

**RAMBLES,
ROAMINGS AND
RECOLLECTIONS**

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Rambles, Roamings and Recollections by John Trotandot & G. P. R. Pulman

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JOHN TROTANDOT & G. P. R. PULMAN

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AND
RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TROTANDOT, *pseudon. for*
George R. Putman

"Hoc est vivere hic
Vita posse priore frui." *Martial.*

"Lord, who would live tormented in the court,
And may enjoy such pleasant walks as these!" *Shakspeare.*

At
LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, READER, AND DYER.
1870.

THE PREFACE.

MOST OF THE VARIOUS sketches contained in the following pages have appeared, from time to time, during the past ten or twelve years, in the columns of a local newspaper.

On the wish of more than one perhaps too kind and too indulgent friend, the author has ventured to throw them together in their present form. Of their literary shortcomings he is sufficiently aware. But the "Rambles" may serve, perhaps, in the absence of better things, as a medium for recording, however imperfectly, some topographical features undergoing rapid change—some historical facts in association with the places visited—some "Recollection" of events which may amuse if not instruct—some account of "manners and customs" fast passing away for ever.

The "Roamings" into a wider field across the Channel enabled him to diversify his subjects, while they filled him with pleasant memories of one of the loveliest spots in Her Majesty's dominions—a spot rapidly becoming more

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and more generally interesting on account of the greatly increasing band of tourists attracted thither year by year.

Whatever may be the effect upon his readers, of whose indulgence he has the utmost need, he may comfort himself with the fact that the writing of these little sketches has at least been interesting to himself, on the principle, perhaps, of the sentiment expressed in the Latin motto on the title-page, to the effect that "He lives twice who can enjoy the recollection of his former life."

G. P. R. PULMAN.

The Hermitage, Creskerne, November 15th, 1870.



RAMBLES, ROAMINGS, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

ODCOMBE.—TOM CORYAT AND HIS WONDERFUL BOOTS.

A RAMBLE.—MARCH 2, 1863.

THERE is an old saying that nothing is so difficult as the beginning of an undertaking, except, perhaps, its end. Many a time have I experienced the truth of the aforesaid, in my small way, and particularly in connection with literary matters. Everybody, more or less, experiences the same, I suppose, except, of course, those brilliant geniuses who crop up now and then, and send us lesser lights into the shade—who know everything by intuition, and along whose road of life there is no single Hill of Difficulty—nothing but level Macadamization. To many a newspaper editor, I have heard, the difficulty of finding a subject for a “leader” is often quite as great as that of writing the “leader” itself. Many an author has confessed that his Introductory Chapter has proved as puzzling a matter as that of writing the rest of the book. Hodge, when he squares

himself out for the felicity of concocting his first love-letter, and essays the opening sentence thereof, is hardly more puzzled than Adonis the school boy, or Moonshine the young astronomer, or Pangloss the old pedant, or Daybook the city merchant—under similar circumstances. Once break the ice—once knock off a happy opening sentence, and all the rest is plain sailing—“Unless, perhaps, the end.” For it is in all things essential to wind up well—with as grand a flourish as possible. And the difficulty is to get up that flourish to your own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of your readers.

My difficulty, at present, is to know how to begin this series of sketches with which I hope to amuse and edify an admiring, an eager, but, alas! a fastidious public. Whither shall I take my first Ramble? That is a question which has puzzled me for the last six weeks. Once fairly off, I have every hope of rambling on, in some way or other till I shall, if health and strength be spared, have traversed many and many a mile, and have visited many and many a note-worthy locality, and have filled many and many a page with delectable and veracious chronicling.

ROOTS IN GENERAL.

I have been kept awake whole nights by this puzzling thought. I have twice found myself half famished through neglect of daily table-duty, from sheer occupation of mind. To calculate an eclipse, or to attempt to square the circle, could hardly have taxed me more. I have suggested to myself a hundred plans, and have abandoned them one after another. I have tortured myself to an unbearable extent, and I was at last well nigh tempted to give the matter up from sheer hesitation or from inability how to begin. Of the incalculable loss which mankind would have sustained, had that conclusion been arrived at, it becomes not me to speak. That calamity was averted, however, by an accident;—and accident, sir, and ladies and gentlemen all, I make bold to observe, has often befriended far