

**BY MEADOW AND
STREAM:
PLEASANT MEMORIES
OF PLEASANT PLACES**

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By meadow and stream: pleasant memories of pleasant places by The Amateur Angler
(Edward Marston)

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THE AMATEUR ANGLER (EDWARD MARSTON)

**BY MEADOW AND
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OF PLEASANT PLACES**

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PLEASANT MEMORIES OF

PLEASANT PLACES

BY

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Edward Marston
"

"Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
When pride gave place to mirth without a sting."

BLOOMFIELD.

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FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1896

MEADOW, where the young grass gleams, or darkens, according to the flowing of the breath of Spring; copse, where the rod must be carried low, because of the catkins and the crenelled leaves fluttering their new gloss against the fleecy sky; primrose, that may be any colour it thinks fit—for who could take two looks at it now? And then the sly wink of a very knowing STREAM, and the sound even sweeter than our true love's "Yes"—the silvery flop of a big trout rising in the limpid alcove from which we mean to haul him out. For all the above joys, see within!

Other delights of nature, too, (so freely afforded to the heart of man, that his small perception multiplies them,) into the bower of the memory come gliding, or jump, upon encouragement, the steps of hope; whenever a friend (whose accuracy has for many years been proven) tells us of the young renewal, which a good man only can achieve by tracing, in the latter days, the quiet outset of the path which has straightened—but not straightened—in the push and hurry of the less Idyllic life.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

January, 1896.