

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## No. 113.—THE HON. OLIVER MOWAT,

PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

Mr. Mowat's record has already appeared in these pages. In October last it will be remembered that on the resignation of the Ontario Ministry, he was called upon by the Lieutenant-Governor to form a new ministry, and accepted the charge, since which time he has remained at the head of the Provincial Government.

## No. 114.—JUDGE MACQUEEN.

David Shank Macqueen was born in the City of Quebec on the 12th September, 1811. He is the son of Captain Alexander Macqueen of the Canadian Fencibles, then stationed at Quebec. Captain Macqueen was a native of Skye, and came out to Canada with the Queen's Rangers. He was the son of the Rev. William Macqueen, who was the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers in Skye, and nephew of the Rev. and learned Dr. Donald Macqueen, who was so favourably mentioned by Boswell in Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides." D. S. Macqueen's mother was Grace Fraser, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Fraser. Mr. Macqueen was educated at Cornwall Grammar School, under the superintendence of the late Rev. Hugh Urquhart, D. D. He studied law four years at Brockville, with the late D. B. O. Ford, then of the firm of Ford & Bogart, and one year at Toronto, with the late Hon. Henry Sherwood. He was admitted to the bar on the 13th August, 1839. After the rebellion broke out in Lower Canada he went, in January, 1835, with a detachment down the Rapids, from Brockville to Cornwall, in charge of arms for the Glengarry Militia. Upon his return he was appointed a Lieutenant in a Troop of Cavalry under Captain Harvey, and was sent in charge of a steamer to Dickenson's Landing, to bring up the headquarters of the Thirty-second and Eighty-third Regiments, under command of Captains Markham and Colquhoun. He was afterwards appointed a Captain in the Queen's Royal Borderers, a regiment raised under the authority of Sir John Colborne, then Commander of the Forces, and commanded by Colonel McMullan, of Perth. Having assisted in raising his company, he was gazetted in the *Quebec Official Gazette*, and served six months in the corps at Brockville. In November, 1838, he served as a volunteer marine on H. M. steamer "Experiment." In 1845 Mr. Macqueen was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts for the District of Brock, and on the 26th May of the same year was appointed by the Draper administration—*tempore* Lord Metcalfe—Judge of the County Court of the District (now the County of Oxford), which office he still holds.

## OUR NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., January 8, 1873.

## FACTS ABOUT OUR COD FISHERY—DESTINATION OF THE COD.

We are now busy in shipping our grand staple, the cod, for foreign markets. How universal is the taste for this fine fish may be judged of from the extent and variety of our customers. We ship it in large quantities to Brazil; and there is hardly an inhabited corner in that vast empire where the Newfoundland cod is not to be found, being carried on the backs of mules from the sea coast into the most distant provinces of the interior. The negroes of the West Indies welcome it as a grateful addition to their vegetable diet. To all parts of the Mediterranean it finds its way; Italians, Greeks and Sicilians equally relishing the produce of our sea harvest. The Spaniards and Portuguese are our best customers, and all over the sunny peninsula, the "baccalao" has been a standing dish since the days of Cervantes, who makes special mention of our cod, in his "Don Quixote," under that name. In Britain, the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia we have thousands of customers. The inhabitants of the warmer regions of the globe, however, appear to have a special liking for our dried and salted cod, and to them it is almost an indispensable article of food. The more extensively Brazil, Spain and Italy are opened up by railways and other means of transit, the greater will be the demand for our cod, as the cost will be lessened to distant consumers, and the area of our customers extended. Roman Catholic countries are our best patrons, and we Newfoundlanders have no reason to wish for a reduction in the number of fast days appointed by the Catholic Church, as on these festivals flesh is prohibited. The advancing price of fresh meat of all kinds, in various countries, is also rapidly increasing the demand for cod, and has considerably enhanced its value. During the last few years the price at which codfish have been sold here has ranged from eighteen to twenty-one shillings per quintal, for the best merchantable variety. Ten years ago the average price was from twelve to fifteen shillings. When we take into account the rapid extension of the railway system in those countries to which the bulk of our cod is sent, the enhanced price of beef, mutton, &c., and the increasing taste for fish, as an article of food promotive of health, it is easy to see that the prospects of Newfoundland, as a fish-producing country, are very encouraging. There is no fear whatever of a falling off in the consumption of our great staple, and the price is likely to advance. An increase of profits will stimulate fishing enterprise here, and lead to improved appliances in the catching and curing of fish, and thus introduce greater comforts and progressive tendencies among our fishing population.

## THE CURE OF CODFISH.

It is curious to note the history of a codfish, from the moment when, on the hook of the fisherman, it is dragged from its native element, till it disappears down the throat of a "human" on the banks of the Amazon, the Parana, the Tagus or the Po. After a few expiring wriggles (and it is a

