

**SCRIBBLINGS AND  
SKETCHES,  
DIPLOMATIC, PISCATORY,  
AND OCEANIC**

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Scribblings and Sketches, Diplomatic, Piscatory, and Oceanic by Edmund Carmick

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**EDMUND CARMICK**

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BY

A FISHER IN SMALL STREAMS.

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TO

HIS MOST CELESTIAL MAJESTY KIANG-FOO,

EMPEROR OF CHINA,

AND BROTHER TO THE SUN AND MOON.

DEEPLY sensible of the favours it has pleased your Celestial Majesty at divers and sundry times to bestow, and grateful for the distinguished facilities afforded me in the early publication of some of your mighty proclamations—with all respect, I dedicate the following pages to your Imperial Majesty.

I do so, with a belief, that your Serenity will not only be amused by them at your autumnal palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, upon the banks of the sparkling Taie-ho; but that they will give your Majesty some insight into the mysteries of barbaric diplomacy, which, it has pleased your Majesty privately to inform me, owing to some late incidents, you were anxious to comprehend. Amongst so many sovereigns, to be selected by your Imperial Majesty as worthy of your confidence, I esteem a most signal mark of favour; and with no disposition to overrate my literary effusions, yet I feel confident your Majesty will derive quite as much instruction, if not more, than any other reader from my little volume.

If it should please your Celestial Highness to be fond of fishing, the letters of Isaac Walton, Jr., are most particularly recommended to your notice. They pretend to no literary merit, but are the effusions of a plain man, in character with his life and the primitive simplicity of his peaceful sport.

The immortal Confucius has declared, that

Hong-hse chulan-tee to war ti bung,  
Con owhar spung ti nittle colee tung.

"Patience and perseverance are cardinal virtues, and without which, man cannot hope for success in life." Isaac affords some striking and practical illustrations of the truth of the precept, which may be useful to your sedentary subjects, and perhaps salutary in their effects upon those of a more roving and unquiet disposition.

Seldom aspiring beyond a glorious nibble, his perseverance has been rewarded in having caught the attention of an emperor.

"To catch a Tartar," has not heretofore been esteemed a desirable event or one to boast of; but we apprehend the world will concede the present instance to be a brilliant exception.

The immeasurable distance between your Majesty's golden throne, and the "Fisher in Small Streams," affords him but a telescopic view of your magnificence, warmed, however, and cherished by those mitigated

beams into an ephemeral and fluttering existence without the danger of being singed by the intolerable effulgence. It is, therefore, a subject more for congratulation than regret; though prevented the honour of personally bumping his head at your Imperial footstool according to the ceremony of the *Ko-leou*. A ceremony founded upon principles of the profoundest wisdom, and which should be strictly enforced upon every candidate for literary favour, more especially in my country, where the brain is supposed to be the seat of intelligence, and the capability of the author might quickly be ascertained by the peculiar sound of his skull when performing these prostrations. The Chinese theory, however, that the stomach is the seat of the soul, is plausible, more especially as most of our distinguished literary men have no stomachs to brag of, wasted perhaps by their untiring exertions. With the passing remark, that amongst Barbarians there is a sort of abstract Kiang-Foo, called public opinion, at which authors great and small must all bow, and before which the subscriber prostrates himself with great humility for want of a better, he remains with high consideration and respect, your Majesty's friend, co-sovereign and servant.

A FISH IN SMALL STREAMS.



## PREFACE.

It will be perceived that I have dedicated this little work to the Emperor of China,—and in selecting that distinguished individual, I have been impelled by many wise and discreet considerations. Some may possibly deem the selection an ostentatious one, a wish upon my part to publish to the world my intimacy and friendship with that august personage. But I most unequivocally deny any such motives. The Emperor has been informed that we are a community of sovereigns, that a private station is the post of honour, and that we hire individuals to perform subordinate stations, such as Presidents, Secretaries, and the like, with the privilege of abusing them. He therefore, has been pleased to consider me upon an equality with him in every respect, having first assured him, not only that I held no office, but had no expectation of receiving one. It has also, I am sorry to say, been intimated that I am actuated by mercenary motives, with an eye to a *cumshaw* or present from the Emperor, for the honour done him. The *cumshaw* system is not a bad one, but I disclaim any

such intentions. Though if the Emperor were to send me a very handsome present, in the shape of tea, silks, or even crockery, I frankly confess I should feel myself bound to accept it. But literary men so seldom receive any thing but hard rubs, that I am afraid these declarations are very idle and superfluous. Indeed, gentle reader, I am perfectly content to receive no other reward for my humble labours, than your attention, and your good-will.

THE AUTHOR.

## S K E T C H E S.

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### A FORTUNE FOUNDED ON A HURRICANE.

"To ride the cloud-aspiring waves,  
And hear amid the rending tackle's roar  
The spirit of an equinoctial gale."

TOMIN.

\*The dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the Hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by th' almighty sun,  
Dizzies with clamour Neptune's watery ear."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE town of Trinidad, upon the south side of the island of Cuba, presents a very picturesque appearance from the sea. The dark blue mountains of St. Juan, rising to the height of three thousand feet, form the background of the picture, throwing the town into fine relief with its white walls and turrets. At a distance, it appears like a white blur upon the mountain-side. In any other region than the tropics it might, at first glance, be mistaken for a drift of snow, or a cloud resting upon the dark mountain's side, but the one is as impossible as the other, for, during the dry season, from October till April, not even a wreath of mist floats in the pure ether by day, or dims the brilliancy of the spangled blue of night. Gradually from this white obscure are shadowed