

An autograph of the
late Thomas Hood. Mr. Chubb.

Hood A Piscatory Romance.

"Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace."
J. Davors.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."
Piscator's Song.

The ladies, angling in the crystal tattle,
Heard on the waters with the prey they take,
At once victorious with their lines & eyes,
They make the fishes & the men their prize.
Waller.

Chap I.

Mr Chubb was not ^{by} habit & repute, a Tinkerman. Angling
had never been practically his hobby. He was none of those
Enthusiasts, in the Gentle Craft, who as soon as close time
comes to an end, are sure to be seen in a punt at
Hampton Deep - ^{under the arches of} New Bridge - or on the banks of
the New River, or the ^{Lea}, trolling for Jack, ledgering
for barbel, ^{spinning for trout, rowing for perch,} dapping for chub, angling for gudgeon, or
whipping for bleak, he had never fished but once in
his life - on a chance holiday, & then caught but one
bream, - but that once sufficed to attach him to the
pastime; it was so still, so quiet, so lonely; the very
thing for a shy, bashful nervous man, as tart as a
posh, as formal as a jew hedge, & as sedate as a quaker.
Nevertheless he did not fall in love with Tinkering, as some
do, ~~pass~~ rashly & madly, but as became his character,
discreetly & with deliberation. It was not a hasty passion,
but a sober preference founded on esteem,