a kindness of manner, and a wish to oblige, which must make him a favourite with every one. Added to this he is, as I said before, an expert fly-fisher; and there are

few better shots in the country. He is also well skilled as a breaker-in of dogs; and before he became a little crippled with rheumatism, was a first rate cricketer. Indeed, he is still called upon to make up matches in this manly sport, which he duly attends, being referred to on all knotty points, when his decision is held to be law.

Ned formerly practised medicine in a small country town, where he became acquainted with two or three wealthy families residing in the neighbourhood. Owing, however, as it was stated, to the fickleness of a young widow, and some pecuniary losses, he retired from business with only a few hundred pounds, which were bequeathed to him by the only relation he ever knew. In this situation one of his rich acquaintances, who had a great regard for Ned, offered to let him live in one of the lodges of his park which was but seldom used, and here Ned has been residing for many years. I took an early opportunity of calling upon him, and found his little *menage* very complete. One part of the lodge contained his sitting-room, with a sort of kitchen adjoining; the other was composed of two bed-rooms, both very small, one being occupied by himself, while the other was appropriated to the use of his housekeeper—a respectable cheerful old woman, who was not only the picture of neatness herself, but kept every thing about her in the same order. On entering my

friend's parlour, or whatever it may be called, I found him busily employed in *dressing* up a fly. He was seated in an old-fashioned easy arm-chair, with his little terrier at his feet, and a small table by his side covered with the hackles of cocks, wings of ducks, and other materials for the construction of artificial flies. Over his fire-place hung two guns and various sticks seasoning for fishing-rods. Several of these latter implements were neatly arranged at the other end of the room, while beneath them were placed two well used fishing-baskets, a landing-net, and an old game-bag, which had evidently been often replenished. Under a table peeped out part of a fishing-net, and upon it was a backgammon-board *reposing* on a piece of green baize, on which was placed a small tea-urn, evidently more for show than use. On the mantel-piece were several small stuffed birds, one of which Ned seemed to set great store by, and assured me it was the only one ever seen in that part of the country. I also observed on the same place the tail of a rattlesnake, a flask of gunpowder, part of an old Roman vase, a snuff-box or two, the jaws of a pike, and some other curiosities. There was also a small bookcase containing two or three odd volumes of Sir *Charles Grandison*, the *Angler's Guide*, a book of surgery, and another of farriery, a Shakspeare in one volume, and a small pocket Horace, which seemed to have been

Ned's constant companion. One volume was carefully covered, and this I found to be Major's beautiful edition of Izaak Walton. Having surveyed the apartment and commended its comforts, I was invited to partake of some cake which the old housekeeper just then brought in. She was going to leave the room, but Ned motioned her to stay, and she seated herself by the side of a small round oak-table, on which I had previously observed a half finished worsted stocking with its attendant knitting-pins; these the old dame plied with great rapidity. Ned afterwards told me that he found being alone extremely unpleasant to one of his social feelings, and that he, therefore, always made this faithful servant sit with him. He reads the newspaper or some entertaining book to her in the evening, which, he said, kept him from going to sleep after he had smoked his pipe. Indeed, a hint was given to me that Ned was strongly suspected of endeavouring to teach the old lady to play at backgammon by way of beguiling the long evenings in winter. This, however, wants confirmation. I have already alluded to an attachment which Ned was supposed to have conceived in his younger days; the name of its object, or the circumstances which attended it, I have never heard mentioned. They must, however, have been of an unusually delicate and interesting nature to have thus inclined him to solitude, and indeed occa-

sional y exhibited him as the object of a melancholy which I should have thought had been foreign to his character. I remember that I was one day trolling on the banks of the Thames, and nearly opposite to an old oak-tree which partially threw its branches over the water, and which was in sultry weather his favourite resort. I had not been long engaged in my occupation, when I perceived him slowly sauntering along, and now and then throwing his line into the river, where the openings between the osiers gave him an opportunity of doing so. His thoughts, however, were evidently otherwise engaged, and he did not discover that I was so near him. At length he reached his favourite tree, and, fixing his rod in the bank, threw himself at full length under its shade, at the same time leaning his head upon his hand, appeared to be solely engaged in watching his line as it was occasionally moved by the eddies or rippling of the stream. He had not remained in this position many minutes when I fancied that I could perceive him wiping a tear from his eye, and that his countenance assumed an expression of deep melancholy; and though there was nothing particular in the whole incident, I need not say that he lost none of his interest in my eyes. His kindness of heart, his love of poetry, and indeed all tales of fiction, added to his admiration for the minutest works of nature, will help to fill up the

character of a man whom for unsophisticated goodness I have never yet seen equalled.

Having now given a sketch of Ned in the melting mood, I will endeavour to give an idea of him in his lighter moments, by relating an anecdote, which at the time amused me exceedingly. He was watching his float one day in a neighbouring stream, when a well-dressed man came up to him and enquired the way to some place or other, I forget where. Now Ned is well read in Shakspeare, and at the moment he happened to be pondering over some favourite passages in the *Merchant of Venice*. Instead, therefore, of making a direct reply to the question that was asked him, he answered in the words of Lancelot Gobbo, ‘ Turn
‘ up on your right hand, at the next turning ; but,
‘ at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at
‘ the very next turning, turn of no hand,’ &c. It so happened, that the stranger was equally well read in Shakspeare ; and therefore, instead of being affronted at Ned’s wit, he only answered, ‘ By-
‘ sonties, ’twill be a hard way to hit.’ Ned was so much pleased with the rejoinder, that he ‘ tried
‘ conclusions with him’ some time ; and was so well satisfied with his companion’s knowledge of Shakspeare, and ready repartees, that they embraced, became instantly sworn friends, and having adjourned to Ned’s lodge, the stranger was regaled with the best that it afforded. Ned afterwards dis-

covered that his new friend was a strolling player. It was, however, a little incident in his life which he always spoke of with pleasure.

Ned, I find, has been in the habit of presenting his old housekeeper with a couplet or two on her birth-day. The following is a specimen of them, which I procured from the old lady with considerable difficulty after we had become better acquainted :

' This morning old Betty can count sixty-seven
 ' On the mile-stones that reach to the regions of heaven ;
 ' And I trust with due care, and the kindness of fate,
 ' In another twelvemonths she will reach sixty-eight.
 ' This point no philosopher e'er could unravel,—
 ' The older we grow much the faster we travel ;
 ' I'm two score and ten, by the kindness of fate,
 ' And another quick year has made Bet sixty-eight.'

My readers have now some idea of Ned's character ; I must next request them to accompany him in a walk over the domains, at the outskirts of which he resides. The house itself is one of those fine old baronial residences which, I grieve to say, one seldom sees now but in a state of decay. It is built of red brick, and profusely ornamented with various grotesque sculptures ; and is interesting from having been one of the residences of Cardinal Wolsey, and is indeed supposed to have been built by him. Its turrets, chimneys, and windows, have much of the character of those at Hampton Court. At the back of this respectable old seat were some

of the very finest Scotch fir-trees to be found in England. One of them had a girth of twelve feet ; and from the ground to the first branch there was a space of thirty feet at least. What, however, gave me the greatest pleasure, was the sight of a magnificent heronry, which might have excited the envy of any crowned head in Europe. At the time I saw it, the parent birds were busily employed in bringing food to their young ; and I could never feel tired in watching their slow and methodical flight to the high trees in which their nests were placed, and the silent, and I may call it beautiful manner, with which the birds alighted on them. On seeing us, some of them would soar in circles round the trees for a while, as if suspicious of us, and would then settle on their nests. The food was received in silence ; and the delivering of it to the young seemed to occupy a considerable length of time. Probably the old birds were fatigued with their lengthened flight, and required rest, or their young ones warmth ; or what is more likely, they only feed them morning and evening, so great is the distance to the place where they procure their food. I know few things more royal than a fine heronry on trees of which the proprietor may justly feel proud. These trees, certainly are of a most magnificent description ; and what I think adds to their grandeur, is the circumstance of their being placed on a good turf, without any envious

shrubs being allowed to encroach upon them, with the exception perhaps of a few hollies here and there. These hollies, however, enable one to form a better idea of the stupendous height of the firs by contrasting one with the other. On quitting the heronry we strolled about the park, which is ornamented with some excellent trees, whereon a colony of rooks had taken up their quarters. These birds kept themselves quite distinct from the herons, though I believe instances have been known of their occupying the same trees, after having had a few skirmishes together.

I was desired to take special notice of a particular flock of sheep, some brood mares, and Scotch oxen ; all of which appeared flourishing, and were purchased by and under my friend's peculiar care. Having visited the dog-kennel, and admired the pointers and some small rabbit-beagles, I took my leave, much pleased with my visit. As my own residence is only a few miles from Ned's lodge, and as we have some mutual acquaintance, we now and then meet at dinner. On these occasions, I am much pleased at seeing the hearty reception he meets with ; and his own kind disposition is shown in the way he returns the cordial greetings of his friends. Ned's *dress*-clothes have been husbanded with great care, and are of a fashion somewhat antiquated ; he is, however so neat and nice in his appearance, and there is such a freshness and good-

nature in his look, that one forgets in a moment that his coat was not made by Stultz.

If I was pleased with seeing the reception Ned met with from his friends, I was more so when I once accompanied him in a walk through the village in which he resides. It was impossible to mistake the expression of affection with which every one regarded him. The children got about him, and he had something kind to say to every one. Only one person we met seemed to avoid him, and that was a young female. Her dress was in disorder, her hair had escaped from a small black hat she had upon her head, and her whole appearance betokened a mind ill at ease. There was something in her appearance which created an interest for her; and I accordingly asked Ned to tell me something of her. Her little history was no uncommon one. She had been deserted by a worthless scoundrel on whom she had placed her affections, and she had become listless and unhappy. Ned said, that he had taken pains to convince her how little cause she had to regret the loss of her lover; but she had become impatient of what he had said to her, and now avoided him. On our return from our walk, we again met her; Ned accosted her, but no longer spoke to her of her lover. He mentioned her parents,—the grief they were in at her altered appearance,—the happiness she still had it in her power to give them. He

told her of her duty as a Christian, and urged her to apply to the only source from which peace of mind could be obtained. While my friend was thus talking to her, I could observe the poor girl much affected.

I have since heard that Ned's kind efforts to bring her to a proper way of thinking have succeeded, and that she is now become both industrious and happy.

I have little more to say of my friend. We often fish together, and enjoy many quiet conversations, in the course of which I have had frequent opportunities of observing his good sense and good feeling. It is indeed impossible not to love him, as there is a harmlessness and quietness in his manner, added to a kindness and a wish to oblige, which I have never seen equalled. I trust that he will forgive me for having introduced this little sketch of him. Retired in his habits and pursuits, he still furnishes an example which may be of use to others, by proving how much positive happiness may be attained in the calmness and stillness of a country life; for though enjoying to the full the innocent amusements which are held out to him, he never loses sight of the chief object of human existence—that of preparing himself for another and a more exalted state of happiness in the world to come.

In concluding this account of Thames fishing,

I have added, for the information of Thames anglers, an account of the deeps which have been staked between Chertsey and Battersea, at various times. In most of these places, the patient angler may generally depend upon having good sport, especially, as by the kindness of the present Lord Mayor (Copeland), some additional Water Bailiffs have been appointed, and more attention is paid to the preservation of the fish.

LIST OF THE DEEPS.

Chertsey, 200 yards, being from the weir eastward.

Weybridge, 800 yards, being from the weir down to Holliday's Bay.

Shepperton, 200 yards, being called the lower deep, and eastward of the drain.

Sunbury, 100 yards, being from the weir eastward.

Thames Ditton, 250 yards, being from Keen's wharf northward.

Staines, 140 yards, being from sixty yards westwards to eighty yards eastward of the bridge.

Penton Hook, 200 yards, being opposite the camshut on the west side of the hook.

Chertsey, 140 yards, being from sixty yards westward to eighty yards eastward of the bridge.

Shepperton, 200 yards, being called the upper deep, and situate to the eastward.

Shepperton, 240 yards, being called the old deep, and eastward of the creek rails.

Walton, 100 yards, being westward of the horse bridge, and called the Walton Sale.

Walton, 150 yards, being at the Earl of Tankerville's.

Sunbury, 100 yards, being opposite the church.

Hampton, 350 yards, being from the west angle of the church steeple to the west side of H. Hase's, Esq.

Hampton Court, 200 yards, being from the summer-house of the palace to the eastward.

Thames Ditton, 512 yards, being at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's.

Kingston, 40 yards, being eastward of the river which runs from Ewell.

Kingston, 60 yards, being from thirty yards westward to thirty yards eastward of the bridge.

Twickenham, 150 yards, being at the house of Sir W. Waller, Bart.

Richmond, 700 yards, being westward of the bridge to the Duke of Buccleuch's.

Fulham, 50 yards, being from thirty yards westward to twenty yards eastward of the bridge.

Battersea, 20 yards, being from ten yards westward to ten yards eastward of the bridge.

TROLLING IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

All in the fragrant prime of day,
 E'er Phœbus spreads around his beams,
 The early Angler takes his way
 To verdant banks of crystal streams.
 f health, content, and thoughtful musing charm,
 What sport like angling can our cares disarm ?

ANON : IN BROOKS' ART OF ANGLING.

THERE is a sort of pleasing melancholy in comparing the habits of former times with those of the present day. The contrast is not much, I must confess, in favour of the latter. The good old aristocratic forms of the last century, are fast hastening to decay. What was then considered as necessary to keep up a proper decorum in society, would now be treated with ridicule ; and the state which rank and wealth prescribed, would in these days be considered as proceeding from arrogance and pride. I am not sure that the world is benefited by the change. The poorer class were formerly in the habit of looking up to the old halls of our ancestors as places where their wants would be relieved, their misfortunes attended to, and their injuries redressed. 'There was then a tie existing between

rich and poor which poverty and distress only made the closer. If sickness visited a family, ready relief was to be obtained from the venerable mansion near the village. If a cottager from misfortune got behind hand with his rent, his kind landlord was always considerate, and in cases of death, he was the first to console the widow and the orphan. If he came to the village church with his family, with some degree of state, having his footmen behind the carriage with their formal liveries and their bags and nosegays, an example of devotion and decorum was set, which could not fail to produce an influence on the neighbouring peasantry. Little or nothing of this is now to be seen. The old halls of our English gentry are fast falling to decay, or are occupied by farmers, and those whose ancestors were formerly venerated for their virtues and hospitality, are either living in crowded cities, or imbibing foreign manners, drawing their resources from lands which they never visit, and from tenants whom they have never seen. Grievous as the picture is, I can look back to my younger days when a very different one presented itself in the pretty village of Cleveland.

In the hall to which this village gave its name, two ancient ladies resided. One of them, Lady Blount, was the widow of a baronet, and the other, Miss Barbara Newton, was her maiden sister. When I first visited them, they might each be

rather more than seventy years of age. Tall and somewhat stiff in their persons, with formal and rather ceremonious manners, observing the strictest etiquette, not only with their visitors, but with each other, they were nevertheless unbounded in their hospitality, and dispensed their bounties with an unsparing hand. Their dress was the very picture of neatness and propriety. I can see them now in their large full caps beautifully plaited and as white as snow, with ruffs round their necks, and white kerchiefs pinned round their shoulders, and covering part of their stiff chocolate coloured silk gowns. These were made with long waists and short sleeves, having large ruffles attached to them above the elbows. A huge gold watch was appended to the girdle, and they wore rather high-heeled shoes, with little formal buckles attached to them. Their hair was perfectly white, and was disposed in what may be called *sausage* curls beneath the cap. They wore on their arms a sort of mitten, or gloves with half of the fingers cut off, which enabled them to ply their needles the more readily. Such was the dress of these worthy ladies, who (seated in large arm-chairs on each side of the fire-place, with a small table near them on which their work-baskets were placed), were ready to receive any visitors who might call upon them. The arrival of any one, was the signal for the servants to bring in a well-furnished tray of refresh-

ments, of which the guests were expected to partake, as their omitting to do so would have been thought to detract from the hospitality of the mansion. Kind old ladies! Sometimes their home-made wine was recommended, or if the weather was cold, a glass of old madeira. Chicken, pies and brawn also made their appearance, with a huge cake, and fruit of various kinds, all arranged with the utmost propriety.

The first time I visited the hall, was in company with my friend and schoolfellow Harry Newton. He was nephew to the ladies I have been describing, and as Lady Blount had no children, it was generally supposed that he would inherit whatever they had to leave. We had quitted London on a fishing excursion, and after having passed a few days in the neighbourhood of Oxford, dining there with some old friends in the evening, and plying our rods in the morning, we proceeded to Cleveland Hall, the residence of his aunts, where he promised me some excellent pike fishing in ponds, or rather small lakes, belonging to them. It was on a fine evening towards the end of August, that we drove through the village on our way to the hall, the entrance to which was at one extremity of it. A neat row of alms-houses, the asylum of the aged, having each a small garden in front of them, was the first object which attracted my attention. Just beyond was the village green, surrounded by farm-houses and labou-

ers' cottages, all betokening comfort and prosperity. Teams loaded with corn, were seen in various directions, while the sports of boys, the clamorous noise of ducks and geese, flapping and diving in the muddy pond, the droves of cows returning from their pastures, and the 'tripping milkmaid' with her pail, furnished to my mind a pretty picture of rural happiness. It was impossible to witness it without feeling assured that here

'Peace and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain.'

As we rolled along, the snug parsonage was pointed out to me, and close to it was the little village church, with its taper spire, almost surrounded by magnificent elm trees, over which a vast flock of rooks were performing their aerial gambols. After passing two or three houses which seemed as if they belonged to the village surgeon or lawyer, and at the windows of which some females were enjoying the evening breeze, we arrived at the lodges of the park. The gates were opened by a deliberate grey-headed old man, and we soon afterwards began to ascend rather a steep hill, at the top of which we first had a view of the house. It was a noble fabric, and as Dugdale would say, 'for beauty and state much exceedeth any in those parts.' Its centre was very spacious, and with its projecting wings, enclosed three sides of a court. A magnificent avenue of Spanish chestnut trees, planted probably in the time of

Evelyn, was seen from the house, sloping down to a wide but shallow trout stream. Each portion of the building had a lofty square tower, terminated by a curved spiral roof and a vane. The gables exhibited the usual scroll work of the houses built at that period, probably that of James the First, and the eastern extremities of the wings were adorned with high bay windows, and surmounted by a rich perforated parapet. Two columns, at the entrance, supported an ornamented entablature, surmounted by the arms of Blount. As we approached the door, either the screams of numerous peacocks, or the noise of our carriage, alarmed the vigilance of four or five blood-hounds of the largest size. Their deep toned bark was finely contrasted with the yelpings of numerous spaniels and terriers which followed them. They were, however, soon silenced, and we entered the fine old hall of the mansion. It was adorned with full length portraits of the Blount family, paintings of dogs and horses, and its deep windows were ornamented with beautiful portraits in stained glass of the antient family of Blount from the year 1070 to 1181. The fireplace was very capacious, and the mantle-piece was extremely ornamented, and composed partly of marble and free-stone, reaching half way up to the ceiling.

My companion was received with great affection by his aunts, and I was also welcomed by them

with much cordiality. We found them sitting at an open window, or rather glass door opening upon a wide and extensive terrace, drinking their tea. Though it was only six o'clock, that was the hour in those good times, at which the refreshment I mentioned was usually ordered. After we had partaken of it, finding my companion busily engaged in talking over family matters with his aunts, I strolled out upon the terrace. The view from it, as the yellow beams of the setting sun rested upon the woods in the park, was beautiful. They were chiefly of beech, and from the top of one of the trees, a lonely thrush began to pour forth its evening song.

' The massy piles of old magnificence,

' Which, clust'ring high, the tufted groves o'erlook'—

were so different from any thing I had been accustomed to see, that my mind imperceptibly fell into a contemplative mood, and I began to meditate on events long since passed away. I observed a small mound of earth, just below the terrace, covered with little clusters of the wild strawberry, on the leaves of which some drops of rain which had recently fallen, (and had added to the freshness of the evening,) sparkled like so many diamonds. I fancied that this mound might, in a former age, have been piled up over the bones of some mighty warriors, and that the trees near it were still bending their heads in deference to their valour. No

idle shrubs intruded themselves on this sacred spot, but it seemed to be guarded by the majestic beech trees around it. I was roused from this reverie by the deep sound of a bell, and a servant came to announce that prayers were about to begin in the chapel. I followed him through three or four rooms, the last of which was a library, from which a communication was made with the gallery of the chapel. I found numerous servants assembled in the body of it, and the worthy ladies seated in the gallery ready to begin the evening service. I found that they assisted each other in doing so, reading the psalms and lessons alternately. Their articulation though clear, was a little tremulous, and they had now and then some difficulty in turning to the proper places. Upon the whole, however, they acquitted themselves with great propriety, and the service was listened to with the utmost attention and decorum.

I like these assemblages of private families, especially during the silence of the evening, while they are engaged in offering up the incense of prayer and praise. The folly and hurry of life; vanity, vexation and care, are banished for a season, and the happy calm of devotion proves that the ways of celestial wisdom are 'ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.'

We adjourned from the chapel to a supper room, where we had an opportunity of making ample

amends for an early dinner, and then retired to rest. The room into which I was shown savoured strongly of ghosts. Indeed my companion had previously told me that the old mansion was supposed to be haunted, and that one or two of the more timid damsels had actually been confronted by some deceased member of the Blount family. Lady Blount had however declared that she would dismiss from her service any servant who should be so unfortunate as to see a ghost, and since that time not one had made its appearance. In spite of black-looking old tapestry, gloomy curtains, and a curiously wrought counterpane of former times, I slept soundly till I was awoke by the ringing of a bell. As I had been duly informed the evening before of the custom of the family, I took care to be ready to go into the chapel at eight o'clock, where the service was performed in the same manner as it had been done on the preceding evening.

After breakfast I was shewn such parts of the house as were most curious, especially the bed in which Charles the First had slept after one of the unsuccessful battles he had fought with the Parliamentary forces. A portrait of himself was over the fire-place, which he had sent as a present to Sir Jasper Blount,* in gratitude for the hospitality

* The Blount, or rather the Le Blount family was descended from Sir Robert and Sir William Le Blount, who came in with William the Conqueror. The former was baron of Irksworth, and

he had shewn him. Sir Jasper's house was indeed sorrily used on the occasion, and Oliver Cromwell left visible proofs of the loyalty of the old baronet. On ascending the fine oak staircase of the mansion, we perceived that large splinters of wood had been torn from its massive ballustrades by the cannon balls of the republican army, and indentations were apparent in the walls. The shots were carefully preserved as proofs of the loyalty of the family, and have been safely deposited in the parish chest. Sir Jasper, indeed, suffered still more grievously, for besides having his house battered, certain heavy fines were imposed upon him, and his mansion was plundered during the war. I was informed by the old ladies that he was 'a gentleman well read in most parts of learning, and highly esteemed, being truly just and charitable, and exemplary in his life and conversation.' A full length portrait of him in armour was shown me, and I could not help endeavouring to trace in his features the character which had been given of him. He died at the age of eighty-three, and was the founder of the alms-houses I had seen on entering the village.

At the top of the staircase, we entered a spacious

had thirteen lordships; and the latter several in Lincolnshire. They were the sons of the Lord of Guisnes in Picardy, who was descended from the kings of Denmark. See Ward's MS. additions to Professors of Gresham Coll. in Brit. Mus. vol. 2, p. 302.

dining room of handsome proportions, and which I was informed was only used on great occasions. There were several good portraits in it, and over an immense slab of blue marble, was a large picture of Charles the First, seated with his children around him. The ornamented chimney-piece, however, appeared to me the most interesting thing in the room. It was composed entirely of white free-stone, and reached nearly to the top of the room. Several grotesque heads were carved upon it, and one of them was so like a late statesman, equally celebrated for his genius, his great talents, and his unbounded fondness for conviviality, that my companion determined to make the resemblance complete, having taken the opportunity when he dined in the room, of throwing a glass of wine over the face.

Beyond the dining room we entered a tapestried sitting room; the tapestry, with the chairs, were all worked by one of the members of the family, who duly recorded thereon that she was 'Sarah Blount, spinster, aged sixty.' Worthy and industrious old lady! The sight of her red parrots, crowing cocks, and bouquets of flowers must have afforded her infinite delight.

From this room we entered a noble gallery 160 feet in length, ornamented with numerous portraits of warriors, statesmen and others of the olden times, some looking terrible in their armour, and

others smirking in their courtly dresses. Here the ladies of the mansion took their exercise on wet days, and visitors might amuse themselves with battledore and shuttlecock. The windows of the gallery were to the west, and looked down upon the noble terrace, and commanded a view of the park and the country beyond it.

Such was Cleveland Hall, and from its great extent, and the vast accommodation it afforded, some idea might be formed of the wealth and hospitality of former times. Every thing was in proportion. The court-yard, the stables, the brew-house, the laundry and cellars, all gave proofs of splendour and good cheer. In the cellar particularly, mighty barrels of ale might be seen, reaching nearly from the floor to the ceiling, and it required a days brewing to fill one of them. The contents of these butts were well-known and their merits fully appreciated in the neighbourhood, as no one came to the hall without some of it being set before him, and I am obliged to add that few went away sober after having partaken of it. This potent liquor had been brewed time immemorial by John Porter, a sort of game-keeper, and factotum in the family. He was much respected by his mistress, and was looked upon accordingly as a person of some consequence. I have seldom seen so fine a specimen of an English yeoman. He was nearly eighty years of age, but firm and erect in his per-

son, and although his face shewed some symptoms of good living, it was clear that the ale he brewed had not done him any injury. —

After strolling about the park for some time, accompanied by the blood-hounds, spaniels and beagles, who made the woods re-echo with their contrasted notes, as they hit upon the scent of a hare or rabbit, we met with John Porter at one of the fish ponds in the park, where we enjoyed an excellent hour's trolling. Pike appears to be a fish almost indigenous in Staffordshire; and Plot, in his history of that county, mentions them as having been caught of a great size. I shall soon have an opportunity of confirming his statement in this respect, and of laying before my readers what I consider the best method of taking them. In the meantime we hurried away to prepare for an early dinner. Our party was increased by the company of Sir Haggerstone Leigh, and the vicar of the parish. It is difficult to describe the former, and this is one of the most provoking disadvantages an author labours under. He can bring an extraordinary figure before his own fancy, but cannot always succeed in making others see it in the same point of view, I will, however, do my best to describe Sir Haggerstone. The reader must imagine a very tall, thin, upright figure, with clothes hanging loosely about him, his hair abundantly powdered, and a cue sticking out generally behind his ear,

and approaching not unfrequently towards his mouth, which was unusually wide and studded with a few irregular teeth of great length, at some distance from each other. When I first saw him, he was reposing in one of those old fashioned high-backed upright chairs, which have a small uncomfortable looking seat. His legs were extended, his black silk small clothes hardly reached his knees, and he wore a pair of silk stockings which had been washed to a sort of whitish-brown, and were uncommonly wrinkled. What however struck me more than anything else in his appearance, was a most extraordinary obliquity of vision. He seemed to be occasionally looking at his ears, his nose, and his forehead, and now and then nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible.

After I had been formally introduced to him, some common remark was made, which was followed by a laugh or rather shout from Sir Haggerstone, which made me start. On turning towards him I found that not one muscle of his face had moved. He was apparently looking at his stockings. His laugh had suddenly ceased, and he appeared to be wrapt in thought. Another burst came soon afterwards, and as suddenly stopped. Nothing particular had been said, and it was then clear that the baronet was enjoying his own thoughts, and had contracted this extraordinary habit of expressing his satisfaction. Indeed this was proved to

be the case in the course of the evening, for when any thing was said which excited a laugh from others, Sir Haggerstone joined in it much in the usual way. The peculiarity I have mentioned, did not arise from any deficiency of intellect. The baronet had lived in the best society, had travelled much, and had read a great deal. He had, however a peculiar absence of mind, and his laugh made one wonder how so discordant a noise could proceed from so feeble a body.

The vicar contrasted well with Sir Haggerstone. He was a short round man, neat and precise in his dress, with his hair well powdered and turned up behind, like the prints we see of John Wesley. He sidled up to the baronet, and eyed him with unfeigned astonishment. Once or twice he was affected by his laugh, and responded to it with great accuracy, to the surprize of the baronet, who was quite unconscious that he himself had been the occasion of it. Poor Sir Haggerstone! he carried his peculiarity to the grave with him, and it is even said that he quitted the world making one of his convulsive laughs.

In these degenerate times, persons have but little idea of the state in which the two worthy old ladies thought it becoming in them to journey to the village church. The next day was Sunday, and although the weather was fine, and the distance but short, four fat lazy looking horses were

harnessed to the family coach, which drew up to the side of the hall door. The portly coachman seemed bursting with ale and good cheer, and his flaxen wig set off the ruddiness of his jolly countenance. He wore a prodigious nosegay in his button-hole, and a three-cornered hat was knowingly placed on his head. Altogether he appeared a personage of considerable importance in the family. The venerable mistress and her sister were attended to the carriage with no small degree of ceremony, and when they were seated, three footmen with bags, nosegays, and cocked hats got up behind, and the procession moved with great deliberation to the church door. As we approached it, the country people were standing about in expectation of its arrival, and as the carriage passed, they took off their hats, and made their bows with much seeming respect. The footmen attended to open the pew-door, but I observed that the prayer books were stowed under the arm of one of them, a little *wizened* old man, whom I had previously remarked, and who always waited behind the chair of Lady Blount, and seemed privileged to attend to no one else. He had a wonderful acidity of countenance, which was puckered up, and gave the idea that a smile had never passed over it. As I am fond of odd characters, I enquired of my friend respecting him, and found that he had lived from his earliest youth in the family, and was supposed to know more of the

secret history of it than any one else. Whether for this, or for some other reason, he was allowed to have his own way, and no one was permitted to interfere with him. He ate his meals apart from the rest of the servants, and never spoke to any one except on the utmost emergency. It was supposed that he had saved up a great deal of money, which it was thought he hid in secret places in one of the old turrets, which was set apart for his particular accommodation. The key of this turret he carefully kept, and allowed no one to enter it. On one or two occasions I ventured to address him, but he growled out something which I did not understand, giving me at the same time a look which plainly implied that he had no desire to hold communion with me. Such was old Andrew, and I still fancy that I can see him with his large nose, tipped with red, his meagre face, his short starved looking figure, and drum-stick legs, with his vinegar countenance, depositing the prayer books on the well stuffed cushions of the family pew.

On entering the church, and before the service began, the old ladies looked round it with a scrutinizing eye, to see whether their several dependants and tenants were in their usual places. As soon however as the clergyman entered the reading desk, their attention was fixed on the service of the day, and although their devotion might appear formal, it was evidently sincere.

The return of the good ladies to their carriage was by no means without its interest to me. They passed between a double row of the villagers, returning their salutations with kindness, and occasionally making enquiries after their welfare. A message was sent to the clergyman to invite him to eat his roast beef at the hall, a ceremony which I found was but rarely omitted, and if the weather was bad, a carriage was sent for his conveyance. There seemed, in short, to be a reciprocal kindness and good will existing on all sides, a proof that the influence and fortune of the proprietors of Cleveland Hall had been exercised in promoting the welfare of those around it.

As I returned with my companion from church on foot, we overtook my acquaintance, John Porter, having under his charge a very pretty girl, who I discovered was his grand-daughter, and was considered the beauty of the village. It might be doubted which of the two the old man regarded with most affection, this girl, or his mighty barrels of ale. It is certain that he not only looked at, but partook of the latter with peculiar complacency, and you could not gratify him more than by listening to his account of the age and history of his potent brewings. The grand-daughter offered a good contrast to the tall, athletic form of her grand-sire. She had a slight, delicate figure, with large black eyes, a pale but clear complexion, and

teeth perfectly white and even. She seemed to cling to the old man, and raised her eyes to his face every now and then, with a countenance in which melancholy and dejection were strongly portrayed. The old man looked at her in return with great affection, and yet with a degree of anxiety on his countenance, which showed that his grand-child, for some cause or other, was the object of his peculiar care. His firm and erect, although aged figure, appeared still more portly by the side of the slender and beautiful creature who seemed to hang upon him for support. It was the honeysuckle clinging to the oak. We joined them as we entered the park, and my companion shook hands with Mary Grey, in a manner which showed much sympathy and feeling. On enquiring after her health, she turned towards him with an expression of misery and mental anguish, but made no reply. She reminded me of Gray's description of

' The silent maid

' With leaden eye that loves the ground.'

The old man answered for her. He said that Mary was better; and that he hoped soon to see her as well as ever. Mary shook her head and I shall not soon forget the look of woe she gave him. Her grandfather saw it, and perhaps willing to hide her emotion, he turned from us, and we pursued our walk. My companion then

informed me that poor Mary had once been a great favourite with his aunts, who had brought her up with great care and tenderness, and would probably have amply provided for her, had she not displeased them by placing her affections on the son of the school-master of the village. His father had given him a good education, but he had little besides his *handsome face*, his good temper, and excelling all others in country sports, to recommend him, as he was a sort of pickle in the neighbourhood, and was for ever getting into some scrape or other, sometimes shooting or fishing in forbidden places, quizzing old Andrew, which the latter duly reported to his mistress, or playing tricks on the peaceable inhabitants of the village. He was even detected in getting over the park-wall, and prowling round the old house on a moonlight night, to get a sight of Mary. These and other misdemeanours, so prejudiced the worthy ladies against him, that it was intimated to him that if he persisted in his attentions to Mary, his father would be turned out of his school. George had too much good feeling to bring this ruin upon his father; he enlisted into a regiment of dragoons, which soon afterwards was sent to the East Indies, and nothing had since that time been heard of him. Mary took his departure so much to heart, that she absented herself from the hall, and nothing could induce her to renew her attendance on her former mistress.

She lived entirely with her grandfather, in a cottage which he occupied by the side of one of the fish-ponds ; and here Mary employed herself in thinking of her lost lover, until her mind was in a state of melancholy, nearly allied to derangement. She sometimes might be seen, sitting on the little sloping green turf which led from the cottage to the water, surrounded by the poultry which she fed and tended ; at others she walked in the adjoining wood, singing little melancholy songs descriptive of her blighted hopes, some of which she had composed herself. She was in that forlorn condition—

‘ When fate

‘ First leaves the young heart lone and desolate.’

Her lover was also a poet, and after he had quitted her, he sent her some trifling token of his affection, and the following melancholy lines, both of which Mary treasured up as if they were the only riches which fortune had left her. I subsequently obtained a sight of these lines, which were nearly to the following effect.

Oh know'st thou why ;—to distance driven
 When lovers weep the parting hour,
 The simplest gift *that* moment given,
 Long, long retains a magic power.

Still, when it meets my Mary's view,
 Can half the theft of time retrieve,
 Can scenes of former bliss renew,
 And bid each dear remembrance live.

It boots not if the pencill'd rose—
Or sever'd ringlet meets the eye—
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The Talisman of sympathy.

Keep it—yes keep it for my sake—
On fancy's ear still breathes the sound—
Ne'er time the potent chain shall break,
Or loose the spell affection bound.

In flow'ry meads, oh let me live!
Were crystal streams sweet solace give;
To whose harmonious bubbling sound,
My dancing float and heart rebound.

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Newton and I made our way to the large pond in the park with eager anticipations of good sport. Indeed we had every reason to entertain them. The day was fine and balmy, and the wind produced that gentle undulation on the water, which a troller delights to see, and which 'spread o'er all the fluid element.' Indeed I have observed that success in pike-fishing, especially in clear and shallow water, generally depends on the surface being ruffled. A fine, bright day, is often an unsuccessful one in pike-fishing, whereas I have frequently had excellent sport in cold autumnal weather, when there has been a breeze on the water. When that breeze however is accompanied by a cloudy sky and a warm southerly wind, a troller may depend on catching fish if there are any to be caught. The only thing I pique myself upon is being a good troller; and I have besides one great

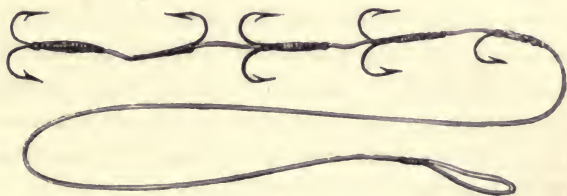
advantage in trolling, and that is having arms and legs of rather an unusual length, which enable me to cast a line further than most people.

As some novice in the art may read this work, and as some of my brethren of the Walton and Cotton Club have made enquiries respecting my method of trolling, I will proceed to give them such instructions, as will, if properly attended to, speedily make them proficient in the art, and enable them

‘ to trowle for pike, dispeplers of the lake.’

I must begin by recommending a light, but strong cane rod, some ten or eleven feet in length, rather stiff, but yet with some little pliability at the upper end. The rings should be of twisted brass, and each of them sufficiently large to allow at least the little finger to pass through them with ease. The use of these will be seen presently. The line should be of about forty yards in length, so that an expert troller, in a good situation, and with the wind in his favour, should be able to cast nearly that distance at every throw. The difficulty is how to procure a good line. Those which are generally sold in the fishing tackle shops in London to *novices*, are not only apt to clink when they are wet, but also to break if a heavy fish is at the end of them. The best I have had, were pro-

cured for me by an old brother angler from Macclesfield, who is now, alas! no more, and I have been obliged to seek for them elsewhere. I can now recommend those sold by Mr. Barth of Cockspur-street, who is a good, as well as a civil and obliging tradesman, and who also makes up the sets of trolling hooks, which I am now about to describe, or rather to give a sketch of, as it is somewhat difficult to convey a proper idea of them without it. The hooks are fastened on gimp, having a loop at the end for the purpose of fastening it to the swivel of one end of a trace, thus,—



The upper hook is put through the lips of the bait; the second and third hooks should be fixed on the side of the back—the fourth hook is placed a contrary way, for the purpose of giving a bend to the tail of the bait which makes it spin—and one of the last hooks is to be fixed near the fork of the tail of the bait, which will then appear as seen in the accompanying sketch.



