

Miscellaneous.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—I shall not attempt to describe the fall of the bright waters over a bed of shelving rocks, which just pent them up sufficiently at the head of the basin to give their progress through the whole of its depths a visible impetus. I shall not vainly essay to make present to the mind's eye of my reader the deep, clear, sandy bottomed cove, which was worn into the rocks on the right-hand side of the river, nor the dancing stream which leaped and kissed the overhanging alders on the left, nor the island of glittering gravel which, about a hundred yards down from the fall, divided the river into two streams, and thus enabled the angler to fish every portion of it perfectly. Cautiously, lest he should disturb a fin, my frightful friend paddled his canoe through the still water on the right side of the river, motioned to me by signs—for we could not exchange a word, Trinity College, Dublin, not having educated me in the Indian tongues—that I should disembark and proceed to fish, which I was previously burning to do. Soon was the single splice in my 18 feet of Irish ash, with one foot of hickory and two inches of tortoise shell at the top, tied together with a strong and well waxed thread of hemp. Quickly was my gold tinselled a fiery brown, with claret hackle and mixed wings, attached to my single gut casting-line; for very rarely have I used any other. Rapidly did I make my first three throws in the very jaws of the gorge, and just as rapidly, on the third throw, did an animated mass of molten silver, as it appeared, rush along the surface of the water, engulfed my fiery brown in his wide-spread jaws, and turn to descend into the depths beneath him, when he received, from some involuntary and indescribable turn of wrist, which is called the "strike," such a twinge in the lower part of his tongue, as made him believe that he was held fast by something amazingly hot, which it was his duty to extinguish and resist by every means that was afforded to him by water, tail, and fins. His rushes to and fro, his dives deep and long, his leaps many and rapidly repeated; the adroitness with which the Indian deceived me into his frail and unsteady canoe, at the very moment when the last foot of line was rolling off my reel; the steadiness and quietude with which he brought me over my fish; the celerity with which he followed him in all his manœuvres; the skill with which he enabled me, coaxingly, to draw him into the still water at the head of the pool; and the deadly certainty with which, on the first opportunity, he fixed the cruel gaff in his side; all this I spare the reader, contenting myself with stating, that, at the end of about 25 minutes, the "water angel," a Yankee writer calls the salmon, was tested to weight, and found to be rather more than twelve pounds.—*Salmon fishing in Upper Canada; by a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander.*

DRY FOOD.—Through Milan runs a canal, on the bridges over which one is reminded of a curious passage in the history of the city. One of its old dukes, being placed under excommunication by the Pope, received the bull by the hands of two delegates. He heard it, and had them driven in state until they reached the bridge. They did not know why, but found their carriage suddenly stopped on the bridge, with the water at hand, while they were surrounded by the guards of the duke, who was a tyrant and a desperado. "My lords," said the duke, "whether would you prefer to eat or drink?" They looked at the water, looked at the guards, and said, "Here is too much water to drink; we shall prefer to eat." "Very well, you shall have your choice," he said. The bull was produced, its parchment cut up in pieces, and the dignitaries of Rome were forced to eat it, and also the leaden seals by which it was authenticated. Yet this rebellious duke and the Pope were afterwards good friends.—*Italy in Transition; by Wm Arthur, A. M.*

AN IGENIOUS CAT.—Cats in general are said to die hard; but De la Croix tells of one that escaped a wretched death by outwitting a philosophical professor: "I once saw," he relates, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump for the purpose of demonstrating that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston in order to exhaust the receiver of air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing. In vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let air into the receiver, which, as soon as she perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat that possessed less penetration, for the cruel and inexcusable experiment."

Editorial Notices, &c.

We have received through Mr. Rowsell, of this city, the three British Reviews for October, viz: the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Westminster*, reprinted by LEONARD SCOTT, & Co., New York.

The following are the subjects treated of: