

Herrings are found in large quantities, and of the finest quality, on many parts of the coast, while the Labrador herrings enjoy a wide spread reputation. The chief seats of this fishery are at St. George's Bay, Fortune Bay, Bay of Islands, and Donna Bay. In the Bay of Islands, during the winter, holes are cut in the ice, and the herrings taken in nets, the fishery lasts from December till April. The salmon fishery is abundant, and the fish of excellent quality. In certain localities this fishery is large and constantly increasing. The method of taking the fish is generally in nets. So plentiful is the supply of fresh salmon during the season in St. John's, that it is often sold at four or five cents per pound. Owing to the cupidity, selfishness and ignorance on the part of the fishermen, the salmon fishery, principally on the French shore, is slowly but surely becoming exterminated. In the bays fleets of nets are frequently laid down—sometimes twenty, forty, and even fifty at a time, and every inlet stopped; and if the fish should by any chance be able to escape the first barriers, the rivers are so obstructed by weirs, traps, dams and nets—the latter frequently stretched right across, and at close intervals—that it is a wonder that this fishery has not long since come to an end. Some of the river obstructions are generally removed before the anticipated arrival of a man of war, only to be replaced when she leaves the neighborhood, and it is highly desirable that some active measures should at once be taken by the Government to stop this deplorable state of affairs, before the salmon fishery of Newfoundland becomes a thing of the past. With reference to other fisheries, mackerel, halibut, turbot and lobsters are taken on the coast.—*British Trade Journal.*

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the great waters, occasionally meet with strange experiences, and the crew of the *Eden*, late of London, have added a notable chapter to the literature based thereon. Since the time when the wedding it was stopped on his way to the feast, and was fain to listen to the tale of the Ancient Mariner, no story from the sea has excelled in dramatic weirdness that which these men brought with them to Liverpool the other day. It is a complete drama, but it is not greatly clogged with incident, and might be compressed within the limits of a single act. The *Eden*, a ship of over 500 tons burden, sailed from London on October 15 last, bound for Valparaiso. She was loaded with 15 tons of gunpowder, and—following the statement of the crew, as given in the *Liverpool Daily Post*—with a general cargo, in which a quantity of matches conveniently figured. The ship was making a good passage, and all was going well till she had been about twenty days out, when symptoms of insanity began to appear in the conduct of the captain. The symptoms rapidly increased in intensity, and presently manifested themselves in an exceedingly unmistakable manner. At midnight on November 7, the crew, sleeping in their berths, were aroused by shouting and the shuffling of feet, and rushing on deck they found their captain with loaded firearms in his hand, gesticulating, raving and threatening to shoot the watch. This was not a pleasant situation, to be at sea with a captain prone to turn out of his cabin in the dead of the night with loaded pistols, and an evident recklessness as to

where their contents might go. But the sailors seemed to have taken the matter very coolly, and soothing the madman in their kind but clumsy manner, they induced him to turn in again, he promising, like a child who had been naughty, to "go to sleep," and not make any fresh disturbance. Half an hour passed away, the ship meanwhile pursuing her course over the darkened sea, and the sailors all asleep again save the watch. Suddenly there was another alarm, and the crew crowded again on deck to find a sight more startling even than that of a madman armed with loaded pistols. The captain had, in accordance with his promise, gone down into his cabin and fastened the door, but so far from "going to sleep," he had set the place on fire, and, looking down through the skylight the horrified crew could see the flames through the lurid cloud of smoke that filled the room. With 150 tons of gunpowder in the hold, the case was plainly one that demanded instant treatment. The cabin door was shut, and so the men dashed in the skylight, and tried to get down through that. But this course was found to be impracticable, and the second mate and the carpenter volunteered to go down, break open the cabin door, and secure the madman, who, still armed to the teeth, was pacing round the cabin uttering shouts of demoniac glee. The two men succeeded in breaking down the door, and the second mate, entering, was shot in the head by the captain, and retreated, followed by the carpenter. The flames were spreading with a rapidity which presently led to the discovery that the captain had carefully prepared for the fearful scene by soaking parts of the vessel in paraffin oil. When the sailors learnt this, they gave up all hope of saving the ship, and a move was made for the boats. As the long boat was swung round ready to drop from the davits, the infuriated captain, having now added a bayonet to his armory, appeared on deck, and seeing the preparations for escape, rushed at the crew gathered around the boat, fired at the head of one, and stabbed another in the shoulder with the bayonet. A sailor, picking up a hand-spike, smote down the madman's arm, and the rest rushing upon him he was overpowered and disarmed. The crew then got into the boat, and, rowing round to the stern, implored the captain to leap over and join them. But he was not going to leave a spectacle which he had prepared with forethought and trouble, and waving the boat away he continued to walk up and down the deck, above which the flames were already beginning to leap. Should they leave him to the fate he had designed for them and gloried in for himself? He was a violent maniac, perhaps best out of the way, and moreover, the gentlewind that drove the almost deserted ship through the waves was slowly blowing sheets of fire over the hold in which were stored 150 tons of gunpowder and the convenient "quantity of matches." It was a situation in which men might well hesitate, and it seems from the story that at first the doubt was decided against the captain, and the boat's crew turned their back upon the ship, drifting "towards the Lino" with its fearful cargo and its solitary passenger. But on second thoughts the sailors decided, as is the general habit of English sailors, to do the thing that was right and manly at whatever cost; and so they pulled back, got the raving madman safely into the boat, and rowed away in time to view from a safe distance the sudden going up skyward of the good ship *Eden*, by the explosion of 150 tons of gunpowder. At day break the boat had the good fortune to be sighted by the *Juanita*, of Scarborough,

