

W. Fitzwilliam Dick, of Humewood, county Wicklow, was formerly the seat of a brother of the late Lord Darnley, the Hon. Edward Bligh, who died here in 1841.

In a secluded and pleasant nook of the river, close by Boyle Farm, stands the "Swan," a favourite inn for anglers. It commands a pretty view of the river, and of the palace and grounds of Hampton Court, on the opposite bank. The old tavern, with its contiguous grounds, abuts upon the water-side, and has long been famous in the annals of the angler. The Thames Angling Preservation Society have under their care two "deeps" at Ditton, one opposite Boyle Farm, rather more than 500 yards in length, and the other a little to the north, off Keene's Wharf, extending 250 yards.

One of the great lovers and haunters of this part of the Thames was that disciple of Izaak Walton, Mr. T. F. Salter, the author of the "Anglers' Guide," &c. Mr. Salter was originally a hatter in London, his shop being near Charing Cross. He there, by industry and indefatigable civility, amassed a competency, and was enabled to retire to a snug "box," within the influences, as it were, of his favourite haunts, the river Lea banks and two or three houses of call for fishermen, at which he was rejoiced to meet any brother-fisherman. The following tribute to this worthy, by a "brother of the angle," and written in imitation of the style of Pope and Dryden, was published a few years ago:—

"Ye who by silent waters take your stand,
And poise the pliant rod with cautious hand,
Your eye intent upon the wave to note
Each flattering bubble of the buoyant float;
Or bolder tread the streamlet's bank to ply
With agile arm the well-directed fly,
As circling eddies ripple into spray,
And mark where finny gluttons strike their prey;
Or ye who still, a band of brothers, meet
In periodic pride in some retreat,
Which Lea or Thames or royal Hampton bears
To please the angler or to plume his wares.
Pause for awhile amidst your pastime dear
To give a sigh about our patriarch's bier!
To him who was the Nestor of our art,
Who joy'd its richest secrets to impart:
Who taught us best our quiet course to run,
Waved his light rod, and showed how trouts were won:
Who shar'd our labours, and who join'd our play,
Allured to exercise and led the way:
Grieve that his shadow darkens not your door—
That Salter, modern Walton, is no more!"

Mr. S. C. Hall writes, in his "Book of the Thames":—"Time out of mind Thames Ditton has been in favour with the punt-fisher, not alone

because sport was always abundant there—its pretty aits, close beds of rushes, and overhanging osiers being nurseries of fish—but because the river is especially charming 'hereabouts,' and there are many associations connected with the fair scenery that greatly augment its interest to those who enjoy the recreation of the 'contemplative man.' All anglers, therefore, are familiar with the pleasures to be found in this quiet and attractive nook of the Thames. Our own memory," adds Mr. Hall, "recalls to us a day we cannot soon forget: it was passed in a punt with Theodore Hook—a lover of the gentle art, as many have been to whom 'society' and the gaieties of life were necessities. Hook was in strong health at that time—it was in the year 1834—the fountain of his wit was in full and uninterrupted flow; it is not difficult to imagine, therefore, the stores of incident and humour that were opened up between the first cast of the plummet into the stream and the winding-up of the reel when the declining light gave notice that refreshment was provided at 'The Swan.'" Mr. Hall appends as a foot-note to the above some lines which Hook produced on that occasion. They were composed in the punt, afterwards written down, and they were printed, but not with Theodore Hook's name, in the *New Monthly Magazine* for July, 1834:—

"When saltry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's winter season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason,—
I steal away to shades serene,
Which yet no bard has lit on,
And change the bustling, heartless scene
For quietude and DITTON.

"Here lawyers, free from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty:
Beauty with talent brightly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane, is placed
Within the shades of DITTON.

"Let lofty mansions great men keep—
I have no wish to rob 'em—
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
A large red house, at Whitton,
But Can with Thames I can't compare,
Nor Whitton class with DITTON.

"I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions;