

GENTLE IZAAK WALTON.

HAUNTS HE LOVED AND FRIENDS WHO JOURNIED WITH HIM.

Relics of Walton's Early Haunts—His Old Time Presence a Memory Upon the Scenery and Vales of Hampshire—His Home in Winchester Cathedral.

LONDON, JULY 24.—In a half month's time it will be 300 years since the birth of Izaak Walton, August 9th, 1593, in Staffordshire; about 270 years since actual knowledge of his existence as a "sempster" or linen draper in the Royal Bourse, Cornhill, where the Royal Exchange now stands, was made a matter of record, by deed; and just 240 years since the first sale "at eighteen pence price" by Richard Merriot to St. Dunstan's Church Yard, Fleet Street, of copies of the first edition of the "Compleat Angler." The London, indeed one might say the England, of that time is no more. Loiter and delve as one may about old Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, there is not a single existing reminder of Walton and his time. So far as I am able to discover in the entire world's metropolis there is but one. That is the initials and date, "I. W., 1658," on the stone tablet to Isaac Casaubon in Westminster Abbey's south transept. It was scratched there by Walton himself, and is a desecration now cherished by all Britain. Who would ever glance at the pages of "Casauboniana" to-day, or remember that James I. made Casaubon prebendary of Westminster and Canterbury, save for this silent token of Izaak Walton's regard?

The scene of the "Angler" lies directly north of London along the river Lea, between Tottenham and Hertford; and it was a no small walk from Walton's shop in Chancery Lane to his favorite haunts beside this stream. The river itself has its rise in Bedfordshire, still north of Hertfordshire, in the marsh called Luiggrave or Leagrave, from whence the Saxons borrowed its denomination, as the old writer Chauncy relates. It pursues a sinuous course through richly wooded and meadowed parishes and such chief towns of Hertfordshire as Broxbourne, Ware and Hatfield, and from Tottenham lazily and slimly flows down through east London under Lea Bridge; is split into black lagoons in the foul Hackney marshes; and becomes a muddy stream again as it passes between Queen Matilda's Bridge and the noted bridge of Stratford-le-Bow, the ancient way into Essex. Then, a mere open channel of London sewage it forms the various basins of the Lea Cut, Limehouse Cut and Limehouse Basin of Regent's Canal; and trailing to the west of Stratford and Barking marshes, the foulest-smelling factory spot on the earth's surface, enters the Thames through the noisome delta forming the Isle of Dogs.

In Walton's time all this region was country. It is one of the most unpleasant experiences you can now know in London to follow the Lea from East India Dock to Tottenham. The latter is even now a part of London, and one can only with difficulty see the way the gentle angler came and as dimly imagine the Tottenham of old, its then smart Elizabethan habitations, and its High Cross where the characters in the "Angler" first met, and Piscator, on his way to fish the Lea at Ware that "fine fresh May morning," makes the pleasant acquaintance of Venator and Aupeus. The White Swan Inn at Tottenham was the place where Walton tarried going to and coming from the river Lea. The last time I saw it, it was half hidden from the High Road and High Cross, a tiny slumberous hostel of the long ago, white, stuccoed and gabled, with a patch of garden blossom at its side and a bit of a skittle alley behind.

Just north of Tottenham is Bleak Hall, at a sleepy hamlet called Cook's Ferry, to which Piscator led his companions of the "Angler." Walton's own picture of the inn is a pleasanter one than can now be drawn: "an honest alchouse, where might be found a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls; with a hostess both cleanly and handsome and civil." It was here, over the eating of the toothsome chub that Venator insisted upon terming Walton, as Piscator, "master." Shortly beyond this, the Lea winds pleasantly near Edmonton where John Gilpin, from the indecorous speed of his horse, missed a comfortable dinner; and at Hoddesdon above, was the "Thatcht House" where, at the very outset of the "Angler's" pleasant experiences, Venator expressed his purpose of drinking his "morning draught." From Tottenham to Ware is a pleasant, vagrant jaunt; but the lover of Walton must needs carry the good old fisherman along with him in the sweet cradle of his fancy for all but the merest suggestion of companionship and identification in these first and oldest angling haunts along the river Lea.

Undoubtedly Dove Dale, the waterway of the vagrant and impetuous river Dove, forming the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire in the romantic region of the Derby Peak, retains least changed and natural scenes most loved of Izaak Walton. It is here his summer months for years were passed. In an almost idyllic enjoyment of his favorite pastime, and in a friendship with Cotton of so perfect a nature that it at least exalted an otherwise characterless man of no little talent to nobler aspiration and accomplishments. Every one is familiar with this strange and unequal attachment: how Walton, almost saintly in character and 44 years the elder of the blase spendthrift and scribbler of unreadable themes, because his friend and companion in Beresford Hall; how Cotton built the famous "Fishing-house" beside the Dove, with its intertwined escutcheon of his own and Walton's initials and the motto, "Pis-

catoribus Sacrum," above the door; how their affection ripened until Cotton adopted Walton as his "father" and Walton the spendthrift gentleman as his "son"; and how it all had a good ending when, at Walton's request, Cotton accompanied the best work of his life in part second of the "Angler," "Being Instructions How to Angle For A Trout or Grayling In A Clear Stream," prefaced by "The Retirement," or "Stanzas Irregular to Mr. Izaak Walton," of much poetic power, beginning with the lines,

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again!

I always love to imagine this odd friendship not to have been an "unaccountable" matter, but an affinity of opposites beginning away back there as Walton "stretched his legs up Tottenham hill" and first met the wayward, ill-directed, though undoubtedly appreciative and sympathetic, Cotton as none other than Venator who, from the instinctive deference to a great soul which made the word "master," unconsciously burst from his lips, came by degrees of betterment, grateful love and reverence, to know the gentle angler who had saved him from himself as a "father" in the high and purest spiritual sense. The whole romantic valley is redolent of legend and memory of Cotton and Walton. The ancient Beresford Hall is changed, but the "Walton Room" is intact. The bowling-green beside the Dove is as it was nearly a quarter of a thousand years ago; and the old stone "Fishing-House," now more than 200 years old, still stands in the murmurous dale, one of the truest monuments in England to a strange but scathless friendship.

The distinction between classes and masses was immeasurably closer drawn in England in Walton's time than now. Few laymen, and particularly few tradesmen, enjoyed even ordinary familiarity with men of consequence in church and state.

In this respect Walton was an extraordinary exception. All authorities hold that no man of his time enjoyed so lofty a personal regard among the noblest and most famous men of that day. Two facts contributed to this. Though but a simple linen draper, the graces of his perfect life and the winsome qualities of his intellect and heart gave him not only the unequalled respect but the unlimited affection of men of high degree.

Besides this, his relation by birth and marriage made recognition of his personality and its logical result a matter of natural sequence. Some biographers believe his mother to have been a niece of Archbishop Cranmer. His first wife, Rachel Floud, whom he married in 1626 and who died in 1640, was a great-grandniece of that prelate. His second wife Ann Ken, whom he married in 1646 and who died in 1662, was a half sister of Bishop Thomas Ken, author of the morning and evening hymns, and I have seen a memorial tablet to her memory, written by Walton himself, in the Izaak, became a Canon in Salisbury Cathedral, where his remains and those of some of his descendants now lie.

During many of the later years of Walton's life apartments were constantly reserved for him and his daughter Anne at the episcopal residences of Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winchester; and the marriage of this daughter Anne to Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, in whose house Walton died Dec. 15, 1683, centered still closer to historic Winchester, for centuries the royal capital of England, the closing memories of Walton's peaceful life; while the grand old cathedral here became the good man's tomb. Thus memorials in three of England's noblest ecclesiastical structures preserve his glorious name.

Because these things about Walton are nowhere collectively made concise and clear, I have dwelt upon them here; and delight also to point out another remarkable fact in his career illustrating how the human intellect secures exalted and powerful sustenance from pure and equable physical and moral life. Walton was sixty years of age when his "Compleat Angler" first appeared. Three of the remarkable series of his "Lives" were first published after he was seventy years old. And at the age of ninety, when he wrote the preface to "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral poem by John Chalkhill, the mental powers of this noble man were clear and strong and whole. I believe there is not in the whole range of English literature so luminous an example of sweet and pure living, thinking and writing as that furnished by the career and work of Izaak Walton.

So as the peaceful evening of his life was passed at Winchester, the pilgrim to Walton's haunts and shrine will find in and about the old cathedral town, the closest and tenderest ties of presence and memory. All through these lovely Hampshire valleys are the haunts of his hale and calm old age. The river Test stealing out of the Berkshire moors and the river Itchen gleaming between the chalk hills of Hamps to murmur through the old cathedral town, both reach the sea at Southampton Water. In all their lovely way from the north are countless deeps and shallows where the gentle angler came. Every mossy old mill, every flower-embowered steading, every slumberous old inn, every quaint old parish church, every rippling ford, silent pool and ancient bridge, every hall and castle, and almost every riverside cottage, along these streams, has its loving legend of the good old man who transused the sweetness of his life into the murmurs of the waters, the odors of the blossoms, the melody of the birds and the very sunlight upon these Hampshire hills and meads and streams.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN

Why It is Called "Monkey-Wrench."
Many people wonder why the monkey-wrench received such a name, and imagine it must have a connection in some remote way with the animal from which its curious designation seems to be derived. In fact, its name is not monkey-wrench at all, this being a corruption of the title originally given it. It was invented by Charles Monkey, of Williamsburg, who sold his patent to a firm that undertook to manufacture and put it on the market. In honor of the inventor they called it Monkey wrench, but both they and he were soon disgusted to find it known as the monkey-wrench.

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SOME FAMOUS AUTHORS.

Occupations From Which They Have Graduated as Writers of Fiction.

Robert Louis Stevenson, at first followed in his father's footsteps and took to civil engineering, but not finding the work congenial to him, he next turned his attention to the law, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1875. Here again, however, he found that his bent did not lie in the direction of the law, and several of his contributions having been accepted by some of the leading magazines, he resolved to take to literature as a profession.

Walter Besant did not turn his attention to novel writing till he was some thirty years of age. He left Cambridge after taking his M. A. degree, with the intention of entering the church, but, abandoning the idea at the last moment almost, he accepted the post of Senior Professor to the Royal College, Mauritius; but ill-health compelled him to return to England some half-dozen years later. He then wrote his first novel, which, being rejected by the publishers to whom he offered it, was burnt by his author. During the next few months he contributed much to various magazines and weeklies, and some time later he met with Mr. Rice, and their famous collaboration began, their first novel proving an instant success. Some time later Mr. Besant wrote alone his first published novel, which ran through the "Graphic" in serial form, and firmly established the author's reputation.

Grant Allen, after graduating at Oxford, first became a master in several public schools; but later on he filled the more important post of principal to the Government College, Jamaica. Returning, however, in 1876, he turned journalist, writing for several leading London newspapers; also during this time he contributed no small amount to scientific literature. It was not till 1883, however, that he first took to novel writing.

J. M. Barrie, the famous short story writer, novelist and playwright, after taking his M. A. degree at Edinburgh in 1882, became a journalist, and his brilliant articles on Scottish life and manners first brought him into notice. The half-dozen novels which he has written have all run through several editions, whilst his play, "Walker, London," has been a very great success.

Many other novelists have entered the world of fiction through the portals of journalism. Among the more prominent of these are William Black, B. L. Farjeon, Rudyard Kipling, and David Christie Murray.

William Black, who is one of the most successful novelists of the day, became a journalist some three years before he wrote his first novel, which brought him prominently into notice. Previous to entering journalism it is said that his ambition was to become an artist.

B. L. Farjeon started in life as a journalist in New Zealand, editing a paper out there. Charles Dickens is credited with discovering that Farjeon possessed considerable talent as a novelist, and accordingly he came to England, where he has been engaged in turning out novel after novel with more or less success ever since.

Rudyard Kipling, was also at one time an editor—sub-editing, as he did, one of the most important of India's newspapers.

David Christie Murray, like many other journalists, had a hard struggle to commence with, but when the Russo-Turkish war broke out, he went out to the scene of action as the special war correspondent of the "Times" and the "Scotsman." Later on he turned novelist, and the great success which has attended his efforts in this direction shows that fiction is his true forte.

G. A. Henty, the famous writer of stories for boys, has also been in his time a war correspondent, and has smelt powder in several important wars.

Thomas Hardy, whose tragic novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," created such a sensation recently, started in life as an architect.

Another novelist who began life by being apprenticed to an architect was Hall Caine the well-known writer of stories dealing particularly with Manx life. Later on he took to journalism, and contributed a good deal to various local papers. Then he brought out his first novel, which proved a success, and since then he has devoted himself entirely to novelistic work and playwriting, having proved as successful in the one as in the other.

Clark Russell, the greatest living writer of the sea, spent most of his youth in a seafaring life, which accounts for his wonderful knowledge of all matters maritime, and shows that he writes about that with which he is thoroughly acquainted.

Rider Haggard began life as a barrister, but after his great hit with "King Solomon's Mines" became briefless—from choice, of course.

R. E. Francillon, another very popular novelist, also started in life as a barrister, and for a time edited the "Law Magazine." Some three years later he wrote his first accepted story, which, being very favorably received, induced him to take to literature as a profession.

A. Conan Doyle, the author of the famous "Sherlock Holmes" series of detective tales and also of several notable historical novels, was, before fame came to him as a novelist, a doctor, or more particularly an eye-specialist.

Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men in a Boat," etc., began life as a clerk. Then he went on the stage, which admirably qualified him for playwriting to which in conjunction with novel writing and editing a magazine, he has since turned his attention.

Bret Harte has in his time been a veritable rolling-stone, but unlike the stone he has gathered much moss, or rather something a good deal more substantial. He has been in turn a miner, printer, teacher, secretary, journalist, editor, poet, and novelist, and judging by his success in the two last vocations they are indisputably his true bent.

In addition to the above mentioned, G. R. Sims, one of the most successful playwrights, started life in the commercial world, as indeed did another noted writer—Wm. Westall. Miss Braddon once upon a day contemplated turning actress; the Rev. Baring-Gould, as his prefix indicates, was and is a clergyman; whilst Wm. Dean Howell, the famous American novelist, started life as a compositor.

The Thellusson Case.

Mr. Thellusson, a merchant who died at the close of last century, left estate of the value of £600,000, and of this £100,000 was bequeathed to the widow, the testator

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June 29th.

Notice to Lumbermen.

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