bound for Bahia, and all were got safely on board. The captain of the *Eden*, being still raving mad, was put in irons, where he remained for four days, after which period he "got an anchor loose," and, running to the side of the vessel, leaped overboard, and, weighted with his irons, went straight down in the sea, and was never more seen. As for the crew, they went on to Bahia, whence they were sent home in one of the Pacific Company's boats, and, arriving in Liverpool, were comfortably housed in the Sailors' Home.

How NUTMEGS GROW.—An old whaler tells, in the *American Grocer*, all about nutmegs. This spice, so much used in every family, is indigenous to the Moluccas, reaching its greatest perfection in Amboyna. This island belongs to the Dutch, who do not permit the cultivation of the nutmeg in the other islands under their control. The nutmeg tree is twenty five or thirty feet high when fully grown, with foliage of a rich dark green, and very plentiful. It reaches maturity, or full productiveness, at the fifteenth year from planting. From the blossom to the ripening of the fruit takes about seven months, but as the tree is a perennial bearer, there are always blossoms, green fruit and ripe on the tree. The yield is most plentiful in the last four months of the year. The average yield per annum of a healthy tree is 5 lbs. of nutmegs and 1½ lbs of mace. A plantation of one thousand trees requires the labor of seven coolies, fifty oxen and two plows, for cultivating and harvesting. The fruit is gathered by means of a hook attached to a long pole. It is shaped like a pear, about the size of a peach, and has a delicate "bloom." The nut has three coverings; the outside one is a thick, fleshy husk, having a strong flavor of nutmeg. This husk, preserved in syrup when young, is a favorite sweetmeat in the East Indies. Under this husk is the bright red mace, which is carefully flattened by hand and dried on mats in the sun. It loses its rich scarlet and becomes a dull orange color, and requires to be kept perfectly dry to preserve its flavor. After the mace is removed from the fruit, the nuts, in their brown shells, are placed on hurdles over a slow fire, which is kept constantly burning under them for two months. The nuts then rattle in the shells, which are cracked with a wooden mallet, the sound nuts are selected and packed in wooden cases and sprinkled over with dry, sifted lime and are then ready for market. The best nutmegs are dense, emit oil when pricked with a pin, and can always be known by their heavy weight. Poor ones are light and easily known.

A soiree has been given at the Lambeth Baths, London, for the purpose of publicly welcoming back from Canada Mr. Joseph Arch. Mr. Cox, of Belper, presided. After a congratulatory resolution had been passed, Mr. Arch rose, and was received with enthusiastic and continued applause. He said one of the great sins of the English Legislature was allowing farm labourers to walk about in idleness and poverty while so many thousand acres of land were lying waste. The gigantic forests of Canada were freely offered, and only labour was wanted to make them productive. He would rather face the winters of Canada with beef and fire in plenty than the English winters with nettle broth and bread and onions. He concluded with an appeal for the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers.