LAND OF CONTRASTS

Taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young, a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a  
law against it. But the poor fish have enemies enough besides such unnatural fishermen; as namely, the Otters that I spake of, the  
Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the sea gull, the Hern, the King fisher, the Gorara, the puet, the swan, Goose, duck, and the Craber, which some call the water rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be  
quarreled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish. And, now, to your question concerning  
your host. To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either scripture jests, or lascivious jests, for  
which I count no man witty: for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always  
carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually  
mixed with them, he is the man, and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you  
this night; for at Trout Hall not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to night, there is usually an Angler that proves good  
company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last  
night, it infects others: the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be  
nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar’s: think more will be required at   
the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be  
noted by all parents and people of civility: many a one Owes to his country his religion; And in another, would as strongly grow, Had  
but his nurse or mother taught him so. This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more;  
for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I’ll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub: and   
then we’ll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner. Venator. Oh, Sir a  
Chub is the worst fish that swims; I hoped for a Trout to my dinner. Piscator. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout  
hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I  
will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet  
you shall see I’ll make it a good fish by dressing it. Venator. Why, how will you dress him Piscator. I’ll tell you by and by, when I have  
caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty  
Chubs. I’ll catch only one and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I’ll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it  
done. Venator. Ay, marry Sir, now you talk like an artist, and I’ll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can   
do: but I yet doubt it. Piscator. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a pike or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very Chub I mean to put into your  
hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while; and I’ll warrant you, I’ll bring him to you. Venator. I’ll sit|  
down, and hope well, because you seem to be so confident. Piscator. Look you, sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he is: that very Chub  
that I showed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I’ll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him: I’ll now  
lead you to an honest ale house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.  
There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me; and shall now dress it   
after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat. Venatot. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and  
indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday hunting hangs still  
upon me. Piscator. Well, sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to. Come, hostess, how do you  
Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this Chub, as you dressed my last when I and my friend were here about  
eight or ten days ago But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly. Hostess. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the  
speed I can. Piscator. NOW, Sir, has not my hostess made haste and does not the fish look lovely Venator. Both, upon my word, Sir; and   
therefore let’s say grace and fall to eating of it. Piscator. Well, Sir, how do you like it Venator. Trust me, tis as good meat as I ever  
tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me. Piscator What is it, I pray, Sir  
You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked. Venator. Why, sir, it is, that from henceforth you would   
allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your scholar; for your are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so  
Excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar. Piscator. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be  
your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the  
fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows. The third day  
continued How to fish for, and to dress, the Chavender of Chub Piscator and Venator Piscator. The Chub, though he eat well, thus  
dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all  
his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to  
  
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