

form and vivify; as we behold him wearing with unaffected simplicity the laureate crown, which he had won by the acclamation of his compatriots, let us not forget the noblest picture of all—that which is presented towards the close of the life-drama—that of the patient, cheerful, solitary toiler, working to remove debts which he had unconsciously contracted, and to ward off misery from those who had been affectionate sharers in his happiness. It is a companion picture with Blind Milton in his meek glory, holding converse with his God.

The days of adversity were shortened. Nature could not long bear the burden which was laid upon her, and in 1830 paralysis gave warning to desist from labour. In the following year the attack was renewed with greater severity. Yet still he wrought and wrought on. Towards the end of the latter year Scott and Wordsworth were together for the last time on earth. The great Lake poet has recorded the scene and the feelings suggested by it in his *Farrow Revisited*. When they parted, Scott sailed for the Mediterranean in a vessel which Government had provided for him. But the time was passed when he could enjoy the pleasures of travel, or delight in the scenery and associations of classic lands. While abroad he heard of Goethe's death. It seemed to give him a premonition of his own, and he hastened home. When he reached London it was thought that the end was come, and persons of all ranks anxiously awaited the solemn moment. But he lingered on till he was again at Abbotsford, and for some time after his arrival. He died on the 21st of September, 1832. His last words were characteristic: "No, do not disturb them, poor souls; I know they were up all night. God bless you all!"—when it was proposed to bring his daughter to his bedside. So he died; but it will be a long, long time before he is forgotten.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., August 1, 1871.

COD LIVER OIL—THE WAY TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

In almost every little fishing village around our shores there are three or four small establishments devoted to the manufacture of the far-famed Cod Liver Oil. They are generally little wooden shanties, low-roofed, smoke-begrimed, the floors slippery with oil, everything and everybody smelling strongly of fish, and indescribably greasy. On entering one of these you see, in the centre of the largest apartment, a good-sized iron boiler, with a wide open mouth, full of water, a glowing coal fire in a brick furnace beneath it, keeping the water at a high temperature. A man is at work about the furnace whose clothes are polished to a wonderful degree of brightness with the oleaginous deposits of many years. His healthy, ruddy complexion proclaims that his is a wholesome occupation; and he assures you that he does not know what sickness is, and that consumption, among those engaged in the manufacture of the oil, is utterly unknown. His opinion is that the right way to cure consumption, even when far advanced, is to employ the patient in the manufacture of cod liver oil, so that he may absorb it by the pores of the skin, the lungs and the stomach, and so get his whole system, inside and out, saturated with the oil. He declares he has known some desperate cases cured in this way; and that the men who handle it get quite a liking for it and half subsist on the fluid which, in his enthusiasm, he pronounces to be "mate, drink, washin' and lodgin'." In proof of this he dips a tumbler into the tank of oil, and swallows half a pint of it, smacking his lips delightedly. Then he helps a little dog that is running about the premises to a quantity, and it is lapped eagerly. The dog is a walking advertisement of the virtues of the oil, as he is uncommonly sleek and plump. In the second apartment are a range of small tanks, the oil being dipped from the one to the other when in the process of manufacture, and then finally barrelled.

COOKING THE LIVERS.

After careful inquiry from the greasy director of the establishment, I ascertained that the following is the mode of manufacturing the purest cod liver oil:—When the fisherman opens the cod he has, by his side, a wooden vessel into which he drops the livers. These he sells to the manufacturer of the oil at the rate of twenty-four cents a gallon. The livers are first carefully washed, and must be "cooked" at once while fresh, for if not the oil from them will be more or less rancid. After having undergone the cleansing process, the livers are put into a large tin boiler having a large open mouth, and this is plunged into the iron boiler I have described which is nearly full of hot water. The water, however, is not allowed to touch the livers, which are gently steamed till a quantity of oil is floating on the surface. This is at once dipped out and filtered, first through thin blanketing, and twice afterwards through bags of muleskin. From the last filtration it comes out of a beautiful crystalline transparency, and without any unpleasant smell or taste. The oil is now poured into 60-gallon casks, and forwarded to the exporting merchant. The refuse is placed under screw presses, and the remainder of the oil extracted. This is not refined, but sold as common cod oil, and is used largely on railways and for lubricating machinery. The refined cod liver oil has gone up in price lately, owing to the immense demand for it in Europe for medicinal purposes; and now it is sold to the merchant at the rate of \$1.30 a gallon. The average exportation of it is 350 tons a year, the value being about \$260 per ton. Of the common cod oil, unrefined, 4,600 tons per annum are exported, the value being \$144 per ton. The medicinal virtues of the refined cod liver oil are well known, especially in consumption and all forms of scrofulous disease. In the great hospital in London for the cure of consumption, cod liver oil is largely used, and it is found that seventy per cent of the patients improve under its use, and many are permanently benefited. When the catch of cod is good, and the livers in good condition, one of these little factories will turn out 2,000 or 3,000 gallons in a season.

THE SECRET OF MAKING GOOD OIL.

The essential matter in manufacturing the oil is to apply the right degree of heat—too much or too little seriously injuring the quality of the oil. Great attention to cleanliness is also necessary, the filtering bags requiring to be washed thoroughly every day, and the troughs scrubbed out with great care, and every particle of blood and other matter removed from the livers before "cooking." The rancid oil that is frequently met with, is the produce of manufacturers who are careless about these matters. The process itself is very simple. The best oil is made in the way I have described; and all the pretence of quacks about refining it and making it palatable, are mere moonshine, and are either covers for adulteration, or such as, in trying to remove the fishy odour, deprive the oil of its iodine and other medicinal properties. There is no doubt an enormous amount of adulteration practised by the retailers of cod liver oil, but it is not done in this country. The greater part of the oil goes to London, and there it is "doctored" and bottled. It is not an uncommon practise in the trade to take the common cod oil, fit only for machinery, and filter it through charcoal and then bottle it as the best refined oil. This description of oil is utterly worthless, as in passing through the process of putrefaction, all its medicinal properties are destroyed. It is to be regretted that no means are taken here to guard against the tricks of trade by appointing an inspector and affixing a mark or label, so as to warrant the quality. I am satisfied that were a person with skill and capital to embark in the manufacture here, on an extensive scale, and bottle the oil on the spot for the retailers, guarding it by a label or other securities, and thus guaranteeing a pure article of the best quality, his oil would speedily take the lead in the market. When life is at stake, the importance to both physician and patient of procuring the "genuine article" is paramount. The profits to retailers of cod liver oil must be at present enormous; as in England a small bottle is sold for three shillings and sixpence sterling, while perhaps not half of this is genuine oil.

SPEECH OF THE FISHER FOLK.

It is curious enough to remark how the sea-faring habits of our people tinge their speech. Servant men and servant girls among us are said to "ship," when they hire for a month or six months. A fine, stout "outport" lass will ring at your door, and enquire whether you want to "ship a girl." When a young couple are engaged they are said to be "shipped." A congregation will talk of "shipping a new clergyman;" a mercantile firm of "shipping" a clerk, a young lass of "shipping" a sweetheart. The master of the house, whatever his calling, is invariably "the skipper." Even persons are "skippers" of the church, and at their homes are enquired for under this familiar designation. The best society is called "merchandise"—that being the term for fish of the first quality; while the lowest stratum is "scruff," or "dun." Flags are in universal request. Every merchant has his own flag at his store-house or wharf; a vast number of private houses have such a flag-staff; and on holidays, or occasions of rejoicings the flags are hoisted. When the school-master wishes to indicate that the hour for opening is at hand, he elevates his flag—hauling it down half-mast when five minutes remain, in order to quicken the steps of loitering youths who are reluctantly trading the flowery paths of knowledge. When in other lands, "holy bells would knoll to church," the "beadle" here raises on a staff in the church-yard a standard on which is emblazoned the mitre and cross. On the hill that overlooks the harbour of St. John's, masts and yards are erected, and on these the movements of approaching vessels are signalled by flags. At times these yards look like a linen draper's shop—from the quantity of bunting hanging in the wind. A very useful purpose is thus served. The merchant is made aware that his vessel is in sight, and the whole town learns in a moment that the Halifax mail packet, or one of Allan's steamers is approaching.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE FISHERMEN.

Like all other fishermen, ours are capable of making violent efforts, and enduring an immense amount of fatigue for a time, when the sea-harvest is being gathered; but they love to enjoy afterwards a period of entire relaxation from toil. Steady, plodding industry they are not in love with. When fish are plentiful, it is no uncommon thing for an industrious fisherman to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for weeks together, his occupation, too, being of the most exhausting character. Then, when the season is ended comes the delightful, lazy lolling in the sun, or basking by the blazing hearth, enjoying the fruits of the summer's toil. Their favourite recreation, in winter, is dancing, of which they are passionately fond; and the vigour and energy with which they keep up their dances for a whole night—"wetting the floor" as they phrase it, with the rapid movements of heel and toe—would make an ordinary mortal sweat to look at. The "Irish Jig" is the favourite dance, with at times others of Saxon origin. To the music of some wretched violin, or when that cannot be had, the shrill notes of an ear-splitting fife, they will delightfully spend a whole night in dancing, though it would be rather a misnomer to call it "tripping it on the light fantastic toe." It is no uninteresting sight, when our rosy lasses and strapping stalwart "boys" meet for an evening's amusement; the bright eyes and graceful forms and fresh complexions of the one, and the well-built frames of the other developed into strength and amplitude in wrestling with ocean's billows form a picture with which fashionable drawing-rooms cannot compare.

THE COD FISHERY.

The fishery of this summer promises to be highly successful. The news from Labrador, where a fourth of our entire catch is taken, was very good at the latest dates. All along the shore, the cod seines are taking large quantities of cod, and the quality is excellent. The price in foreign markets is well sustained. There is at present every reason to hope that this will be a good season in Newfoundland. The crops of all descriptions are very fine, specially the hay, which is considerably above the average.

The U. S. war steamer "Congress" arrived on the 1st inst. on her way to Greenland with additional stores for the "Polaris." After coaling she took her departure on the 3rd.

A (H.) Stamp is a clerk in the post-office, Mr. Plant buries folks, Mr. Plugg sells tobacco, and Bacchus dispenses beer. All in Washington. And a Mr. Mugg sells lager in Brooklyn.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

While the whole of America was in commotion over the terrible riots of the 12th of July in New York, the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, one-sixth the size of the Province of Ontario, with a population of some two millions, was engaged in rejoicings over which neither the losses occasioned by the recent war, nor the dreadful tidings from across the ocean could cast a gloom. The cause of these rejoicings was the celebration of the silver-wedding of the King Carl and his Russian Queen, Olga, to which a further *zelar* had been added by the arrival at Stuttgart of the Emperor of all the Russias, accompanied by the Empress and a brilliant train of Princes and Potentates. Of course the eager Stuttgarters looked forward to a grand time, and they were therefore not a little disappointed when the King expressed his wish to celebrate the event in seclusion; but being good loyal folk they put up with the disappointment and celebrated the day after his own fashion. Meanwhile the royal and imperial parties posted down to Friedrichshafen, and spent the time of rejoicing in the Royal Schloss that overlooks the still waters of Lake Constance. A scene on the balcony, with the snow-covered Alps in the distance, forms the subject of our sketch.

THE GODERICH CAMP.

The Camp of Instruction for the Western District of Ontario—comprising the counties of Middlesex, Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, Bruce, and Huron—was opened at Goderich in the middle of June, a little in advance of those in the more easterly districts, which in turn were held earlier than the Quebec camps in order to allow time for a reasonable inspection of each division by the Adjutant-General. The camping-ground was situated to the north-east of the town, on the right bank of the Maitland River, about a mile and a half from the court-house in the centre of the town. The ground selected was a fine plateau, below which lay the flats, with the river winding its way in the distance, and in the back-ground the town perched upon a precipitous hill. The camp itself took the form of a right-angle, of which one arm faced the river and the other ran back into the bush. The staff tents occupied an admirable position in front of the camp, and included those of the Adjutant-General: Deputy Adjutant-General Taylor; Brigade-Major Service; the Camp Quarter-Master, Captain Smith; the Musketry Instructor, Lieut.-Col. Moffatt; the District Paymaster, Major Leys; and the Supply Officer, Lieut.-Col. Atwood. The tents of the various companies ranged in the following order from the right:—The first on entering the enclosure, which is estimated as being of about 400 acres in extent, was that of the 7th Battalion, the London Light Infantry, a fine body of men, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Lewis; the next was the 28th Battalion, Perth; then the 29th Battalion, Waterloo, Lieut.-Col. McMillen; the 30th Battalion, Wellington, Col. Clarke, M.P.; the Goderich Garrison Batteries, Capt. Thompson; the 32nd Battalion, Bruce, Lieut.-Col. Sprout, M.P.; and the 33rd Battalion, Huron, Lieut.-Col. Ross, on the extreme left; the London Field Batteries being in the rear for the purpose of enabling them to picket their horses in the adjoining bush.

The following is the official statement of the troops on the ground:—

28th Battalion, Perth, 18 officers, 266 non-commissioned officers and men, with two horses; total, 284.
7th Battalion, London, 25 officers, 375 non-commissioned officers and men, with nine horses; total, 400.
32nd Battalion, Bruce, 20 officers, 322 non-commissioned officers and men, with four horses; total, 342.
33rd Battalion, Huron, 33 officers, 437 non-commissioned officers and men, with five horses; total, 470.
29th Battalion, Waterloo, 16 officers, 239 non-commissioned officers and men, with four horses; total, 255.
30th Battalion, Wellington, 35 officers, 505 non-commissioned officers and men, with five horses; total, 540.
7th London Field Battery, 3 officers, 76 non-commissioned officers and men, with 56 horses; total, 79.
The total force on the ground is consequently 2,367 men, exclusive of staff.

Of the duties that fell upon the men while in camp it is needless to speak, as these are the same the world over. The great attraction of the camp was the review held on the 22nd, under the eyes of Gen. Doyle and the Adjutant-General. The *Globe* gives the following description of the affair:

It having been announced that the 22nd was to be a great day, the whole county for twenty-five miles poured into Goderich, and Adjutant-General Ross arranged to have the battalions withdrawn from firing at the ranges, so that the largest possible number of men might appear on parade. Orderlies and servants were ordered into the ranks. The gunboat was called to co-operate, and the whole review took place in the flats, in which, from the surrounding heights, twelve thousand well-dressed and orderly spectators looked down upon the scene. The attack commenced by a foe in the woods, supported by the gunboat. Colonel Shanley gallantly dashed through the river, and bravely held the ground, but after a gallant and determined resistance was compelled to retire, which he did in the most orderly manner. In the meantime, the 33rd, who had been sent out as skirmishers, were, after the most heroic efforts, driven in, as were their supports, the 28th and 29th Regiments, then all fell back upon the main force. Here the iron men of the 30th, bravely supported by the Berea 7th and 32nd, met the enemy. The foe melted before the fierce fusillade, and the whole line advanced at the charge, bearing down the enemy before them, while the miserable remnants were torn to pieces by the shell from Shanley's battery, which returned to take part in the fight. The separate battalions afterwards marched past the saluting point in columns. The conquerors then returned to the encampment led by the music of their excellent bands. After the proceedings of the day, the district staff, the colonels of regiments, and the chaplain of the 30th, were invited to dine at the mess of the 7th Battalion to meet Gen. Doyle and Col. Ross.

After the regulation sixteen days of camp life the various battalions returned home on the 1st July.

Our illustration shows the scene on the practice ground.

It is the fashionable and friendly thing in Chicago to tell a blushing bride who has been married by Dr. Cheney, that you have heard the best legal authority say that a marriage ceremony performed by him is illegal, and that you think it is a put-up-job of her husband's.