It requires some skill to put on a bait properly so as to make it spin when played in the water, but a little practice will soon effect this. The length from the loop to the last hook should be about eleven inches, and the trace about twenty-two inches, having a swivel at each end and one in the middle. The trace is also made of gimp, and should have three or four rather large shots attached to it. These will enable a young beginner to throw his bait the more readily.

With the above mentioned rod and tackle, half a dozen good dead baits, either gudgeons, or dace, but as nearly as possible the length of the sets of hooks to be used, a knife with a small hammer at the end to kill and crimp the pike when taken, and a pair of scissors to extract the hooks from his mouth, the troller may set to work. If he fishes from a bank, mill-dam, meadow, or in short from any place where his line is not liable to get en-

tangled, no reel is necessary. It is in fact an encumbrance. Longer, quicker and better casts can be made without one. The troller has only to gather up his line around him and alter his cast, which is chiefly made with the right hand, and he has his left at liberty to draw in the line which he disposes on the ground near him, stepping forward a pace or two, so as to vary the place where his bait is thrown. In this way he may make his casts with great rapidity, letting his bait sink or keeping it near the surface according to the depth of the water, or the height of the weeds. When weeds are found within six or eight inches of the surface, the bait should be skimmed nearly along the top of the water. This may be done by having a small one, fewer shot, keeping the top of the rod well elevated, and by throwing out a lesser length of line. On the contrary, when the water is deep, the point of the rod should be held near the water, and additional shot should be added to the trace to make the bait sink the quicker.

In this way of trolling, the large rings recommended to be fixed on the rod are of essential use. In case of any knot in the line, or any bit of grass or small stick adhering to it, an obstruction seldom takes place, as the rings are sufficiently large to let them through when the line is cast. This hint is well worth the attention of trollers. The only objection to it is that the joints of the rod cannot

be put one within the other as is usually done. This may be obviated by having a case made of leather with three small straps. This is very portable, and there is not the difficulty in extracting the joints which often occurs with the old-fashioned rods. Mr. Barth makes these cases from a pattern which I gave him.

The best hooks for trolling are those made at Limerick. They are well tempered, have an admirable curve, and the objection which has been made to them of their being heavy and clumsy, is an advantage in trolling for pike, although, it may not be in fly-fishing. O'Shaughnessy's are the best, and I never knew one of his hooks break in the mouth of a pike, which the London hooks are apt to do. This indeed should be guarded against in trolling, for if one hook of a set breaks, the set is useless until it has been repaired.

In trolling from a boat or punt, or amongst sedges, brambles, &c. a reel is necessary, and I would recommend a wooden one about four and a half inches across, having the rim grooved for the reception of the line. These reels turn round with great rapidity when the cast is made, letting out a sufficient length of line, and are wound up again by turning them with the fore-finger. They are not generally known, but deserve to be so. I have left a pattern of them with Mr. Barth who will get them made for any of my brother anglers

who may feel inclined to try them. They are much to be preferred to the common brass reel, especially in fishing from a boat, they avoid the noise, and much of the trouble of winding up, and the line never clinks. These are all great advantages in trolling.

When a pike has come at a bait, a moment's pause should take place, and he should be then gently struck to the right or left as his supposed position may be. If the troller strikes when the mouth of the fish is directly towards him, he is apt to pull the bait out of his mouth.

When a pike is hooked, he should be kept as much as possible near the surface of the water to prevent his getting into weeds, which add so much to the stress on the line. If he is a weighty fish, it will be necessary to allow time for three or four violent struggles which he will make, but in general it is as well to land him as soon as possible. What is said about playing him till he is tired is a waste of time. I am always for securing a fish as quickly as may be.

The best trolling I have had has generally been from the 1st of November to the 1st of March. The weeds are then down and rotten, and pike see the bait readily. The weather however for fishing at this season of the year should be moderately fine, with a mild wind, and the water *in tune*, as an old angler calls it. I have never had

a good day's trolling when the water has been discoloured.

Troller Nobbes, whose memory is duly honoured among the toasts of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club at the social and pleasant dinners of that worthy society, mentions the months of March and April as seasonable and auspicious to the troller. I am sorry to differ with our father in the art of trolling, but I cannot think that a real angler, for the mere sake of catching a pike, would wish to troll in those months, for the fish are then sick and out of condition, having cast their spawn so recently. To be sure the month of April is not without its delights, and as the excellent troller Nobbes observes, 'it is a month so inviting to sport, that it is both pleasant and profitable. The chirping birds do then begin to seek their mates, and the very silent cuckoo that forsook her colder climate, does again salute her sprouting branches, and tell us the news of an approaching summer. You may then please yourself to see the tender swallow so joyful at her first flight, when she seems to make obeisance to your bait, and displays her wings upon the surface of the waters.' This is a pretty description of the approach of spring, when all nature is animated, and the earth teems with renovated existence, but it is no apology for a practice which every true sportsman must deprecate. That pike are hungry in March and

April, and will take a bait readily, there can be no doubt, that they have not arrived at that state of fatness and firmness which they get in summer, but are 'flap and thin,' as troller Nobbes confesses them to be at that season of the year.

The best time of the day for trolling for pike is from four to six o'clock in the evening in summer, and from two to three o'clock in winter. They may however be readily taken at all times of the day when the weather is propitious. I prefer gudgeons to all other baits, as they are tougher, and therefore are not readily jerked off the hooks. If properly put on, they spin admirably, and are then very attractive. A bleak is the next good bait, but I generally find that I take smaller pike with them than I do with a gudgeon. A small perch, with the fins cut off is not a bad bait, but the most killing one I know of is a smelt, they however are not always to be had.

It is impossible to describe the best situations for taking pike. In a well stocked pond or river, they may be met with in every direction. A pike has its own peculiar haunts, and he seldom quits them, fearing to be preyed upon by some of his own species.

I have now little to add to my account of trolling as I practice it. My readers will see how few things are necessary to enable them to pursue the sport. *Omnia mea mecum porto.* Half a dozen

baits in the pocket, and a rod and line, are all that are necessary, besides a small case of hooks, a knife, and a pair of scissors.

I am not about to make any comparison between the pleasure of trolling, and that of fly-fishing. They may both be enjoyed in their several ways, and trolling may be had when fly-fishing cannot. I always consider the mere act of fishing as a secondary consideration. I connect with it the enjoyment of the country, the song of birds, the beauty of the day, the refreshment of mind, and the calmness of thought, which these bring with them. 'If,' as an old writer remarks, 'an angler is weary, his sport refreshes him; if melancholy, it cheers him; if in pain, it eases him. 'This is the prosperity of the fisher. Patience and hope are the two chiefest pillars that support him.' Cowper appears to have had this feeling, when he remarked—

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace
 Domestic life in rural pleasure past,
 Few know the value, and few taste the peace.

Perhaps there is no pleasure to be enjoyed at a more easy rate than that of angling, one more conducive to health, or which composes the mind to that quiet and serenity which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the happiness they bring with them. An old angler has

justly remarked that he who lives; *Sibi et Deo*, leads the most happy life; and when we reflect that most of our earthly hopes are attended with anxiety—that ambition, and riches, and power generally have some cares or evils to counterbalance them, the contented angler may pursue his course, enjoying his beloved recreation, with a mind unruffled like the stream he wanders along.

Here I can let my fancy feed its fill,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
While other toyl in pleasure, and perplex,
Are with unquiet recreations vext—

Still let me walk in woods and forests long,
In whose cool bowers the birds sing many a song;
And in the verdant meadows fresh and green,
Joyous I'll sit, and court the Summer's Queen.

TROLLER NOBBES.

In the above short directions for trolling, my readers will perceive that I have said nothing about snap or live bait-fishing, or of setting trimmers for pike. I detest them all, especially the two last, as they are attended with no small degree of cruelty. An angler may enjoy his amusement, and yet inflict very little pain upon the fish, he takes, or the bait he uses. As long as he does this, his sport is an innocent one, but when a live gudgeon has a wire passed under its skin, and is then set afloat to be gorged by a pike, which probably remains for hours with hooks in its stomach, swimming about in very fear and pain until it is hauled

into a boat, the sport degenerates into an act of wanton cruelty. By fishing with a dead bait, and by instantly killing a fish as soon as it is landed, but little pain is inflicted, and perhaps not more than every animal suffers in being deprived of life for the purpose of becoming food for the use of man. I am the more desirous of mentioning this, because there are many persons who think that angling and cruelty are synonymous terms. I have however entered elsewhere more fully into this subject.

I cannot conclude this account of the plan I have recommended for trolling, without assuring my readers that I have practised it for many years past, and with continued success. I have two or three worthy disciples in my neighbourhood, who, following the example I have set them, frequently enjoy excellent sport. I can also appeal to many of my brother anglers who now and then pay me a visit, and also to the Thames fishermen who reside near me and have been in the habit of attending me in my piscatory excursions, as witnesses of the success I generally meet with while trolling in the manner I have described. This method, is, I think, infinitely to be preferred to the gorge, snap or beed-hooks so generally used, and which have been recommended by both antient and modern writers on angling. Experience alone can prove this.

It is now time to give my readers an account of the sport we met with in the large pond of Cleveland Hall. I have already said that it was just such a day as a troller would wish for, the wind being soft and balmy, and producing that curl on the water which he delights to see. The walk along the bank at the head of the pond was about a quarter of mile in length, and was of turf kept in the neatest order. Over this walk, branches of beech, oak, and various evergreens, made a delightful shade. Nothing could be more graceful and beautiful than the variety of foliage at this season of the year. In addition to this, we observed a succession of sun-beams irradiate the horizon, and every now and then the sun burst forth in all its splendour, and was soon again enveloped in *his* purple robes. About the middle of the walk, the water from the pond made its way over a cascade of rough stones (across which a small bridge had been placed) into the valley below us, which was covered by an underwood of hollies, laurels, and box-wood, shrubs which I should wish to see more frequently introduced into our modern plantations. The walk I have described was continued round the right side of the pond, and no bush or rush appeared to interrupt the sport of the troller between it and the water, which rippled gently along the sparkling gravel of its banks.

Immediately before us, the rising ground of the

park was seen, broken into little hills and vallies, and covered with noble forest trees, over the tops of which the turrets of the old hall occasionally met the eye and added to the beauty of the scene. Numerous deer and cattle were quietly grazing here and there, while some of the latter might be seen cooling themselves in the shallow water at the end of the pond. Swallows sported about, and a solitary heron might be discovered on the decayed branch of a gigantic oak, waiting for our departure to seek his food in the watery element.

To the left of us, the peaceful cottage of John Porter offered a pretty picture. A rude verandah encircled it, which Mary, in her happier days, had ornamented with climbing plants of various sorts. Some of these covered a part of the thatched roof, and had interspersed themselves with house-leek, tufts of grass, and patches of green moss. The cottage was sheltered by a noble wood of beech and hollies, and standing on the sloping green near it, an enormous old pollard might be seen, its dead and decaying branches producing an effect which every lover of those venerable ruins would delight in. Against it birds of prey and various kinds of vermin had been nailed, either in terrorem, or to shew his mistress, when she passed by, that her gamekeeper had not been neglectful of his duty. Against this tree, John Porter had, for many a year been in the habit of exercising himself with

his rifle, until the numerous wounds it had received produced a more rapid decay than Nature had intended. It presented—

‘ A grief-worn aspect of its former years.’

The worthy ale-brewer and keeper saw this, and probably comparing the aged tree with himself, he had for some time forborne to injure it.

On the edge of the grass-plot between the cottage and the water, sat poor Mary, her hair hanging loosely about her face, and surrounded as usual by her poultry. They seemed to sympathize in her misfortune, for every now and then they gently came up to her, looked in her face, and then hovered at a little distance from her. John Porter had asked me to try for a pike near his cottage, which he said had devoured some of Mary’s ducklings when they came into the water. I approached the spot for that purpose, and as I came near, I observed her conceal something which she had been earnestly looking at. She then began to sing the following plaintive lines, and as she repeated them more than once in the course of the morning, I have been able to retain nearly the substance of them.

Forget thee, no!—in pain and woe,
 Thro’ every change of time and tide,
 For thee my notes of sadness flow,
 To thee my thoughts of fondness glide.
 Then— wherefore speak that idle word,
 I would not be the thing thou fearest,
 Tho’ here thy name is never heard,
 ’Tis all to me, my best and dearest.

Forget thee, no! the scenes we rov'd—
 The evening walk, the sheltered bower,
 And more than all that song you lov'd
 And wept to, in the moonlit hour.
 These still are mine,—and oh that lay
 If e'er from other lips thou hearest,
 Thou 'lt think of her who 's far away,
 And weep as then thou did'st, my dearest.

Forget thee, no!—tho' pitying friends
 In kindness bid me not repine,
 There's none whose care so gently tends,
 Whose accents sound so soft as thine.
 I should be grateful, but I turn
 To where thy dreary course thou steerest,—
 Where India's skies above thee burn,—
 Yet would that I were with thee, dearest.

Forget thee, love! in vain, in vain,
 This cheek is pale, these eyes are wet,
 And tho' this heart is wrung with pain
 I would not if I could—forget.
 Then wherefore breathe that idle word,
 I *could* not be the thing thou fearest,
 Tho' here thy name be never heard,
 To me 'tis more than life, my dearest.

After two or three attempts, (for the fish was wary,) I at last succeeded in taking a pike at the spot John Porter had pointed out. It was not however that monster of the deep he had described it to be, as it did not weigh more than seven pounds. It was however a well fed and good conditioned fish, probably owing to the young ducks it had been in the habit of devouring. I found that the capture of this pike occasioned the honest old man to look with less contempt at my

set of Limerick roach hooks, as I found that he had been in the habit of fishing with some large enough to take a shark, and thought that any thing of a smaller size would be sure to break.

After a few more casts, I had a run which convinced me that I had hooked a fish of a very unusual weight. It soon ran out nearly the whole length of my line, and I began to feel that sort of anxiety which an angler experiences when he thinks a fish may be too strong for his tackle, when luckily it turned towards the left and I then had it more at command. Those who have taken large pike in trolling, know that after the line has been shortened, the angler is pretty certain of his capture. This was now my case. I felt that I had a command over the fish after his two or three first struggles and I could turn it which way I pleased. My expected prize, however, was still in deep water, and I had not yet been able to make him show himself. Some weeds had got over the line when the pike ran to the left, and this added considerably to the strain upon it as well as upon the rod. I knew however the goodness of my tackle, and kept the fish on the move, and looked out for a place where I could best land it. At last I drew it towards me, but it felt more like a log than a fish, till I got it near the side, when John Porter gaffed it to my great content. It was the largest pike I had ever taken, weighing very nearly twenty-

eight pounds. It was a short, but thick fish, and was in fine condition. John Porter informed me that the pond was generally fished every seven years, and that he returned into it every pike that was under seven pounds in weight. As that period had nearly expired, the pike I had caught could not have grown in weight less than twenty pounds in seven years, I was informed however that some had been taken out of the pond, which must have increased thirty pounds in that time, or about four and a quarter pounds a year.

I was now satisfied with my morning's amusement, and therefore went and joined my companion on the other side of the pond, to inform him of the success I had had. As he also had enjoyed tolerably good sport, we put up our tackle, and had our fish conveyed to the hall for the inspection of our hostess and her sister.

I may here observe that I have generally found the pike caught in the Staffordshire ponds in which I have fished, to be not only well flavoured fish, but to have their colours more marked and beautiful than any I have met with elsewhere. I am not aware to what cause this is owing, but the fact is so, and the growth of the fish is exceedingly rapid. I saw two pike of thirty-six pounds each, one of thirty-five pounds, and several which weighed from twenty to thirty pounds taken out of a pond in Staffordshire in the autumn, which had grown

to that size from stores which had been put into it seven years previously.

The voracity of the pike is enormous. I had a dead pike sent me weighing about seven pounds, which was killed by endeavouring to swallow another of about five pounds. They were both found on the bank of a pond, the head of the smaller pike being in the throat of the other.

A pike very recently took a bait and was killed, and the tail of a rat was found projecting from its mouth.

In cold weather, pike conceal their heads and tails under weeds, while their backs are uncovered. They show some reluctance to leave this position, even when touched with a stick, and in the river Thames the fisherman frequently take them up in the hand when they find them in this situation.

Pike are not gregarious fish, but it is certain that they migrate at a particular period of the year, probably before or after the spawning season. A friend of mine who had a right of fishing in the river Ouse in Norfolk, informed me that he caught them occasionally in nets in such prodigious numbers that they were hawked about for sale all round the country. He sent me a large hamper full of them by way of specimen, but they were not much to be commended.

I will now close my account of pike, and pike fishing, merely adding that we pursued our diver-

sion for some days with great success. It was on one of these occasions, while we were trolling in the large pond which has been already described, that the servant of my friend Harry Newton came to us with letters. One of them was for our attendant John Porter, who never left us during our angling excursions, in which he appeared to take a great interest, having already become a convert to my small sets of Limerick hooks. A letter for the worthy keeper was so unusual a thing, that he surveyed both sides of it for some time, and then asked me to do him the favour of reading it for him, as he was without his spectacles. I accordingly opened it, and found that it was from Mary's lover. He said that he had been in a general action in the East Indies, in which he had been wounded in doing some service to his commanding officer. He had been promoted in consequence, and sent to England for the recovery of his health. His letter was dated from the sea-port where he had landed, and it mentioned his intention of returning home as soon as he was well enough to travel. He added a message to Mary, assuring her of his unaltered affection.

When I had finished the perusal of the letter, the old man was much affected, he took off his hat, and with his eyes filled with tears, he looked with much solemnity and devotion towards heaven, and said, 'God be thanked for this.' Never shall I

forget his appearance at this moment. His tall, erect, and athletic figure—his silvery hair which covered his ears and neck, and curled over his manly brow, and his open ruddy countenance, left a picture on the mind which will not soon be obliterated. His first impulse was to see Mary. We warned him of the consequence of an abrupt disclosure to her of the contents of the letter, and he promised to be guarded. We advanced towards his cottage, where we found Mary busied in decorating a little vase with flowers, her face pale and melancholy as usual. She was evidently thinking of her absent lover, and that she should see him no more. We heard her singing the following lines in a tone which found its way to all our hearts.

Sleep, sleep, poor youth! Sleep, sleep in peace.
 Relieved from love, and mortal care;
 Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
 Uncertain blest less happy are.

Our entrance interrupted her song. 'Mary,' said the old man, 'Mary, my dear child, here's some thing to comfort thee.' Mary turned towards him. There was in her countenance that look of anxiety and hopelessness which evince the heighth of wretchedness. Shakespeare says.—

'The miserable have no other medicine,
 'But only hope.'

Poor Mary had not even this to comfort her, she

was possessed with the idea that her lover was lost to her for ever. She looked at her grandfather, and then at the letter he held in his hand. Her face became paler than ever. The old man trembled with agitation. 'My dear, dear Mary,' said he, taking her hand, and looking affectionately in her face, 'George is come back, and will soon be here.' Mary heard no more; the shock was too great for her, and she fell senseless to the ground. It was sometime before she came to herself, or recovered any consciousness of what had been told her. Newton, with that kindness of heart for which he is remarkable, beckoned to the old man not to speak, and kneeling by the side of Mary, he by degrees made her understand the good tidings which her grandfather had too abruptly disclosed. Her look of woe and despair was succeeded by a flood of tears, and the relief which these afforded her, gave the first assurance that the faculties of her mind were restored. With this conviction, we soon afterwards quitted the cottage, but not without receiving the grateful thanks of the good old keeper, and Newton promising to use his influence with his aunts in favour of Mary and her lover.

As we walked back to the hall, my friend, whose heart was full of the subject, arranged the plan of operation with his aunts. The attack was to take place soon after dinner, and Newton, was very sanguine in his hopes of overcoming all difficulties.

I was not only curious to see how he would begin, but anxious for the result. The dinner, therefore, which always occupied some considerable space of time, appeared more than usually long. It was at length concluded, the desert was placed on the table, with the port, sherry and madeira, besides a range of orange, ginger, gooseberry, and other wines, with their proper labels, and red morocco stands. I am not going to detail the conversation, or to state how matters were brought about. There was some flattery used, and Newton related the little story of George and Mary with much feeling. The old ladies, who had still some romance left in their disposition, were moved by the account, and also pleased with the enthusiasm their nephew shewed on the occasion. They not only loved, but were proud of him, and perhaps saw in him a second Sir Jasper Blount. However this might be, the decree was passed ; Mary was to be restored to favour, George's former indiscretions were to be forgotten, and they were to be placed in a small farm, and sufficient means afforded them to stock it.

I was obliged to quit the old hall the next morning, and therefore did not witness the meeting of the lovers. I soon afterwards however received a letter from Newton, informing me of George's arrival, and that his health was rapidly improving. He had been graciously received by the old ladies, and the

marriage was to take place as soon as a house was ready for them.

I have now finished the account of my trolling excursion into Staffordshire, which I will wind up with a quotation from that extraordinary angler and hunter, Dame Juliana Berners, in her Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle, called the Boke of St. Albans.

‘ The Angler atte the leest hath his holsom
‘ walke, and merry at his ease. A sweete ayre of
‘ the sweete savoure of the meede floures, that
‘ makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodyous
‘ harmony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes
‘ herons, duckes, cootes, and many other fowles
‘ wyth theyr broodes, whyche me semyth better
‘ than alle the noyse of houndys. And yf the
‘ Angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there noo
‘ man merier than he is in his spyryte.’

PERCH FISHING CLUB.

- ' Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
- ' The kind rewarders of my youthful life ;
- ' Ye shady woods, where once I used to rove,
- ' Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;
- ' Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
- ' The sweet composers of the pensive soul ;
- ' Farewell ! the city calls me from your bow'rs ;
- ' Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours.'

GAY.

EVERY one perhaps looks back with a certain degree of pleasure and satisfaction to some period of his youth, when he enjoyed the passing hour with peculiar gratification. How well do I feel this to be the case with myself. However much of wholesome afflictions may since have fallen to my lot, joined to innumerable blessings, I often think with peculiar complacency on certain passages of my younger days. How well do I call to mind the time when in high health, good spirits, and well mounted, I followed the hounds in my native county, surrounded by the friends of my youth. The rivalry of being forward in the chase, the goodness of my old horse Active, the beauty of the morning in a fine open country, and the exhilara-

ting cry of the hounds, all left an impression on the mind, which even old age itself will never be able to obliterate. While I write this 'with spectacles on nose,' and half a century over my head, I feel all the zest of the moment I have described. I neither mean to justify the sport, or the way in which my time was then spent, but where there was an absence of positive vice, the happy moments of one's youth may now and then be recurred to. How readily do I bring to my recollection some of the impressions of those pleasant hours. In a neighbouring village lived the old friend of my younger days, Dr. Aston. His vicarage was alike remarkable for its neatness and hospitality. Situate in the centre of a pretty village, with the church, its beautiful spire, and a bubbling trout stream close to it, it seemed the very *beau ideal* of a country parsonage. Here the worthy doctor exercised his kindness both to rich and poor; he was loved by every one; indeed it was impossible it should be otherwise. He had a simplicity of manner, a heartiness, and such a jolly good temper which nothing could disturb, that he was greeted with smiles and good wishes wherever he went. He certainly preached, sooth to say, a prosy sermon on a Sunday, but then he relieved the distressed, and endeavoured to reclaim the vicious. I was in the constant habit of calling upon him when the hounds threw off near his house. He then came

forth equipped for the occasion, with his dark brown topped boots, and a pair of silver chain spurs on his heels, a pepper and salt coat, somewhat short in the skirts, but coming well over his knees, a huge whip in his hand, and a hat rather low in the crown, but with a capacious brim, under which appeared his wide, red, good-humoured face. The doctor himself was a large portly man, riding somewhat under twenty stone, but his favourite horse was quite equal to his weight. He was a dark chestnut, nearly seventeen hands high, and would have carried a giant; when he was led from the stable, the worthy vicar mounted from a horse-block, the only chance he had of getting into his saddle. I must here digress a little to inform my youthful readers that in former times a horse-block was attached to almost every house in the country. In those prosperous days, the good old custom of riding double was universally practised, and in order to facilitate the ascent of a female behind some village *Nestor*, so called from his being a pillion sage, (excuse the pun) the appendage I have mentioned was in general use.

Off the Doctor set, attended by his servant, a sort of factotum, who occasionally acted as groom, clerk, and footman. It was pleasant to see the hearty welcome which the worthy divine received from his brother sportsmen, when he came to the place where the hounds met to throw off. He

Pylion

was consulted on every circumstance attending the sport, and was indeed considered as a sort of master of the subscription pack. Poor Dr. Aston! He has now run to earth himself; and a better or a kinder hearted man, or so good a sportsman of the old school, I shall never meet with again.

Mr. Sutton, was another associate residing in the same village. He was a surgeon and apothecary, but having married a rich wife and inherited a good sum of money from his father, he cared little about practice; which was indeed chiefly confined to some wealthy families in the neighbourhood. His manners were particularly pleasing; and his appearance smacked so little of Hippocrates that any one who did not know his profession would have taken him for a good old English country squire. He had always five or six first-rate hunters in his stable, all kept in the best order, and a *team* of high bred greyhounds, for he sometimes amused himself with coursing. All these were under the especial care of his old groom Joe, who was the oracle of the neighbourhood with respect to horse-flesh. Joe had known me from my boy-hood, and considered me as a sort of pupil of his. If I took rather a desperate leap, I looked round to see if Joe had observed it; if I bought a new horse, it was always first shewn to Joe for his approbation. His master had the greatest regard for him, and no two persons were better suited for each other. Joe's pride

was in his stable, and Mr. Sutton's in his horses and groom. The worthy surgeon kept an admirable table, and every thing was the best which could be procured. Many a jovial dinner have I had at his house after a hard day's hunting, and never did I enter it without a hearty welcome.

Farmer Tibbalt, as we used to call him, was another sporting associate, and he certainly was one of the most out of the way men I ever met with. Rough in his exterior, he had a polished mind, which however had *rusted* a little in his latter years by his affecting to dislike the company of gentlemen. He was a man of good fortune, and farmed a considerable estate of his own, and few persons could do it better. His great delight was in coursing, and if any one beat one of his favourite greyhounds, he was sure to be pressed to dinner. It was my luck to do so on one occasion, and I received an invitation accordingly. It was the first time I had entered his house, and I shall never forget the scene which presented itself. After depositing my horse in the stable, I had to pick my way through a dirty farm-yard to a small wicket gate, tumbling off its hinges. This led me by the gable end of the house to a small untidy garden. The house itself was a large straggling building, with little casement windows, and covered with honey-suckles and pyracanthus. The entrance door led immediately into the dining-room, where

there was a sideboard covered with a profusion of fine old plate. Two unusually tall footmen, in rich liveries, waited with napkins over their thumbs, a custom not much then in vogue, and the dinner was well dressed and rather recherché. The party consisted of two respectable farmers in the neighbourhood, a lawyer of the name of Dawson, and the wife of our host, a melancholy subdued looking woman, who never spoke, and who left the room as soon as dinner was over. Farmer Tibbalt then was in all his glory. His best port wine was produced, and with it certain old fashioned glasses, having long stalks which were curiously figured, and on the top of them appeared small circular globes intended to hold the wine, and which were decorated with vine leaves and bunches of grapes, with the motto, 'dum vivimus bibamus,' round each rim. They did not, to be sure, hold much, but then our host insisted that they should be filled to the very brim on every circulation of the bottle, which performed its duty with no little celerity. Those of the party who had been in the habit of dining with our worthy landlord, seemed fully aware of the custom of the house, and offered no objections to the frequency of the required libations. The conversation was about pigs, greyhounds, sheep and oxen, except that now and then, when something called it forth, our host showed that he was well acquainted with elegant literature, and

that like Mæcenas, of old, he was ‘doctus ser-
‘mones utriusque linguæ.’ He appeared, however,
ashamed of having shown his learning, and returned
immediately to his dogs and kine. He was an
extraordinary compound of contradictions. He
talked of persons of rank with contempt, while he
was flattered at any approaches they made to an
acquaintance with him. He affected to despise
learning, while it was evident that he had sedu-
lously cultivated it, and he dressed himself like a
sloven, while his servants appeared in the most
expensive liveries. He was, however, hospitable,
and a kind master, and understood the habits and
supplied the wants of his numerous labourers, who
looked up to him as a friend always ready to assist
them. I had a proof of this at a harvest-home to
which I was invited. Great numbers of peasants
had assembled, with their wives, children and rela-
tions. Tables were spread under sheds in the
farm-yard, which were profusely covered with meat
and puddings, together with a plentiful supply of
ale, on which Mr. Tibbalt prided himself much.
As soon as dinner was over, the host went round
the tables to enquire if every one was satisfied, and
this was the signal for drinking his health. One
of the principal labourers got up, and in a clear,
loud voice, sang the following lines, every one
joining in the chorus, which might have been
heard a mile off.

Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast,
And I do hope with all my heart,
His soul in heav'n may rest ;
And that all things may prosper
Which he does take in hand,
For we are all his servants
And under his command.

CHORUS.

Then drink boys, and sing boys,
Take care, you do not spill,
For if you do, you must drink two,
And that's our master's will.

These lines were probably the production of some 'mute inglorious Milton' of the village. The threat of any one's being obliged to drink two tumblers of ale in case any of it was spilt, would most likely lead many to commit the crime for the sake of incurring the penalty

When the dinner was over, the whole party adjourned to the great barn, which had been fitted up for the occasion. Here they danced and sang till a late hour in the morning, and then dispersed full of gratitude and good wishes to their liberal entertainer.

I have mentioned this scene more particularly, because it was one of those old customs which is now falling into disuse. It helped to cement that good understanding which should always exist between a master and his labourers. It was one of those ties which bind them together, and produced

that kindliness of feeling which almost deprives labour of its burthen, and cheers the peasant during the performance of his daily task.

The characters I have attempted to describe, in addition to a few other persons of respectability, met together in my younger days, at an old fashioned farmhouse, standing by the side of a deep stream, and belonging to a wealthy farmer and miller, for the purpose of perch fishing, and playing at bowls. This house was the very picture of neatness and comfort. It was built of grey sandstone, having windows which projected a little, and it was covered with roses, creepers of various sorts, and an old vine, all carefully trained, and which gave it a cheerful appearance. Numerous stacks of various sorts, and of a portly size, were seen on one side of the house, and amongst them turkies, geese, ducks, fowls and pigs, revelled in the utmost luxury. On one side, a small terrace was raised just above the stream, having a fishing-house at one end of it, and opposite the house was a well kept bowling-green. Here a club, consisting of the persons I have referred to, and who rented the miller's stream, met once a fortnight during the summer, to enjoy the diversion of perch fishing, for which the river was celebrated, or if they thought proper, to vary the amusement, by playing at the healthy and animating game of bowls.

The worthy miller had allowed the club to be

established, I verily believe, as a source of amusement to himself. He provided a dinner for us, protected the fishery, and took a great interest in the election of a new member. He knew the character and history of every one in the neighbourhood, and gave his opinion freely of those whom he thought would not make a pleasant addition to the party. Our host himself looked like a regular Boniface. Enormously fat and portly in his person, rough in his manners, and having a sly, cunning look out of the corners of his eyes, like a magpie, he was nevertheless liberal in his entertainments, and moderate in his charges to the club, of which he considered himself a member. He beat us all as a perch fisher, but a game of bowls was his delight, although he was unable to pick up a ball, and like Falstaff, it was many a year since he had seen his own knee. During a game of bowls, he watched his opportunity of making a small bet, which he generally won to his evident satisfaction, and on receiving the money, he gave a significant look, implying, in the language of the road, that he knew a thing or two.

Such was Tom Wagstaffe, and I verily believe that the happiest days of his life were those on which the Club met at his house. He was rich and prosperous. His mill was kept constantly going, and the noise of the wheel, and the splash of the water, added to the interest of the scene around us. His farm, and farm-yard, teemed with

abundance, and the opposite bank of the stream presented a beautiful verdant slope of meadow to the very edge of the water, while at a little distance on the opposite side, the ground was here and there abruptly steep, and adorned with trees and underwood. Tom Wagstaffe was a widower, and had only one son to inherit his riches. He was a solemn, contented looking young man, and was held in good order by his father, who kept him constantly at work, and seemed to have a dread of his becoming elated with the prospects before him.

At this mill, or rather at the farm-house adjoining it, the Members of the Club met at such times in the morning as suited their inclination, and commenced fishing for perch. The dinner, however, was always placed on the table punctually at three o'clock. It consisted of a water *souché* of perch floating amidst parsley, and parsley roots, a slight piece of beef, certain products of the farm, with puddings and tarts in abundance, all of which were placed on the table at the same time, an arrangement which our worthy host persisted in, because his father and grandfather had done so before him. For this fare, in addition to good ale *ad libitum*, each Member paid in those times of prosperity the sum of eighteen pence. To be sure our host did not gain any thing by us, but then he had the satisfaction of seeing a merry and joyous party around him, and he chuckled with

delight as his dinner was praised, and ample justice done to it.

Dr. Aston, as the senior Member of the Club, took his place on the right hand of our landlord, and a more jolly pair seldom met. He was supported on his left, as a matter of course, by Dennis Dawson. He was a lawyer and an Irishman, and had set up for practice in a neighbouring country town. His idle and vagrant habits, however, his careless good humour, and his fondness for society, caused him to possess but little business. He was moreover a poet and a wit, and these qualifications helped to make him a welcome guest at every one's table. We were waited upon by our landlord's son, assisted by Phœbe Cobus, a sort of upper servant and factotum in the house, and who has since become its mistress. Phœbe was a sightly damsel, with good wholesome rosy cheeks, plump arms, and red elbows, and dressed in the neatest manner possible. She was a general favourite with the Members of the Club, from her good humour and attention to them. She blushed at Dr. Aston's jokes, and simpered when she was addressed by the lawyer, occasioned perhaps by the following verses which he made upon her, a line or two from which he would sometimes whisper in her ear as she handed a glass of ale to him. They are duly recorded in the archives of the Club, with some other *fooleries*, and I have no doubt are still pre-

served with all due care by the son of our old landlord, and may be inspected by any one who is curious in such matters. As for myself, I delight in these records of rural life, although they are only of interest to those who are happily disengaged from the bustle and cares attendant on politics and dissipation. The following are some of Dawson's lines on Phœbe—

No eye has beheld since the reign of Jacobus,
 A damsel so fair as the sweet Phœbe Cobus.
 Though fashion in silks and in satins may robe us,
 'Tis Nature alone decks the sweet Phœbe Cobus,
 Sing hi diddle, ho diddle, tantarra bobus,
 No damsel so fair as the sweet Phœbe Cobus.

Dawson, in addition to his poetic talents, of which the above is a fair specimen, was also apt at parodies. Seeing the worthy vicar helping himself one day to some fowls and ham, he exclaimed, in imitation of 'Glorious John's' Alexander's feast—

He saw the sirloin fat and good
 Of which to fill his plate
 Became his high estate ;
 (Old English royal food)
 Deserted now, for why the need ;
 On this he ev'ry Sunday fed.
 Not so the ham and fowls go by
 Untouched, &c.

This parody was received with all due applause, which probably induced him to make our jolly host repeat the following lines on our next club day,

which he did however with considerable hesitation, and much apparent bashfulness, as we were sitting down to dinner.

My worthy masters, pleas'd you see,
 Our viands rare of each degree ;
 'Tis but your favorite taste to move,
 And melt the mouth with what you love.
 Savory, sweet, stew'd, roast and boil'd,
 Nicely cook'd and nothing spoil'd ;
 Beef to-day cures toil and trouble,
 To-morrow makes good squeak and bubble.
 On the rump if you're beginning,
 Mustard makes it most enjoying.
 What's worth all beside is near you,
 Take your fill, nor surfeit fear you.

This sort of wit however did not suit Mr Tibbalt, who advised the landlord not to let Mr. Dawson make a fool of him another time, but to attend to his carving, as the dinner was getting cold. His anger however did not last long, for I soon afterwards overheard him exclaim to himself, while he was conveying a glass of foaming ale to his mouth, and eyeing the good cheer before him with evident satisfaction—

' Hinc tibi copia
 ' Manabit ad plenum benigno
 ' Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.'

As he got mellow afterwards with wine and ale, he would give a favourite toast, and as he cheered it, would call out most vociferously—

' *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*
 ' *Pulsanda tellus.*'

placing a peculiar emphasis on the word *nunc*, and beating time very appropriately with his feet at the same instant. Dr. Aston whispered to Dawson that their worthy neighbour was 'half seas over.' 'So he is,' said Dawson, 'but his soul's in *Port*.' I must however add for the credit of the Club, that except Mr. Tibbalt, no one was inclined to go beyond the bounds of a proper decorum in drinking.

After dinner some of the party resumed their amusement of perch-fishing, while others adjourned to the bowling-green. It is seldom that a happier or a merrier set of persons met together. Those who preferred bowls, selected their favourite numbers, *sides* were then chosen, the Jack was cast, and the game began. It is too well known to require a description. The words, '*rub, rub,*' were incessantly heard, and legs and arms were thrown into various attitudes, as if the doing so would influence the movement of the ball as it approached the Jack. Some jumped with delight, and others ran after their ball as soon as it was delivered to see where it had stopped, or what effect it had produced on those of their opponents. One person would abuse his ball for having too much bias, and another for not having enough. As the party became hot and tired, tankards of foaming ale were brought to refresh them. Some enjoyed it under the shade of a beautiful thorn, which

flourished by the side of the bowling green. I never saw it covered as it was in the spring with blossom, without thinking of those pretty lines of Burns—

‘ Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.’

I will now leave the bowlers to enjoy their amusement, and give my readers some account of our perch-fishing. The stream was admirably adapted for these fish, having rather high banks here and there, with deep holes, into which piles of wood had been driven from time to time in order to protect the banks from the wash of the water from the mill. It is in such places that perch delight to haunt, or under the stumps of old willow pollards. In summer they are given to rove, but in the autumn they become gregarious fish, and it is at this season of the year that an expert angler has generally the best sport. Such a one will often try for perch in a good gravel-scour where the water turns freely in, and makes an eddy. Indeed an old angler observes ‘ that you may search and ‘ find him under eddies, hollow banks, pools, miln- ‘ pits, turns of streams, at the tails of sluices, flood- ‘ gates, and back waters, near to the stumps of ‘ trees, weir-heads, stanks, candocks, and bull- ‘ rushes.’ He then adds this good advice—

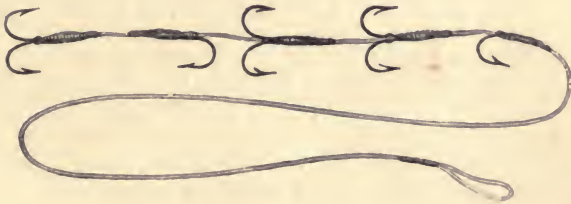
‘ Now let the angler that would fish ‘or perch,

‘ The turns in rivers, and back-waters search.

‘ In deepest *holes* the largest perch you’ll find;

‘ And where the perch is, kind will answer kind.’

He also recommends dew worms as an excellent bait if well *compurated*, and the junior fry of small fish, but adds that the charm of all baits that invites a perch ashore is that truculent mortal the *gild-tail*. I frankly confess my ignorance of gild-tails, and compurated worms being good baits, and instead of these I now recommend to the perch-fisher to use a small gudgeon or minnow. These, if well put on a set of small hooks about the size of the accompanying sketch and



similar to those I have described in my account of trolling for pike, and properly spun, are a killing bait for large perch. The hooks are to be of the smallest size of those used to take roach, and not to exceed three inches from the first to the last. There is no occasion for any great length of line, nor should the tackle be coarse. The bait should be spun as near to the bottom as possible in the places I have described, or in any other 'solitary deeps.' In this way perch of a large size may be

taken, and I have generally found that in places where these fish are very numerous, the largest perch are taken with a large gudgeon.

I have also had some good sport while I have been gently rowed in a boat on a pond or lake, with a considerable length of line let out, with a bleak or gudgeon at the end of it which would spin well. Frequently also, while I have been trolling for pike, I have taken large perch. 'The Pater noster may be used with good effect in deep holes, baited with minnows, but the angler must not expect to take many large perch with them.

I am no advocate for fishing with worms, and therefore say nothing about it, except that the evident pain which is inflicted on these reptiles when they are impaled on a hook, would, I should think, counterbalance any pleasure to be derived from catching fish with them—they are all—the 'meanest things that are—

' As free to live, and to enjoy that life,

' As God was free to form them at the first,

' Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.'

Perch will sometimes grow to a large size. One of nine pounds weight was taken in a lake in Ireland, and I have seen the painting of one of six pounds which was taken in the canal near the Brades in Warwickshire by Mr. Hunt, the late excellent and amiable proprietor of the extensive steel

works at that place. Mr. Pennant also mentions one which was taken in the Serpentine river in Hyde Park which weighed nine pounds.

The colours of perch vary according to the waters they inhabit. I have seen them nearly black in ponds where there was a great deposit of leaves, and a perch, nearly white, was taken in a chalk-pit in Surrey, a proof perhaps how much the soil influences their colour. In clear running streams, with gravelly bottoms, the perch becomes the most beautiful of our British fish, and is perhaps the best, with the exception of those of the *Salmo* genus.

Having given this account of our Perch fishing, it is time to return to the Club. As the evening drew towards a close, we adjourned to the house, where tea was made by Phœbe, not in tiny cups, but in good capacious bowls, which bore a due proportion to the piles of muffins and toasted rolls which were placed on the table. Exercise had produced a fresh appetite, and I am not sure whether this meal was not as much enjoyed as our host's good dinner. There was also something in the cheerfulness of the room which made every one feel happy and comfortable. The rays of a setting sun, just disappearing beneath a distant hill, and tinging the tops of the trees with its lustre, and afterwards.

‘The last faint gleamings of the twilight sky,’—

added to the charm of the scene before us: We

looked upon an extensive meadow, through which our pretty stream wandered where its fancy seemed to lead it, and which was adorned by the numerous flocks and herds of our landlord, giving us a picture of—

‘ A painted meadow, and a purling stream.’

Every thing we saw from the window bespoke prosperity and content, and every one in the house appeared joyous and well fed. The room we sat in requires a description. It was long and low, having its corner cupboards in which certain specimens of old china, odd fashioned glasses, and silver tankards were duly displayed. An ostrich's egg was suspended from the roof, together with a sort of china ball on which certain grotesque figures had been painted. A sampler was duly preserved in its gilt frame, stating that it had been worked by Betty Wagstaffe some fifty years ago. There was also the print of a fat ox, an oval glass adorned by many a peacock's feather, and a vile daub of our fat host in his Sunday's dress. All these are still fresh in my recollection, together with an old yellow faced clock at the further end of the room, which Dawson was apt to put back as the evening advanced. How well also do I remember the rubber of long whist played on a ricketty table, with a coarse, rough, green baize cloth thrown over it, which was for ever changing its position. While Dr. Aston and our

landlord were playing a hit of backgammon for sixpence, others were talking over the sports of the day, or cracking their jokes to the great interruption of the whist players. A barrel of oysters, when the season permitted, and a bowl of ale properly seasoned with nutmeg, toast, and brown sugar, enabled the party to conclude the evening to their hearts content, and they separated with hearty good wishes, and many a hearty shake by the hand.

Such was a country club in my younger days, and such as it was, it helped to cement kind feelings, and to produce much cordiality and reciprocal kindness amongst the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

My account may be thought minute and trifling, yet I cannot but think that any picture of old English habits is worth recording, especially when it is strictly faithful. Expensive habits, and other causes, have drawn many country gentlemen from their houses at a time when their presence and example are but too much needed. It is one of the fearful signs of the times when those whose duty it is to watch over the welfare of their poorer neighbours, abandon them to poverty and their own resources.

'Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes.'

TWO DAYS FLY-FISHING,

ON THE

BANKS OF THE TEST.

' Oh the gallant fisher's life,
 ' It is the best of any,
 ' Tis full of pleasure, void of strife
 ' And tis beloved by many.'

ISAAC WALTON.

It was on a beautiful morning towards the beginning of June that I set off with my old and dear friend Harry Warner on a fishing excursion into Hampshire. We were neither of us 'mighty masters of the line,' but then we yielded to none in enthusiasm for the sport, or rather in that love of nature, which is so delightfully enjoyed on the banks of a trout stream. Perhaps I run the risk of losing the good opinion of some of my worthy brother anglers, when I candidly confess that I derive only a secondary gratification in the mere act of fishing. The balmy softness of a fine morning in the spring,

the 'song of early birds,' the beauties which Flora now begins to disclose, the revival of all nature teeming with joy and harmony, have inexpressible charms for me. The very insects which are bursting into a new life, the fresh and tender leaf with its cheerful verdure, and the kindly influence of the sun, all these add to the pleasures of spring, and enable me to contemplate nature with satisfaction and delight.

'Here the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
'Their cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring.'

It was on such a morning that we rolled rapidly along to the place of our destination, a small country inn, or rather ale-house, near the banks of the river Test in Hampshire, where I had received permission to fish in a preserve belonging to Mr. Peebles, who shall be presently introduced to my readers. Those only who are acquainted with the *locale* of old Test can form an idea of its various charms as a fishing station. The little inn we put up at was as perfect in its way as the neighbouring stream. We had visited it on a former occasion, and were now welcomed by the antient hostess and her granddaughter as old friends. We had previously announced our intended arrival and found every thing ready for our reception. There is something inexpressibly pleasing in the first arrival at a place of this sort. It had formed much of our conversation

during the journey, and we experienced a gaiety of thought, and an anticipation of pleasure on the morrow, which produced a disposition in the mind to view every thing with complacency and satisfaction. I do believe that "all honest anglers," partake as largely of this feeling as any individuals whatever. Their very employment results from a quiet and contented frame of mind; they are alive to the beauties of creation, and their pursuits lead them to those haunts where all is serene and still.

After enquiring respecting the welfare of our hostess and her family, we sat down to our clean and frugal dinner and in the evening were visited by old Tom Clubb, the fisherman who was to attend us, and who had previously ensconced himself in the chimney corner of the inn to await our summons. Indeed we found afterwards that he was considered as a sort of fixture belonging to the house, amusing the landlady and her guests with his jokes, while he dubbed his flies and prepared his tackle for the ensuing campaign. Tom was a short thickset man, with a profusion of white hair hanging over his shoulders, and a pair of bandy legs of no ordinary dimensions. His face was the picture of health and longevity, and there was an arch, cunning look about him and a twinkling of the eye, which was intended to impress an idea that he knew a thing or two. As he was constantly prowling along the banks of the river, he was supposed to be

well acquainted with the haunts of the best fish, and it was with a wish to hear all that he had to tell us on this interesting subject that we sent for him into the parlour. I never yet knew one of these local fishermen who did not exaggerate the sport to be had in his neighbourhood; and we of course received the flattering assurance of excellent amusement the next day, provided the wind kept in the south. By Tom's account there were more fish in the river than had ever been known before, which he attributed to gentlemen having fished fairly; that is having turned into the water again the small fish which they had caught—a hint which we did not fail to attend to afterwards. Indeed it is much to be regretted that small trout are not always returned to the stream from which they have been taken. It is a sportsmanlike act, and a kindness to brother anglers in general.

Tom informed us that the weir was pretty free from pike, and not an otter had been seen for a length of time past. On that very day he had observed some good fish rising at a favourite spot of his, to which he proposed to take us as soon as we had finished our early breakfast. Our flies were then examined and criticised by Tom, who evidently thought his own much superior to those we had procured in Crooked Lane. It is however quite impossible to follow him through all his dissertations on green-grannams, cow-lady, and oak-

flies, which he descanted upon with no small degree of enthusiasm, while he deliberately finished his mug of ale. We at last dismissed him to his nook in the kitchen, and retired to our small, but clean and comfortable bed-rooms.

I like a little country inn, provided always that it has a civil and obliging host or hostess, is not very noisy, has a sunny aspect, and is moreover kept tolerably tidy. We experience an absence of all care. The world with its politics, its vices, and its deformities is shut out, and the mind is left in that state of repose and refreshment which produce

‘The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.’

There is perhaps no satisfaction greater than being able to retire to rest with the mind in this state. It produces feelings of grateful thankfulness to the giver of all good, and prepares it for partaking in those innocent enjoyments which are to be found in the decorations of nature, and in rural objects and amusements. I shall not soon forget the emotions of pleasure which I felt on awaking the next morning, and seeing the first ruddy streaks of the sun through my small casement window. I arose and opened it, and saw the sparkling dew-drops on the grass, and heard the lark offering up its song of gratitude and praise. Every thing looked fresh, and gay and smiling.

It was impossible not to think of that beautiful passage—

‘ Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
‘ With charm of earliest birds.’

After having despatched our breakfast, arranged our fishing baskets, and shouldered our rods, we sallied forth, with our attendant, in high spirits, and full of eager anticipations of good sport. The meadows we crossed were white with daisies, those ‘ stars of earth,’ as one of our poets calls them,

‘ Peaceful and lowly in their native soil’—

the dew still twinkled on the grass, and we inhaled the breath of cows as they returned with eagerness to their pasture. As we approached the winding stream we had come so far to visit, we observed the trout rising in every direction, while moor-hens were silently stealing away to their hidden retreats, and willow-wrens and sedge birds gave their notes of alarm. How charming are the banks of a trout stream! Although the Test winds not among wooded rocks, or romantic dells, it glides through flowery meadows, and its clear and transparent water gently bends the rushes in its passage, while it meanders in a wanton manner till it meets with a dam of gravel over which it falls into a placid pool below. Here and there old willow pollards bend a little over the stream, upon which flies settle, and dropping upon the water are seized by trout which

harbour amongst the decaying roots of the tree. A river which derives its force from mountain torrents, which brawls and foams amongst rocks and the obstructions it meets with, always puts me in mind of the violent passions of man. A clear, placid and unruffled stream, on the contrary, is a fit resemblance of those, who, pursuing the even tenor of their way, fall gently into the ocean of life, undisturbed by bad passions and unsullied by mixing with the turbid waters of the world.

' So calm, the waters scarcely seem'd to stray,
' And yet they glide like happiness away.'

BYRON.

As soon as we had adjusted our tackle we proceeded to work, and flogged the waters with unabated perseverance for two hours without getting a rise. We changed our flies from picked wing to blue duns, and from blue duns to the red-hackled palmer, but nothing would do. Our attendant looked provokingly significant, and now and then marvelled at our want of success. Few things are more annoying than that *magpie* look of cunning which a man puts on when he thinks that he knows more than yourself. His head is turned a little on one side, and one eye is a little closed. Such was Tom Clubb's sly glance while he watched our unavailing efforts. It was now about noon, and to our great delight the Mayfly began to make its

appearance. Nothing could then exceed the animation of the scene. Fish were feeding in every direction, and the beautiful fly ascended and sported about in the full enjoyment of its new existence. Swallows no longer skimmed the meadows, but a numerous assemblage of them darted up and down and across the river. They were joined by wagtails and other birds of the fly-catcher tribe, and all preyed on the interesting and beautiful insects. The day was warm, and the sun shone brightly, and our attendant at last hinted that we should have no success as long as even the shadow of our rods was seen on the water, which was as clear as crystal. Subsequent experience has proved to me that he was right, and I am convinced that a fish will seldom be taken in the Test with an artificial fly when the sun is bright and the water clear and still. I dislike a *blow-line*, because I think it an illegitimate and unsportsmanlike way of catching fish. As however we depended on our piscatory success for a part of our early dinner, these lines were put in requisition, and we caught two tolerably sized trout which we killed and crimped, and then despatched Tom with them to our inn. I now beg to inform all those who may come to the Test for the first time (for the clubs are well acquainted with the circumstance), that a trout caught in that river, and crimped and dressed half an hour after it has been killed, is not only delicious, but far surpasses in

flavour and firmness a fish which has been killed earlier in the day. Indeed the epicures belonging to some of the clubs will not allow one of the latter to be dressed for their dinner, and I must say that they are right.

As we were contented with our morning's sport, and had a short time to spare, we seated ourselves on the bank of the river to enjoy the animated scene before us. As the day advanced, the flies became more numerous, until at last the space about us was thickened with them to a degree which I had never witnessed before, except on the banks of the Colne, at Denham. The history of this beautiful insect is not yet sufficiently known, nor am I sure that I can throw much light upon it. The May-fly, or as they are sometimes called, the day-fly, take their name from the shortness of their life. Some live several days, others do not take flight 'till the setting of the sun, and seldom live 'till morning. Some exist an hour, others half that time. Mr. Barbut observes, with respect to those that live some days, that they have to cast off one slough more, an operation which sometimes takes twenty-four hours to complete. The ephemeræ before they fly, have been decidedly aquatic insects up to that time. They remain in the states of larva and chrysalis for one, two or three years. The chrysalis differs from the larva by having on its back, cases containing the rudimentary wings. Both

have on their sides small fringes of hair, which, when put into motion serve them as fins. It is very curious to see them plying their little oars in the water. These larvæ scoop themselves dwellings in the banks of rivers, and they are small tubes made like syphons, the one serving for an entrance, the other for an outlet. The banks of rivers are often perforated with them. When the waters decrease, they dig fresh holes in order to enjoy the water. The season and hour when the chrysalides of the different species of the Ephemera turn into flies, maintain a kind of regularity, being accelerated or postponed by the temperature, or the rise and fall of the waters.

The Ephemera of the Rhine, appear in the air two hours before sunset. These flies are hatched at the same instant in such numbers as to darken the air.

The females by the help of the threads of their tail, and the flapping of their wings, support themselves on the surface of the water, and drop their eggs into it.

Perhaps the most curious circumstance in the history of these Ephemera, is the fact, that after they have quitted the water, and taken flight, often to some distance, they have to disengage themselves from a thin skin which covers every part of them. The exuvia are generally found on bushes, so that some support seems necessary to

enable the insect to detach itself from this skin. When the beautiful and delicate formation of the fly is examined, it is difficult to conjecture how the slough can be cast off from such fragile textures.

After having amused ourselves a short time in watching the movements of these interesting insects, we returned towards our inn. In our way there, I will give my reader a short account of my companion, Henry Warner. He was one of the friends of my early youth, and our friendship had remained unimpaired. His good-natured, cheerful, and social manners, rendered him a delightful companion, and these were habitual to him. He resided at a small rectory in Suffolk, and there he was perfectly adored by his parishioners, whose welfare he studied, and whose wants he relieved to the utmost extent of his power. His feeling for distress amounted almost to a degree of weakness; for to his money and his personal exertions, his tears were often added, when a case of misery presented itself to him. His moral character was pure, and his information various and extensive, to which was added a taste for poetry, in which he now and then indulged himself. It was in his own village, however, that he was always seen to the greatest advantage. Here he seemed the friend and guardian of his parishioners, partaking with them in their innocent country amusements, instructing the ignorant, endeavouring to reclaim the

vicious, and relieving the wants of all. His house was fitted up with comfort, and even elegance, and his library particularly, was a proof of his classic taste. He took great delight in his flower garden, which sloped down gently to a pretty stream, which watered the roots of some magnificent tulip trees that flourished on the lawn. Here he had what Horace wished for—

Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret.

SAT. 6. LIB. II.

Warner was, like myself, fond of fishing, or rather, as I said before, of the enjoyment to be derived from strolling along the banks of a beautiful trout stream. It was in one of our annual excursions that he composed the following song. We were then, as at present, by the side of our favourite river, ‘old Test.’

MAY MORN, OR THE ANGLER'S REVEILLEZ.

'Tis the birth day of May! Up, brothers, I say;
Your tackle out look, and let us away,
There's a cloudy sky, and a breeze from the west,
Oh! we shall have 'killing' to day in old Test.

CHORUS.

Sing trollillee, sing trollilloe,
Where the trout streams flow,
And the breezes blow
A fishing, a fishing, a fishing we go!

What son of the angle, would bear to lie sleeping
While grayling and trout are all wagging and leaping?

With our flies and our skill, our panniers we'll fill,
And friendship shall feast on the spoils that we kill,

Sing, &c.

March brown, and oak-fly, and green grannam we'll try,
With the caperer, coachman and cowlady fly,
The red hackl'd palmer, and gnats dun and blue !
Art and nature shall smile as our sports we pursue !

Sing, &c.

' Look Hal ! there's a thumper—he's mine for a bumper !

' Look Jack—here's another—good luck what a jumper !

' Our panniers are filling, and still we are killing—

' Oh ! we are the lads that are able and willing !'

Sing, &c.

Hold ! let us give o'er, see ! we've kill'd a good store,
Not Izaak or Charley would ever do more !

Give the tribes of old Test, a day or two's rest,

And us a good song, and a cup of the best.—

Sing, &c.

Fill high to the joys of the rod, line and hook !

Good luck to each brother, by river or brook !

May he fish all his life, without trouble or strife,

And ne'er want a bottle, a friend, or a wife ! !

Sing, &c.

The two first of these wishes we enjoyed together at our snug little inn, in addition to the fish we had caught, and our landlady's roasted chickens. We talked over our morning's amusement, and adjourned towards the evening to the banks of the river, accompanied by our attendant, who had been regaling himself in his usual situation in the chimney corner. I delight in the tranquillity of a walk by the side of a beautiful stream in the stillness of an evening. The song of birds has ceased with the

exception only of the sedge-bird, one of the prettiest of our warblers. The corn-crake also now and then interrupts the silence, and the chattering of starlings is heard as they settle for the night amid some neighbouring alders. Something disturbs a bittern from the sedges, and his *boom* seems to sound from afar as he takes his sullen flight. The beetle hums as it rapidly passes, and little white moths hover about the willows in every direction; trout appear to *suck* them in as they fall upon the gently moving water, while others are caught by the bats as they leave their haunts in some old tree, and hawk about with a movement as silent, as it is rapid and various. A bright star appears in the ‘ ample sky,’

—‘ Eve’s first star thro’ fleecy cloudlet peeping’—

and the moon, soon after the glowing red streaks of the setting sun have disappeared, emerges from a passing cloud, and adds to the beauty of the scene. Not a breath of air rustles among the reeds, but all is calm and tranquil—

It was an evening, bright and still,
As ever blush’d on wave or bower,
Smiling from Heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.

MOORE.

Although our success in fishing was tolerably good, it did not afford us so much gratification as the enjoyment of the beautiful evening I have

attempted to describe. Having landed between us two brace of good trout and returned some smaller ones to their native stream, we were proceeding to put up our tackle, when we were joined by Mr. Peebles, the proprietor of the water where we had been fishing, and of a small landed estate in the neighbourhood. I had known Mr. Peebles in London, and had obtained his permission to fish in his part of the river whenever I pleased. He had been duly informed of our arrival, and now came to see what success we had had. He was one of those unfortunate men who, having sufficient to live upon, have nothing to do. He had been some years seeking for happiness in the metropolis, and not having been able to find it, had purchased an estate in the country in hopes of finding it there. He was a good-natured man, fond of talking of himself, and never so happy as when he could get any one to listen to his prosings. His great amusement, perhaps his only one, was fishing; and he might be seen almost daily, sauntering along the banks of the river with his rod in his hand, and attended by a country lad. He could hardly, however, be called a fisherman, as he made more use of a worm than a fly in taking trout. He was in short, any thing but a disciple of Izaak Walton. Mr. Peebles had one great disadvantage, that of extreme ugliness. His eyes were large and far between, and almost seemed as if they were placed

in his temples. His nose was wide and very flat, and he had a multitudinous assortment of teeth. So many indeed, to appearance, that he might be thought to have double the number which falls to the lot of most people. Whether this was owing to his total want of a chin, or to some peculiar formation of his jaws, I know not, but so it was. His figure was short and dumpy, but he tried to improve it by a smart waistcoat, and a knowing sort of jacket. After some conversation on the sport of the day, we invited Mr. Peebles to accompany us to our inn, and as his heart opened over a glass of grog, he gave us the following account of what he called his misfortunes. My readers shall have it in nearly his own words, and I hope they will be more entertained than I was. My want of taste in this respect, may be owing, perhaps, to my desire to retire to rest after the fatigues of the day. I should inform my readers, that I by no means consider Mr. Peebles as a legitimate ‘brother of the angle.’ This hint is necessary to prevent its being supposed that he belongs to that worthy fraternity.

MR. PEEBLES' STORY OF HIMSELF.

' How oft and fruitless have I strove to move
' Unfeeling beauty with the pangs of love ;
' Heavens! with what scorn you strove my suit to meet,
' Frown'd with your eyes, and spurn'd me with your feet.'

WHEN you met me in London a few years ago, I had become tired of its smoke and bustle, and began to turn my attention to the blessings of a country life. I accordingly bought a small estate in this neighbourhood, having a sort of rustic villa upon it, with stabling, out-houses, and pleasure gardens, and annexed to it the right of fishing, as I had heard so much of the pleasures of angling, and been told that no one could enjoy the country without it. Here for a short time I lived in peace and perfect happiness. I turned myself into a complete country gentleman. I made myself master of the corn laws, wore shorts and gaiters, and brewed my own beer. But, alas! these pleasures soon palled, and I was bored to the last degree by the dull monotony of my rural existence, and I sighed for the activity and bustle of my for-

mer life. I turned over in my mind a thousand modes of alleviating my weariness of heart, but in vain; and then I began to lament most bitterly the rash and inconsiderate purchase of a romantic villa, the volumes on the corn laws, and the shorts and gaiters. To crown all, I began to feel disgusted with my own home-brewed beer. It is true that I was sometimes cheered by visits from my former friends, and neighbours, but when they departed, I doubly felt my solitary and irksome situation. At length, however, an idea was suggested to me by the curate of the parish (for I unfolded freely to him my unhappiness), which I then hoped, and still hope, will remedy this evil, and cause me to resume the study of the corn laws, look favourably on my shorts and gaiters, and again smack with former relish my potations of home-brewed beer. 'Peebles,' said the curate to me (for we had now become intimate, and dropped the Mister) 'why do you not marry.' The idea rushed on my mind with all the force of its natural brilliancy of conception. 'My dear friend,' said I, 'I'll set about it immediately.' When he had left me, I began seriously to reflect on his advice, and to take into consideration the pros and cons. The pros had it, such as fortune, good-temper, &c. But there was one very forcible *con* which gave me some uneasiness: I need hardly tell *you* who have had so many opportunities of observing my features

and figure—that I am not handsome. This consideration weighed seriously upon my mind for sometime, but on recollecting that marriages now-a-days were contracted for personal aggrandizement, and that the word interest had long been substituted for love, I was inclined to think that though I might appear to be perfectly hideous in the eyes of the object of my choice, yet that she would not scruple to go through the forms at the altar (for I believe no one calls them vows in this enlightened age) for the sake of my money. And then I pictured to myself the efforts I should make to win her esteem, and perhaps her love, after marriage, by good temper, and a wish to please. Having thus determined on an immediate departure from the paths of celibacy, I began to think which was the best mode of carrying it into effect. It at last struck me that I ought to go forthwith to the metropolis, that great matrimonial mart, where a man with money may get any thing—from fashionable heartlessness down to unsophisticated suburban gothicism. I lost no time in performing this intention, and soon found myself in Long's Hotel, Bond Street. For six months, my efforts to find a wife were unremitting, but they were wholly ineffectual. At last I determined to advertize for one in the public newspapers, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the next day the following announcement of my wishes in 'The Times' and 'Morning Post.'

MATRIMONY!!!

‘ A gentleman of independent fortune, good manners, and singleness of heart, is desirous of uniting himself with a female of strictly moral and unblemished character. Fortune is not an object. As the advertiser is not handsome, nor even good looking, he does not require absolute beauty to lighten up the roseate cheeks of her who may hereafter become his wife. He wishes, however, to state that regular features, a good figure, and winning manners, will be no detraction in the eye of the advertiser. References will be given and expected. The advertiser will walk between the hours of 7 and 8 on Thursday next, through the front colonnade of the Opera House, dressed in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen trowsers, and any lady desirous of gratifying his wishes, may address him by the name of Philander.’

Having thus explained my views, I waited with anxiety for the appointed day, the events of which would, in all probability decide my future fate. The morning of the eventful Thursday at length dawned, and I shall never forget the odd mixture of fear, impatience, and bashfulness, which agitated my breast. Evening at length cast her lengthened shadows o’er the dusky city, and having arranged myself in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen fan-tail trowsers, I walked firmly to the appointed spot. No sooner however had I

reached it, when some wags who had read my advertisement, received me with shouts of laughter, and having thus amused themselves at my expense, they left me, and I then began to look about me. My consternation was however great, on seeing at least four ladies advancing from different quarters upon me. All I could do was to stand still, and select from the matrimonial quartette who were approaching. First came a thin little woman, who squeaked in an attempted softness of tone, ‘Philander,’ and passed a little way. Then came a female, standing at least six feet without her shoes, who growled in my affrighted ear—‘Philander.’ After her waddled a fat asthmatic lady, who pantingly exclaimed—‘Phi-Philander.’ Fain would I have said with Macbeth,—

‘I’ll see no more,’

but, lo! a fourth—certainly the best appearing of the four, who whispered in a sweet voice, though I thought rather affected, ‘Philander.’ The wondrous four had now stopped in dead silence before me, looking daggers at each other. Apprehending fearful consequences from their mutual jealousy, I broke the silence by saying in a determined, though respectful voice, ‘Ladies, *I am* Philander.’ ‘Then, Sir,’ said the squeaker, ‘I’ll take your arm, if you please, and we can enter into those topics, which the presence of strangers’—here she was interrupted by the growler. ‘Give *me* your arm,

‘ Sir,’—‘ No, no,’ said the asthmatic fair one, ‘ I’ve
 ‘ as much right’—‘ Nay ladies,’ answered the sweet
 voiced lady, ‘ let no contention arise among the
 ‘ votaries of Hymen. Let this gentleman make
 ‘ his own choice, and if afterwards he should wish
 ‘ to alter that choice, you will no doubt hear from
 ‘ him again.’ ‘ Sensible fair one,’ said I, (delighted
 to find a means of escape) ‘ my choice has already
 ‘ fallen upon you.’ ‘ Come, that won’t do,’ said the
 squeaker. ‘ Perjured villain,’ said the growler.
 ‘ I an’t coming all the way from Pimlico for nothing,’
 said asthma. Wretch! villain! beast! every oppro-
 bious epithet was showered upon me. In vain I
 raised my voice in appeal to their sense of justice:
 in vain the object of my choice essayed to quell the
 rising fury of the rejected three. A mob collected,
 and I was on the point of having my clothes torn
 off my back, when a policeman kindly knocked me
 down. An alphabet of the same class soon made
 their appearance, and I, with the four fair ones, was
 hurried off to the station-house, amidst all sorts of
 remarks. I submitted to all the indignities that
 were thrust upon me, as I was sure that on my
 explaining the circumstances to the inspector of
 police, I should be released. But what was my
 indignation and astonishment on hearing the rejected
 females swear in the most unequivocal terms, that
 I had made a violent and unprovoked assault upon
 them, and that the female who now hung upon my

arm, had aided and abetted in the violence. The policeman confirmed their statement, and as I had no witnesses to confute the charge, I was locked up in the station-house, with the fair partner of my misfortune, till the sitting magistrate should examine the case next day.

The morning at length dawned on our sleepless and haggard faces, and in our turn we were brought forward to answer this most unfounded of charges. The worthy magistrate on hearing my statement, and referring to the paper which contained my ill-judged advertisement, at once ordered me to be released, more especially as the three perjured females had thought fit to absent themselves from this examination. But my woes did not end here, for on reaching my hotel, and taking up a newspaper, I found under the head of 'horrible outrage,' an exaggerated and unfair statement of what had taken place. My name was mentioned, and my behaviour misrepresented, by some printer's devil, who was too hungry to wait to hear the circumstances of the case, but had rushed from the police office to dine, and write this calumniating account of me. I was obliged in consequence of this enormous falsehood to write a long statement in the papers the next day, in explanation, accompanied with a copy of my advertisement. This, added to my annoyance, as it made me an object of public curiosity and amusement. I must add that the police reports are a disgrace to

the freedom of the press. But to return to my fair companion in adversity, and the results of our acquaintance. On looking at a card which she had given me, I discovered that her name was Miss Juliana Raymond, and also that she resided in Charles Street, Covent Garden. This latter circumstance rather annoyed me, but I determined to draw no conclusions until I had seen her again, and acquainted myself with her history. Accordingly, having adorned my person as much as possible, I drove in my cab to her residence. The house itself was not prepossessing, but I was firm in my resolution to remain unprejudiced. I accordingly knocked at the door, and applied the usual question to the opening menial—‘ Is Miss Juliana Raymond at home ? ’ ‘ She don’t live here,’ said the girl. Strange, thought I, and again looked at the card and the number on the door. At this critical moment I heard a door bang at the top of the house, and then some one call over the banisters, ‘ Mary, Mary, if that’s Mr. Peebles shew him up.’ The mandate was obeyed, and after clambering many stairs, I was ushered into a small back room. The servant having thus introduced me, retired to an adjoining apartment, from which I heard some whispering, and ‘ give me that ribbon,’ ‘ another pin, &c.’ This suggested to me the idea that my fair one was adorning herself, and during the operation I took the opportunity of scrutinizing the room

I was in. It was small and dirty, with one window which commanded a view of an extensive tiled roof. There were four horse-hair chairs, two of them with holes in the seat, a table with a dirty cup, the remains of a mutton chop on a plate, a broken salt cellar, and a volume of the Romance of the Pyrenees, very much soiled, and one place marked with the knave of diamonds, the corners of which had been nibbled off, as if by some person greatly excited by the incidents in the story. More I should have observed had not the door opened, and my fair friend entered. She welcomed me cordially, but while one eye cast a languishing look on my face, the other wore an air of the greatest consternation as it fell on the remains of the mutton chop. ‘I know, my kind friend,’ said Miss Raymond, ‘that you will look with pity rather than contempt on my humble abode, and its appointments, for poverty and misfortune claim the sigh of commiseration.’ ‘They do,’ said I, ‘but pray Miss Raymond, sit down, and let us see if nothing can be done to alleviate your present lot, which I must confess appears unsuited for one of your engaging manners and appearance.’ As I was determined to be cautious in my conversation on matrimony with a person of whom I knew nothing, I begged Miss Raymond to enter at once into her private history, and in order to induce her to do so, I gave her a brief outline of my own life, my future expect-

tations, &c. In return she informed me that she was the daughter of an officer of some rank in the British army, who had been killed in Portugal; and that she was educating a young brother and maintaining herself, on a small pension granted by Government. She concluded by saying, that she had read my advertisement, and that fate had whispered her to answer it. When she had done, I fell on one knee, seized one of her small white hands, and imprinted a thousand kisses upon it, while she gently strove to disengage it. ‘Sweet Juliana,’ I exclaimed, ‘consent to be mine, and my life shall be spent in making thee happy. You have won my heart, and if you can think of me as a husband, tell me so. Take till to-morrow to consider of it, and in the mean time, do me the favour to accept of this,’ (and I placed fifty pounds in her hand), ‘as you appear in want of the common necessaries of life.’ After some pressing, she consented to receive the money, and again entreating her to consider my suit favourably, I took my leave. The next day I called again, and was accepted, and felt happier than I ever did before. Time flew on, and day after day did I pour forth the adoration of my soul at the feet of that woman; but the poet was right in the selection, in his couplet, of improbabilities—

Seek constancy in wine, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph.

But I must not anticipate. My happiness continued for some weeks, during which time Juliana's expenses, which I thought myself bound to pay, exceeded three hundred pounds. During a visit I paid to this neighbourhood, whither I went to prepare my house for her reception, I frequently heard from her, but her letters, although replete with tender affection, always concluded with a request for money, which she wanted under one pretext or another.

At this time I was so infatuated with the woman, that these letters, which appear now the most absurd nonsense, were to me the outpourings of a grateful and affectionate heart. I read them over, spelt the words, kissed the signature, and in short committed all the follies which lovers do on receiving epistles from those they adore. The time lagged heavily, and I panted for the day when I should again behold my lovely Juliana.

It so happened, and as it proved, luckily for me, that I finished my business in the country three days sooner than I had expected, and with a bounding heart, and full of love and hope, I once more betook myself to the metropolis. I arrived in the evening, and hoping to give my fair one an agreeable surprize, I flew to her abode. The door was open, as it often was. I walked softly up stairs, and was on the point of opening the door when I heard a burst of laughter inside. I was surprized,

alarmed, and struck, at this cachinatory explosion. My Juliana in company with wine-bibbers and drunkards! My Juliana, who had not a friend in the world, drowning her cares in the 'nut-brown bowl.' 'Twas horrible. However, as I wished to be certain of her delinquencies before I condemned, I looked through the key-hole, and beheld a scene which stamped her as a traitress, and me as a deluded ass. At the head of the table sat the romantic Juliana, drinking brandy and water, opposite her was my own man servant, and the rest of the company consisted of fat and lean rouged women, with flowery gowns, and their hair in paper, and gentlemen in plush shorts and rail-road cotton stockings. The frightful truth flashed upon me, and unable to bear the sight any longer, I burst into the apartment. 'Peebles,' shrieked Juliana. Never was such a scene beheld. The women screamed, the men rushed to their hats, the table was overturned, and the faithless Juliana fell on her knees before me. I bade them hold their tongues in a voice of thunder, and turning to Juliana, 'Yes, false one,' I said, 'it is the injured Peebles. So, madam, is 'this your love? Is this your gratitude? Cockatrice! Viper that I have nourished in my bosom 'only to be stung. Go,—I've done with thee. 'Repent in silence and seclusion your treachery, 'and may you feel the bitterest pangs of remorse 'for the misery you have entailed on me.' This

was dignified you see, without being vituperative. Then I turned to my servant Brodwages, and said in an imperative tone, 'pray, Sir, what have you to offer as an excuse for being here?' 'Sir,' said Brodwages, 'I believe I've more right here than you.'

'How, pray,' said I, surprized but calm. 'Merely, Sir, that the lady of the house is my wife,' returned the sneering rascal. 'I am sorry to say,' replied this female fiend, 'that this is the case. 'Infamous wretch,' exclaimed I, you . . . 'Don't insult my wife,' said Brodwages, 'or I'll kick you down stairs.' I thought it prudent to prevent this catastrophe, and therefore left the house, amidst the jeers of these wretches. I lost no time in returning to this place, and resuming my shorts and gaiters. I am still looking out for a wife, but have as yet met with but little encouragement, and fate seems to have determined that I shall live and die an old bachelor.

We listened with considerable patience to Mr. Peebles' account of his matrimonial misfortunes, which we found sufficiently tedious. We were not sorry when he took his departure, that we might betake ourselves to rest.

The next morning found us again on the banks of the Test, and for the first time in my life I caught a grayling. These fish appear to have as great a

propensity to work down stream as trout have to work up. Many of these latter fish get as high as they can towards the spring head of rivers; and I had recently an instance of this in the beautiful grounds of Bromley Hill, in Kent. Those who have seen these charming grounds, which have been laid out with equal skill and fine taste, must remember the clear and pretty trout stream which runs through them. This stream is formed from the overflowings of some springs in the pleasure-garden, one of which bubbles up in a large artificial basin. In this basin, cold as the water is, a trout may always be seen. If one is removed, another quickly takes its place, and one only occupies this transparent spring head. Its food appears to be frogs which occasionally get into the basin. Winter and summer the trout keeps possession of its circular domain, and shews no disposition to quit it. This fact would prove that trout delight in the coldest water they can meet with, and that they ascend rivers for the purpose of meeting with it at their source. Grayling, on the contrary, appear to descend rivers, as they are not so numerous in the higher parts of the Test, and they are disappearing from stations in that river where many have been turned out for the sake of stocking it with those fish. The flavour of the grayling has not, I think, been sufficiently appreciated. It is one of the best fish I am acquainted with. This fish feeds much

on the ground, and is therefore more readily taken with ground-bait than with a fly. An old angler states that he has seen half a dozen of them at a time ploughing the ground, as hogs do, for food.

There are very few fresh-water fish that will not take a well-dressed artificial fly of some sort or other; even the shad has been known to do so. The gudgeon is perhaps an exception. I have no doubt also but that many of the sea-fish would take a fly. The following proof of this was lately communicated to me. To the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Wilson, in the ship *Victoria*, of Bristol, one afternoon caught a large sized shark. The following morning a pilot-fish was observed following the stern of the vessel. The chief mate, an inveterate fisherman, dressed a small fly with coloured worsted and white leather wings on a No. 7 hook, and watching his opportunity, dropped the fly over the fish, which immediately took it and was hauled on board. Its colour was a brilliant deep blue, shaded off to orange in bars.

From fish, our conversation turned to the numerous swallows we had that day seen skimming the surface of the river. These indefatigable birds are on the wing from 14 to 16 hours at this time of the year. In the autumn they congregate in a manner which is truly surprizing; every bird seems to be actuated by the same impulse to assemble at the same moment in some particular place. This mi-

gratory disposition is possessed by the swallow in all parts of the world where they are found. It takes place annually at the Cape of Good Hope, and a friend in the West Indies writes me word that on the 20th of January he remarked that the swallows were congregating in thousands in the same way as they do with us ; and on the same day not one was to be seen. He added, that on the 23rd of November numerous swallows were seen, but they did not appear to be stationary. During that day they were seen resting on the branches of the silk cotton trees, as if recovering from fatigue, and as the sun went down, they made an effort to hunt for food, but in a lazy sluggish flight. If the arrival and departure of swallows in different parts of the world was communicated from time to time, it would prove very interesting to naturalists, and would tend to clear up many of the doubts which exist respecting the history of these interesting birds.

During the heat of the morning we reclined under the shade of some beautiful lime trees, refreshing ourselves with Angler's fare, which we had brought with us, and which proved no unpleasant part of the day's amusement. It was on this occasion that my companion composed the following song, which I am sure will be read with interest by my worthy brothers of the rod and line.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

Come underneath these old lime trees,
 ' A stirrup cup,' come drink with me;
 My toast,—a bumper if you please—
 ' Our May-fly Club'—with three times three '

Oh! we are Anglers keen and true,
 Met here to fish the streams of Test!
 And the dainty trout our skill shall rue,
 E'er Phœbus sinks down in the west!

Tho' March and April both are past,
 (Tho' May has left her fly for June)
 The rush-green Drake is come at last,
 And Angler's hearts are all in tune!

Now perl and hackle throw aside,
 Let mimic art to nature yield;
 Long rods and blowing lines provide,
 Up, brother, up,! and take the field.—

For see where Sol illumines the streams,
 And May gnats caper in the haze!
 Frail emblems of life's passing dreams,
 And pleasure's short-liv'd dancing days!

But we've no time to moralize,
 By practice artists wiser grow—
 ' A lively fly—and a merry rise'—
 And then to work like Anglers go!

We resumed our sport after my friend had pencilled down his song, and met with ample success. the afternoon was perfect, and our charming river glowed with animation. Those only can judge of its beauty as a stream who have seen it on such a day as this. It is one of my pleasing dreams that

I may pass the remainder of my life near the banks
of some beautiful trout stream, for

I love each full, o'erflowing river,
Rolling on as if for ever!

Indeed, I am persuaded that there never was a lover of nature who did not find peculiar enjoyment, and his mind happy and tranquillized, whenever he walked along the banks of a clear and picturesque river. He sees at every step something to interest him. Dragon-flies flit about in every direction, their wings glittering in the sun as they settle on one of the numerous water-grasses, or on the broad green leaf of a water-lily. Bees hum their music as they seek for honey amongst the bright flowers which adorn the meadows and the banks of the river, while gaudy flies appear in the full enjoyment of their renovated existence. To these we may add the song of birds, the rising of trout, the call of a moor-hen, and the distant cooing of the ring-dove. Even the sudden splash of a water-rat, when it is disturbed by having its haunt approached, is not without its interest in such a scene as this. The very air is perfumed, and its softness reminds one of those pretty lines of Mr. Coleridge's—

' ——— the gentle south-west wind

' O'er willow meads and shadow'd waters creeping.'

In describing our two days excursion to the banks of the Test, I must not forget to mention

that my friend was attended by a little black and tan terrier dog, his constant companion. This dog does away with the necessity of a landing-net, for whenever my friend hooks a fish, the little animal takes the water as soon as he is told to do so, and seizing the fish by the back of the head, lands him safely. He neither bites or tears it. On one occasion he landed in one day 28 pike and 31 perch. This perhaps, is the more singular, because I believe that terriers in general dislike water. I sometimes amused myself with watching the sagacious look of the dog, and his eagerness and anxiety when a fish was hooked. I have also heard of a dog that would fetch floating trimmers (or as they are called in Norfolk, *liggers*) out of the water, and the pike attached to them, even if they were pulling hard.

The setting of the sun this evening was most beautiful. Its golden rays glittered on the distant trees, and shed a flood of glory as far as the eye could reach. The horizon was irradiated with various tints, which were reflected on the clear transparent waters of the river. These roseate hues gradually disappeared, a gentle breath of air was felt, and nature sunk into repose.

O Nature! holy, meek and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood,
Thou wanderer by the secret flood,

Thou lover of the daisied sod,
 Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
 Oh! lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
 E'en as her child the mother leads;
 And while we saunter, let thy speech
 God's glory and his goodness preach.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

As we were quitting the banks of the river, we observed a heron take its slow and heavy flight, and settle on the edge of the water, where it immediately assumed that attitude of patience which is so characteristic of the bird.

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool;
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To patience, which all evil can allay:
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
 And given thyself a lesson to the fool
 Unthrifty——

LORD THURLOW.

We now took our leave of the Test with great regret, but with a hope of revisiting it the following year. I have been far from exaggerating its merits as a trout stream, and my only fear is, that some of its admirers will think that I have not said enough in its praise. At particular times and seasons, it requires a master of the rod to have a chance of taking any good sized fish, and speaking generally, a bungler had better try his luck in any other stream.

———— the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute.

* * * * *

For, from that wondrous pond, whence she derives her head,
And places by the way by which she's honoured,
(Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle way,
And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She (Itchin) thinks in all the Isle not any such as she,
And for a demigod she would related be.

DRAYTON'S POLY-OLBION.

I FEEL so much interest in the Test, of which the more classic appellation is the *Anton*, that I hope my readers will excuse me if I endeavour to trace the account which antient writers have given of it ; and which formed the subject of our evening's conversation on our return to our village inn.

It is well known that more than one of our British rivers were called by the Romans, *Antona*. Although the word *Hampton* is so common in British topography, and its Saxon etymology so clear, it has been doubted that the names of *Northampton* and *Southampton* are derived from that stock ; for the Romans long anterior to what we call Saxon times, mention two British rivers of the name of *Anton* ; the one, the North Anton, is supposed to be the Nen, on which Northampton is situated : the other is surely the South Anton or Test, the chief tributary of the Southampton Water.

It was, however, so much the habit of the Ro-

mans to latinize vernacular names, and Antona is so like what they would probably have formed from Hampton, that it may be reasonably suspected that those places were called by that name as early as the British times, and that, of course, its etymology must be traced to some higher source, common both to the British and Saxon.

Be that as it may, I think that I shall be able to show that the Romans called the Nen, which runs by Northampton, the Anton; and the Test, on which Southampton stands, the Anton; and again, the Arun which falls into the sea at Little Hampton, the Anton also.

Tacitus, in his Annals, says that Ostorius established a line of forts along the rivers Sabrina and Antona. The Sabrina is no doubt the Severn, but there has been a diversity of opinion about the Antona. Lipsius pronounced decidedly that the Antona was the Nen. Camden was likewise of opinion that Tacitus meant the Nen, but he suspected that the word Antona was an error of transcription for Aufona. In this he was probably mistaken, for Aufona is surely the Avon; and as Camden agrees with Lipsius, that Ostorius' forts were along the Nen, it seems gratuitous to call the *Nen* by the name appropriate to the *Avon*, contrary, I believe, to all the MSS. of Tacitus.

Richard of Cirencester (who wrote long before either Lipsius or Camden, but who was unknown

to both, for his work was only discovered about the middle of the last century) has given us a rough map of the British Isles, in which he preserves both the names of Antona and Aufona, to two midland rivers; but, by an odd mistake, he calls the Avon the Antona, and the Nen the Aufona. His evidence, however, proves that there was in those parts a river called by the Romans Anton. But, after all, it is now, I believe, universally admitted that there was a midland Anton, and that this Anton is the Nen; and Ortelius' map of "Britain after the Ancients," describes (and I have no doubt correctly) by the name of Antona, the Nen which flows by Northampton, north-eastward; and by that of Aufona, the Avon which runs south-westward to the Severn.

So far as to the *North* Anton. As to the *South* Anton the case is much clearer; indeed it is liable to no doubt or difficulty at all. In the great Ordnance map, the river at the mouth of which Southampton stands, is called 'the Anton or Test river,' and in the common road books we are told that at Redbridge, Stockbridge, and Andover, 'you cross the river Anton.' Indeed the name Andover, is probably derived from Anton. Here then beyond all doubt, is a *South* Anton, and that appears to corroborate, in a great degree, the text of Tacitus, the commentary of Lipsius, and the map of Ortelius, as to a *North* Anton.

But we now arrive at some curious circumstances connected with this South Anton.

Southampton Water is an æstuary composed of three principal tributaries: the Anton or Test, the Itchin, and the Hamble river. Now Ptolemy, in his Geography of Britain, places on the southern coast of England, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Portus Magnus, or Portsmouth, a river which he calls *Trisantona*. This name, I can have no doubt, designates Southampton water—formed of *three* tributaries, of which the Anton is much the greatest—as the Humber is called by ancient geographers Trifonia, from its being also composed of three principal tributaries. But Ptolemy places Trisanton *eastward* of Portus Magnus, which has induced some authors (and amongst them the learned Stukeley, I think) who were not aware of the *local* name of the Anton or Test, to consider Ptolemy's Trisanton as Chichester Haven; whereas it is clear that Ptolemy, or his copyist, had made the mistake of transposing the two names, and that Trisanton can be no other than the Southampton Water.

But we have still another Anton to dispose of, I mean the Manantonis. I forget whether this river is mentioned by Ptolemy. I am sure it is by the writer called Ravennas, and by other authorities; and it is placed eastward of Trisanton and of Portus Magnus, just in the place where the modern name 'Little Hampton' seems to indicate the original appellation.

From all these instances, I think it may be concluded that the three names Northampton, Southampton, and Little Hampton, are either not derived from the Saxon compound Hampton, or, that Hampton is not of Saxon, but of British derivation, and was translated by the Romans into Antona; that it is probable that the Antona of Tacitus was the Nen; still more probable that Manantonis was Little Hampton; and finally, that it is certain that the Test and South Anton are the same; that the Trisanton of Ptolemy is the Southampton Water, and that of course it should have been placed by him a little to the westward instead of a little to the eastward of Portus Magnus.

Sometimes on the grass ourselves we will lay,
And see how the watery citizens play :
Sometimes with a fly stand under a tree,
And chuse out what fish our captives shall be.

THERE are several fishing clubs on the Test, of which perhaps the Houghton is *now* the best, and the Leckford *was*. In the first mentioned club many eminent men are, and have been amongst its members ; Dr. Wollaston, Sir Francis Chantrey, and several others might be named, as well as the agreeable author of ‘Maxims and Hints for Anglers.’ The Leckford Club was formerly in great repute, and the late Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was, I believe, one of its members. At all events he appears to have joined a fishing party at that place, which met in commemoration of Izaak Walton ; and the following lines, descriptive of some of the persons who composed the party, were written on this occasion by one of the members of Mr. Sheridan’s family.

Say, how shall mortal man in earthly strains,
Sing, Leckford, all thy pleasures and thy pains.
Supremely blest, e’en Craven’s gallant lord,
With all that wealth and beauty can afford,
For Leckford quits, and quits alone for this,
The fair example of domestic bliss :

Our Duke,* whom cloudless sky and eastern breeze,
 Full oft, as 'twere in sport conspire to teaze,
 Yet, ever gentle and serene, defies
 The malice of east-winds, and cloudless skies ;
 And bending to fair nature's fickle will,—
 I'st calm,—he's calmer than the sun-clad hill ;
 Or if it pours—from her he takes his cue,
 And, in libation to the day, pours too.

But oh ! for the sweet verdant rising plot,
 Where erst, around the vicar's decent cot,
 E're tasteless ignorance had dar'd invade
 Our creeping honey-suckle's scented shade,
 The crimson speckled game laid out in state,
 From four to one pound, and Tom's † *under weight* ;
 Their bright sides mottled by death's various hue,
 The prowess of each arm display'd to view.

From morn to night when Kerrick knew no rest,
 And Scott's ‡ quick eye, e'en quick-ey'd Mo confess'd,
 When Gordon's pealing slumbers wont to burst
 The trembling walls of middle room, or worst ;
 (The walls where Gordon fitted in so well,
 Clean as a crab, or cob nut to its shell—
 Gordon, who all good-nature, will excuse
 The saucy mirth of no unfriendly muse.)
 And Cytherean songs—that Mistress Moore
 Lov'd, as she listened at the parlour door,
 In concert with the cock's shrill matin-horn,
 Proclaim'd to sleeping villagers 'twas morn.

Ah ! ere the fleeting voice of merriment
 Hath left, in stillness left, our jovial tent,
 Here, ere we part, we'll pledge one cup to him,
 The life of Leckford, and the soul of whim,

* Duke of Argyle; one of the last of the survivors of the party.

† Tom Sheridan.

‡ Henry Scott, Esq., brother to Lady Oxford.

Who hails, perchance, across Atlantic seas,
 Hails, as of old, the warm south-western breeze,
 And almost jealous of each senseless puff
 That breathes destruction on his rippled ruff,
 In waking dreams, begs 'just to take a look,'
 Before he starts, at ev'ry body's book!
 Yes! with the glass for him that sparkles clear,
 Chase (for 'twill rise) the sad foreboding tear,
 And drink, 'that time in summers yet to come
 'To Leckford's sedgy banks may bring poor Tom!'

On the occasion referred to, Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, drew up certain rules and regulations for the guidance of the piscatory party. These rules, in the hand-writing of Mr. Sheridan, are now before me, by permission of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club, having been presented to it by W. Dunn, Esq. the Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, one of the worthy members of the club. Some of these rules have no interest at present, as they applied to the peculiarities of persons, many of them long since dead. Others which partake of that wit and humour which has, and which will continue to delight the world, are now given. They will be read with interest by many persons as characteristic of Mr. Sheridan in his joyous moments, when his wit, his good-humour, and the kindness of his heart, always left a strong feeling of love and affection in the minds of his friends.

* The late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., at that time at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died.

PISCATORY PARTY IN COMMEMORATION OF
 IZAAK WALTON.

Rules and Regulations for the Same.

‘ That each male member of the party shall
 ‘ forthwith subscribe ~~the~~ the sum of five pounds five
 ‘ shillings, towards the general expences, and that
 ‘ such subscriber do *really* pay the same into the
 ‘ hands of the treasurer.

‘ Henry Scott, Esq., Captain of the Light In-
 ‘ fantry of the South Hants, to be collector of the
 ‘ said subscriptions in the town department. The
 ‘ said Captain having given a great proof of ability
 ‘ for that office, inasmuch as he has already collect-
 ‘ ed five guineas from *Gigar*, alias Mathew Lee,
 ‘ Esq., and the society have the strongest hopes
 ‘ that he will give an equally unexpected proof of
 ‘ his integrity, by paying over the said sum into
 ‘ the hands of the treasurer.

‘ A journal is to be kept of the occurrences of
 ‘ each day, which, among other interesting matters,
 ‘ is to contain an account of the number of fish
 ‘ caught, their respective weights, by whom caught,
 ‘ &c. &c.

‘ The said journal is at a proper time to be
 ‘ printed and published, and although the party
 ‘ are confident that the said journal will also be a
 ‘ record of wit, humour, pleasantry, and possibly
 ‘ even of deep observation, from the acknowledged
 ‘ and various talents of the said party, yet, dis-

‘ daining all personal advantage, it is resolved in
 ‘ humble imitation of the example set by the Rev.
 ‘ W. L. Bowles, that in case any copies of the said
 ‘ fresh-water log-book should be sold, the profits
 ‘ shall be solely applied to the benefit of the widows
 ‘ and orphans of deceased fishermen.*

‘ No drawing, painting, sketch, or model of any
 ‘ trout, shall be taken at the general expense, un-
 ‘ less such fish shall have exceeded the weight of
 ‘ five pounds, and shall have been *bonâ fide* caught
 ‘ by one of the party, and not privately bought at
 ‘ Stockbridge.

‘ Any member describing the strength, size,
 ‘ weight of any immense fish which he had skil-
 ‘ fully hooked, dexterously played with, and suc-
 ‘ cessfully brought to the bank, when by the clum-
 ‘ siness of the man with the landing-net—only
 ‘ conceive how provoking—the said fish got off—
 ‘ shall forfeit half-a-guinea—and so *toties quoties*,
 ‘ for every such narrative. To prevent unneces-
 ‘ sary trouble, the said forfeits are to be collected
 ‘ by the Rev. I— O—.

‘ There shall be but one hot meal in the course
 ‘ of the day, and that shall be a supper at nine
 ‘ o’clock ; cold meat and other refreshments in the
 ‘ tents, or at the water side at two o’clock.

‘ A committee is to be appointed to provide these

* This refers to Mr. Bowles having published a poem, the profits of which were to be given to some charity.

‘ repasts, and shall be called and entitled the cater-
‘ ing committee, and their decision as to snack and
‘ supper shall be final.

‘ Any member willing to send in any stores for
‘ the general benefit at his own expence, shall be
‘ permitted so to do, and is entitled to be laughed
‘ at accordingly.

‘ All fish by whomsoever caught, are to be con-
‘ sidered as general property ; and if there are suf-
‘ ficient to send any as presents, the choice of the
‘ fish shall be determined by lot ; always excepting
‘ such as shall be sent to the drawing-room, which
‘ are to be a tribute from the firm.

‘ Any gentleman falsely, shabbily, and treache-
‘ rously concealing the number of fish he had caught,
‘ and slyly sending off any of the same as a present
‘ to ladies or others, shall forfeit on detection, one
‘ guinea for each fish so purloined from the common
‘ stock, and be publicly reprimanded at supper for
‘ the same. Mrs. Sheridan is not to draw up the
‘ form of this reprimand.

‘ Any person restless and fidgetty, presuming to
‘ insinuate that sea-fishing is preferable to the tame
‘ and tranquil occupation of this party, and detected
‘ in endeavouring to inveigle elsewhere any of the
‘ liege and dutiful subjects of Izaak Walton, shall
‘ on conviction, be sentenced to fourteen minutes
‘ abstinence from ale, beer, porter, wine, brandy,
‘ rum, gin, hollands, grog, shrubb, punch, toddy,

‘ *swiperus*, *caulkers*, pipe, segar, quid, shag, pig-tail, short-cut, varinas, canaster, *pickater*, and if such culprit shall appeal against the severity of the above sentence as a punishment disproportioned to the utmost excess of human delinquency, he shall be entitled to have rehearing, and Nat Ogle assigned to him as counsel.

‘ The Rev. — is not to chew the tobacco called pigtail after sunset, as he will then join the society of the ladies; nor for the same reason is Jos. Richardson, Esq. M. P., and author of the ‘Fugitives,’ to flick his snuff about during supper, even though he should have been competing with Nat Ogle.

‘ If any of the party, deserting the rod shall assume the gun, it is recommended to them as white-wales* are not likely to be seen, and black-whalers are unworthy their pursuit, to direct all their attention to green whalers, alias plovers, which will afford not merely good sport to the shooter, but considerable aid to the larder.

‘ A copy of these Rules and Regulations fairly and legibly transcribed, is to be posted over the chimney of the eating-room of the society’s house at Leckford, provided the pannel or any side of the said room is of size to contain such paper. If not, authentic copies thereof shall be delivered to each member.’

* It is not known to what this refers. It is copied exactly from the manuscript.

These are a few of the playful rules and regulations which Sheridan drew up on the meeting of a party of his friends at Leckford, in commemoration of that father of all honest anglers, Izaak Walton. We must regret that there is no further account of the proceedings which took place on so interesting an occasion, or of the sport they had in capturing the trout of the Test. As some of the party however have left behind them the character of being most expert fly-fishers, it is probable that the jovial assembly were not left without a due supply of fish.

Having given my readers such anecdotes connected with the Test as I have been able to collect, it is time to mention what I consider the most approved method of taking the trout, with which it abounds in all places where they are preserved.

I must premise that I am not one of those who think that a great variety of flies are necessary in fishing for trout either in the Test, or in any other river. I am at the same time aware that many fly-fishers, and good ones too, are prepared with every description of fly, that in case they do not succeed with one sort, they may with another. As far as my experience goes, I am of opinion that the angler gains but little by having such a multiplicity of flies. Much time is lost in putting them on and in taking them off his line, and after all, perhaps, he has met with no success. I would recommend

to all frequenters of a trout-stream, and especially those who may try it for the first time, to consult some resident angler of the neighbourhood respecting the best flies to be used, and to use such as he may recommend.

As a general rule, however, for the Test, and for most of our British trout streams, I should say that four flies only are necessary, and that if trout cannot be taken with them, it is useless to try others. I am aware that many of my brother anglers, and especially those who have some degree of pride in exhibiting the beauty and variety of their flies, will scout my opinion as erroneous. They will quote 'honest Izaak Walton's friend Cotton,' old Tom Barker, the author of 'Salmonia,' and many others, as having both by their precept and example thought and acted otherwise. Notwithstanding such formidable authorities, I must honestly state what I think on this subject, and I therefore recommend the young angler to provide himself only with large flies of a dark and light colour for his morning and evening fishing when there is a good curl on the water or a strong stream, and small flies of the same colours when the water is calm and still. If trout are at all inclined to rise, they will generally take these at any time. If on the contrary they decline doing so, no variety of fly will succeed with them. Some days are propitious, and others are not so. It is the state of the atmosphere, the passage of clouds, a

shower of rain, the colour of the water, and a variety of other circumstances which tend to the success or disappointment of an angler, and upon these he must depend more than upon the flies in his pocket-book. There is a sort of *coxcombry* in angling as in every thing else; and if the young angler is on his guard against it, he will save both his time and his money.

I should however observe, that some experienced anglers consider that the six flies about to be mentioned are sufficient to kill trout, grayling, and other fish, at all seasons of the year, and they have, therefore, been called *standard* flies. Having given a list of them, the young angler, to whom these hints are chiefly addressed, can provide himself with them, or not, as he thinks proper. The following are the flies referred to, viz:—

The black hackle.—This is for the end fly, or stretcher.

The grouse-hackle.—To be used either as a dropper or stretcher.

The wren's-tail.—To be used either as a dropper or stretcher.

The smoky-dun hackle.—To be used as stretcher or dropper.

The brown-rail.—As stretcher or dropper.

The hare's-ear.—To be used as drop flies.

I would recommend to young beginners in the 'noble art' of fly-fishing to commence with a single-

handed rod, and with one fly only, until they have arrived at a certain degree of proficiency. Their line at first should not be much longer than the rod, or they will be apt to leave their fly *at grass*. When they are tolerably perfect at this length, they may use more progressively, until they find themselves enabled to manage the length of line generally thrown by experienced anglers. The fly should never be drawn *against* the stream, because that is not the natural tendency of flies on the water, and the young angler should always bear in mind that he will seldom err if he strictly confines himself to the course which nature points out to him. Thus his fly should be so thrown as to come upon the surface of the water as lightly and naturally as possible, playing the rod in such a manner as to bring the fly very gently towards him, but still allowing it to go down the stream.

In throwing a fly, keep the line as nearly *taught* as possible, so that very little of the gut should appear on the surface of the water.

In drawing the line out of the water for the purpose of recasting it, the rod must make a circle round the head, so that the fly may be well behind the angler before he attempts to throw it forward, and never let him use any unnecessary length of line, as it is not so conveniently managed.

An angler will fish up or down stream according as the wind may be, and he should always make the

most of it in casting his fly, by keeping it at his back as much as possible.

Let him always place himself as far from the edge of the bank as he can, and keep the shadow of the rod from the water. Fish are very quick-sighted.

As far as my observation goes, all fish get into deep water when the weather is cold. A recollection of this circumstance may save the young angler much unnecessary trouble.

When the water is low and clear, without any curl upon it, with a hot sun, but little sport can be expected. Under these circumstances, however, fish may be taken, and the angler is recommended to try with a black hackle, fishing *down* the water by the sides of banks, with very fine tackle, and with a considerable length of line, taking especial care to keep himself quite out of sight.

The following hint, by a brother angler, is worth attending to. When a fish is seriously feeding on the fly, he stations himself at no greater depth than his own length, and, making his tail the hinge of his motions, he gently raises his mouth to the top of the water, and quietly sucks in the fly which may be passing over him. A rising of this sort is not easily seen, but it is worth looking for, because, although a fish feeding in this manner will rarely go many inches on either side for a fly, he will as rarely refuse to take one which comes (without any gut in the water) directly to him.*

* Maxims and Hints for an Angler.

The young angler must be taught by experience the best situations for fishing. As a general rule however he should try under banks against which flies may have been blown from trees and grass, and at the mouths of streams and ditches running into the river.

If the weather should be bleak and cold, the fly should be allowed to sink a little below the surface of the water, but on the contrary, with a warm wind, the fly should be kept on the top of it as much as possible.

If a trout will not take a fly after three or four casts, it is useless to continue trying for one at that spot. In fact, after each throw it is as well to take a step or two either backwards or forwards so as to vary the place where the fly alights.

The best time for the angler to use his fly is after the water has been somewhat discoloured with rain, and has nearly become clear again—also when the day is cloudy with some breeze. When the wind is high, fish are generally to be met with in sheltered deeps.

Some old anglers thought that the best fish rise late in the evening. This may be so, at all events the young angler is recommended as a general rule to fish as long as he can see his fly.

By following the above instructions, a beginner in the gentle art of fly-fishing may soon become a proficient, but it is by constant practice alone, and

a real fondness for the amusement, that he can arrive at perfection. Above all, he should delight in the charms of nature, and contemplate her works as he wanders with his rod by the side of some clear and tranquil stream, or traverses the shore of a turbulent and eddying pool. The beautiful scenery also, which is generally to be found on the banks of our pretty trout rivers, their graceful and fanciful windings, and the sweet and gay flowers which ornament their sides, should all add to the pleasures of the angler. Far removed from the haunts of the idle and the profligate, he may see in every thing around him proofs of the care and bounty of a beneficent Creator. His mind will be impressed with pure and holy thoughts of the Great Author of the Universe, he will possess that best and most valuable of blessings, a cheerful and contented disposition, while the exercise he takes in the pursuit of his favourite amusement, will render his body active and healthy, and like our excellent father, Izaak Walton, he will experience that happy tranquillity which is alone to be derived from religion, virtue and temperance.

How rich in humble poverty is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Discharg'd of bus'ness, void of strife—
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass he lies,
No God of sleep he need invoke ;
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.

The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
Maintains the consort of the song;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden sleep prolong —
Amidst his harmless, tranquil joys,
No anxious care invades his health;
Nor vice his peace of mind destroys,
Nor eager avarice of wealth.

COWLEY.

GRAYLING FISHING

NEAR

LUDLOW.

'The river glides at the bottom of the garden, and there is no stream in England more productive of grayling.'—SALMONIA.

SINCE the preceding chapter was written, I have had the following account of Grayling fishing sent me. I was at first tempted to embody it with the short account I have given of that fish, but on second thoughts, I determined on publishing it just as I received it, and I am sure that it will be read with interest and pleasure by my brethren of the rod and line. The Author, as will be readily seen, is a good practical angler, and his remarks will be found to be equally useful and pleasing. He clears up some of the erroneous statements which have been made respecting the habits, growth, and the best mode of fishing for the grayling, and gives the result of his practice and experience with an evident wish that others should benefit by them.

I now beg to offer him my best acknowledgments

for his entertaining remarks, and also for his *piscatory* invitation at the conclusion of them.

The Author of *Salmonia* has made Leintwardine and the Teme interesting localities to all anglers, and especially to those who have had no previous practice in grayling fishing. The following remarks, therefore, may be considered as a sequel to Sir Humphy Davy's account of the sport he and his friends had in the Teme; some of his apparent mistakes are corrected, and testimony is borne of the fidelity of many of his remarks, especially as regards the great abundance of fish to be found in the river referred to. That grayling do not grow to the same size in the Teme that they do in the Test is acknowledged. Whether this is owing to their great abundance in the former river I know not, although this is probably the case, as I have generally found that where fish abound, they degenerate in weight. I had a grayling sent to me last year by an old and kind member of the Houghton Fishing Club, which weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; and very recently another member of the Club sent me two brace, one brace of which were the largest and heaviest which had been caught in the Test during the present season (1836) and weighed about $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. They were caught in the evening rise. Mr. Penant mentions one which was taken near Ludlow, above half a yard in length, and weighing four pounds six ounces, as a rare instance.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ You asked me some little time since to send you some information respecting grayling fishing.

‘ Living as I do on the banks of the *Team*, or Teme, and with a most liberal permission to angle both at Leintwardine and Oakley Park, I am perhaps one of the most determined persecutors of the finny tribe; and although I have on occasion tried most kind of baits, the *fly* is the only one I take any delight in.

‘ So much has been said by Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia* of the country, anatomy, and habits of the grayling, and so great an authority is he in such points, that I hardly dare venture to contradict him—and yet in some cases I think he is in error.

‘ Any person who has ever fished in a grayling river, will remember that there are three very distinct sizes of fish:—the pink, so called, I imagine, from its not much exceeding the minnow in size; the skett, or shote, which average about five to the pound; and the half pound fish, which then takes the name of ‘*grayling*.’

‘ Now, as I have myself constantly caught all these several kinds on the same day, and that in the month of October; and it is allowed by all that grayling spawn in April, or at latest in May; if all these fish are the produce of the same year, how can you account for the great difference in size?—

And yet Sir Humphry affirms that the fish spawned in April, in the October of the same year attain the weight of half a pound, or even ten ounces!!

‘ Leaving this for more competent judges to determine, I will now state the common opinion, to which I confess I am much more inclined than the other. It is that the pink grayling are the fry of the present year, the shett, of the year preceding; and therefore, instead of being a fish of rapid growth, that a grayling of more than half a pound is a fish of nearly two years of age, and up to which time they do not spawn.

‘ I cannot either allow the grayling to be a shy fish; if you miss a trout once, you have little chance of rising him again, at least in a river so much fished as the Leintwardine water; but you may rise a grayling six or eight times at successive casts, and at last find a snug corner for him in your basket. But enough of Sir Humphry, who in my opinion was a better philosopher than a fisherman; and I should have been happy to fish against *Halicus* and *Ornither*, or either of his companions, for the best 13 foot fly-rod in old Chevalier’s shop. In proof of this, and to give a tolerable idea of the sport, I have copied out a list of grayling killed by my own rod in the summer of 1833. I ought however to observe, that on many of the days recorded I was only at the river for an hour or two, on my way to, and from, Ludlow,—and also that it only

comprises those fish which I brought home ; since, if I had reckoned shett grayling, and trout out of season, all of which I threw in again, it would have increased the total to *more* than double the present amount.*

‘ During the last two summers I have been absent late in the autumn in Ireland and Scotland, and I was only at Leintwardine *three* times during last season (in October), and then killed 117 fine fish with the same casting line and three flies, which, on

*1833.	Fish.	No.	Where killed.	Remarks.
Aug. 6	Grayling.	10	Oakley Park	* 28 Sept. Best day I ever had in Teme, filling my basket, which holds 17lb. in less than 4 hours, when I was forced to leave off. I gave my flies on leaving to a gentleman who had then only caught 2!! and be told me he afterwards quite filled his basket.
— 9	ditto	16	ditto	
— 12	ditto	31	Leintwardine	
— 16	ditto	31	ditto	
— 19	ditto	23	ditto	
— 20	ditto	27	ditto	
— 23	ditto	14	ditto	
— 26	ditto	15	ditto	
— 29	ditto	19	ditto	
Sept. 6	ditto	21	Downton Castle	
— 13	ditto	16	Do. and Oakley Park	
— 14	ditto	16	Leintwardine	
— 23	ditto	18	ditto	† 12 Oct. From this day till the end of the month, the water was too high for sport. The light blue (or ‘ Fisherman’s curse,’ as it may truly be called, as the fish take nothing else, and it is impossible to imitate it) as thick as possible on the water, and almost as many fishermen as flies, thrashing the river in every direction.
—*28	ditto	31	ditto	
— 30	ditto	23	ditto	
Oct. 3	ditto	15	Little Teme.	
— 5	ditto	19	ditto	
— 7	ditto	15	Leintwardine	
— 10	ditto	20	ditto	
—†12	ditto	11	ditto	
— 15	ditto	8	ditto	
— 18	ditto	9	Little Teme	
— 19	ditto	11	Leintwardine	
		419		

the last day, were absolutely little else than bare hooks, so completely had they been worked away by the fish.

‘On one of the days I basketed 47, the best days sport I ever had, as they were all of a fair size. As for the shett grayling, on some days a person might kill as many as he could carry. I remember very well fishing one afternoon at Oakley Park, with a young friend, and, after throwing in an immense number, we agreed to count what we caught, and on comparing notes, he had thrown in *ninety-seven* and I *ninety-two*, besides about a score each which we had in our baskets. And out of the whole number only two were half a pound in weight.

‘During the whole of August, and up to the middle of September in this summer, the weather was so sultry and the water so low and fine, that all our country anglers fancied it was useless to attempt to kill fish. The consequence was I had the river very much to myself; and by using very fine tackle, and wading under bushes where the fish had probably never even seen an artificial fly, I had capital sport, seldom failing to fill my basket, which holds, as I have stated, about 17 lb. of fish. I usually fished with three flies, the red-ant, fern, and orange tag-tail; and I will venture to back them during these two months against all the combinations of feather, fur, and silk, ever put together. Later in the season succeed the

willow, both dark and light,—the pale blue, the most difficult fly in the world to imitate,—and a large brown fly, called in our country the seg-fly, and one of the most killing flies I know. (It was with the two latter, and a small red palmer, that I killed the 177 fish in Oct. last.)

‘Of these flies, and one or two others which I know to be killing ones, I have sent you patterns. I cannot boast their being my own tying, but they were made by a man at Ludlow, well known as ‘Jones the fisherman,’ who has tied many dozens for me, and as he only charges two shilling a dozen, I think it is waste of time to do that badly yourself which you can get done so cheap, and so much better.

‘And now having given you a hint about flies, I will tell you a secret or two about making use of them, which is of much greater importance. You will always see any person who is a stranger to grayling fishing, and I may add many who have fished for them all their lives, when the water is very low and clear, immediately betake themselves to the streams and curls, from the idea that the fish will see your line in the dead water. Let them do so; they will perhaps catch a few trout, and some shett grayling. But go yourself to a deep, dead part of the river, never mind if there is *no wind*, or if the *sun* is *hot*; use the finest gut you can procure (even if you give a guinea a knot

for it), and two flies, and when you have thrown your line as light as gossamer, let it sink for eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight *curl* in the water, which by a little practice you will understand quite as well, and when you strike you will have the pleasure of finding a *pounder* or more tugging away at the end of your line.

‘ This is the *real* secret of grayling fishing, and I have often filled my basket, while eight or ten other fishermen on the water, using the very same flies, have not managed to kill a decent dish amongst them all.

‘ I have also remarked that another circumstance, very well known to be true in regard to salmon, is equally applicable to grayling, viz. that on certain streams they prefer particular flies. One stream in particular I can mention, where I have found them take the orange tag-tail, often refusing every other fly, and when no fish in any other stream would look at the tag-tail. But no rule can possibly be laid down for this, as it can only be learnt by experience; and my strongest recommendation is when once you have got on a fly that kills fish, never change it. I have often seen a man try every fly in his book without success, whilst another with only three flies, and a little perseverance, has been quietly filling his basket. This is *old* advice, but it is particularly applicable to grayling, as some-

times the water is literally alive with them, and they will not even look at the fly—the most mortifying thing on earth to a fisherman.

‘ I have before alluded to wading, and I must say, for those who are not afraid of the water, it is a most decided advantage; you are enabled to throw a shorter line, and have much better chance of hooking your fish; you can cross the river to fish either side at your option; and you can fish under bushes, and in places which the shoal fisher is unable to get at—three of the most important points in fishing with the fly.

‘ That one sometimes meets with disagreeable adventures in consequence I cannot deny, as rather a ludicrous one happened to myself not very long ago. I had commenced fishing at the top of a weir-head, and as the river was very low, and the sun shining very brightly over my head, I had picked my way along some shelving rocks for a considerable distance till within about fifty yards of the weir itself. On each side of me were high alder trees, and I had most extraordinary luck, hanging a fine grayling almost at every cast under the bushes.

‘ Just however as I was thinking of beating a retreat a cloud came over the sun, and rendered the water as black as ink. It was a long way back to the ford where I had entered, and I determined on endeavouring to proceed straight to the side, and feeling my way with my rod till within about

ten yards of the bank, I found the water considerably shallower than I had expected. Having therefore thrust my rod through the bushes, I was walking out quite leisurely when souse I went in up to my chin! I soon scrambled out, and found that I had placed my rod on the stump of an old alder tree instead of the bottom, but on searching my pockets I found all my fish had taken their departure with the exception of five; besides considerable damage to fishing hooks, and sundry other articles, which I had before kept high and dry in the upper pockets of my jacket.

‘ N. B. A small silk landing net with a handle eight or ten inches long, is the most convenient thing possible in this kind of fishing, as you need not then come out of the water to land your fish; but take care when you have brought your fish close to you that he does not hook *you* with your drop fly, when you probably break your casting line, and lose your fish.

‘ And now I will conclude by saying that although I prefer the fly, I must allow that the largest fish are killed by the maggot and grasshopper. The most destructive way with *both*, is to sink and draw, and it is not unusual to kill four or five fish in a day exceeding two pound in weight, while you seldom get much above ‘ *a pounder*’ with the fly, and the average may be taken at nearly three-quarters of a pound during the day. But ‘ *chacun*

à son gout,' and I for one prefer catching thirty or forty lively fellows of that size with the fly, to poring all day at one or two particular holes, pulling your line in and out of the water, or watching a piece of quill till your eyes ache again, even if I had the chance of killing the largest fish in the whole river.

'Once more adieu. If you think any of these remarks may be useful do what you like with them. At any rate I shall be happy to show you the best places to use the flies I send should you ever come to Leintwardine.

your's sincerely,

E. R.'

'1. Spider fly. End of April. Very killing both for trout and shett grayling. Body, either pale grey silk or strand of peacock's hard, with the green stripped off it. Wing, woodcock or grouse feather. Legs, black hackle, and made *long*.

'2. Fern fly. June till end of September. Body bright orange silk. Wings, light woodcock feather. Legs, red hackle. A *capital* fly.

'3. Red Ant-fly. Body, peacock's hard, and crimson, with silk under the wings. Wing, stare's feather. Legs, red hackle. From end of June till middle of September.

'4. Tag-tail. All the summer. Body, green dubbing, mixed with a little yellow; a tuft of orange silk or worsted for tail; made buzz, with light blue hackle.

- ' 5. Red spinner
 ' 6. Black gnat
 ' 7. Pale blue, with silver twist

} Summer evening.

' 8. Seg fly. Middle of September till end of October. Wing, landrail's feather. Body, as near the same colour as possible. This and the next,

' 9. The pale blue, or ' fisherman's curse,' from its being so difficult to imitate. Two of the best flies in the whole year. The only thing I ever found to succeed for the wing or legs is the feather of the tern, or sea swallow; and the body of the same coloured dubbing, mixed with a little yellow.

' 10. Light willow. September and October.

' 11. Dark willow. End of September till December.

' 12, 13, 14. A blue dun, and dark palmer, I never found fish refuse in any river I ever yet fished in, and a little red palmer made from the very *moon* of the peacock's feather, which grayling will take at all seasons of the year.

' I have here only mentioned those flies with which I myself have had the best success; and I only put the spider fly along with them because it is a very killing fly for *trout*; and I have never seen it properly made by any one but Jones; but I do not reckon the grayling fishing to commence

* No, 8 may be made two sizes larger if the water is not very fine.

till the middle of July or beginning of August, up to which time the large fish will not rise; and I have killed a good dish of fish on a mild day even at the end of December.'

A VISIT TO OXFORD.

Lo ! Alma Mater rears her reverend head—
 Unfolds the portal of her awful courts,
 Where nurs'd by science, future fame resorts ;

* * * * *

Pleased we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,
 And hot repast that gives content and ease ;
 The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our fare,
 We next the jug of cordial punch prepare,
 Or purple claret.

G. FITZGERALD.

It was on a fine autumnal Monday morning that I found myself on the front seat of the outside of an Oxford coach, immediately behind the coachman, with my fishing rod between my knees, and my basket properly secured to the iron of one of the coach-lamps. I wanted a little relaxation, and, therefore, determined to make that celebrated seat of learning Oxford, my head quarters for a few days. I anticipated the pleasure of wandering, with my rod in my hand, along the banks of the Thames or the Isis, or of visiting some of the little trout streams a few miles distant from it. I was indifferent as to

any success I might meet with in fishing, but I knew that I should inhale pure air in the rich and extensive meadows which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and enjoy distant views of the stately public structures of that 'delicate and most beautiful city.' As I was acquainted also with two or three fellows of colleges, and had some young friends amongst the gowmsmen, I felt pretty sure of passing my time tolerably well. I delight moreover in seeing old buildings, and in examining those fine specimens of the taste and munificence of our ancestors, which are to be met with in every part of Oxford. Added to which I am an enthusiast in cathedral music, which is heard in such perfection at that place, and had a great desire to inspect the museum of Natural History.

With these anticipations of pleasure I commenced my journey. I found our coachman a sedate, respectable looking man, who seemed perfectly master of his business, driving us along smoothly and pleasantly at the rate of about ten miles an hour. He appeared a general favourite, which I found was owing to his civility and good conduct, as well as to the steadiness and skill with which he had driven the coach for many years. Our present breed of coachmen is superior to what it was in my younger days. I recollect sitting by the side of a coachman, in a journey to the Sussex coast, whose conversation shewed so much good

sense, and who expressed himself with so much propriety, that I could not help testifying my surprise. I found that he had lodgings both in London and at the town we were going to, and that he spent his evenings at both in reading. In the course of conversation he informed me that he had previously driven a coach on the Chatham road, which he found a profitable situation, but that he had left it because he never had the advantage of *conversing with gentlemen*.

Our Oxford coachman appeared to be one of this class, and he evidently profited by the conversation of the learned persons he was in the habit of driving, for so, I presume, all Oxonians may be considered. A young gownsman was seated next to me. He affected a little dash, had a knowing neck-cloth, and a great coat curiously cut and seamed, and decorated with a sort of button which was new to me, though I presume they were the fashion at the seat of learning. A pickle of a terrier, who seemed used to the journey, took his place between the legs of his master, bristling up at every one of his own species whom he saw on the road. The young gentleman was however civil and obliging, and somewhat communicative. He talked of wine parties, billiards, and hunting, and groaned over his Oxford debts. Part of his conversation was addressed to the coachman, who, turning towards him, said, ‘ Let me recommend you,

‘ Sir, always to pay for a thing at Oxford when ‘ you have it, *if you can*. If you cannot, go ‘ without it.’ I thought this sensible advice, and the worthy *artiste* of the whip raised himself in my good opinion accordingly. Persons who have of late years described English coachmen, and especially foreigners, appear quite to have mistaken their habits and characters. One agreeable writer tells us, that a coachman has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin — that he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and that his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He further informs us that he wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a huge roll of coloured handkerchiefs about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and that he has, in summer, a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, his small-clothes extending far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs. He also makes him thrust his hands into the pockets of his great coat, and roll about the inn yard, surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, and shoe-blacks, who look up to him as an oracle, and treasure up his cant phrases. This description

may suit a post-boy, or perhaps a Scotch or cross-country coachman ; but it certainly does not apply to those who drive on our great roads. Whoever has travelled, for instance, to Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, Oxford, or Reading, will have met with coachmen whose conversation is frequently as agreeable as their manners are civil and obliging. They join to their civility the tact of never being obtrusive, or forgetful of the situation they occupy.

We had scarcely cleared the environs of London, when a passenger who sat beside the coachman, turned his head round, and I discovered an old acquaintance. After we had cordially greeted each other, he enquired the object of my journey, and on being informed, he insisted that I should dine with him that day in New College, of which he was a fellow. Having thus unexpectedly met with a pleasant companion, we jogged along the road, admiring here and there the views which presented themselves. Indeed, it is impossible to see the neighbourhood of Henley-on-Thames, without being struck with its beauty. The Nettlebed beech-wood, with its silvery stems and its underwood of holly, puts one in mind of those sylvan scenes which poets delight to describe, and makes the tall maypole, which is seen on emerging from the wood, particularly appropriate. I prefer a beech-wood to any other. Its branches make a

natural and most agreeable canopy all the summer, and its yellow leaves in autumn, give the greatest charm to forest scenery. Our ancestors made much more use of beech than we do at present—

‘ Beech made their chests, their beds, and the joint-stools ;

‘ Beech made the board, the platters, and the bowls.’

The entrance into Oxford is peculiarly striking, and it is impossible to see the walls of Magdalen College, without recollecting that James the Second *knocked his head against them* : a hint to those who are endeavouring to subvert the venerable institutions of that place. I never enter Oxford, without calling to mind what old Camden says of it. He calls it ‘ our most noble Athens, the seat of the ‘ English muses, the prop and pillar, nay the sun, ‘ the eye, the very soul of the nation ; the most ‘ celebrated fountain of wisdom and learning, from ‘ whence religion, letters, and good manners, are ‘ diffused through the whole kingdom.’

Having taken up my quarters at that good and old-fashioned inn, the King’s Arms, from the windows of which so many fine and venerable buildings may be seen, I changed my travelling dress, and was just in time to join the fellows’ table in the hall. I need not describe the hospitality which is exercised in New College, except to notice, with all due praise, the puddings to which it has given its name, and which are quite deserving of

the character they have received. After an excellent dinner, we adjourned to the chapel, where on my making the request, my favourite anthem by Kent, 'Lord hear our prayer,' was delightfully sung. This fine anthem, the beauty and lightness of the architecture of the chapel, while the shades of evening were resting upon it, and the propriety with which the service was performed, all left an impression on the mind of the most pleasing kind.

Bear me to that all glorious fane
Superb, 'with storied windows richly dight,'
Where I may hear beneath its wondrous roof,
The swelling notes of softest symphonies
And anthems of such pleasant harmony,
As charm the soul with sweet enthusiasm.

After chapel, we adjourned to the common room, to partake of wine and desert. Those only who have witnessed the comforts to be met with there, can fully appreciate them. A good blazing fire, excellent wine, and agreeable conversation, made the evening pass most pleasantly, and it was concluded with a rubber of whist.

While I was sauntering along the High Street the next day, I was accosted by two young gownsmen, whom I had formerly known and *pouched* at Eton. They pressed me so much to join their wine party in the evening, that I was obliged to consent, although I endeavoured duly to impress upon them how much an old fellow, like myself, would be out of his element in the society of a

number of jolly youngsters. All my arguments, however, were of no avail, and at the appointed hour I repaired to — College. I found a large party assembled, and a table covered with wine, glasses, and an expensive dessert. My companions were gay and joyous, and amused me much with college anecdotes and Oxford puns. Some of the latter I had heard before, though I took especial care duly to express my approbation, as if in total ignorance of their antiquity. Indeed I have observed that a genuine Oxford pun is handed down from year to year for the benefit of all new comers, and probably many of the *freshmen*, on hearing one of these for the first time, repeat it as if it had just been uttered by one of the reigning wits of the day. I heard, however, two or three which were new to me, and trust they will prove so to my readers. At all events, they will serve to remind me of the joyous reception they met with from my young companions.

A wealthy and well-known London brewer thought proper to join a pack of fox hounds one day, and on the occasion appeared with moustaches. He was well mounted, and dressed in a very conspicuous manner. A French nobleman who was present, and was struck by his appearance, asked Lord A. if he was not *un grand militaire*. 'No,' replied his Lordship, 'il n'est qu'un Chevalier de 'Malte.'

A well-known poet sacrificed too liberally to Bacchus one evening at the Athenæum, and was led home by an acquaintance of his who was in a more sober state. The day had been wet, and the kennels were full of water. The poet fell into one of them, and pulled his companion after him, who exclaimed, in allusion to one of the poet's lines,

'It is not *I*-ser rolling rapidly, but *we*-sir.'

An old gentleman while handing his snuff-box round a table, boasted much of its antiquity, and said that it had been a hundred years in his family. 'Has it?' retorted a wit, 'then it is only 'a sentry (century) box after all.'

Coleman being asked what he thought of John Kemble in *Don Felix*, answered, that 'there was 'too much of the *Don*, and too little of the *Felix*.'

A race-horse, named *Dawn-of-Day*, won several stakes, and his owner, thinking he should get a large sum for him, determined to sell him, and told a friend of his intention. 'You will never get 'any thing for him,' replied he, 'his name will 'damn him.' - 'How so?' said the other, 'he has 'always won in the name he now has.' 'No such 'thing,' replied the other; 'I again say his name 'will damn him, for every one will take him for a 'roarer (*aurora*).'

A celebrated architect was speaking of the difficulty there would be in *destroying* the old London bridge. 'None at all,' said his friend, '*shoot* it.'

To these, and many other jokes and puns, were added stories of hair-breath escapes from proctors, accounts of examinations, and of being *plucked* at the *little goes*, and various details of the habits of college life. In short, my young companions amused me exceedingly, and I quitted them with a sincere hope that it would be long ere the frowns of the world would deprive them of their happy faces and exuberant spirits.

I delight in the society of the youthful, while their mirth and their conversation are kept within due bounds. They bring back to my recollection the bright days of my own youth, when care and anxiety were unknown, and that freshness of mind which persons are apt to lose as they advance in years. It is, however, their own fault if they lose it, and although youth may be the season for enjoyment, it may equally be experienced in another degree by those over whose heads time has produced a sensible alteration. Those who imagine that life has no pleasure after early youth, should recollect the following pretty lines on the subject, addressed to one who made the remark.

Tell me no more, repining friend,
 ' That youth's gay holiday once past,
 ' Our false and fleeting pleasures end,
 ' And life has lost all zest and taste.

' To sordid selfishness a prey,
 ' The palsied heart forgets to feel ;

' Nor generous impulse can obey
 ' Where cautious Age has set his seal.'

Hence, cheerless pencil ! whose harsh lines
 And sombre tints my soul disclaims :
 Time mellows friendship, like old wines ;
 And tempers love's too ardent flames.

Why dress in clouds the autumn day ?
 Because the spring's bright dawn is fled.
 Why cast the amaranth away ?
 Because the vernal rose is shed.

Tho' summer's fervent heat is spent,
 Sweet is the evening hour of reason,
 The time to gather in content,
 The wholesome fruit of every season.

MRS. DORSET.

The next day I dined at the fellows' table of M — College, and I shall not soon forget the scene. Most of the fellows I met were a little advanced in life, and one of them was between eighty and ninety years of age. He had resided at his favourite college upwards of sixty years, and thought there was no place equal to it. If good eating and drinking, and a warm, snug fellows' room, constituted happiness, he certainly had them in perfection. After an excellent dinner, we adjourned to this room. A sort of kidney-shaped table was placed before the fire, round which the party sat, the two senior fellows ensconcing themselves in comfortable arm-chairs on each side of the fire-place. A bottle of port wine, such as is seldom met with, and which did great credit to the

Bursar, was placed on the table, and protected from the heat of the fire by a little triangular mahogany screen. It circulated, however, with considerable rapidity, and was as rapidly renewed. Indeed the attendant, who appeared to have executed the duties of his office for a great many years, and was a solemn and respectable-looking man, seemed to be perfectly aware when a fresh bottle would be wanted, and he always made his appearance with it to a moment. Its brightness was then duly examined, and it made its rounds like its predecessors. It was, however, the old stagers who paid the greatest devotion to their favorite beverage; and notwithstanding their frequent libations, it appeared to produce no effect upon them until late in the evening. The first symptom which was evinced of exhilaration, was a proposal from the senior fellow for a catch, by way of enlivening the company. This was opposed by some of the juniors, who were probably aware of what was coming, and were fearful of some breach of decorum in the presence of a stranger. It was, however, carried against them, with a little assistance I lent to the proposal, as I felt curious to hear what sort of a catch would be sung by the venerable seniors of the college. After a short consultation, the thing was settled, the juniors declining to lend any aid to the performance; but retaining their seats in dignified silence, looking

however with some degree of contempt on their more aged brethren. The patriarch of the room acted as leader of the band, and made his arrangements accordingly. As I had expressed my readiness to lend any assistance in my power in the proposed catch, he turned to me, and to my infinite surprize and dismay, desired me to sing '*the cur.*' On requesting to have my part more fully explained to me, that I might do it all due justice, I was informed that when it came to my turn, I was to chaunt out lustily, 'I sing cur,' and afterwards join the chorus, *plená voce*. The old fellow then began his part by shouting out, '*I sing Cob*'—; the next performer followed him by squeaking out, '*I sing ler*;' a third, with stentorian lungs, exclaimed, '*I sing Tin*'—; and then I had to add, '*I sing ker.*' The chorus was then vociferated, the hint having been given by a loud tap on the table, '*A Cobler and a Tinker.*' The catch, however, did not end here, for it went on *ad libitum*, getting louder and louder every instant, 'till the venerable old walls echoed with the shouts and laughter of its jolly old fellows, and they were at last obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. Never shall I forget the scene. Their sides shook, while they wiped their eyes, which twinkled with glee and joviality, and it was some time before they recovered from the effects of the exertions their bodies and lungs had undergone. Some other

catches were sung, which I do not now recollect, and late in the evening, broiled bones, and other stimulants, were introduced, followed by a huge silver tankard of mighty ale—

' With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught.'

I must say that Oxford ale deserves all the panegyric which Warton has bestowed upon it, when he exclaimed—

' Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,

' Hail, juice benignant.'

The old fellows shewed themselves to be true disciples of the poet laureate, and all due justice was done to the foaming tankard. When it had been properly discussed, a large tumbler of punch was placed before each person who chose to partake of it, and at a late hour we separated, after I had received many hearty shakes of the hand, and many pressing invitations to renew my visit. Alas! most, if not all, of these fine old specimens of college bachelors are now reposing in the vaults of their venerable and splendid chapel. They were probably some of the last of a set of men, who, like the Dutch professor in the Vicar of Wakefield, could eat, drink, and sleep well, without understanding a word of Greek.

The next morning one of the junior fellows, who has since distinguished himself for his talents and learning as the Bishop of ——, called upon me, in order to account for the scene of the preceding

evening. He assured me that it was one of no frequent occurrence, but that on two or three particular days of the year, the senior fellows kept up the old customs of the college, and on those occasions infringed a little on their usual regular habits. I had been too well entertained, and had enjoyed myself too much, to think any apology necessary, although I could not help admiring the anxiety of my companion for the character and discipline of a college, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. After all, the bounds of propriety had been but little infringed upon. There was excitement without intoxication, and mirth and laughter, without either vulgarity or indecorum.

As for myself, I must confess that I am one of those who delight in witnessing old customs, especially in times like these when all our ancient habits and institutions are undergoing a change. Whoever has read an amusing life of Anthony à Wood, the Oxford antiquary (and those who have not, ought to do so) will find many interesting details of Oxford habits and customs in the good old times. To be sure young gownsmen are not now subject to be flogged at the Buttery Hatch, as they were formerly, but the golden age of study then existed, and ponderous and learned works were produced of which we have few instances in these degenerate days. Some of the learned antiquary's statements are droll enough. For instance, he mentions

that Charles (Stuart ?) Duke of Richmond, was a rude and debauched person, keeping sordid company, and that having employed a little crook'd-back tailor of Oxford, named Herne, he would often drink with him, quarrel, and ' the tailor ' being too hard for him, would get him downe, ' and *bite his eare.*' In another place he tells us, that John Dryden, the poet, being at Will's Coffee House, in Covent Garden, was about eight at night soundly cudgelled by three men, ' the reason ' as 'tis supposed, because he had reflected on certain persons in Absalom and Achitophel.' There is also to be found an amusing account of the admission of *freshmen* into the college fraternity. ' Each freshman, according to seniority, was to ' pluck off his gowne and band, and if possible to ' make himself look like a *scoundrell.** This done, ' they were conducted each after the other to the ' high table, and there made to stand on a forme ' placed thereon, from whence they were to speak ' their speech with an audible voice to the company : which, if well done, the person that spoke ' it was to have a cup of cawdle and no salted ' drinke ; if indifferently, some cawdle and some ' salted drinke ; but if dull, nothing was given to

* This was a favourite word of Dr. Johnson's. In his Dictionary, he defined *loon*, a scoundrel, *lout*, a scoundrel, *sneakup*, a scoundrel, &c. and it is known that he once called a woman, a *scoundrel*.

‘ him but salted drinke, or salt put in college beere,
 ‘ with *tucks* to boot. Afterwards when they were
 ‘ to be admitted into the fraternity, the senior cook
 ‘ was to administer to them an oath over an old shoe,
 ‘ part of which runs thus: Item, tu jurabis, quod
 ‘ *penniless bench* non frequentabis, &c. After
 ‘ which spoken with gravity, the freshman kist the
 ‘ shoe, put on his gowne and band, and took his
 ‘ place among the seniors.’ Penniless bench, was
 a seat joining to St. Martin’s Church *apud Quadri-*
drivium, where butter-women and hucksters used
 to sit. I was not able to ascertain whether this,
 or any similar custom still exists in any of the col-
 leges at Oxford.

I hope I shall be excused for having introduced
 these extracts from Anthony à Wood, but as I
 amused myself with reading his life while I was
 staying at my inn at Oxford, I made a few notes
 from it, some of which I have now given. It is
 impossible to peruse his amusing account of him-
 self, without being struck with the great alteration
 which has taken place since his time in the habits
 and customs of the university, and it is to be re-
 gretted that we are not furnished with more diaries
 of its earlier days.

I have but little more to add of my sojourn at
 Oxford. I passed two or three evenings pleasantly
 at different colleges, visited the public buildings
 and churches, and lounged along the High Street ;

and whether this is done by day or by night, it is impossible not to be struck with its beauty, and the variety of its fine buildings.

Notwithstanding my sight-seeing propensity, I contrived to use my fishing-rod on two or three occasions, accompanied by one of my young Eton friends, who had taken a liking to the noble art of angling. We sauntered along the banks of the river—

' Where shading elms along the margin grew,

' And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew.'

We *dibbed* for chub in deep holes, under the hollow banks of the river, sometimes with cadbates, which is a killing bait, and at others with a black beetle. In fishing with these, the bait should be kept gently on the move, and this causes the chub to come at it with the greater eagerness. It is, indeed, one of those baits a chub delights in, but notwithstanding this, the angler should keep himself as much concealed from the view of the fish as possible. When this has not been properly attended to, I have seen chub swim round the bait over and over again, showing their eagerness to take it, but abstaining from doing so in consequence of the angler having exposed himself. The fish, after this disappointment have disappeared from the spot, and it was sometime before they returned to it.

In dibbing for chub, the rod should be very

long, tolerably strong, and rather stiff, with the line not more than three or four feet in length. The best silk-worm gut should be used for the bottom, and if this be of a sufficient length, none of the line need appear beyond the end of the rod. This is a great advantage, as the finer the tackle, the greater chance the angler has, the chub being a most timid fish, and even the shadow of the rod will sometimes cause it to disappear. The angler for chub should always be provided with a landing net, as he will probably fish in situations where it will be difficult to secure the fish without one.

I have now mentioned what I consider the most killing bait for chub in summer, at which season of the year they may be seen just under the surface of the water, sheltered by trees or hollow banks. In such situations the angler must approach them with great caution. In addition to the baits I have mentioned, he may then use the natural or artificial fly, or butterflies with the large wings taken off, as well as blue-bottles, and almost any sort of beetle.

At other seasons, the chub may be taken with salmon roe, cadis, and other worms, black and dun flies a little gaudy, gentles, wasp-maggots, and black-snails. I have also caught them when spinning for perch with a minnow or small gudgeon. Dried brains have also been recommended by old anglers, as well as blackberries, dewberries, and old

cheese. In fact, with proper caution and concealment, for that is the great secret in chub fishing, nothing seems to come amiss to him.

I must not omit to mention, that wherever a stream runs into a pond or river through an archway, chub will generally be found to harbour under it, and they may be taken by dibbing in the manner described, with a grass-hopper or a cockchaffer. These fish will grow to a large size, and some are said to have been taken weighing from seven to eight pounds each.

The pike to be found in the rivers in the neighbourhood of Oxford are in general of a small size, at least I never had the good fortune to take a large one, or to meet with any one who had. Some good sport may however be had by spinning with a gudgeon or dace in the manner which has been elsewhere described. Deep holes under banks are the best places to try for them, especially in cold weather. The edges of bull-rushes, water-lillies and of any sort of water-weed, are also favourite haunts of the pike, for he can there lurk for his prey amidst the shade and quiet of the situation.

A good sized river pike will afford the angler excellent sport, and it is, I think, a gamer fish than one of the same size, met with in ponds. In Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* a sketch is given of an angler having hooked a pike and of the sport it gave him.

At last a hungry pike—————
 Snatches the bait, and hastens fast away ;
 He, knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,
 Puls up his rod, but soft, (as having skill,)
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill,
 Then all his line he freely yieldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
 Th' insnared fish, here on the top doth scud,
 There underneath the banckes, then in the mud ;
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his hide, or starting hole ;
 By this the pike cleane wearied, underneath
 A willowe lyes, and pants, (if fishes breathe)
 Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him ;
 And least his hast might happen to undoe him,
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
 And, by degrees, getting the fish to land,
 Walkes to another poole.—————

A fly fisher must not expect much sport in the neighbourhood of Oxford, as trout are any thing but abundant. Should he however be an antiquary, as well as a disciple of Izaak Walton, he will be well compensated for his trouble in visiting some of the country churches with which Oxfordshire abounds. That of Charlton, about eight miles from Oxford, is worth looking at. There is a curious cross in the church-yard, and in the church an antient and beautiful screen of rich gothic workmanship, supported by intersecting ribs. The pannels are painted red, and the mouldings and carved ornaments have been richly gilt. The antiquary will also find other things worthy his notice, and he may learn that the manor was

granted in 1081 to Hugh de Grentemaisnil, a Norman Baron of approved talent, who had distinguished himself in the battle at Hastings. When he died, some Monks 'salted up his body, enclosed ' it in a hide, and sent it to Normandy.'

Islip is about five miles from Oxford, and in the middle of it formerly stood the palace of King Ethelred, and adjoining it was an antient chapel mentioned by Hearne in his 'curious discourses,' and in it a stone font stood in which it is said that Edward the Confessor was baptized. On the desecration of the chapel in the protectorate of Cromwell, the font was removed to one of the inns of the village, and applied to the meanest uses. Hearne has recorded that an old lady kept meat to cram her turkies in this font, but that the turkies all died to the great disarrangement of her Christmas dinners, and disappointment of her friends. Islip is prettily situated on an eminence on the bank of the Ray near its confluence with the Cherwell.

Bucknell Church will also be interesting to those who take any pleasure in examining our antient national edifices. It is probably one of the Anglo-Norman buildings, and has its narrow lancet windows, and a nave and chancel separated by a low tower.

I might mention Ambrosden, Beckley, and other Churches within a short distance of Oxford which

are worthy of notice, but of which little notice has been taken.

The Chapel and Priory of Studley have also many historical and interesting facts connected with them. The Priory was formerly occupied by Benedictine Nuns, until their possessions were seized by Henry the VIIIth,* when they were directed to

* The nuns were made to surrender their property, although it was in fact seized. Their seal was affixed to the act of surrender and an engraving of it is here given.



seek another abode, and their religious hospitality was put a stop to for ever. Whether any good was done by the suppression of such conventual establishments is very doubtful. To them the widow and the orphan, the poor and the aged, and the way-faring traveller resorted with confidence of receiving that relief which was never refused them. When the doors of the Priory were closed against them, the poor had no place to apply to for assistance, and they were consequently involved in the greatest distress. The poor laws were subsequently instituted for their relief, and a heavy burthen was thus thrown upon the country. Had the lay possessors of church property been compelled to maintain the poor from lands, which in many cases had been rapaciously seized, or unfairly obtained, much of this evil would have been avoided.

The Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the II^{nd.}, and in 1203, amongst other bequests to the convent, the free pannage, or mast feeding of hogs at Studley, was bestowed upon it, and in 1207 land held by Alan the hunter was given to the nunnery, and also a cart-load of dead fuel for their hearths. In 1220, one hundred white loaves, of the sort in Oxford called *Blanpeyn* were given to the nuns of Studley, and a horse-load of wood was granted to them by Henry the III^{rd.} once in every day from his wood of Panshall. There

were various other bequests. The property has been held by and is still in the possession of the antient family of Croke, to whom it was granted in the 31st of Henry the VIIIth.

I might carry these notices of what is interesting to the antiquary in the neighbourhood of Oxford to a great extent, but enough has been said to prove to him, when he visits that celebrated University, that there are abundant objects to gratify his curiosity, and reward his research. It is one of my pleasing dreams that I may sometime or other see all that is interesting in Oxford and the country around it, and have an opportunity of committing to paper whatever I may find worth the notice of either the antiquary or the naturalist.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

' God never meant that man should scale the heavens
 ' By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
 ' Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
 ' To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
 ' The mind indeed, enlightened from above,
 ' Views him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause
 ' The grand effect ; acknowledges with joy
 ' His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.'

* * * * *
 ' Philosophy, baptized
 ' In the pure fountain of eternal love,
 ' Has eyes indeed ; and viewing all she sees
 ' As meant to indicate a God to man,
 ' Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.'

COWPER.

THE month of September is, in this climate, some-
 times gloomy, and that of 18— possessed a few
 days of winter rigour. Mr. Wilfred Eames sat
 on the evening of that month in one of those two
 Patagonian arm-chairs that decorate either side of
 the fire-place of the Athenæum Library in Pall Mall.
 ' Waiter,' exclaimed Mr. Eames in a rather dis-
 satisfied tone.—A dapper attendant in a drab
 livery with metal dome buttons, which I under-

stand has since been altered to one of a darker hue, answered to the summons. 'When are the carpets to be put down,' enquired Mr. Eames, surveying the then bare floor with a shudder. 'I don't know Sir.'—'Don't you? then light the fire.' The waiter vanished for a candle wherewith to do his bidding. While he is absent it may not be amiss to depict the character of the club member who despatched him on his errand.

Mr. Wilfred Eames was the younger son of a country gentleman of some distinction, and was bred to the law. The habits of rigid demonstration and of accurate research which that science engenders, had rendered him cautious and sceptical. He did not perhaps go quite the length of Mr. Worldly Wiseman in Steeven's Lecture on Heads, who disinherited his only son because he could not give a reason why a black hen laid a white egg, yet he was, sooth to say, of a mighty incredulous complexion. Upon the subject of the formation of this world, he entertained a notion which I have met with in some American writer. He opined that some few millions of years ago, a vagrant comet had, by collision with the sun, struck off a portion of that luminary in a slanting direction, and in a state of fusion. The portions thus separated, had, whilst whirling round its parent sun, been gradually cooling from that time to the present, and his notion was that at no very distant

epoch we shall be all congealed in eternal frost. To protract this unpleasant consummation he ordered a fire in the library of the Athenæum.

The sound of crackling wood and coal drew divers loungers from the adjoining drawing-room, and among the rest the Rev. Charles Hastings and Simon Hilary, Esq. of the Albany in Piccadilly. The two last mentioned gentlemen exchanged a few words with Mr. Eames, and it is probable that, Englishmen-like, they would have continued unacquainted until the end of their respective existences, had it not been for the lucky invention of a house dinner on the ground-floor in the parlour which faces Pall Mall. Strange as it may appear, three men of tastes and habits so different, straitway became intimate with each other. Pope says,

' All Nature's difference makes all Nature's peace,'

and so it may fare in the influence of social life. Mr. Eames was sceptical and cautious. The hobby-horse of Dr. Hastings was natural history. Hilary, like Goldsmith, did not know a turkey from a goose, until he had seen it on a dish. He was moreover a decided Londoner. The Clubs in the morning—the Parks in the afternoon, and the Theatres and the Opera House in the evening formed the staple commodity of his existence. He was gentleman-like—perfectly good humoured, and

tolerably well read in the passing literature of the day.

Living as Mr. Eames and Mr. Hilary did in what is called the best society of London, they were both struck with the charms of Dr. Hastings' conversation, and the quiet and unpretending simplicity of his manners. Few people indeed could be in his company without entertaining a more than ordinary regard for him. He had a cheerful, if not a playful manner, and described the agréments of his country life with so much enthusiasm, that he did not quit town before his new friends had promised to pay him a visit at his rectory. Nothing perhaps tended more to draw this promise from them than the description Dr. Hastings gave of a beautiful trout and salmon river in his neighbourhood and of the sport to be had in it. They had read 'honest Izaak Walton,' and like many others, fancied there must be a charm in angling which perhaps is not always to be found when it is carried into practice. The promise however was given, and as we shall presently see, was carried into effect.

The clerical duties of Dr. Hastings did not admit of a long continuance in London, and he, therefore, returned to his Parsonage at Chesterton, and now, reader, bear with me awhile until I have described it.

Dr. Hastings' residence was situated beneath a

wood of very considerable length, but of no very great depth, and from which some beautiful perennial springs, little influenced by the seasons, broke out here and there, and found their way to a trout stream which ran through the adjoining valley. The wood itself was almost entirely composed of beech, with an underwood of holly and box-wood, and was surmounted by a fine and extensive down. In places where the hill was too precipitous for the growth of timber trees, patches of turf might be seen with some juniper bushes growing on them, and lower down were several vast hollows from which chalk had in former times been taken, and which gave a marked character to the scenery. These hollows were now partly filled up with hollies, junipers and other shrubs, which were entangled with wild hops and various creepers.

The Rectory was near one of these hollows, and at a little distance from the hanging wood already mentioned. It was a low, irregular building of grey stone with two large projecting windows on each side of a porch, which was covered with climbing plants. In front was a lawn which sloped down to the trout stream which flowed at the termination of it, and was kept in the nicest order. At the bottom of the lawn a terrace walk of considerable length was formed along the banks of the river, having a covered seat at one end, and a small fishing house at the other. Here the stream ran

over a little *tumbling* bay, which made one of the beauties of the place. On each side of the lawn were some fine shrubberies, with the exception of an opening, which let in a view of the village church at a small distance, with some magnificent elm-trees at the back of it.

The view from the house was very extensive over a rich, undulating country, and the whole appearance of the place was that of cheerfulness, comfort and contentment.

The village itself was small, consisting chiefly of two or three good farmer's houses, with well stored rick-yards, and some cottages standing on a rock of sand-stone, each of them having a small portion of garden ground attached to them. The stream ran close to them, over which there was a rude stone bridge, and between it and the cottages was a spacious village green.

Such was the house and village of Chesterton, and Dr. Hastings had not been long returned to it before his two Athenæum friends were invited thither to pay him a visit. Eames acquiesced as soon as the long vacation (now *lucus a non lucendo*) authorized him so to do. Hilary hesitated for seventeen hours. He really did not know what to say to it: he never had been further from London than the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill—yes—he begged his (own) pardon, he had been once at the Bush at Staines—and for him, with his

habits, to kill time at a parsonage ninety miles from town, was really a thing not to be thought of. It was thought of notwithstanding, and the invitation, after many a groan, was accepted as soon as the weather would permit.

On the arrival of the two members of the Atheneum at Chesterton, they were received by Dr. Hastings with the utmost cordiality, and soon afterwards were introduced to Mrs. Hastings, whom they found in a well ordered and extensive library. After a few questions, the guests were dismissed to prepare themselves for dinner, and while they are doing so it may be as well to make the reader acquainted with Mrs. Hastings.

Mrs. Hastings was no longer young, but she was one of those active, good humoured and bustling women, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' who give a great charm to a country residence. If she pressed her guests a little too much to partake of the good cheer before them, it proceeded evidently from a kind desire that they should have what she thought they would like and relish. Her husband now and then checked her eagerness in providing for the wants of her company, but this was done in a playful manner, and the Doctor was quite aware that it was a hopeless case. Indeed every thing, was so good, and so well dressed, that but little persuasion was necessary to induce the guests to do justice to her dinner. The whole ménage

was conducted by Mrs. Hastings with admirable skill, as Dr. Hastings was too much of a scholar and philosopher to bestow any trouble on the subject. He was a sort of boarder and lodger in his own house, and hearing no complaints, he was satisfied that every thing went on well. He was fond of, and admired, his wife, although he now and then joked a little on the peculiarities of her disposition. For instance, she was fond of physicking her poor neighbours, several of whom came to the rectory at a stated time for medicine. The Doctor, seeing some of these in attendance, called out—‘ Mrs. Hastings here are seven or eight ‘ *victims* waiting for you.’ The poor however, as well as the rich were greatly attached to her. The former found in her a kind and liberal benefactress, to whom they could apply in every period of difficulty and distress. She relieved their wants, and administered to their comforts whenever it was in her power to do so. Her richer neighbours were received by her with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and there was a *frankness* in her good-humoured smile which could not fail to find its way to every one’s heart. Those who have passed the greatest part of their lives in London, have had but few opportunities of knowing the comforts and enjoyments to be found in visiting a well regulated house in the country. There is a freshness, if I may call it so, about every thing—an absence

from the dirt, and noise and smoke of a metropolis. In this respect, there is nothing perhaps more striking than a good country bed and bed-room, and a good country breakfast. These Dr. Hastings' visitors enjoyed in perfection, and it was after the latter meal, that the party prepared for a ramble round the premises.

Every thing appeared new to Mr. Hilary, and as he listened to Dr. Hastings' facts and illustrations of the economy of nature as they pursued their walk, he became interested in the subject, and his eyes appeared to be opened for the first time to the beauties of the works of creation. His curiosity was excited, and he asked for information with an eagerness which astonished his friend Mr. Eames. A hawk was observed hovering high in the air over the edge of the chalk-pit, which had been formed out of the side of the precipitous hill at the back of the rectory. The party admired its smooth and elegant movements, sometimes appearing as if it was suspended in the air, and at others falling for a short distance like a stone, and then suddenly resuming its original position. This afforded an occasion for Dr. Hastings to give his friends an interesting account of the habits of the falco genus. He described their flights, their migrations, the beauty of their plumage, the quickness of their eye-sight, and the admirable manner in which they are formed as birds of prey. He

mentioned that during a tour he was once making amongst the higher Alps, in company with a friend, he had witnessed the flight of a noble eagle. They were on the side of a precipitous mountain, looking down from nearly a perpendicular height of perhaps two miles into a valley below them. In this situation they observed an eagle, which had probably been feeding on a sheep in the valley, begin its flight upwards. This was performed in circles, with great beauty and majesty, the ascent slowly and gradually taking place towards the spot which Dr. Hastings occupied. The sun was about to set, and its rays glittered on the noble bird as it made its gyrations in the air. There was no perceptible motion of its wings, although its approach to the party who were so intently watching it, was every instant more observable. At last it came near the spot where they were seated, and probably alarmed at their appearance, it flew in a direct line over the mountain, and was soon far out of sight;—

an eagle flight—

Leaving no tract behind.

SHAKESPEARE.

In answer to a question put to him by Mr. Eames, Dr. Hastings remarked, that both the sight and scent of birds of prey were peculiarly acute, although he was of opinion that they were led to their prey more by the latter than the former. This

opinion, he said, was contrary to that of many naturalists, but he formed it for the following reasons. In the West India Islands, vultures are protected as necessary scavengers. After a person has been dead a few hours, numbers of these birds will settle on the roof of the house in which the body is, remaining on it immoveable and with a melancholy silence. This they will do, although the body emits no perceptible effluvia to those in the room with it. A surgeon also, who resided many years in the West Indies, said, that he never performed a dissection in a shut up room without finding a number of vultures on the roof of the house, however fresh the subject might be. Many experiments have also been tried to prove that these birds are directed to their food by scent. In confirmation of this it may be added, that when mice increased to so great a degree in Dean Forest, that they barked the young trees on some hundreds of acres of plantation, kites, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey increased in proportion, and many of them were of a variety which had never before been seen in the forest. As the ravages of the mice were generally committed amongst the long grass where they could not be readily seen, it is more than probable that the birds of prey were directed to the spot by scent alone. Audubon's experiment of stuffing the skin of a fawn, and then finding that birds of prey came to it, appears by no means

conclusive, as he states it to be, that they were attracted by sight alone. Their sight might have directed them certainly to the spot, but still there might have been some smell in the skin. If the head of a vulture were properly dissected, there can be no doubt but that the organs of scent would be found to be strongly developed.

When Dr. Hastings had concluded this account, he conducted his companions to see one of his favourite views. It was from the edge of the down that he pointed it out to them. Opposite to the spot on which they stood, there was a perfect amphitheatre of hills, great part of which were covered with hanging woods, having a great variety of foliage, encompassing a valley of the richest fertility, through which the trout stream meandered in a playful and irregular manner. The summit of a hill to the left, commanded a landscape which nature appeared to delight in, as her choicest treasures seemed to have been lavished upon it. Here were grassy knolls, and hanging copses, with here and there fine spreading oak and beech trees, and little silvery sparkling streamlets, which seemed formed for the purpose of refreshing the roots of these majestic trees; all these formed the principal features of a scene in which every thing was blended in the loveliest harmony and proportions. The strangers were delighted with what they had seen, and when they had sufficiently admired the view,

Dr. Hastings conducted them to the lower grounds by a rocky path which wound its way through the sloping wood of beech trees beneath them. The rocks on each side of them were streaked with narrow veins, some of which had been perforated by sand-martins, while wild-strawberries, and other creeping plants of great variety, and some of great beauty, attracted the notice of the party. From some breaks in the rocky sides of the path, clusters of beech were seen, with their silvery trunks glittering amidst the shade of this woodland scene. It seemed a favourite haunt of the wood-pigeon, whose distant plaintive cooing was heard, while others were disturbed from neighbouring trees, and their sudden and loud flight was echoed in the silence of the wood. They emerged from it into a lovely glen, from which rabbits scudded as they approached, and pheasants sculked in the grass, and then flew to the neighbouring thickets. The spire of the village church was seen to the right, and on a Sunday the rocky road which has just been described, might be seen covered with peasantry in their various picturesque dresses, coming from their neighbouring cottages, to the church, to hear the prayers and instructions of their beloved pastor.

As they pursued their walk, a loud and singular note was heard. Mr. Hilary enquired what it proceeded from, 'It is the cry of the corncrake,' said

Dr. Hastings, ‘ and it is one of those rural sounds
‘ in which I delight. It is a shy and singular bird,
‘ regular in its times of coming to, and quitting us,
‘ although from the length of its body, and the
‘ shortness of its wings, it appears but little adapted
‘ for a long flight, and for encountering those gales
‘ it must meet with in its passage to distant coun-
‘ tries. Little is known of its habits, and it is but
‘ lately that I have discovered one of its peculiari-
‘ ties, which seems to belong to this bird alone. I
‘ encourage the labourers of my neighbourhood to
‘ bring me the eggs of partridges and pheasants, if
‘ they happen to mow or reap over the nests of
‘ those birds, and I have generally some hens under
‘ which I can place them. Last summer, a labou-
‘ rer brought me some pheasants’ eggs, and also
‘ four eggs of the corncrake, which I had never seen
‘ before. They were all put under the same hen,
‘ and were all hatched at the same time, and placed
‘ with the hen under a coop on my lawn. The
‘ young pheasants soon learnt to peck their food,
‘ but the corncrakes, notwithstanding the example
‘ set them, ran round the coop with their heads in
‘ the air, and shewed no disposition to seek for food
‘ on the ground. After watching them for some
‘ time, I offered them a small worm which I held
‘ between my finger and thumb, and which was
‘ eagerly taken. In this way food was regularly
‘ given to them, until they learnt to take it them-

‘ selves, but always from a height which they could
‘ just reach. This fact, which is not, I believe,
‘ known to naturalists, served to convince me that
‘ these birds procure their food, probably slugs
‘ and insects, from the stalks of grass, and also
‘ from the seeds of grapes in the same way, and
‘ that they never look for it on the ground.’

Dr. Hastings had been mentioning his favourite idea, that upon a careful examination of the works of creation, however minute and insignificant they might appear, and however worthless and even noxious, they would all be found to answer some good and useful purpose. They were then walking across a meadow, the grass of which had been closely eaten by some sheep, with the exception of the stalks or bents, which waved as a gentle breeze passed over them, and glittered when the sun emerged from a fleeting cloud. ‘ What is the use
‘ of those stalks,’ enquired Mr. Hilary, ‘ for nothing
‘ seems to touch them, and therefore they must
‘ be useless.’ ‘ I am glad that you asked the ques-
‘ tion,’ said Dr. Hastings, ‘ because I think that
‘ I can give you a satisfactory answer to it. Those
‘ bents which you seem to think so useless, contain,
‘ as I can shew you, the seeds of the grass. If cat-
‘ tle eat them, the seeds would be lost, but by being
‘ left, the earth is renovated with grasses, and one
‘ of the most useful plants both to man and beast,
‘ is thus preserved by a constant succession. This

‘ I consider a beautiful arrangement of nature, or
‘ rather of a beneficent providence, and the more
‘ we enquire into, and study its ways, the more
‘ reason we shall have to wonder at and admire
‘ them.’

They pursued their walk. Dr. Hastings took the opportunity of further illustrating his remarks, by pointing out the numerous wormcasts which covered the meadow over which the party were walking. ‘ These little deposits of earth,’ he said, ‘ may appear useless, and I have observed that you
‘ have found them rather unpleasant appendages to
‘ your shoes. Their utility, however, cannot be
‘ doubted. Each of the little deposits you see, is
‘ composed of the finest particles of earth, and they
‘ have all passed through the stomach of worms.
‘ They are then thrown up to the surface of the
‘ ground, and assist in enriching and improving the
‘ herbage. Nor is this the only utility worms are
‘ of. In making their tracts in the earth, passages
‘ are left, which form channels or conductors for
‘ the rain, which gradually finds its way to the
‘ roots and fibres of plants, and they are thus nourished and invigorated.’ ‘ I had no idea,’ he continued, ‘ of the immense quantity of worms which
‘ are to be found in a small space of ground, until
‘ I had some salt scattered, lately, over a patch of
‘ rank grass, by way of improving the herbage.

‘ The rain soon washed the salt into the earth, and thus drove the worms to the surface, where thousands of them were found dead.’ In continuation he pointed out to his guests the utility of nettles, thistles, briars, and other plants which have been considered worthless. Even mole-hills, he informed them, were of great use in extensive sheep pastures, as they were generally covered with a species of wild thyme which was of great benefit to the sheep. He entered into those speculations on Nature which are to be made only in the country, and produced arguments for a superintending Providence drawn from the Natural History of animals.

Dr. Hastings’ friends seemed gratified with those new inlets of intellectual pleasure which his conversation had supplied. They appeared to view the extension of the knowledge which they had imbibed with delight, as affording a glimpse of the wonders of the works of Creation, of which they had previously been in ignorance. Dr. Hastings promised, in the course of their visit, to produce to them innumerable evidences of the Divine Power and Wisdom, as exemplified in the uses and benefits to which created Nature is made subservient for the good of his creatures. However warped their minds might have been by a life passed in the Metropolis, they had too much intellectual feeling not to experience the delight of

contemplating an intelligent and benevolent mind, addressing itself to their hearts by means of objects which were immediately before them.

As they approached the house, they were met by Mrs. Hastings, who informed her husband that his old college friend, Dr. Hunt, had just arrived. This information seemed to give Dr. Hastings much pleasure, and he told his companions that they would meet a man of considerable learning and acquirements, but of great eccentricity, absence of mind and peculiarity of manners. He was devotedly attached to antient music, especially Handel's, and Dr. Hastings said that he had no doubt that he was then on his way to a music-meeting which was about to take place in a distant county. He was also an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, knowing all his finest passages by heart, and interlarding his discourse with quotations from his favourite author. He made all his long journies on the back of a strong, powerful horse, which not only conveyed the Doctor, but his travelling wardrobe also.

The party met in the library before dinner, and the usual introductions took place. Dr. Hunt was turning over the leaves of a book, and hardly deigned to notice Mr. Eames, and Mr. Hilary, entertaining a strong prejudice against Londoners, as he called them. When dinner was announced, Dr. Hunt obeyed the summons with considerable

alacrity. His appetite was always good, and he was somewhat of an epicure, expressing his predilection for certain dishes without any scruple. Mrs. Hastings' good cheer appeared to revive him, and some sensible remarks which were made by Mr. Eames and Mr. Hilary having pleased him, his good humour was restored, and he entertained the company with many amusing anecdotes, and accounts of the adventures he had met with in the course of his equestrian journies. Amongst other things he mentioned that in his way through London, he went to call at the house of a relation who had been recently married. He desired a hackney-coachman to drive him to a house in a certain square. On stopping at the door, the Doctor jumped out of the coach, and ran up stairs into the drawing-room, where he found a young and pretty lady at her work. He saluted her very warmly, taking her for his relation's bride, patted her cheeks, and paid her some high-flown compliments. The lady became alarmed, rushed out of the room, and returned with a gentleman of no ordinary size and strength, who fiercely demanded of the unlucky Doctor who he was, and what brought him there. He was hardly allowed to explain his purpose of coming, and was ejected from the house without much ceremony. He found that he had come to the wrong square. This adventure gave him occasion to rail at women.

He talked of their frivolity and vanity, and said that unlike men, they were never so happy as when they were looking at themselves in a glass. Mrs. Hastings very quietly and slyly remarked that in St. James' time *men* looked in the glass, alluding to the verse, 'like a man beholding his 'natural face in a glass.' This reply seemed to meet with the approbation of Dr. Hastings, who gave his wife a significant look of commendation, although it produced a kind of groan from Dr. Hunt. He muttered in the words of Benedict— 'She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if 'her breath were as terrible as her terminations, 'there were no living near her.' He then turned to Dr. Hastings, and said 'here's a dish I love not; 'I cannot endure my lady tongue.' Dr. and Mrs. Hastings knew the humour of their guest too well, and his aptitude to quote his favourite author, not to feel amused by his apparent rudeness. 'Good 'wits will be jangling,' said Dr. Hastings, 'you, 'my old friend, affect a roughness, though you 'feel it not, although

———— 'the world's large tongue

'Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;

'Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;

'Which you on all estates will execute,

'That lie within the mercy of your wit.'

The fact was that Dr. Hunt liked to be thought an eccentric man, and he neither spoke or acted

like other persons. The consequence was, that he was ever getting into some scrape or other, now and then meeting with occurrences sufficiently ludicrous, and at times with others of a more serious description. On one occasion he arrived at a town where a celebrated triennial music-meeting was held. On alighting from his horse at an inn where he was well known, and with his usual good appetite, he was told that every sitting-room was engaged. The doctor was too hungry to attend to this. He opened the first door he saw, and on entering the room found a gentleman just sitting down to dinner. He made his wants known to him, and requested his permission to join him at his meal. This was readily granted, and some addition to it having been ordered by the doctor, who called out to the waiter in the words of Master Shallow, 'Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short 'legg'd hens, and any pretty tiny kickshaws, tell 'the cook,' they sat down together. When Dr. Hunt thought proper, he could draw forth an extraordinary fund of entertainment. This was the case now, and he delighted his companion with powerful and uncommon remarks on men, books, and passing events, which shewed the great depth of his learning, and the acuteness of his observations. Sometimes he punned, or told a witty story, but in the midst of it he did not forget to help himself to a large slice of salmon. He apologized

for this by saying that his hunger was extreme, although, added the doctor, 'I never found any thing good in the *Exstream*, but salmon; at least, 'I thought so, when I was last in Devonshire.' One pun produced another. A celebrated translation from the work of a French bishop was mentioned, and his opinion asked respecting it. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'Bishops are the only authors that do not suffer by translation.' When the dinner was nearly concluded, the stranger said, 'Dr. Hunt, 'I know you are fond of oysters, shall I order some?' The doctor started at finding himself known, but readily acquiesced in the proposal. Soon afterwards he was asked if his old horse carried him as well as ever. The doctor stared again. Music and Shakespeare then formed the subject of conversation, with an intimation that his fondness for both were well known. The doctor was now in his element, and descanted on his favourite topics, but he soon found that his companion was scarcely less acquainted with them than himself. This circumstance added to the pleasure they took in each others society, and the evening passed away to their mutual satisfaction. The doctor's new acquaintance was evidently a high bred and well-informed man, and he longed to ask him his name, but his own good breeding, and the way in which he had introduced himself, prevented his doing so. He was aware that the stranger was acquainted with his

own name and peculiarities, and this circumstance added to his curiosity. They agreed to go to the music meeting together the next day, but before they separated for the night, the doctor produced from an enormous pocket-book which he carried about with him, the following lines, which he had composed, or rather parodied from his favourite author, in praise of his favourite composer Handel.

Handel, with his symphonies
 Gentle airs, and melodies
 All the soul to Heaven doth raise:
 But his chorus so sublime
 From that bright and blissful clime
 Brings to earth an angel's praise.

In his music is such art
 Softly sweet to sooth the heart,
 Or transport with extasy,
 Calming each perturbed breast:
 Care and grief are laid to rest;
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Hark! O hark! those sounds supreme,
 Worship pure, and love inspire
 Suited to their heavenly theme,
 Vying with immortal choir.
 Give, chaste songstress, give again
 With Miriam's voice, that holy strain.

The doctor said, that he alluded in the last two lines to Miss Tenant's so unaffectedly and correctly singing the last air in the Messiah, and which those who have heard her will well recollect. The stranger agreed in the praise thus bestowed upon

Miss Tenant, and after a cordial shake of the hand, they separated for the night. The doctor, however, did not go to rest, without first enquiring of the landlord who his companion was, and he heard with no small surprize, that it was the then Duke of N— whose fondness for sacred music was at least equal to his own, and who indulged it by going in a retired and unostentatious manner to the most celebrated music meetings in the kingdom. He had often heard of Dr. Hunt and his eccentricities, and therefore had no difficulty in discovering who the intruder into his room was. It is but fair to Dr. Hunt, to add, that the duke was so much pleased with his society, and their tastes were so congenial with respect to music, that he kept him by his side during the whole of the meeting, and a friendship was established between them which was only terminated by the duke's death.

All the good doctor's adventures, however, did not terminate in an equally fortunate manner. It was the ambition of his life to fill up the whole of the large chancel window of his parish church with old stained glass. As he was too poor to purchase it, he begged, borrowed, and purloined it whenever he had an opportunity, and thus by degrees, he left to his parishioners one of the finest windows in the kingdom. Whenever the doctor found a solitary piece or two of old glass in the window of some small country church, he endeavoured to procure it

in some way or other. In one of his excursions, he had taken some trifling bits, as he thought, unperceived, but was followed and seized for the theft, the glass being found safely deposited in his coat pocket. He would have been committed for trial, had not his friends interfered and rescued him from his unpleasant predicament by restoring the glass to its former situation. He, however, would never admit that he had acted wrong in this respect.

The doctor's great ambition was to have a stall in some cathedral, where he might enjoy his favourite music, and he always thought that his friend the Bishop of L—— would gratify his wishes. On one occasion he gave his lordship the following hint. He had procured the bishop some cheese for which his parish was famous, and on being asked how he should be paid for them, the worthy vicar answered, 'by *instalments*, if your lordship pleases.' The hint, however, was never taken, and after having for forty years, read prayers himself five times every Sunday, and preached four, (*mirabile dictu*, but it is nevertheless perfectly true,) in the several churches attached to his extensive parish, he resigned his living, and retired with a very moderate competence to a cathedral town, where he could daily hear the music he delighted in so much.

This account of Dr. Hunt, is in no way exaggerated, and he will be recognized by many who knew

and admired his talents, enjoyed his agreeable society, and were amused by the oddness of his character. He is now no more, and his like will not soon be seen again.

It is now time to return to Dr. Hastings and his party. On retiring to the library after dinner, the conversation went on with considerable brilliancy, and Dr Hunt surprized his auditors with the depth of his reasoning, and the shrewdness of his remarks. Fond, however, as he was of talking, he had a still greater liking for a bit of backgammon, and therefore turning to Dr. Hastings, he exclaimed—

Come bring the table out—give me my box—
 Be seated, doctor, the chance is all against you.
 Come, Sir, dispatch—if thou can'st, doctor, cast
 Aces at first throw, hit dextrously a blot,
 And by quick taking off, a gammon win—
 The dice shall rattle to the very echo.

After playing a few hits, the supper tray was brought in, and Mrs. Hastings; knowing Dr. Hunt's fondness for oysters, had procured some. As soon as he saw them, he rubb'd his hands with great glee, and parodying a well-known passage in *Macbeth*, said—

I have almost forgot the taste of oysters.
 The time has been my appetite would rise
 To hear them cried, and oft I in the Strand
 Have at a green stall stopp'd to eat a score
 For morning wet—

When our friend, the doctor, had dispatched

his oysters, swallowed some bottled porter, and filled his glass with brandy and water, he proved his extraordinary faculty of exciting mirth. His sallies of wit, humour, and ridicule were equally unaccountable and unexpected. Like a wild colt, bounding over hill and dale, plains and rivers. Dr. Hunt, yielded to the first impulses of his mind, and rushed from one subject to another, quoting, joking, and parodying, and then pacing up and down the room, spouting Greek and Latin, and passages from his favourite authors. But it is time to dismiss him, as he pursued his journey early the next morning.

*Ridiculus sermo cui vita rebellis abhorret
Ergo cave Doctor dissonus esse tibi.*

Happy is he who lives to understand—
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each.

WORDSWORTH.

It was on one of those fine September mornings, when all nature looks calm and beautiful, that Dr. Hastings sallied forth with his two London friends, on a walk to inspect some old and interesting ruins in his neighbourhood. Mr. Eames renewed the conversation of the preceeding day, by asking some questions respecting the various uses man derived from animals generally. In the course of the conversation Dr. Hastings observed, that it was an interesting fact, and in some degree corroborative of the truth of revelation, that in all the countries of that part of the globe which was originally inhabited by the human race, those animals which are useful to man, and essential to his comfort and convenience, are to be found. For instance, the horse, cow, camel, elephant, sheep, dog, poultry, &c. But in the new world, none of these were to be met with, they have been gradually brought and domesticated there, by the industry and perseverance of man, as the tide of population increased and peopled that country. This fact

serves to prove how mindful a beneficent Providence was of the wants of man, by creating and assigning for his especial use and benefit, the animals which have been now mentioned; placing them within his reach, to be used, no doubt, with tenderness and discretion, but leaving no trace of them in countries where man was not. These remote countries were not, however, consigned to a state of desolation and sterility, but Providence, foreseeing that the time would come when the human race would discover and inhabit these regions, clothed them with magnificent woods, adorned them with flowers and plants of exquisite workmanship, whilst birds and insects of the richest beauty, wantoned unmolested amidst the shade and verdure of these primæval forests. The wise designs of the creator were thus equally conspicuous in these more remote regions, and the same forming hand was to be seen as soon as this new world should be discovered. In the mean time the lilies grew, and the birds were fed, and nature sported at will 'her virgin fancies,' until the axe destroyed the harmony of the woods, and its innocent inhabitants were taught the fear of man, by the destruction his presence brought upon them. Although the gifts thus liberally bestowed, might be abused, there can be little doubt of their having been designed for the use of man, and if he had pursued the ways of piety, virtue and humanity, if he had

formed his life according to the creator's laws, he would not only have been happy himself in this new paradise, but have made every thing around him so. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that the vices, evil passions, and cruelty of man, have been the chief cause of the miseries of the animal creation, who would otherwise have sported in happiness and enjoyment around him.

Great God of Nature! 'Tis thy voice
That bids th' obedient world rejoice!
'Tis in the depths of ocean heard,
And in the forest—where the bird
Joins with her mate the song to raise
And celebrate their Maker's praise.
The opening buds their offerings pour,
Their fragrance swells the teeming store
Of incense, caught from hill and dale,
And wafted, on the spicy gale.
And there's the music of the breeze
That's answer'd by the murmur'ng trees.
Afar the placid, lowing herd,
Advancing to the well known word;
While unseen the cuckoo near,
Pours his note upon the ear.
Soar upward to the glowing sky,
Gay lark, with untaught melody;
And in thy early flight thou'lt meet
Near to earth—with burden sweet
The grateful bee—and higher still
The giddy moth—but pause not, till
Heaven's gate thou finds't in fields of air,
And sing thy morning anthem there.
Amidst this joyous sound of gladness,
Shall man retain one tone of sadness?
Shall he for whom all things were given,
Refuse *his* offering to heaven?

Shall he alone discordant be
 Amidst creation's harmony!
 Ah no! Chase discontent away;
 It suits not with this blithesome day:
 By evil fears, is evil brought—
 Then for the morrow take no thought—
 Blithe as the birds aloft in air
 Be now thy heart devoid of care,
 This passing globe their only tie,
 They sing their little song and die:
 But thou shall seek thy Maker's shrine—
 A glad eternity is thine.

Dr. Hastings remarked, in continuation of the foregoing subject, that nothing more clearly proved the utter state of degradation to which a generous animal may be reduced, than the present condition of horses in this country. The cruelty exercised upon them is a reproach to the English, and it has been truly said, that 'England is the hell of horses.' And yet how susceptible they are of kindness, and how grateful do they shew themselves for it! In our recent wars with France, instances have occurred of a horse remaining by the side of his wounded master, who had treated him with kindness, never quitting him amidst the excitement, and strife, and danger of battle, but bending his head over him, he appeared to mourn over the fate of a kind friend and protector. This ill-used animal will, indeed, meet every advance of kindness and attention which is made to him. He is anxious to understand, and happy to please and satisfy his master, and is either attached to, or afraid of him. In fact, looks to him

either in love or fear. On the continent of Europe, horses are seldom struck, but the voice alone is generally used to excite them to greater exertions. While with us they are generally under the power of men without sense, temper, or feeling, ignorant, brutal, capricious, and cruel, infinitely in the scale of creation below the generous creatures they torment. How differently do the Arabs treat their horses. A modern traveller remarks,* that ‘ we Europeans have no idea of the extent of intelligence and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, and encouraged or reprimanded by the voice of the master, can raise the natural instinct of the Arabian horse. The race is of itself more sagacious and more tameable than that of our climates, and this is the same with other animals in Arabia. Nature itself has given them a higher degree of instinct and a closer fraternity with man than in our countries. They seem to retain some remembrance of Eden, where they voluntarily submitted themselves to the dominion of man, the king of nature. I have often in Syria, seen birds caught in the morning by the children, and perfectly tame by evening, having need neither of cage nor string to retain them with the family that had adopted them, but fluttering freely among the oranges and mulberry

* M. la Martine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

‘ trees of the garden ; coming when called, and
‘ perching of their own accord on the children’s
‘ fingers, or on the heads of the young girls. The
‘ horse I had bought of the Sheikh of Jerico, and
‘ which I rode, knew me as his master in a few
‘ days. He would no longer suffer another to
‘ mount him, but would break through the whole
‘ caravan to come at my call, though my voice and
‘ language were foreign to him. Gentle and kind
‘ to me, and soon accustomed to the attention of
‘ my Arabs, he marched peacefully and quietly in
‘ his place in the caravan, so long as he saw only
‘ Turks, or Syrians or Arabs dressed like Turks ;
‘ but when even a year after, he saw a Bedouin
‘ mounted on a horse of the Desart, he became in
‘ an instant another animal. His eyes flashed fire,
‘ his neck grew inflated, his tail lashed like whips
‘ upon his flanks, he reared on his hind legs, and
‘ marched in this way for some minutes under the
‘ weight of the saddle and his rider. He did not
‘ neigh, but uttered a warlike cry like that of a
‘ brazen trumpet, a cry that frightened all the other
‘ horses, and caused them to arrest their steps, and
‘ dress up their ears to listen to him.’

M. La Martine gives the following anecdote, as a further proof of the intelligence and affection of an Arabian horse.

‘ An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the
‘ Desert the caravan from Damascus, with complete

‘ success, and the Arabs were occupied in packing
‘ their booty, when the horsemen of the pacha of
‘ Acre, who had come to meet the caravan, rushed
‘ suddenly on the victorious Arabs, of whom they
‘ killed a considerable number, and made the others
‘ prisoners; and having tied them with cords, took
‘ them to Acre, as presents to the Pacha.

‘ Abon el Masseh, the hero of this story, had
‘ received a ball in the arm during the engagement,
‘ but as his wound was not mortal, the Turks had
‘ tied him upon a camel, taking his horse also with
‘ him.

‘ The evening of the day of their approach to
‘ Acre, the party encamped with their prisoners
‘ upon the Mountain of Safhad. The legs of
‘ the wounded Arab were tied together by a leather
‘ belt, and he was laid near the spot where the
‘ Turks slept. Kept awake during the night by
‘ the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh
‘ among others picketed round the tents, according
‘ to the eastern custom. Recognizing its voice,
‘ he could not resist the desire to go once more to
‘ the former companion of his life. He crawled
‘ with great difficulty, with the help of his hands
‘ and knees, and reached his steed. ‘ My poor
‘ friend (addressing him) what canst thou do
‘ among these Turks, thou wilt be imprisoned, un-
‘ der the roof of a kan with the horses of an aga

‘ or a pacha. The women and children will no
‘ longer bring thee the camel’s milk, or barley or
‘ doura in their palms. Thou wilt no more course
‘ the desert like the wind from Egypt. No more
‘ wilt thou divide with thy chest the refreshing
‘ waves of Jordan. O that if I remain a slave, I
‘ could render thee at least free. Let me try ! There
‘ go ! Return to our tents, tell my wife that Abon
‘ el Masseh returns to it no more, and lick the
‘ hands of my four children.’

‘ Thus speaking, Abon had gnawed with his teeth
‘ the goat’s hair which had served to fasten the
‘ Arab horses, and the animal became free; but
‘ seeing his master manacled and bound at its feet,
‘ the faithful and intelligent creature was taught
‘ by instinct, what no language could have told it.
‘ He bent his head, seized his master, and taken
‘ him up by his teeth by the leathern girdle round
‘ his body, set off in a gallop, and carried him to
‘ his tent. Arriving there, and throwing his master
‘ on the sand, at the feet of his wife, and children,
‘ the horse expired from fatigue.’

‘ The whole tribe wept his loss—poets sang his
‘ merits, and his name is constantly in the mouths
‘ of the Arabs who inhabit the country about Jerico.

‘ We have ourselves no idea of the degree of
‘ attachment and intelligence, which the habit of
‘ living with the family, of being caressed by the

‘ children, fed by the women, and encouraged, or
 ‘ chided by the voice of the master, adds to the
 ‘ natural instinct of the Arabian horse.’

‘ By his breed, the animal is more intelligent and
 ‘ tame than those of our climates. It is the case
 ‘ with all the animals in Arabia. The climate,
 ‘ or nature has given them more instinct and more
 ‘ companionship with man than in Europe.’

The sense and faculties of animals, Dr. Hastings said, would, he thought, soon open a new era in philosophy. Man has been too long in the habit of considering them as being only actuated by mere instinct in all they do, whereas every day produced new facts which serve to prove, that animals are possessed with faculties which go beyond instinct, and which approach very nearly to reason. He confessed his inability to draw the line between the two, so as to define where instinct ends, and reason begins; and said, that he was aware that his opinion on this subject would meet with opposition, and perhaps with ridicule, from those who had paid but little attention to it. He endeavoured to establish his hypothesis by mentioning some facts which had come under his own observation, and which he considered as sufficient to prove that he had strong grounds for forming it.

He said, that he had a favourite cat, which on several occasions had exhibited strong proofs of more than common sense. Mrs. Hastings had also

a pet canary bird, and one day as she was cleaning its cage, she was called out of the room, and left the cage on the parlour floor; on her return, she discovered the cat in the act of killing the bird, and in her anger on the occasion, she pursued the cat round the room with the hearth brush in her hand, with which she endeavoured to chastise it. After striking at it two or three times, the cat fell down to all appearance dead. Knowing her husband's partiality for it, her anger immediately subsided, and taking the cat up in her arms, she carried it to Dr. Hastings, and informed him of what had taken place, assuring him at the same time, that she had not struck the cat. After deploring his loss, and reproaching his wife as the cause of it, the cat was deposited on the rug, and Mrs. Hastings said in an affectionate tone of voice, 'well, poor puss, I am sorry for you, although you did kill my bird.' On hearing this, the cat jumped up, erected her tail, and shewed every symptom of satisfaction. There can be no doubt, but that she put on a semblance of death to escape a beating, which she was perhaps sensible that she deserved for misconduct in killing the bird. This fact may be thought extraordinary, but both quadrupeds, birds, and even some insects have been known to put on this semblance of death to preserve their lives, thus evincing a faculty nearly allied to reason. The hedgehog, and the land-rail, the snake, and the

wood-louse, do it on certain emergencies, and probably many other animals.

Another instance of sense, for it must not be called reason, was evinced by a Newfoundland-dog. His master was staying at Worthing, where his dog was teased and annoyed by a small cur which snapped and barked at him. When this had been repeated sometime, the Newfoundland dog appeared to lose his usual patience and forbearance, and he one day in the presence of several spectators, took the cur up by its back, swam with it into the sea, held it under the water, and would probably have drowned it, had not a boat put off and rescued it. This affords another proof of an animal impulse beyond mere instinct.

Dr. Hastings mentioned some further instances of animal sagacity, and remarked in doing so that although no animal is endowed with mental powers equal to those which the human race possess, yet there is not a faculty of the human mind, of which some evident proofs of its existence may not be found in particular animals. Thus we find them possessed with memory, imagination, the powers of imitation, curiosity, cunning, ingenuity, gratitude, devotion, or affection for their superiors, and other qualities. They are architects; and they dig, wage war, extract various substances from plants, and from the earth and water. They are able to communicate their wants, their pleasures, and their

pains, their apprehensions of danger, and their prospects of future good, by modulating their voices accordingly. Each individual of every species has its own particular language, which is perfectly understood by the rest. They ask and give assistance to each other. They make their necessities known, and this branch of their language is more or less extended, in proportion to the number of their wants. Gestures and inarticulate sounds, are the signs of their thoughts. It is necessary that the same sentiments should produce the same sounds, and the same movements; and consequently, each individual of a species must have the same organization. Birds and quadrupeds, accordingly, are incapable of holding discourse with each other, or of communicating the ideas and feelings they possess in common, although Mr. White in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' mentions an instance of attachment between a horse and a solitary hen, the latter approaching the former with notes of complacency, while the horse looked down on his diminutive companion with evident satisfaction.

Dr. Hastings added, that this language of gesture prepares for that of articulation, and that some animals were capable of acquiring a knowledge of articulate sounds. They first judge of our thoughts by our gestures; and afterwards acquire the habit of connecting these thoughts with the language in

which we express them. It is in this manner that the elephant and the dog learn to obey the commands of their master.*

As an instance of this, Dr. Hastings said, that a friend of his was one day shooting wild-fowl on a lake in Ireland, accompanied by a large and very intelligent water-spaniel. He wounded a wild-duck, which swam about the lake and dived, followed by the dog. The bird at last got to some distance, and lowered itself in the water, as ducks are known to do when they are wounded and pursued, leaving nothing but his head out of it. The dog swam about for some time in search of his prey, but all scent was lost, and he obeyed his master's call, and returned to the shore. He had no sooner arrived there however, than he ran with the greatest eagerness to the top of some high ground close to the lake. On arriving there, he was seen looking round in every direction, and having at last perceived the spot where the duck was endeavouring to conceal itself, he again rushed into the water, made directly to the spot, he had previously marked, and at last succeeded in securing the wounded bird. In relating this anecdote, Dr. Hastings assured his companions, that there could be no doubt of its accuracy. He added, that a large house in his neigh-

* A few of the preceding remarks on the faculties of animals, are to be found in Mr. Smellie's work on the 'Philosophy of Natural History.'

bourhood being under repair, the bells on the ground floor were taken down. When the servants were wanted, an old favourite terrier was told to go up stairs to the dressing-room of his mistress, and ring the bell. A string and a piece of wood were tied to it, which the dog took between his teeth, and pulled. He then listened, and if the bell did not ring, he pulled the string again till he heard it, and then he returned to the room he had left. If a piece of paper was put into his mouth with a message written on it, he would carry it to any person he was told to go to, and would wait to bring back the answer, or any small parcel that was put to his mouth. When he failed in doing these, or any other of his numerous tricks as soon as he was ordered, he was told to go into the corner of the room, where he placed himself, and never offered to come from it till he was called. When he did so, he either left it, hanging his head and creeping as if he was ashamed, or else jumping and shewing joy, according as his mistress had told him he was still in disgrace or forgiven.

Dr. Hastings in continuation said, that the docility and sagacity of animals have always been considered as wonderful, but that this wonder is partly the effect of want of observation. Man is unquestionably the chief of the animal creation, the other animals, according to the number of instincts, or which is the same thing, according to the mental powers

with which nature has endowed them, comparatively approaching to, or receding from the sagacity and genius of the human species. The whole forms a graduated scale of intelligence. A philosopher, therefore, should contemplate and admire the whole, but should never be surprized at any partial exhibitions of the general scene of intellect and animation.

In this sort of conversation the party pursued their walk. Mr. Eames and Mr. Hilary listened to Dr. Hastings' remarks as if a new light had burst upon them, and shewed the interest they took in what he had been saying, by requesting him to continue the subject.

Dr. Hastings resumed the discourse by remarking, that animals, like men, learn to see objects in their proper position, to judge of distances and heights, and of hurtful, pleasurable, or indifferent bodies. It is clear, therefore, that they are endued with some portion of reason, or they could never make a proper use of their senses. For instance, a dog, though pressed with hunger, will not seize a piece of meat in the presence of his master unless it be given to him, but with his eyes, his movements, and his voice, he will make the most humble and expressive petition. This appears so like reasoning, that it is difficult to call it any thing else. If these animals are endowed with an intelligence infinitely beyond what it has been usual

to allow them to possess; if their affections, their gratitude and their fidelity may be classed with those of the human race, how much does it become man to treat them with kindness and gentleness, especially those animals, such as the horse and dog, which are naturally disposed to associate with him. A wise and good being made them all, and all with infinite wisdom. Some animals are endowed with faculties which others do not possess, but in the whole scale of creation, from man to the almost inanimate polypus, every thing has a mutual dependence on each other, and its peculiar use; so perfect and graduated is the chain of existence.

Mr. Hilary interrupted Dr. Hastings, by enquiring the use of certain insects and reptiles. Dr. Hastings replied, that the annihilation of any one of these species, although some of them may be inconvenient, and even noxious to man, would make a blank in nature, and prove destructive to other species which feed upon them. These, in their turn, would be the cause of destroying other species, and the system of devastation would gradually proceed, till man himself would be extirpated, and leave this earth destitute of all animation. Every partial evil, therefore, is a cause, or an effect, of general good.

In fact, continued, Dr. Hastings, the more we enquire into the order, regularity and economy which may be found in the works of creation, and

see the various shifts, artifices, and means provided to secure the different species from destruction, and to preserve the necessary balance, we shall be able to trace the hand of an infinitely wise creator and preserver of the world. That he intended we should examine and enquire into them, there can be no doubt. His exquisite workmanship is a proof of his power, and the care he takes of his creatures, shews his unbounded watchfulness and love.

In discourses such as these, they beguiled the time, and were surprised to find how swiftly it past away. Even Mr. Hilary (the most *inveterate Londoner* of the two), acknowledged the charm of the beautiful scenery through which they passed, enlivened as it was by the intellectual conversation of their host. Arrived at the parsonage, Mr. Hilary and Dr. Hastings entered: while Mr. Eames, who was not inclined to follow their example, retraced his path, 'with measured step and slow,' along the margin of the brook. Throwing himself down on the grassy bank, he indulged in one of those day-dreams which are never enjoyed but by the imaginative and the gifted.

The love of nature (inherent in every bosom) long slumbering in that of the speculative man of the world, at last made itself felt. Hardly conscious of the feelings that were swelling in his breast, he after an hour's silent musing on he knew not what, gave vent to them in the following lines.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GLEN.

Beautiful spirit of wood and dell,
That dwell'st unseen midst flood and fell,
List to thy vot'rys prayer !
Alone with thee, in thine own wild glen,
By the rivers brink, and the mossy fen,
He's far from the world of care.

Oh ! I would wander for ever more,
In desert bleak, midst the torrent's roar,
If with thee I once might be ;
Thy voice would sooth, and thy breath would calm,
For they are sweet as the even'ng balm ;
O then let me dwell with thee.

I'll lay me down in that shelter'd nook,
There by the willow o'er hanged brook,
And I'll dream that thou art nigh—
The laden bee as she toils along,
And the blackbird's pleasant even'ng song
Are borne on the zephyr's sigh.

To call around me dear thoughts of home,
Exquisite spirit ! I bid thee come,
And be thou my welcome guest.
And cause me to feel as I did of old,
In youth, when those spirits were high and bold
Which now are all lull'd to rest.

And I'll worship thee in this even'ng hour,
And bend before the glorious pow'r
Of kind nature's peaceful sway.
My grateful vows to her shrine I'll bring,
And many a garland o'er it fling,
From morn to the close of day.

One moment!—'Tis gone!—The feeling's past!
How I clung to't—while t'was fading fast.

Methought I was young once more.
The flow'rs as fresh, and the heath bell sweet,
As when I press'd it with footfall fleet
In thè happy days of yore.

False spirit away!—Thou canst not give
The boon I pray'd:—'Tis the young that live—

For 'tis they alone can see
Hope in the breeze, and love in the flow'r,
And joy in the fav'rite maiden's bow'r—
There's mem'ry only for me.

I'll think on the joyous days gone by,
And while I think, I will check the sigh
That is rising in my breast,
Not quite alone—with one friend to cheer
My path, 'till I see the home is near,
Which will give my spirit rest.

——— how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam !
 And in it, all thy wanton fry,
 Playing at liberty :
 And, with my angle upon them,
 (The all of treachery
 I ever learn'd) industriously to try.

CHARLES COTTON.

DR. HASTINGS having shewed his friends what he thought most deserving of notice in his immediate neighbourhood, and beguiled the walk, as we have seen, with his conversation, proposed that the next morning should be devoted to the pleasures of the angle. Not that they were masters of the rod, but they had heard ‘ that rivers and the inhabitants of ‘ the watery element were made for wise men to ‘ contemplate, and fools to pass by without contem- ‘ plation,’ and therefore anticipated some intellectual or actual gratification from the proposed amusement. It has been remarked that anglers are somewhat like poets—they must be born so. This may be true in some respects, but it is certainly a pursuit which supplies an inexhaustible fund of innocent amusement and healthy exercise, either to the novice, or to the more skilful angler.

In order to excite in the minds of his guests a greater degree of interest in their proposed amusement, Dr. Hastings gave them some information respecting the formation, habits, and instincts of fish. He observed that their gills supplied the place of lungs, and are filled with innumerable very delicate vessels, generally divided into four layers, which are attached to a corresponding number of little bones. The scales are covered externally with a sort of slime, which, as Blumenbach says, appears to be in a great measure excreted from small cavities placed in a line along each side of the body. That fish are capable of hearing, there can now be little doubt from various experiments which have been tried to ascertain the fact. Their sense of smelling also, is very acute. Little can be known of their mental faculties. Some fish are more cunning and cautious than others, while the perch and trout are readily tamed and become very docile. The miller's thumb (*Cottus Gobio*) is the only one in England which appears to have any natural affection for its young. This little fish deposits its spawn in a hole, and watches it until the young ones are hatched. The Goramy of India, are stated by General Hardwicke, in his account of that fish, to watch with the most active vigilance the margins of the spot which they had selected and prepared for depositing their spawn, driving away with violence every other fish which approached their

cover. He adds, that from the time he first noticed this circumstance, about one month had elapsed, when one day he saw numerous minute fishes close to the margin of the grass, on the outer side of which the parent fishes continued to pass to and fro.

The food of fish is very various, but they may generally be considered as carnivorous animals. They have different and curious modes of procuring it. The eel, for instance, will twist its tail round a rush, or the root of a tree in a rapid stream, and suffering itself to be moved backwards and forwards by the action of the water, will seize its prey in this position. Pike hide themselves under weeds, or stumps of trees, and dart out and seize the smaller fish. Other sorts will disturb the mud by rolling on it, and then feed on the insects which were concealed under it. But perhaps the most curious fact in regard to the mode in which a peculiar fish procures its food, is to be found in the habits of the *chætodon*, of the East Indies. The upper jaw of this fish ends in a tube, through which it is enabled to throw water upon the insects which settle upon aquatic plants, so that they fall into it, and thus become its prey. There is also a small fish found in great numbers in the rivers of the Burmese empire, which, on being taken out of the water, has the power of blowing itself up to the shape of a small round ball, but its original

shape is resumed as soon as it is returned to the river.

There are few fish, however, whose habits are more peculiar and interesting than those of the salmo genus. Their migrations from fresh water to the sea, and from the sea to fresh water, twice in the year, the great rapidity of their growth, the efforts they make to ascend rapids, overcoming the almost perpendicular falls of Ballyshannon in Ireland, and of Pontaberglastyn in Wales, and the bony excrescence with which the lower jaw of the male is provided, to enable him to remove the gravel, to make a furrow in the spawning season, and which he loses when this operation is over, are facts which must always interest a naturalist. With respect to the rapid growth of the salmon, Dr. Hastings remarked that a gentleman in Scotland, who was an excellent practical angler, and had paid much attention to the habits of the salmon, had mentioned to him the following fact, which he had ascertained by actual experiment, from repeatedly marking fish, in considerable numbers, in their passage to and from the sea, viz. :—

‘ That in the month of March young salmon pass
 ‘ towards the sea as fry, and return in May about
 ‘ half a pound in weight. Some of them were then
 ‘ caught, and marked, and found to be in July
 ‘ five pounds in weight, having revisited the sea in
 ‘ the interim.’ They thus appear to grow about

five pounds in the same number of months from the time of the ova being hatched; but *kipper* salmon, which have been taken, marked, and returned to the river, are stated to have increased in size in a still more rapid proportion when they have been retaken. The above mentioned facts will also serve to prove that these fish return to their native rivers in preference to others, and it may therefore be presumed that they do not make very extensive migrations in the sea.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known to anglers, that both salmon and sea trout will take the fly freely in salt water. Dr. Hastings said that when he first heard this, he was inclined to doubt it, but he had requested a nobleman of his acquaintance, who had been on a fishing excursion into the highlands of Scotland, to ascertain the fact, and he had received the following communication from him on this, and other interesting subjects relating to the natural history of the place he visited.

‘ This place is singularly adapted for the studies
‘ of sportsmen, and dabblers in natural history. I
‘ found on my arrival here, that the fact of salmon
‘ and sea trout taking the fly in salt water is known,
‘ and that some friends of mine had verified it by
‘ their experience. There is a report here that Sir
‘ Humphrey Davy was the first person who made
‘ the experiment with success. If this be the fact,
‘ some notice of it will surely be found in “Sal-

‘ monia,” which I have not now by me. Unless
 ‘ such notice be found there, I shall doubt the fact,
 ‘ for with the exception of one of his visits to this
 ‘ country, I was usually here with him, and have
 ‘ no recollection of such a circumstance occurring,
 ‘ or of any subsequent mention of such on his
 ‘ part. However this may be, some of the gentle-
 ‘ men of the country have, I believe, for two or
 ‘ three years past, practised this kind of fishing
 ‘ with success, and two days since I followed their
 ‘ example.

‘ As far as I am aware, there is only one spot in
 ‘ the neighbourhood where fish have been so taken.
 ‘ About four miles to the south of this place, a
 ‘ small river discharges itself into a creek or æstuary
 ‘ which formerly extended about six miles inland,
 ‘ but half of it has been reclaimed by carrying a
 ‘ mound from shore to shore. Within about a
 ‘ mile of the mouth of this creek, the main channel
 ‘ of the tide and the river approaches the south
 ‘ shore, and from the point which commands this
 ‘ channel, the fly is used with murderous effect at
 ‘ half ebb tide. Having a yatch and boats at my
 ‘ disposal, I anchored the latter two days since in
 ‘ the channel, and I never saw men so astonished as
 ‘ some of my Harwich sailors were with the spec-
 ‘ tacle which presented itself, as they had never
 ‘ seen a salmon, except on a fishmonger’s stall. The
 ‘ air rather than the water was alive with salmon,

‘ and sea trout of all sizes, jumping as high as if
‘ they had to scale a cataract, close to the boat. One
‘ which had jumped too far, was caught on the
‘ rocks by two of my boys, whom I had left on the
‘ beach. As to the result, I began by losing two flies,
‘ taken at the same moment by two fish. After many
‘ rises, I hooked one, which though only a grilse of
‘ five pounds, and though my tackle was strong,
‘ took a long time to kill in the deep water. In
‘ fact, by the time I had him in the boat, the tide
‘ had turned, and the spell was nearly broken, for I
‘ only got a rise or two afterwards. * For about an
‘ hour, I should say, that the spot in question was
‘ the finest angling quarter I ever saw. The wea-
‘ ther was perfect, alternately bright and cloudy,
‘ and a breeze from the south west. The weather
‘ yesterday was apparently equally favourable, and
‘ I found it so in the fresh water ; but visiting the
‘ same place, I saw few fish jump, and not one
‘ came near my fly. I should remark that the
‘ wind had increased to a stiff breeze from the north
‘ west, which was exactly in the direction of the

* ‘ It is supposed that the first taste of the admixture of fresh
‘ water gives the fish a ravenous appetite for the fly, which occa-
‘ sions their extraordinary jumping and easy capture. At the spot
‘ referred to, the admixture of fresh water would hardly be per-
‘ ceptible to our taste at half tide, as the stream is inconsiderable,
‘ and the sea covers, at that time of tide, many hundred acres.
‘ The fish certainly forbear from their gambols at high and low
‘ water, and during the flow.’

‘ current, instead of being across it as before, and
‘ occasioned much more undulation. If I had been
‘ the first adventurer, and had chosen yesterday to
‘ commence operations, I should have voted it as a
‘ fact that anglers have no chance in salt water, ex-
‘ cept indeed with sea fish, for I caught with a
‘ large salmon fly three cuddies, (fish common by
‘ that name on this coast) of small size. My sport
‘ on the former day was not interrupted by the
‘ presence of at least one seal who was making the
‘ most of his opportunity. Similar instances may
‘ perhaps occur at the mouths of Scotch and Irish
‘ rivers, but as I never heard of one, and as the
‘ fact appears to be new in this country, and the
‘ practice confined to one spot, I have thought it
‘ worth some notice, as the observer of the habits
‘ of a tribe whose conduct and propensities are
‘ little known, and so frequently elude detection.
‘ Sea trout have been caught with the fly this sea-
‘ son, at the same place. They are of a very fine
‘ class, spotted like leopards, and run from three to
‘ five pounds, and are much stronger on the line
‘ than the salmon, but I think more shy risers.

‘ There is a favorite angling river of mine in this
‘ neighbourhood, where salmon are in abundance ;
‘ but the sea trout, such as I have described, are
‘ quite unknown. In fact, of the numerous lakes
‘ and rivers which this country contains, I believe

‘ there is not one which has not its species of the
‘ trout or salmon tribe perfectly distinct. I am
‘ also satisfied that neither the salmon nor the
‘ herring migrates into any distant region, and
‘ that the herring has its particular district, which
‘ it entails on its own generation, equally with the
‘ salmon.

‘ In most of the rivers, the black trout is small,
‘ and of no account. In one lake, of some extent,
‘ but fed by one only stream, it multiplies so, that
‘ three or four hundred have been taken with the
‘ fly in a few hours, all of the same size and colour,
‘ namely, yellow as gold, and the size of a fore-
‘ finger. In another, not much larger than a duck
‘ pond, there is a race of black trout running to two
‘ pounds in weight, strong, lively fish, and of excel-
‘ lent flavour. I mention these, as coming within
‘ my own knowledge, and as instances of the variety
‘ and extent of the field open in mountain countries
‘ to the sportsman and the naturalist, but which it
‘ requires enterprize, skill, and opportunity to ex-
‘ plore as it deserves. If I did not prefer my own
‘ observation to report, however credible, I could
‘ give further accounts of the lakes of the interior.
‘ There is, however, no doubt, that they contain
‘ the large Gillaroo, or bull-head trout, of fifteen or
‘ twenty pounds weight. Every observation I have
‘ made has at least satisfied me of the fact of the

‘ prodigious variety and distinctness of the species
‘ of the trout tribe.

‘ With reference to the migration of the salmon,
‘ I may mention that the Helmsdale herring fishers
‘ took one in the Murray Frith, sixteen miles from
‘ land, and this was considered as a singular, if not
‘ an unprecedented occurrence.

‘ With respect to the food of the salmon, I may
‘ add, that although I omitted to examine the sto-
‘ machs of the fish I caught, I am of opinion that
‘ the sand eel is a favourite food of the tribe, when
‘ running up the æstuaries. A companion of mine
‘ told me that one of the large sea trout he had
‘ caught was full of the sand eel, and the habits of
‘ the salmon are so similar to it, that I have no
‘ doubt whatever, though I cannot affirm the fact,
‘ that the salmon also feeds on them.

‘ With regard to what I have said respecting the
‘ varieties of trout in the lakes,* I wish to be con-
‘ sidered as speaking rather as an angler than in a
‘ scientific and accurate sense, and of differences of
‘ colour, weight, strength, and variety, which of
‘ course attract an angler’s attention, rather than of

* It has been observed by that eminent and amiable natural-
ist, Mr. Yarrell, that the physical properties of fish depended upon
localities; and as an instance of it, he has mentioned that the
Sewen, as so called in Wales, is the bull trout of the northern
rivers, their organic structure being perfectly the same, and only
differing in colour externally and internally. ED.

‘ any decided anatomical and structural distinc-
 ‘ tions. There is something also very curious in
 ‘ the difference an angler is compelled to observe
 ‘ with regard to the salmon flies for neighbouring
 ‘ waters, which I have reason to believe by no
 ‘ means imaginary. The Helmsdale and Brora
 ‘ rivers run parallel to the same coast, and I be-
 ‘ lieve the simple substitution of silver twist round
 ‘ the body of the fly for the former river, instead
 ‘ of the gold for the latter, is of essential conse-
 ‘ quence. I must add, however, that in the Brora
 ‘ river, with which I am best acquainted, I would
 ‘ undertake, on an average of the season, if not a
 ‘ very wet one, to kill more salmon with common
 ‘ hackle trout flies, than with the salmon fly, so
 ‘ called, of any description. *

‘ I do not know whether any interest attaches to
 ‘ the fact, that quails visit this northern region.
 ‘ Some were killed last year, and I cannot discover
 ‘ that the oldest sportsman remembers any arriving

* I have lately had a sample of a fly sent me, which an excel-
 lent practical angler warrants, from experience, to kill salmon in
 any of the rivers of the west of Scotland. The following is a
 description of it. Body formed of crimson silk, ribbed with gold
 twist, hackle of Argus Pheasant’s spotted feather, and the Jay’s
 blue feather, and winged and tailed with the yellow feather of the
 Golden Pheasant. There is also a fly used with great success in
 taking salmon in the Tweed, called the “Lady of the Lake.” Body
 of mohair, claret-coloured at top, centre black, yellow tail, and
 the underfeather of the snipe’s wing, with one side of the harl
 stripped off, excepting the tip. ED.

‘ before that period, but I understand that they
‘ are not uncommon in Morayshire.

‘ One of my last excursions in Sutherland was
‘ to the highest summits in pursuit of Ptarmigan.
‘ The habits of this bird are well known, but they
‘ cannot fail to strike every one who observes them,
‘ as an instance of the adaptation of animal life to
‘ peculiar and unpromising localities. Closely re-
‘ sembling as they do the grouse, they seem to
‘ abhor the heather, in which the latter delights,
‘ and in no instance did I find a single bird of the
‘ species within the verge of that vegetation. It is
‘ only where the bare grey rock juts out of the
‘ earth, that they are to be found, and no painter
‘ could imitate more accurately the general hue of
‘ that rock, than does the summer plumage of its
‘ resident, which, as we all know, in winter, like the
‘ coat of the mountain hare, becomes as white as the
‘ snow it then inhabits. This last mentioned ani-
‘ mal, at this season of a blueish grey, has increased
‘ in our hills to a degree very inconvenient for
‘ grouse shooting, as it constantly puzzles and dis-
‘ tracts the pointer. I never used to meet with
‘ them, but the solitude produced by the sheep-
‘ farming system has led to this increase.

‘ The mountain life would seem to be very fa-
‘ vourable to health and longevity. My guide to
‘ the highest hill I climbed was a man who had
‘ exercised the profession of fox-hunting for forty-

‘ five years. We walked all day, generally in rain
‘ and mist, such as mountains alone exhibit ; and
‘ when I came down, I found that the age of my
‘ companion was seventy-five. I need not say that
‘ the fox-hunting of which I speak is of a different
‘ description from that of Melton, and of a purely
‘ pedestrian nature.’

When Dr. Hastings had finished the reading of this letter, Mr. Hilary expressed his surprize that so little should yet be known respecting the food of the salmon. He said, that having had his attention called to the fact, he had questioned some of the London fishmongers on the subject, who all assured him that amongst the numerous salmon they had for many years been in the habit of examining, they had never found, in any one instance, any apparent food in their stomachs. Dr. Hastings, in reply, said that this question had been very recently cleared up. The gentleman he had already referred to as his authority for what he had stated respecting the rapid growth of salmon, had assured him that he had repeatedly seen these fish, when either first hooked, or taken in nets, discharge the contents of their stomach in the same way that gulls are known to do, and also woodcocks, snipes, and other animals, when in a state of fear, or when their lives have been in danger. This fact, Dr. Hastings said, immediately cleared up the doubts which had arisen respecting the food of salmon, and there ap-

peared, therefore, to be no reason to suppose that it differed from that of others of the same species. He added, that he had himself frequently observed, when he had taken pike in trolling, that these fish endeavoured to disgorge the prey they had previously swallowed, and that in many instances he had seen them do this. He also said that it would add very much to the information of anglers, and indeed, of naturalists generally, if the stomachs of trout, grayling, and other fish were preserved in spirits for future inspection.*

Dr. Hastings then remarked, that it was a curious fact that the difference of waters produced an amazing difference in the season and the condition of *the fish*, as salmon are called, *par excellence*, in Scotland. In some rivers they are taken nearly all the year round, in good condition, and in others only for a shorter period. Neither do they appear to quit the sea from any circumstance of heat or cold, or from mere instinct, to deposit their spawn, as the time for doing so varies during a period of,

* An angler is frequently desirous of preserving a fish which may have some peculiarity or interest attached to it. He may readily do so by observing the following method. Let him divide the skin of the fish from the head to the tail, down the back and centre of the belly; afterwards let him make a vertical section of the head, removing all the soft parts, and nailing the skin on a board. A further precaution is necessary, of placing pieces of rag between the fins and the skin of the fish, so as to preserve their natural appearance. ED.

perhaps, four months. The salmon shews itself boldly and freely, not trying to conceal itself as most fish do. It has been remarked,* that the greater part of our English anglers make a great fuss about the proper flies for salmon; whereas the Scotch Anglers, who are very skilful, and possess many admirable qualifications for the sport, content themselves with either a heron's or a bittern's hackle, or the red feather from the wing of a turkey-cock, which answer for the wings; while a little fine wool, of a sulphur yellow (sometimes rather deeper) makes the body of such a fly as the salmon will take freely.

Dr. Hastings having given this account of the salmon, took his friends to a river a few miles distance from his residence, where he hoped to shew them some sport, although he confessed that the fish were by no means abundant. The river itself was wide, and in many places shallow, the water rushing over loose shingle, rippling and sparkling as the sun beams fell on it. Its turnings were here and there abrupt, which varied the appearance of it, by presenting to the sight pools which were calm and deep. From these the water again rippled over beds of gravel,

' With white, round polish'd pebbles spread'—

and then seemed to wend its way to a rocky shore,

* Captain Williamson.

against which it forced its passage, forming eddies or little whirlpools before it resumed its calmer course. These rocks were overhung with the branches of some fine oaks which flourished on the shore, and whose roots were moistened by the ever flowing stream. It was a scene of calm seclusion. The sound was alone broken by the bittern's cry, or the song of the thristle in a neighbouring brake. Now and then swallows pursued their silent course up and down the river under the shadow of the over-spreading trees, and then darted over them as if in pursuit of some fresh objects of their search. The lights and shadows were clearly and beautifully defined as the sun glowed in the firmament—

' In his east the glorious lamp was seen,
' Regent of day ; and all th' horizon round
' Invested with bright rays.'

No cloud or mist obscured its beams, as they rested on the high topp'd trees, while flies and other insects flitted in the shades produced by the trunks of these fine wide-spreadings oaks, whose gnarled and tortuous roots appeared to grasp the ground as if to enable them to support the super-incumbent weight of the gigantic trees.

As the anglers advanced, they now and then heard the sound of the distant water as it forced its way over some rocky obstruction into a pool, surrounded by high reeds, and shaded by drooping willows ; and sometimes they caught a view of a

meadow rich with herbage, and covered with groups of cattle, some feeding, and others ruminating in apparent listlessness and content.

' Here on thy banks so gaily green,
' May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
' And lasses chanting o'er the pail——'

The scene was new to Mr. Eames and Mr. Hilary, and while Dr. Hastings and his attendant were adjusting the rods and selecting the proper flies, they reclined at their ease on the margin of the pool where they were to commence their first trial in the art of angling.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Eames composed the following lines, which shewed that he was not insensible to the charms of the scene around him.

THE BANKS OF THE STREAM.

Away to the streamlet, away, away !
 The sun is up in his realms of light,—
 But it is not alone from his captured prey,
 That the fisherman wins his keen delight,—
 Ah no ! 'tis the breath of the infant day,
 'Tis the air so fresh, and the sky so bright,
 In these is the fisherman's best delight.—

And what is so sweet as a morn like this,
 And what so fair as these tranquil dells
 When dances the heart with it's thoughts of bliss,
 When the wild, clear note of the sky-lark swells,
 When the cowslip is wooed by the sun's first kiss ;
 And nestles the bee in its amber cells,—
 Oh ! such are the charms of these tranquil dells.—

Then give me the rays, and the birds, and flowers,
Oh! not for a world would my heart forego
The pure sweet joys of these peaceful bowers,—
And the charms which the thought of the past can throw
On our happier days, and our calmer hours ;
When kindling again the impassioned glow
Which I deemed with my childhood had ceased to flow.

It is not intended to give an account of the various flies used on this occasion, or of the attempts the party made to capture a salmon. The reader must be contented with knowing, that after trying some of the most likely pools, Dr. Hastings at last succeeded in landing two salmon of a tolerable size, and which it required all his skill to effect, and that Mr. Hilary broke his line in his attempt to secure one. As for Mr. Eames, he despaired of any success, but looked at the proceedings of his companions with considerable interest, as they lingered in the lonely and beautiful vallies through which the winding stream forced its way. The sun was now declining, and the grey tints of evening were stealing upon them, and succeeding the soft yellow hues which the setting sun had before cast on the surrounding objects. They hastened towards the lonely farm-house at which they had left their carriage, and met a stragglng herd of cattle winding through the valley, attended by a damsel who carolled her evening song. There is nothing perhaps, which accords more pleasingly with the calmness and softness of an evening landscape, than cat-

tle returning to their pasture. It was a scene which Claude might have copied, and Wilson would have delighted in. As the party entered the carriage, there was barely a glimmering of light to shew the wooded hills under the gloom of which their road lay. The river was hidden by the brown hues of the evening, and all nature appeared to be sinking into repose.

- ' Slow sinks the glimmering beam from western sky,
- ' The woods and hills obscured by evening grey,
- ' Vanish from mortal sight, and fade away.
- ' Now with the flocks and yearlings let me hie
- ' To farm, or cottage lone, where perch'd hard by
- ' O'er mossy pale, the red-breast tunes his lay,
- ' Soft twittering, and bids farewell to day.
- ' ————— the watch-dog barks, and ploughman lie
- ' Lull'd by the rocking winds.'—————

BAMFYLDE.

' Come on, Sir ; here's the place : Stand still.—
 ' How fearful, and dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 ' The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 ' Shew scarce so gross as beetles—————
 ' ————— the murmuring surge,
 ' That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 ' Cannot be heard so high : '—————

KING LEAR.

IN order to prevent the time hanging heavy on their hands, and to render their visit to him as agreeable as he could make it, Dr. Hastings proposed to his guests that they should accompany him the next day to see a bold and interesting rock near the mouth of the river on which they had been angling. This rock was the resort of numerous sea-fowl, which were protected by the kind-hearted light-house keeper who resided upon it. On their way back, they were to fish in a well stocked trout stream, which was strictly preserved by a friend of Dr. Hastings', who had given him permission to have a day's angling in it. The party accordingly set out, and after an agreeable drive entered a boat, and were conveyed to the rock, where Dr. Hastings hoped to obtain some information respecting the habits of the birds which frequented it, and also to learn something in regard to the migration of the smaller birds of passage.

The rock in question, is about ninety feet from the main land. Its summit at the outer end is a hundred and forty feet above the sea, sloping down to the inner part. Along the north side, the rock is steep and abrupt, forming several curious hollows and caverns. On the south-west side, it gradually shelves downwards to within about forty feet above the water.

The keeper of the light-house informed his visitors, that before the house was built, sea gulls in great numbers, and some other birds annually inhabited the rock in the summer months, where they made their nests, and reared their young. Among the gulls, there were some species of a much larger size than others, with the back of their wings quite black; those birds always kept by themselves, and resorted to the north side of the island, while the others which were more numerous, remained on the south side.

Early in the year 1808, the works for building the light-house commenced, at the time when the birds had just come to the rock. The unusual number of persons on the island, with their operations of blasting rocks, disturbed its winged inhabitants, who with the exception of a solitary pair, took flight, leaving the intruders the possession of a spot, where from time immemorial, their species had resorted during the breeding season. Though subject to casual depredations from

other birds, as well as from visitors from the main, they had always returned thither at the usual period.

Having noticed the pair that remained which were on the shelf, in a large cavern out of reach, except by shot, he said that he felt every wish that they should not be disturbed, and gave directions for that purpose, which were attended to, and the noise and movements on the island becoming familiar to them, they continued in the occupation of their building until the usual time of departure, when their young got upon the wing, and were able to take care of themselves.

In the ensuing spring at the usual period, he was delighted to see the same spot taken possession of again, and as he believed by the same pair, and therefore gave particular directions to the light-keepers not to forget them when strangers came on the island : no fire-arms were to be admitted there, and whoever appeared to disregard the edict was not to be allowed to come over again. This soon became known, and the birds were not molested. For five successive years the pair of gulls (as it was supposed) continuing during the usual periods to occupy the same spot, and to rear their young, which consisted generally of two and sometimes three ; during those five summers, although one pair only built on the rock, considerable numbers at times congregated there, as if sensible of the pro-

tection the place afforded; while all along the cliffs and hollows on the main they could scarcely perch upon a spot that was secure from the visits of the young men and boys of the neighbourhood, who let each other down the rocks to get the eggs, which are by some used for food, and by others bought from motives of curiosity. The gulls being thus disturbed on the coast, numbers came in the sixth year after their departure, and made their nests on the rock, and every succeeding year has since added much to their number.

Last summer there were scores of nests on the south-west part of the island, which is accessible to pedestrians, besides great numbers in the caverns and on the shelves of rocks.

It is remarkable that only two pairs of the black gulls before mentioned have returned, and still remain a part from the others as before, and build on the outer part of the rock. The number of other birds, razor-bills and guillimots, have not much increased; the part of the rock which they usually frequented has been made the landing place, and this of course, must keep them at a distance. It is very evident that the return of the gulls to the rock, is to be attributed to the protection and quietness they have lately found there, and from being gradually familiarized with the persons of the light-keepers and the movements of the place, they are now quite at their ease. The light-

house-keeper added, that he had sometimes sat down within a few yards of their nests, which only caused them to get on the wing for a few minutes as if to remonstrate with him, and then they resumed their places again.

The species of gull that inhabit the rock, are for half the year much dispersed at sea and along the coast, and are never seen in great numbers except where there is a fishery; but it is a very extraordinary fact, that they all come to the rock in one night, which the light keepers say is on the 12th of February. They make a vast noise on their meeting as if it were a mutual cheering, and the keepers declare that their feelings are exceedingly enlivened when they first hear them, as if announcing the winter over and a new spring opening upon them. In fact their return is hailed as that of so many old acquaintances after a long absence. The birds on their first arrival appear to congregate on the rock without any order whatever, but in the course of a month they are observed together in pairs, and having selected the spot for their future operations, the shelving bank and hollows of the rocks are literally covered with them; their noise and movements afford great additional interest to the spot, and are viewed by many of its visitors with much curiosity, particularly when they are allowed to approach the nests. These birds although encouraged and protected on the rock, are not without their troubles

and annoyance. There is a pair of the crow species that come at the same time and build in the rocks opposite the island. As soon as the gulls begin to lay, these crows are frequently hovering over them, watching an opportunity to steal their eggs, which they do in the quickest manner possible, running their bills through and carrying them off in triumph. It is amusing to notice the consternation throughout the colony while those thieves are on the rocks; the nests closely covered by those sitting, while the others by their noise and threatening attitude, are doing their best to drive the invaders away, but the crow is the most cunning, and generally succeeds in her object. While the young gulls are very small, they are also in the same danger of being carried away.

He added, that a remarkable instance was stated to him by one of the light-keepers, which occurred while he resided on the main. A pair of crows had for some years frequented a spot in that quarter, of that species which is seen on the Irish coast; they are grey at the back of the head and neck, and the pair alluded to, were the only birds of that description ever seen on the rock; the light-keeper shot one of them, and her surviving partner was missed for three or four days, when she returned with another crow precisely of the same kind as the one shot, which left no question in the opinion of those in the neighbourhood, but that

the bird had been over to the Irish coast for a new partner. The night of the 12th of August, the light-keepers' say, is the time of departure of these birds, excepting those that have been robbed on the main, who come over and make their second building in the island, which causes them to be later.

It is a fact, that only one pair of falcon hawks were ever seen to build in the neighbourhood, and the spot they inhabit is opposite the rock, which brings them frequently in view of the light-keepers, particularly when in chase of their prey. This they will pursue until they come over the land, and then give a knock-down blow, which has often happened when over the island. At one time the hawk was observed in chase of one of the razor-bills, which are never found above the land, and his sagacity was remarkable, for instead of the usual death-blow, he fixed both his claws round the poor bird's head, and made towards the land, but the prisoner screaming and struggling, and being a heavy bird, both descended fast, the hawk held on until the other touched the water, when they parted, (no doubt, by mutual consent) the former ascending, and the latter diving below.

About sixty years ago an American ship was lost on the sound between the rock and the main, when a great number of rats of an uncommonly large size came upon the island, where their pro-

geny remained until about five years ago; they were of much annoyance to the light-keepers, destroying their young tame rabbits, chickens, &c. Every means possible, were used to lessen the number by poison, gun, and dog, and many were killed; at length the whole of them left the place, and it is supposed all on the same night, not one has been seen on the island since. It was evident they had gone in a body to the nearest farm-yard, where their depredations were great; one stack of corn being nearly all destroyed, and about eighty rats killed from it.

The lighthouse-keeper concluded his account, by stating that the birds came to the rock on the morning of the 11th of February of the present year, at 1 A. M. making a cheering noise as usual. Not a bird was to be seen there on the 10th, but on the 11th, the bank and rocks were literally covered with them. The pair of hawks and the crows also arrived, and occupied the same spots. As one of the men was going up the steps from the bridge, a razor-bill dropped down close by him quite dead, from a blow struck by one of the hawks.

Dr. Hastings having received this account of the winged inhabitants of the rock, questioned the lighthouse-keeper respecting the arrival and departure of birds of passage. He said he was convinced that the migration of woodcocks took place in the night, as on several occasions they had been found

dead in consequence of having fled against the glass lanthorn. He added, that the soft-billed birds of passage were frequently found on the rock in an exhausted state, appearing to settle there at different times of the day. He had little information to give respecting them, except to confirm the statement made by naturalists, that the male birds precede the females in their vernal flight.

Gladly, with thee, I pace along
And of sweet fancies dream ;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth ;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

ON quitting the rock, the party made the best of their way to the trout stream, already referred to, and where they hoped to enjoy a good evening's amusement. They were to partake of a cold dinner on its banks, as Dr. Hastings said that the best sport might be expected late in the day. They were pleased with each others society, their appetites were good, and like an excellent old friend of mine, who sets no bounds to his imagination of what he shall kill when he is about to partake of a day's shooting, so our anglers already fancied that they saw a trout at the end of their line at every throw they should make.

The summer sun had set the evening before in all its glowing colours, and gave the promise that the succeeding day would be a fine one. Nor were they disappointed. The horizon was invested

with its purple robes, and all nature appeared to teem with joy and gladness. The party arrived on the banks of the stream, and no sound broke the silence of the scene, except when the inhabitants of the peaceful river darted playfully to its surface. A pair of stately swans floated majestically on its bosom, brushing their plumage against the sedgy weeds, or disturbing the tender branches of the willows which appeared to droop and weep over the clear unruffled water. A variety of shadows were beautifully reflected in it, which changed as a little passing cloud every now and then obscured the splendour of the sun.

It was the season of repose, and even the cattle appeared to feel its influence, as they stood in groups, meekly and quietly awaiting their evening summons. The country around was broken, rocky, and wild. Little torrents foamed, and their angry splash was heard, instead of the gentle ripple of the village brook, and the view of human beings was but rarely caught among the rugged scenery around. The beauty of this wild region was enhanced in the eyes of the anglers, when they contrasted it with the flatness of the country through which they had previously passed, and as the view suddenly and unexpectedly broke upon them, they beheld it with redoubled interest.

The dinner was prepared beneath the branches of a spreading tree—"an oak whose boughs were

“moss'd with age, and high top bald with grey
“antiquity;” and here the party satisfied their
hunger with the good things which Mrs. Hastings
had sent to meet them from the parsonage.

While they were enjoying their wine, which had
been cooling in an adjoining spring, Dr. Hastings
gave his friends some account of the fish they hoped
shortly to capture. He said the trout was a most
voracious fish, and as an instance, he mentioned
that on one occasion he was witness to one having
taken a martin. It was, however, not on wing,
or at the end of a line, but floating on the surface
of the water. It had just been shot by one of
those thoughtless persons who can amuse themselves
by destroying those joyous, pleasing, and useful
birds, and was floating before the wind, not a long
throw from his fly, for he was fishing at the time.
In this situation, he distinctly saw a fish make a
run at it, and it disappeared. He added, that it
was a regular trout run, and was in the broad water
of a mill-head. The man who was behind him
with the landing-net saw it also, and as there were
no pike in the river, he had no doubt of its being
a trout which took the swallow in this singular
manner.

The trout is a bold, and a vigilant fish, espe-
cially those of a large size, which feed but little
during the day, having their haunts amidst roots
of trees, or in deep holes, and coming out later in

the evening in search of prey. Young trout, on the contrary, may generally be seen in the shallow water, where they are more secure from the larger fish of prey.

Dr. Hastings added, that he had invariably found that those who fished for trout with very fine tackle, killed many more fish than those who use a stronger, or rather a coarser sort. They appear to be an instinctively cunning fish, and very easily take the alarm. Many persons imagine that no fly is so killing as that on which the trout have been feeding, but old practical anglers are aware, that when the May-fly is on the water, they have a better chance of success, by using a fly of another description. Dr. Hastings accounted for this, by stating, that not only fish, but many animals, appear to delight in a variety of food, and that he had observed in particular, that pike would appear to give the preference to a dead stale fish, instead of feeding on the usual productions of the waters they inhabited.

After some further conversation, the party adjusted their rods, and began their evening's amusement, Dr. Hastings repeating the following lines, as containing useful instructions to anglers:—

- ' A brown red fly, at morning grey,
- ' A darker dun in clearer day ;
- ' When summer rains have swelled the flood,
- ' The hackle red, and worm are good ;

‘ At eve, when twilight shades prevail,
 ‘ Try the hackle white and snail ;
 ‘ Be mindful, aye, your fly to throw
 ‘ Light as falls the flaky snow.’

As the weather was now favourable, and the trout abundant, and feeding in every direction, the metropolitan novices contrived, with a few hints Dr. Hastings had given them, to take several trout, to their great content. Mr. Eames was the first to put down his rod, and having done so, he reclined listlessly under a tree on the banks of the stream. Enjoying, as he had been doing, his first visit in the country, and viewing with pleasure the tranquil scene around him, and perhaps reflecting on the fate of those beautiful ephemera which he had been so recently admiring, some poetic ideas presented themselves to his mind, which, before the next morning, assumed the shape of the following stanzas:—

THE RIVER-FLY.

Fly! disporting in the shade,
 Wert thou for the angler made?
 To grace his hook? Is this thy fate?
 And be some greedy fish's bait.

Fly aloft on gladsome wing,
 See! one comes with eager spring;
 He'll dip thee far beneath the wave,
 And doom thee to a watery grave.

Ah! I would not see thee die,
 Little anxious, restless Fly!
 Thou'st sooth'd me in my hour of pain,
 I fain would hear thy song again.

Oft beneath yon tow'ring tree,
I thy little form could see
With peaceful pleasure, while I lay,
Dreaming summer hours away.

As I'd listen to a friend
Who above my couch would bend,
I've dwelt upon thy soft clear tone,
For then I felt not quite alone.

Busy Fly, be near me now,
While I bend my pensive brow
'Gainst yonder aged tree, and hear
The gentle sounds of summer near.

The winds that whisper in the grove,
The joyous birds in air that rove,
The insects sporting in the shade,
The stream that murmurs through the glade,

These awaken thoughts that dwell
Deep in contemplation's cell,
And chase the troubles of the brain,
While joys departed bloom again.

Although the evening was not far advanced, the party were satisfied with their sport, and Dr. Hastings proposed that they should ramble for a short time, for the purpose of viewing some of the neighbouring scenery. Human beings, as has been remarked, were but rarely seen in these solitudes, and few were the habitations to be met with amidst the half-deserted rocks. A woodman's hut might here and there be seen, half hidden amongst the thick woods, inhabited by a labourer, employed in cutting firewood, or burning charcoal, or a little

hovel peeping out, its props made of the white wood of the birch, and thatched with ling from a neighbouring heath, in which his hardy cow found shelter during the rigour of a winter's night. There might also be seen the children of the woodcutter in all their wild simplicity. They were strange little beings, looking puzzled and alarmed when a stranger approached them. They would then run to their mother for protection, and it was not till sheltered by her side, that they ventured to look at the object of their dread.

There had long existed among the less enlightened portion of its neighbourhood, a superstitious feeling in regard to the rocky wilds amidst which our anglers were now rambling. Unfortunately for the removal of the prejudice against "the rocks," it was never a matter of necessity to cross them, as they did not lie immediately in the road between any two frequented spots. Had not this been the case, custom would soon have done its work, and fear would no longer have lurked in the breasts of those peasants, who, with cautious step, passed along this sequestered spot. Dr. Hastings was well acquainted with it, and also with a curious being who dwelt, and had done so for many long years, in the most secluded part of this secluded region. To the mysterious habits of old Judith Duncan, the insulated inhabitant of the rock, might perhaps be attributed the greater part of the superstitious

awe with which the inhabitants of the village regarded the place. Dr. Hastings was desirous that his visiters should see this person, to whose history some interest was attached, as well as the immediate neighbourhood of her abode. They had approached very near to the entrance of her hut before it became visible, so imbedded was it among the trees which grew thickly around it, and which consisted chiefly of stunted birch. The humble roof of old Judith Duncan was placed on a small platform of rock, to which it was necessary to descend from the projection of another by means of a rude plank thrown across a chasm, which appeared to have been produced by some convulsion of nature. This dark narrow chasm, of which the depth could not be ascertained at a casual survey, by reason of the shrubs which grew thickly down the sides of the rocks, almost made the adventurer pause e'er he passed it. A ravine surrounded the remaining portion of the platform on which the cottage stood, and gave it the appearance of perfect seclusion. It was in itself picturesque in the extreme. Built entirely of clay and rough logs of wood, the roof covered with a dark thatch, no paint or whitewash disfigured its outward appearance. A small rude porch projected from the front, and two latticed windows were on each side of the entrance. No attempt had been made to cultivate a garden, and except where a path had been worn from the

door to the only spot where an approach could be effected, viz. the narrow chasm already referred to, the small space which surrounded the cottage was covered with heather, now in full blossom, and offering up its evening incense to the soft breeze which was breathing over rock and valley. As the party approached, they perceived old Judith sitting in her porch. She did not appear to have observed them, for she continued muttering to herself indistinct words, which seemed to give relief to a burthened and unsettled mind. Dr. Hastings came near, and gently laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder: "Judith," said he, "are you quite alone this evening—where is your grand-daughter?" The old woman ceased her incoherent muttering, shuddered slightly, and then looked up. "Ah, Sir, is it you? 'It is many a long day since I have seen you, but 'every one neglects the old. It is perhaps all 'right; but I remember the time when nobody 'passed by Judith Duncan without a word, aye, 'nor without many a look, but I'm forgotten now, 'and it's all right, I suppose.'

Dr. Hastings did not contradict the poor woman. Her memory for recent events, as is often the case in extreme age, was gone, and he did not remind her that scarcely a week had passed since he had last paid her a visit. He spoke to her in a soothing tone, and it seemed a satisfaction to her to continue her querulous complaints.

‘ And there’s Ellen, too—she’s gone, and left
‘ me, for I’m very old, gentlemen, fourscore years,
‘ come Christmas—well, I sh’ant live to another
‘ yule time, but they’ll all dance there when old
‘ Judith’s in her grave—and Ellen will dance too,
‘ for she’s gone now to meet Harry Wells, and
‘ Sandie, and Geordie—but what am I saying—
‘ Heaven have mercy in its goodness on my poor
‘ brain! My sons, my poor boys! There are you
‘ quite gone’—and here the poor old woman wept
aloud—‘ Yesterday I saw them,’ she continued,
‘ and they stood one on each side of that broad
‘ pass, each on the edge of the rock—I looked
‘ again, and Geordie, (I ever loved him best,) he
‘ was there, but his brother was not. God of heaven
‘ have mercy on their souls!’

A ray of uncertain reason seemed to dawn for a moment on her wandering mind, and Dr. Hastings took advantage of it to address to her words of consolation. He spoke to her of the good Shepherd—of eternal rest—of pardon—of peace—of an hereafter, when her sorrow would be no more. But he spoke to one who heard not. With an indescribable look of dignity, she drew up her withered form, and raised her aged hand in an attitude which commanded attention. She spoke again. ‘ Had
‘ any of ye two beautiful boys, and lost them?’—here her voice rose to a frantic shriek—‘ I’d give
‘ ye leave to talk to me of peace, if—if ye felt it’—

—she added, lowering her voice almost to a whisper—‘ Now, go leave me,’ she for the first time addressed the strangers, ‘ you remind me of days ‘ gone by. I have not seen such as you since the ‘ time when I had all. And I hate ye, for ye are ‘ not miserable. Aye, aye, when ye have left this ‘ roof of wretchedness, ye will jest and laugh as if ‘ old Judith did not live on the lone rock where ye ‘ came to amuse yourselves with a sight of her woe. ‘ Go, ye trouble my wearied spirit.’ And she waved her hand as one accustomed to command, and to be obeyed. Her unwelcome visitors hastened to comply. There was something in the air and manner of the old woman which forbade reply, and they silently left her. One look, after they had gained some distance from the cottage, shewed them that she had retained her position in the porch, having in all probability already forgotten the brief variety which the presence of strangers had caused in the monotony of her daily life.

The party had not proceeded far on their homeward path, when they met a fair young girl fresh as early spring. So light was her step, that it was unheard as she approached, and it seemed the buoyancy of a happy heart that bore her along, apparently scarcely conscious that she trod on earth. Walking in a contrary direction was another figure—one who evidently had just quitted the young female with regret, for he oft times

turned to watch her retreating footsteps. The happy girl continued on her way, the joyous smile with which she had addressed her lover still played on her full red lip as she passed. A slight curtsey to Dr. Hastings, was the only greeting as she hurried on, for she was evidently confused and desirous of avoiding interrogation. ‘That is Ellen ‘Duncan,’ said the doctor, ‘and God bless her; ‘a better girl never breathed,—she is very lovely ‘too; see her now.’ They turned, and saw that she had lightly sprung across the chasm, and now with one arm thrown over the neck of her aged relative, she was imprinting a kiss on her wrinkled cheek. She might be (from the attitude she had assumed) endeavouring to infuse some of her own bright imaginings, and joyous tone of life into the worn out spirit of her companion. They could not tell, but the sight of the fair girl was so interesting, that it was some minutes before they resumed their walk.

‘Old Judith wronged her,’ said the doctor, musing, ‘and it is among the weaknesses of the ‘aged to imagine themselves neglected by those ‘they love. And old Judith does love that poor ‘child; it were hard if she did not, for she has ‘resolved never to marry her lover till the decease ‘of her poor grandmother.’ ‘At the time,’ continued the doctor, ‘when her reason first showed ‘symptoms of giving way, I had been visiting her,

‘ and endeavouring to administer, as is my duty,
 ‘ medicine to her ‘ mind diseased ;’ it was a winter’s
 ‘ day, and as I retraced my steps, meditating upon
 ‘ the unhappy distraction of her senses, a sudden
 ‘ squall of wind coming on, my attention was
 ‘ attracted by the scream of a sea-mew sailing
 ‘ swiftly over-head. There was in the wailing
 ‘ sound something so in accordance with my feel-
 ‘ ings, and so in unison with my tone of mind,
 ‘ that the bird served me in the place of the Muse,
 ‘ and to wile away our homeward walk I will
 ‘ repeat to you the produce of my inspiration.’

THE SEA-BIRD’S REST.

Say where shall the sea-bird rest
 In the dark and dreary hour,
 When the storm obscures the west,
 And the wint’ry tempests low’r?
 Say where shall the sea-bird rest?

She flies on her weary wing
 To the busy haunts of men,
 But when did they safety bring?
 I hear but the Echo’s —— when!—
 Then where shall the sea-bird rest?

They watch her approaching flight,
 As she skims the floating tide,
 Touching with wing so light
 The waves, as they forward glide.
 But she has not found her rest!

Then the arrow’s deadly aim
 On her snowy breast they turn,
 On her who a wanderer came
 To their shores—but must quick return.
 Say, where is the sea-bird’s rest?

She has quick to her rock return'd,
To the One who cares for all,
Who has said that not one poor bird
Without his will shall fall!

And here is the sea-bird's rest!

And so doth the young crush'd heart,
When toss'd on the waves of life,
Trust that man will such peace impart,
And defend from the stormy strife.

But he's not the Christian's rest!

He will watch her—to undo—

He will flatter—to betray—

With his poison'd shafts pursue,

Till she speed her flight away!

Then where is the Christian's rest?

Her rock is her trust in Heav'n,—

On the spirit's blest abode—

On the hopes to the faithful given—

On the bosom of her God!

Yes! there is the Christian's rest!

' And Senators at *cricket* urge the ball.'

POPE.

DR. HASTINGS, who was a great encourager of the sports of his village, took his friends the next day to see a cricket-match which was to be played on the village-common. While they were witnessing the joyous sport which was going on, Dr. Hastings introduced them to a gentleman of the name of Metcalfe, who, although a bookish man, thought *cricket* no bad companion for *criticism*, and in the course of the afternoon he gave the following account of the club to which he belonged. We will give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

' It is rather singular that so little should be known concerning the history and origin of this fascinating and fashionable game. The *name* can be traced no higher up in the language than to a ballad of Tom Durfy's, and its etymology is entirely unknown. There is no plate or drawing resembling it, in Strutt's excellent volumes of *Antient Sports and Pastimes*; so we must presume, that skilful and complicated as it is, it must have risen up within the last one hundred and fifty years; and that it is probably formed on a slow and scientific improvement of the old play of *club and ball*. There is one peculiarity attending

it, which is, that it is always receiving alterations and improvements; and an old cricketer of the Hambleton Club, who should rise from his grave and attend one of the Monday matches at Lord's Ground, would scarcely recognize the pastime which had employed and delighted his youthful days on the Hampshire Downs. Some few, very few, relics of the old game still exist: one or two bats are preserved by the curious, no more resembling the modern, than an old match-lock does a finished Manton; and the Marylebone Club have in their possession two pictures of the game as played, perhaps, 70 or 80 years ago, which are not only exceedingly curious as to costume, but serve also to mark the exact progress towards a scientific character which the game had then made. But to return to our village annals.

‘ We also had our club: we could not indeed boast of a Lillywhite, or a Redgate, among our bowlers; nor had we batters equal to Fuller Pilch, or Wenman; we had no wicket-keeper with a hawk's eye and tiger's paw, like Box, into whose unerring clutches balls seem to run, as the needle to a loadstone, or as a bird into the *fascinating* jaws of the snake; in short, we bore the same comparison to the Marylebone Club, as the performers of a small country theatre do, to the Ellen Trees and Macreadys of the metropolis:—

yet pleasure is not confined only to the perfection of accomplishment:—our very blunders and mistakes were a constant source of merriment and gratification; while our bloodless victories over our neighbouring rivals were the cause of exultation not only to ourselves, but to all the village, who sympathized deeply in the fortune of our field. The ground in which we exercised twice a week (on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons) derived considerable beauty from its situation; it formed the centre of a large common, which had been cleared of the gorse for a considerable space round, and which presented a soft, fine, elastic turf, nibbled by flocks of sheep so closely, as to be a beautiful velvet carpet for the ball. There is much dispute among the learned at cricket, whether it is better to play on an open common, or on an enclosed field; we much preferred the former; and certainly, if you look to beauty of situation, I fully believe, that every lover of the picturesque would say, that we were blessed beyond the common lot of men. Our Common spread for a considerable distance into the open country, till it was bounded by the turnpike road, and it commenced just at the back of the village, separated only by a small avenue of weather-beaten sycamores. We commanded a beautiful view of the sea towards the east; and the little secluded harbour, with its small

planked wharfage, its open quay, and its corn-brigs, either at anchor or tacking to gain the river's mouth, (no easy matter, from the constant shifting of the sands on that coast) was a charming object, and formed the subject of many a sketch, not only by the young ladies from the neighbouring watering-places, but even by London artists, who in their summer rambles had reached our secluded territory. At no great distance from us on the right, was an old half decayed windmill, such as you see in the etchings of Rembrandt and Weiroter; which served us often both as a shelter from the sudden storms to which cricketers are so exposed, but also in the burning suns of July, as a cool place of refuge, where we deposited in baskets our ginger beer and ale, and other such *rinfrancesmentos*, as active cricketers stand in need of.

‘ Our season commenced on the first Saturday in May, and we ended generally early in October; we had two full matches in the year, against the clubs of the neighbouring counties, or those in the remote part of our own; and in order to give variety to the game, and spirit and emulation to the players, we had arrangements amongst ourselves,—such as playing the married against the single, the left-handed against the right (and it is astonishing how many left-handed players there are among cricketers), or we arrayed the first half of the alphabet against the latter.

‘ From fruitful A to unproductive Z.’

‘ Being so near the village, we seldom wanted spectators, and a very pretty sprinkling of the fair sex (for whom we always provided benches) gave a liveliness and animation to the scene and to the spirits of the performers : indeed, Hannah Barnes, the baker’s eldest daughter, whose brother was one of our crack hands, could herself handle a bat, not in the stile of the Goodwood lasses in Sussex, but in a manner which showed what she would have done, had she been born to breeches instead of petticoats: I am sure she knew more of the bat than the distaff, and if she was a constant spectator of the game, it was not only to be attributed to her attachment to young Firman, the gardener at the lodge, to whom she is now married, but to her acquaintance with the sport. She had a perfect knowledge of what was a *bad hit*; and when her lover *spooned* a ball up into the air, which was of course caught, he generally walked off to a distant part of the field, till he knew that her laugh had expired.

‘ A good cricket club ought to consist, at least, of 25 or 30 members; as 22, besides umpires, are wanted in the private matches, and an allowance must always be made for the absent, or sick. We had about that number, including eight or nine largish boys, whom we were training up, and some of whom were as sharp in the

field as the men ; indeed, I am not sure, but that as regard *catches*, they were superior to most of us, especially young Matthews, of the Tankard Inn ; and some of them had acquired a very pretty knack as practice bowlers. This was a great assistance to our regular forces, as they were always at hand, and delighted in the sport, and saved us from much useless fatigue.

‘ It is impossible to draw out in the short compass of this paper any thing like the characteristic traits of our numerous members, or to describe their various excellencies and defects. Some excelled in one branch of the art and some in another ; some delighted in skilful and shewy batting, others preferred bowling : one or two prided themselves on their wicket-keeping, (the most difficult part of the game, as it requires such exceeding quickness of eye and hand, and in which young London the hatter, excelled us all) and we had some first rate **FIELDS**. Our president Jeremiah Henchman, was an excellent fellow, though not a good performer. He had been, we have heard, a quaker, but found the *brims* of the society too broad for his liking ; nothing of his former caste remained, except an invincible repugnance in the muscles of his thumb and fore-finger to approach his hat. He was a tanner, and I believe, brewer by trade, and a very friendly hospitable person he was ; — the very staff and support of the club. He made our

matches, arranged our sides, ordered our dinners, received the subscriptions, and defrayed the expenses when we were from home. Next to him I should mention the Curate of the parish, who was a warm lover of the game, which he had learned at Harrow, and perfected with the Bullington Club at Oxford. He was nothing as a field, and, indeed, he generally got a substitute for that part of the game, often under the pretence (we all knew it was a pretence) that he must go away for a few hours to write his sermon, or visit some sick old maid: but his batting was very elegant, and his *off-hits* between point and slip, were the admiration of the club; he was one of our constant attendants, and played in most of the matches. Our's being emphatically a cricket-county, many of the clergy played without thinking that it was at all derogatory to the dignity or sanctity of their profession; indeed, such was the general feeling on that head, that I remember two or three years ago, when there was one of those foolish and intemperate outcries against the church, a paragraph in our county paper; which, after some reflections on the *distant* and reserved carriage of the clergy to their flock, said—‘ If a clergyman wants to get his tithes without trouble, let him PLAY AT CRICKET WITH HIS PARISHIONERS.’*

* This paragraph was actually copied into one of the morning London papers, with notes of admiration to it. Certainly it

‘The next person I recollect, was a gentleman of the name of Browne: he possessed the property of a great part of the neighbouring parish, and lived during the summer months in a farm-house of his own, to which he had added a couple of rooms for his temporary accommodation. He was a singular person, quick, lively, and alert in body, though very fat; but unfortunately still quicker in temper and disposition. He prided himself on his bowling more particularly, which indeed was not bad, but fell far short of *his* notions of its excellence: now it often happened, that if a steady batter was opposed to him, his bowling was of no more effect than small shot against a battery. Then began a scene of indescribable fun: he totally lost not only his temper, but his good sense. ‘There,’ he said, (when perhaps he had pitched a good ball, which had been as well met) ‘there, you *ought to have been out*, ‘why don’t you lay your bat? its of no use bowling so. That ball *ought to have had you out*.’ This was something in the stile of Bonaparte, who is reported to have said, ‘That by all the science of ‘war, the English were beaten at Waterloo;’ so our friend Mr. Browne argued: and often to

would not suit the parishioners of Sloane Street or St. Pancras. But if the bishops were more familiar with the clergy, and the clergy with their flocks, the church would be more popular than it is.

verissime

pacify him, the batter would at length do, what Wellington would not, retire from the field, or perhaps let himself be bowled out. It was worth this sacrifice of a wicket, for good humour and satisfaction immediately regained their ascendancy, and Browne went away self convinced that he was a first-rate bowler. Mr. Browne had also another fantastic habit, of endeavouring to assume the attitudes while at the wicket, of the great public players. Sometimes he would stoop over his bat, with his back at right angles with his legs, like Beagley: sometimes he would keep jerking and swinging his bat like Broadbridge; sometimes he stood fixed and immovable as Pilch, and in his successive transformations he always promised himself the science of his illustrious prototypes. It was in vain he was told, that the attitude was of no consequence; that every good cricketer chose his own style, and was original; that an imitator is necessarily an inferior. It was all of no avail; the Proteus of cricket was every day in a new character, and as may be conceived, unsuccessful in all. When he played in a calm rational manner as himself, very few of us were superior to him. He grew at last too corpulent for the game, and took up fishing instead. When we last heard of him he was married, and had become very musical. I had forgotten to mention that one of his tenants belonged to the club, who was one of our most bril-

liant batters—and that he *was both deaf and dumb!!*

‘ During the vacation at Cambridge, a young friend of Mr. Browne’s used to join us, whom we admitted as an honorary member of the club. His name was Frederick Collier; he was a very gentlemanly clever person, and a fair player, though a little nervous: but he was too much the scientific student, and endeavoured to bring a practical game within the rules of geometrical accuracy. Often have I smiled, and am afraid more than smiled, when sitting down by my side, waiting his turn of going in, he would take out his silver pencil and tablets, and proceed to show me how impossible it was, by the infallible rules of science, that he ever should be bowled out. He would draw diagrams of the angles of incidence and reflexion: shew the exact angle at which the ball should be met; the allowance for the fore-shortening of the advancing bat; the exact length which he could cover in a forward drive; or if he played back, he would compare the time which at such a speed, a ball would pass a certain space, with the time required for the descent of his bat to arrest its progress. This he used to do most neatly and ingeniously, and I fancied at first, that we had discovered the *Archimedes* of cricket. Then he would calculate the exact increase of muscular exertion requisite for every additional ounce to the weight of a bat, taking *two pounds six ounces*

as the standard. This was all very agreeable and instructive ; but when hastily putting his pencil in his pocket, he was called to the wicket, and when, in spite of his diagrams and calculations, I often saw his stumps lowered in a dozen balls, I began to think that a quick eye and ready hand would make a better cricketer than all the propositions of Euclid. Having a real respect and regard for Collier, I generally either walked away when such a misfortune befell him, as I have related, or I pretended to be engaged ; but he usually came up to me, and taking out his pencil again, shewed me in what point, owing perhaps to roughness in the turf, the angle of reflexion was not such as it ought to have been, and consequently that he played quite correctly, though not with success. This satisfied him ; and the very last words you heard him repeat, before he left us, were ‘ if you know the angle of the ball, however good it is, it is *impossible* you can be bowled out.’

‘ I must pass over several of the players, who were only remarkable perhaps for one species of excellence. Neale the plumber and glazier, hit very short and hard, and could get his runs quickly ; Bridger, who was a pastrycook and baker, was exceeding fine as ‘ cover-point,’ while Daniels the cooper, and Bright the watchmaker, were our long-fields, to whose skill and unerring catches we could trust. Bloomfield the keeper hit brilliantly to the

leg, but was not a certain player. I pass over the remainder, to come to three brothers who really were our support, and would have been an effective assistance to a club far superior to ours. Their names were Ashley; they did not live in our village, but in a small market-town about four miles off, from which they invariably walked over, returning every practising day; for their ardour was unquenchable. They were all three brought up to the medical profession, and lived with their elder brother who practised as a surgeon. The names of the three were remarkable, Hector, Herod, and Hamlet,—on what cause given, I never discovered. Herod and Hamlet were good cricketers at all points, and understood the game scientifically, but Hector was a master of his art. His bowling was tremendous, and it required a most steady and accomplished batter to stand long against it; he bowled with great speed, and with considerable bias, or twist of the ball; and this he would maintain

‘ While summer-suns rolled unperceived away.’

To excel in cricket was the great aspiration of these three brothers; and it was the constant topic of their conversation; every form of hit underwent a close, severe scrutiny; and the subject was analysed with the most scrupulous minuteness. Often we have heard them say, have they sat up till two

or three o'clock in the morning, discussing this important subject, and exemplifying their fine and elegant theories, by introducing a *bat* in the parlour; and when satiated temporarily of this side of the subject, they would then commence a review of the manner and excellencies of the great public players; while the names of Serle and Saunders, of Beagley and Hayward, of Adams (a great favourite with them) and Broadbridge, were repeated again and again, till the chimes of the town clock warned them that the hour of cock-crow was near, or in the words of Shakspeare,

'The Curfew-bell hath toll'd,—'tis three o'clock.'

Poor Hector! he is alas no more! We were present with him and played in his last match, in which he was pre-eminently great, but soon after, (it was then autumn, and the matches were breaking up) he complained of a pain in his side and cough, and he gradually fell into an irrecoverable decline. The ruling passion was strong even to the last. During the latter time of his illness, the great single wicket-match took place between Pilch and Marsden at Norwich, in which the former was victorious; Hector was then on his dying bed; but his brother thought it would gratify him to hear that his favourite player had triumphed, and mentioned his success. Hector looked up and smiled—and that smile was his

last departing tribute of remembrance to his favourite game. When I was last in his town, I called at his brother's house, and found a small portrait of him executed by a country artist,—the picture was by no means without merit—the likeness of my poor amiable friend very correct, and I was not displeased in seeing a cricket-bat drawn in a corner of the room where he was described as sitting. In his will, he bequeathed a fine bat of Gould's of Kensington, which I had lately given him, to his elder brother.

‘ I must now turn to the relation of a circumstance which took place some seven or eight year's since, and which trifling as it first appeared, materially changed the nature of our club, and indeed gave us that superiority over all the neighbouring ones which we still possess. It was very early in the season, when few of the members were present, owing to the cold east wind, and unsettled state of the weather, and other causes; but the three Ashleys with their elder brother, myself, and three or four others were practising, in a manner more I believe to please ourselves than others, and certainly more bold than scientific. In fact we were all then in our infancy, and fancied that a hard *swipe* was the ne plus ultra of the game; and that the strongest hitter was par consequènce, the best player. In this way we were proceeding, sending the ball over the

fir-trees which were then near the ground, and like the war-horse in Job, rejoicing in our strength! While we were in mid-play, we perceived a grey, round-shouldered, weather-beaten, shabbily-dressed old man walk slowly up towards the ground, with his hands behind his back, and remain silently looking at us. Now it is very easy for a cricketer to distinguish a spectator who understands the game from an ignoramus. The latter is sure speedily to betray himself, his eye wanders without meaning, he fidgets about, talks loud, makes absurd observations, and draws most *temerarious* conclusions. But this old man stood steadily watching us, addressing no one, and keeping his eye on us, with a grave undeviating attention. At length, during one of the little pauses of the game, Hector said, 'Herod, do you see that old man there, have you never seen him before?' 'No! I don't remember,' was the reply,—who can he be? 'I have a great idea, said Hamlet, that he must be old Fennex the cricketer, whom we saw once on the ground at Bury, but he could hardly have got to this remote place, and what should he do here.' 'However, said the elder brother, I'll go and speak to him.' So accordingly he accosted the old man, and found that he was the very person whom they suspected him to be. He said, that he was going round the country to teach any clubs that might want his assistance, and hearing of them, as he

stopt at the place, he had come to see the play. One thing led to another, and they soon asked him to give them a few balls. Then indeed were their eyes opened, and for the first time they began to perceive what they had not only to learn, but to unlearn. Down went their wickets, like corn before the sickle; they never could get near the ball; if they played forward to it, it rose and bruised their hands with terrific force; if back, they were too late, and the prostrate stumps, and flying bail showed them at once the talent of their opponent, and the utter weakness of their defence. 'Thus the evening past; wicket after wicket fell; they were compleatly beaten, ignominiously defeated, stripped of their fine plumes, and felt themselves to be but mere Tyros in their art.

' Fennex was taken home to supper, the carousal was prolonged till midnight, the *great* subject was discussed; much conversation ensued; and at length it was agreed that he should be taken into the Ashleys' house, and remain the season with them. The effect of this judicious measure was soon visible, and acquired only at the expense of many lacerated fingers, and bruised legs,—the whole style of the play was altered, no more slashing-play; no swipes over the firs; no hitting *across* wicket. No! all was now steady, scientific and secure; a reason, and a good one was assigned for every movement; and by the end of the season

we were all, if not good players, yet at least, playing in the right method, and secure of improvement. Gentle lover of this noble art! whether thou art of the Northern Eleven, or the Southern! whether thy name be found in the former or latter part of the alphabet; whether thou delightest in the suburban shades of St. John's Wood, or in the breezy Titchborne Downs; whether thou upholdest the ancient fame of Beldam—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—or whether thou boastest of the more recent exploits of Lambert; whether thou favourest *under* hand bowling, or supportest the modern *bias*; in all the possible forms thou mayest assume, and the prejudices and antipathies thou mayest entertain, believe me, when I assure you that the preceding account is no fable. It is a tale of truth, Mrs. Opie can never put it in her 'art of lying.' It is more true than the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The hero of the tale is still alive; though now nearly blind, and incapable of muscular exertion, he is still wandering about the beautiful common, the scene of his former glory, and he is still dwelling under the charitable roof of the elder Ashley, who no doubt will protect him from want during his future days. Of course, it may naturally be supposed, that old Fennex was much questioned by us concerning his contemporaries as well as his own former exploits. It appears

that he was born and brought up at Gerard's Cross near Uxbridge, and at the age of nineteen, had become the first cricketer in Buckinghamshire. He was contemporary with Beldam, Harris, the two Walkers, Tom and Harry, Robinson and others; and Sir Horace Mann was then the enlightened and enthusiastic patron of the art.

‘ The Hambledon Club in Hampshire was at this time the first in England, and instead of the present Marylebone Club at London, there was one at White Conduit House, from which the Marylebone has descended. Determining to profit by the recollections of this accurate observer and accomplished cricketer, we procured a copy of the old matches, and from Fennex's dictation we noted the play of every single person mentioned in them; so that we now possess a Catalogue which is invaluable in the history of the art, and which we believe no other person, not even Mr. Ward nor Lord Frederick Beauclerk can boast of having. *There* are recorded Beldam's witticisms (cuts both with the tongue and arm) and Tom Walker's attitudes, there is the picture drawn to the life of Harris allowed a *chair* while bowling; so grand was his execution, even when crippled with the gout. There we have preserved the excellencies of his rival and successor Lumpy; who if his speed had equalled his accuracy, would have been what Nireus was in beauty, and Achilles in war. But

we must withdraw from this fascinating subject. Sir Humphrey Davy was never more devoted to the *rod* than we to the *bat*; we could fight all our battles over again, but alas! the heroes are in their tombs. Sightless is that eagle eye of Beldam, nerveless that iron arm of Walker, and powerless that gigantic frame of Harris! Fennex alone survives! like that one single tree which the traveller beholds among the ruins of Babylon, survivor sole of all those pensile gardens of beauty, which the Assyrian monarch raised for the dalliance of his Median spouse; so, amid the mouldering monuments, and half-forgotten graves of his fellows—survives the man, who at single-wicket, alone and unassisted, beat on Mitcham Common, half a century since, the three greatest cricketers of their day; who raised himself to such eminence by his skill, that he once kept *three* hunters, and was the bosom friend of Oldacre, the illustrious Huntsman of the Berkeley Pack; who lived with Lord Winchilsea, and the Tuftons, and who remained unconquered, till time, the general conqueror, told him to retreat, and to make way for younger aspirants to renown.*

* As a proof of the strength as well as self-denial of this veteran, we mention, that at the age of seventy-five, he walked ninety miles in three days, carrying an umbrella, bundle of clothes, and three cricket-bats; and spent in that time but three shillings. How few men in their prime could perform such a journey, in such a manner? When he arrived at the end of his journey, all he complained of was, that the bats had bruised his

Now 'donatus rude'—and reposing under the laurels which he planted in his youth, he has found in the house of a friendly village apothecary, that hospitable shelter and security for his age, which none of his former noble and titled patrons would deign to bestow. Hail and farewell!

side. When he dies, his hands should be preserved in a glass-case at the Pavilion, like Galileo's at Florence, as trophies of his sufferings and glory. Broken, distorted, mutilated, half nailless, they resemble the hoof of a rhinoceros, almost as much as a human hand; but what feats have they not performed?

' Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,
' Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
' Though solitary, who is not alone,
' But doth converse with that Eternal Love.
' O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
' Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
' Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
' Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
' O ! how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
' And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
' Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
' How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
' The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
' Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.'

DRUMMOND.

THE London visitors had now been a week beneath the hospitable roof of Dr. Hastings, and it had been a pleasant week. The change to both had been complete. Long indulged habits had been broken in upon, and now that the charm was dissolved, they wondered at the drowsy manner in which they had suffered long years of precious existence to gather over their heads, without shedding on them those fresh rays of knowledge which will gild their setting hour. The early walk, the pleasant breakfast, rendered so by cheerfulness and the interesting conversation of Dr. Hastings, and healthy exercise, all had novel charms for

Mr. Eames and Mr. Hilary. To the latter, indeed, the benefit might not be so lasting as it was likely to become to his companion. The mind of the former was cast in a more contemplative mood, with, perhaps, rather less conversational powers. He possessed, however, more imagination, more depth of character, and far greater reasoning powers than his friend. The latter quality had, perhaps, been rather a snare to lead him into error, than been used by him as a means of ascertaining the truth. He had been indefatigable in his researches, but they had been originally ill-directed, and his scepticism had hitherto prevented his answering the enquiry, 'What is truth?'

Dr. Hastings was anxious to correct the errors of such a mind as this, and withdraw it from its delusions to the wholesome path which he himself was daily treading. Widely different were the two thus brought together. The one was happy in his cheerful contentment, the other dissatisfied he knew not why. Dr. Hastings looked up to an omnipotent and benevolent God as the creator of all below, and found 'good in every thing.' Mr. Eames beheld the works of creation, and he confessed that 'every thing was very good.' He admired them all as *effects*, but to the *Great Cause* he had never looked. He wanted that which, to a mind such as his, would have been the guiding star to direct his wanderings, and to occupy his thoughts, now un-

stable as the sands, and veering as the winds of heaven. He had the highest idea of the mental powers of the human race; they were born; they toiled; they were learned and ingenious; they fretted their little hour, and then died, and perhaps they had another existence. The same *chance* which breathed them into life, *might* continue the blessing, if blessing it could be called, in another shape and form. Such were the reasonings which Dr. Hastings was so anxious effectually to gainsay, and he found a favourable moment to commence his arguments. The mind of Mr. Eames was softened by the view of Nature's works, the sweet song of birds, the perfume of the evening flowers, and by all the thousand delightful ways which Nature has of appealing to the senses of man. As he lay for hours musing by the banks of the sunny stream, shaded from the burning rays by the thick branches covered with summer foliage which overhung his head, his thoughts were directed to the existence and attributes of the Creator, by reflecting on the beauty and variety of the works of creation. How different were his thoughts from those which occupied his mind in a crowded city! He felt that there must be a cause, an omnipotent and benevolent cause, for all he saw. This thought produced enquiry, and who that ever sought for such knowledge with a wish for success ever failed in its acquirement? Again and again he applied

to Dr. Hastings to assist him in his researches, to remove his waverings, and direct him aright. Once satisfied in regard to the existence of a Supreme Being, his ideas expanded in reviewing His glorious works, in tracing them to their first great cause, and ended in the conviction of the agency of an infinite Creator and Conservator of the world. Nor did his belief end here. Dr. Hastings opened to him the whole plan of redemption, and he did not quit him until he had become a sincere convert to the whole truths of Christianity.

There is little more to add respecting the miscellaneous trio during their sojourn together. As Mr. Eames' doubts had gradually yielded to the conviction that the works of creation were intended to shew the power and wisdom of a Great Creator, to whom we are accountable for our thoughts, words and actions, so Mr. Hilary discovered that he could find both amusement and interest apart from the Clubs and Theatres of London. Thus their moral and religious notions were ameliorated, and they quitted Dr. Hastings improved in their habits and benefitted in their health. On paying his annual visit to the metropolis, in the following summer, Dr. Hastings found that his late visitors had taken up their abode for a few days on the banks of the Thames, where they were perfecting themselves in the art of angling, and enjoying the pleasures that beautiful river affords. Were, like

our honest Father Izaak Walton, 'they walked
' the meadows by the gliding stream, and there
' contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those
' very many other various little living creatures,
' that are not only created, but fed, man knows not
' how, by the goodness of the God of Nature.'
They still continue their visits to the gently flowing
and ever charming 'Thames, either where it winds
under the beautiful bank of Oatlands, or where it
bends its sinuous course through the meadows
below St. Anne's Hill, or where the lofty towers
of Windsor, or the high groves of Chifden throw
their shadows on its sparkling stream. There,
pursuing the 'contemplative man's recreation,'
the recollection of their visit to Dr. Hastings is
often the subject of their conversation, and Mr.
Hilary has allowed that the quiet evening passed
at the little Thames-side Inn, with its simple cheer,
has afforded him a more fresh and cheerful morning
than ever followed a new ballet at the Opera, a
stormy night in the House of Commons, or even
the comparative calm of a House dinner at the
Athenæum.

INDEX.

	Page
Animals, anecdotes of their sagacity	235
——— Instincts	245
Anton, or Test, account of, from antient writers	146
Baits, dead, for trolling	68
Barbel Fishing	6
Celebrated Anglers	12
Charlton, curious cross there	199
Chub, baits for	197
Cricket	293
Ephemeræ	119
Fish, habits of	250
Fly-fishing on the Test	110
———; hints on	158, 176
Grayling Fishing	166
——— list of Flies for	176
Gudgeon Fishing	4
Highlands of Scotland, fishing in	254
Hooks for Perch Fishing	105
Leckford Club, account of	151
——— Rules for, by the late R. B. Sheridan	154
Nobbes, Troller, differed with in regard of season for Pike	72
Oxford, Visit to	179
Pike, anecdotes of	82
Perch Fishing	104
——— Club	89

	Page
Roach Fishing	9
Salmon, habits and growth of	258
——— fly for taking	260
Studley Priory, Seal of	201
Swallows congregating at the Cape and in the West Indies	141
Thames, localities for fishing	20, 41
——— list of the deeps	41
——— Fishing	1
Trolling in Staffordshire	43
——— method of	66
——— Hooks	67
Trout Fishing	11
Walton and Cotton Club, account of	27



YB 10673

24/6/67

298567

Jensen

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

