

A CHAPTER ON ANGLING.

An angler is a fish-butcher, a piscatory assassin, a Jack Ketch—catcher of jack—an impaler of live worms, frogs and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, and a great gudgeon who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon. Every thing appertaining to the angler's art is cowardly, cruel, treacherous and cat-like. He is a professional dealer in 'treasons stratagems, and plots;' more subtle and sneaking than a poacher, and more exclusively devoted to snares, traps and subterfuges. He is at the same time infinitely more remorseless, finding amusement and delight in prolonging to the last gasp the agonies of the impaled bait, and of the wretched fish writhing with a barb in its entrails.

The high priest of anglers is that demure destroyer, old Izaak Walton, who may be literally called the Hooker of that piscatory polity. Because he could write a line as well as throw one, they would persuade themselves that he has shed a sort of classical dignity on their art, and even associated it with piety and poetry. What profanity! The poet is not only a lover of his species, but of all sentient beings, because he 'looks through nature up to nature's God.' But how can an angler be pious? How can a tormentor of the creature be a lover of the Creator? Away with such cant! Old Izaak must either have been a demure hypocrite or a blockhead, unaware of the gross inconsistency between his profession and his practice. If he saw a fine trout, and wished to trouble him with a line, just to say he should be very happy to see him to dinner, he must first torture his postman, the bait, and make him carry the letters of Bellerophon. Hark how tenderly the gentle ruffian gives directions for baiting with a frog. 'Put your hook through the mouth and out of his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of the hook, and in so doing use him as though you loved him!'

Tender-hearted Izaak! What would be his treatment of animals whom he did not love?

An angler may be meditative, or rather musing, but let him not ever think that he thinks, for if he had the healthy power of reflection he could not be an angler. If sensible and amiable men are still to be seen squatted for hours in a punt, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief,' they are as much out of their element as the fish in their basket, and could only be reconciled to their employment by a resolute blinking of the question. In one of the admirable papers of the 'Indicator,' Leigh Hunt says, 'We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacinated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish.' This is not so clear. Old Izaak, their patriarch, would have probably maintained that the shriek was a cry of pleasure. We willingly leave the anglers to their rod, for they deserve it, and we allow them to defend one another, not only because they have no other advocates, but because we are sure that the rest of the community would be glad to see them hang together, especially if they should make use of their own lines.

Averse as we are from extending the sphere of the angler's cruelty, we will mention one fish which old Izaak himself had never caught. A wealthy tradesman having ordered a fishpond at his country house to be cleared out, the foreman discovered at the bottom a spring of ferruginous-colored water, and on returning to the house told his employer that they had found a chalybeate. 'I am glad of it,' exclaimed the worthy citizen, 'for I never saw one. Put it into the basket with the other fish. I'll come and look at it presently.'

ANECDOTE OF A MONKEY.—We find in a French paper a curious account of a trick played by a monkey in Marseilles in November last, which shows that animal must possess a large share of sagacity, as well as an unforgiving disposition. A painter was busily employed in decorating with fancy colors some carved work on the stern of a French brig which lay in the harbor, and had a stage suspended from the tufferel for that purpose. A monkey which belonged to the captain of an American vessel, moored almost in contact with the stern of the brig, appeared much interested in the progress of the decorations, and watched the artist very closely; and occasionally, as if he wished to criticise or ridicule the performance, he would grin and chatter most furiously. The painter, although first amused, soon became indignant at the insolent bearing of the monkey; and while Jacko was in the midst of a critical dissertation, and appeared hugely tickled at being able to discompose the nerves of the artist, the latter thrust his largest brush, well charged with a beautiful verdigris green, full in the mouth of the chattering quadruped. Jacko retreated to his habitation, exhibiting manifest signs of wrath and indignation. The captain of the vessel, who was well acquainted with the character of the monkey, who would never suffer a trick to be played upon him without retorting in kind, advised him to be particularly cautious, or the monkey would do him some injury. The painter, however, laughed at the idea, and soon after left his work and entered a coffee-house on the quay, where in drinking a cup of coffee and in conversation with some friends he passed half an hour. In his absence the monkey

left his retreat and passed through a port on to the painter's stage, where all his pots, brushes, etc. were deposited. He commenced an attack on the ropes which held the stage, and employed his time so well that before the painter appeared two of them were nearly severed; and when the unsuspecting artist placed his foot upon the stage, for the purpose of resuming his work, the ropes broke, and painter, pots, paints and brushes were precipitated without ceremony into the dock. Then commenced the triumph of the monkey, who sprang to the gunwale, and while gazing on his floundering foe evinced his delight by his gesticulations and his loud clattering.

Dennis, the Critic.—Among the many singular peculiarities of this author, was his intolerance of punning. So much did he execrate this species of wit, that he would quit the company where puns were made and tolerated. One night at Rut-ton's, Steele was desirous of excluding Dennis from a party he wished to make, but which he could not conveniently manage, Dennis at that time being in the coffee-room. While he was at a loss to get rid of him, he observed Rowe sitting on the opposite side of the box to Dennis, the latter of whom he asked, "what was the matter with him?" "Why do you ask the question?" inquired the critic. Steele replied, "You appear to me to look like an angry waterman, for you look one way and Rowe the other." The effect of this pun was successful, and the critic left the room execrating all puns and punsters.

Moral effects of Marriage.—The statistics of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania are curious in the great inequality which they exhibit between married and unmarried convicts. Of the one hundred and sixty prisoners received the last year, one hundred and ten were unmarried, six were widowers, and forty five only were married. I have never seen a stronger illustration of the moral influence of marriage. It is too late to eulogise the institution, after the world's experience of its ameliorating influence upon the human condition, for six thousand years. But we may take this instance, as an evidence of its effects, in promoting good habits, morality and virtue, among the lowest classes of society.—*Boston Atlas.*

Economy.—A rich and parsimonious person, remarkable for having by his will preferred public charities to his relations, was fond of going to the theatre, and taking his great-coat with him. But where should he leave this useful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least sixpence; and, should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must pay threepence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper, and equally secure. He pledged his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a pawnbroker's, near the door, for a shilling. This sum he carried back at the close of the play, added one penny to it for interest, and received his great-coat again, safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender.

Friendship on the Nail.—When Marigny contracted a friendship with Menage, he told him he was "upon his nail." It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus:—"Oh! illustrious of my nail." When Marigny said, "you are upon my nail," he means two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

Fashionable Religion.—A French gentleman, equally tenacious of his character for gallantry and devotion, went to hear mass at the chapel of a favourite saint at Paris. When he came there he found repairs were doing in the building, which prevented the celebration. To show that he had not been defective in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly-decorated pocket-book, and walking with great gravity and many genuflexions up the aisle, very carefully placed a card of his name upon the principal altar.

An Inviting Invitation.—An Irishman, newly arrived from Conemara, seeing on the door of a shop, "Money lent," went in and asked the pawnbroker to lend him a sovereign. On its being explained to him that he could not have the money without leaving *quantum sufficit* of goods, vastly disappointed, he exclaimed, "Ye swindlers, then what do you mane by writing up 'money lent,' when all the time it ought to be 'goods borrowed?'"

FRENCH CHARACTER.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit;
Kind, but extreme dissemblers: you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At the instant mocking e'en your very shoe-ties.

Ancient Mound in Virginia.—The citizens of Elizabethtown, Virginia, have commenced excavating one of the Indian tumuli near their town. They have discovered the ruins of an arch eight or ten feet high, also two skeletons, on their backs and interred in opposite directions, and numerous beads and ornaments made of human bones, as is believed. The bones of the skeleton, particu-

larly those of the jaw, are described as larger than those of the present race of men.

Very Affecting.—A farmer going to "get his grist ground," at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbours. The poor man was somehow or other knocked into the water by the water-wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there'll be now about that bag!"

POETIC DICTION.

—Worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech
Every illiberal and affected phrase,
To clothe their matter; and together tie
Master and form with art and decency.

A Polite Town.—Charles the second, on passing through Bod-min, is said to have observed, that "this was the politest town he had ever seen, as one half of the houses appeared to be *bowing*, and the other half *uncovered*." Since the days of Charles, the houses are altered, but the inhabitants still retain their politeness, especially at elections.

Effective Preaching.—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation.

Planché.

Touching for the Evil was, in past ages, a pretended miracle, performed by our sovereigns at their coronations. In the parish register books of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, is a list of persons, with their ages, whom James II. had touched for the cure of the "evil" at his coronation!

Trotzendorf, the celebrated German schoolmaster, of the sixteenth century, encouraged his scholars to learn music, by saying: "Learn to sing, my dear boys, and then, if you go to heaven, the angels will admit you into their choir."

Natural History.—So great is the desire now evinced to obtain the various species of the brute creation for the metropolitan and provincial "Zoological Gardens," that the importation of animals has become an every-day commercial transaction. During one week lately, there arrived in the Docks, a rhinoceros, tiger, porcupine, sloth bear, Indian elk, axis deer, and several birds. The four first were purchased for "the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

Teheraun or Teheraun, stated to have been recently captured by the Russians, is the present capital of Persia. It is surrounded with a strong mud wall, about four miles in circuit, but contains no building of consequence, except the royal citadel, or fortified palace. Half a century ago, it was an inconsiderable place; and it started at once into the first consequence under Aga Mahomed Khan, the uncle to the present Shah, and the first sovereign that made this city a royal residence. It is 242 miles north of Ispahan, and about half that distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

The Canada Thistle can only with great difficulty be eradicated, on account of the distance to which its roots penetrate. An instance is related of its descending roots having been dug out of a quarry nineteen feet in length; and it has been found to shoot out horizontal roots in every direction, some eight feet in length, in a single season.

Old London Bridge.—"As fine as London Bridge," was formerly a proverbial saying in the city; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and next to Solomon's temple, the finest thing that ever art produced.

Humility.—Hail humility! thou art the only virtue that was created by God himself, not by man, or by human institutions. Thou art like light, which shows all other things in their fairest colours, itself invisible in heaven!

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