sensible to pain) the cod is flung from the fisherman's boat upon the rough "stage," where it is seized by the "cut-throat" who cuts the fish open across the throat and down the belly, and then passes it to the "header." This operator proceeds to extract the liver, which is dropped into a vessel by his side, to be converted into cod-liver oil, the great specific for scrofulous diseases, especially consumption. He then tears out the entrails, and wrenches off the head, and throws these into another receptacle, to be preserved for the farmer, to mix with bog and earth, and form a most fertilizing manure, and thus ultimately to enter into the composition of beef, mutton and human nature. The tongue, however, is taken out, and also the "sounds" or air bladder; and these, fresh or pickled, are an excellent article of food. The fish is then passed to "the splitter," who by a dexterous movement cuts out the backbone nearly to the tail, and thus lays the fish entirely open, and capable of being laid flat on its back. This is the nicest part of the operation, and the splitter always commands higher wages than the other operators. The "salter" next takes the fish and washes it well from all particles of blood, salts it, and places it in piles to drain. After lying the proper length of time it is taken from the pile, washed and spread to dry on the "flake," which is formed of spruce boughs supported by a frame-work resting on upright poles. Here the cod are spread out individually, to bleach by exposure to sun and air, and during this process require constant attention. At night, or on the approach of rain, they are made up into little round heaps, with the skin outward, in which state they look very much like small haystacks. These heaps are technically called "steeples." When the "bloom" or whitish appearance, which after a time they assume, comes out on the dried fish, the process is finished, and they are then quite ready for storing. On being conveyed to the premises of the exporting merchant, they are first "culled" or assorted into four different kinds, known as Merchantable, Madaira, West India and Dun—or broken fish. The first is prime fish; the second nearly as good; the third is intended for the stomachs of negroes; and the fourth, which is incapable of keeping, is used at home. The cod sent to hot countries is packed, by screw-power, in small casks called "drums"; that which goes to the Mediterranean is usually exported in bulk.

## GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

We do not regard any portion of the cod as useless. The head is sometimes cooked and eaten, more frequently along with the intestines it is converted into manure. In France an excellent fish guano is made from the offal of cod and other fish. From the swimming-bladder isinglass is made, almost equal to that yielded by the sturgeon. The roe is exported from this country to France, and there used as a ground-bait in the sardine fishery. The Norwegians give the head, with marine plants, to their cows, for the purpose of producing a greater proportion of milk; while the Icelanders give the vertebrae, ribs and bones to their cattle. There is no other fish so useful to man as the cod.

## EARNINGS OF THE FISHERMEN.

Though the cod fishery is very precarious on the whole, yet the chances of success are very tempting. In the height of the season, when fish are plentiful, a fisherman will frequently take, with hook and line, twenty dollars worth of fish in one day, and, at times, considerably more. To do this, he must catch upwards of two hundred fish, weighing, when "green," about three-quarters of a ton. This may seem wonderful, but it is often done. A family of five individuals may thus earn from \$250 to \$400 or even \$500 during the fishing season of four months. If able to procure a cod seine they may make much more than this amount. There are times when, from the top of the hill which overlooks St. John's harbour, the calm sea appears almost alive with fish; some sporting on the surface of the water, flitting their tails occasionally into the air, the water, as far as could be seen, rippled and broken by their movements. But, then, on the other hand, the capricious shoals often keep far away from the fishing-grounds, and the poor fisherman returns at night with an empty boat; or, it may happen that the fish are gobbled with feeding on the immense masses of caplin which, in June and July, come into the shallow waters to spawn; and then the luckless fisherman cannot entice them to bite at all. The turn of the cod-seine men then comes, in the latter case. The cod, in following their prey, get into the shallower waters, where the seine can reach them, and are taken, at times, in enormous quantities. Though the returns are thus precarious, yet there is a wonderful charm and excitement in the thought, as the fisherman leaps into his boat each morning, that he may return twenty dollars richer in the evening, if his "luck" is good. The fact is, such is the excellence of our natural resources of all kinds that the industrious man here can hardly fail to attain comfort and independence. The great bane of the fisherman is taking supplies on credit, idleness during the winter, and improvidence. Were our people educated, and the credit system curtailed as far as possible, agriculture and other industries promoted, there would be, on this fine island, as happy and prosperous a race as any under the sun.

## THE CONSUMERS OF COD.

The country which takes most of our cod is Brazil, to which we sent, last year, 255,708 quintals; and, in 1870, 249,425 quintals. Spain comes next on our list of customers, having taken 171,259 quintals in 1870, and 149,747 quintals in 1871. Portugal is little behind Spain as a cod-eating country, our export of cod to Portugal, in 1870, being 167,559, and last year, 191,545 quintals. To the United Kingdom we sent, in 1871, 58,276 quintals, and, in 1870, 92,862 quintals. The United States, owing to the high import duty, took but 8,735 quintals last year, and 16,998 quintals in 1870. Nova Scotia is a pretty good customer, but I fancy its merchants buy our cod for re-shipment to the West Indies. Last year Nova Scotia took 49,579 quintals, and 33,914 in 1870. To the British West Indies we exported 77,978 quintals in 1871, and 31,372 to the French West Indies. We find customers for our cod even in the sunny isles of Greece, though the consumption there is not great, being, in 1870, 5,606 quintals, and, in 1871, 1,790. The consumption of our cod is extending in Italy since the introduction of a more liberal tariff. The Italians took of our cod, in 1870, 62,146, and, in 1871, 65,511 quintals. The bulk of the cod oil is sent to the United Kingdom, the quantity exported thither last year being 3,067 tons. Canada took 133 tons of cod oil, and the United States 455 tons. Of our refined cod liver oil we sent 177 tons last year to Britain, and 92 tons to the United States. Of cod roes we

sent to France 1,004 barrels, where it is used as ground-bait in the sardine fishery. Nova Scotia took 488 barrels of cod roes, and Spain 273. Lastly, of tongues and sounds we sent 59 kegs to Britain; 106 to Nova Scotia; 89 to the B. West Indies, and 103 kegs to the United States. Connoisseurs consider well-cooked sounds and tongues as a great delicacy. All true Newfoundlanders are passionately fond of them; and, when expatriated, endeavour, if possible, to procure a keg annually. When the article arrives they call together their friends and neighbours to rejoice with them over a supper of sounds and tongues. Should a quintal of cod from dear, old codland come at the same time, their bliss is complete.

## THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

Mr. Frank Buckland, writing in *Land and Water*, gives, in his own peculiar and happy style, a most interesting description of a visit to the great Aquarium at Brighton. We reproduce it for the perusal of those of our readers who take an interest in Natural History:

"Up to this time," says Mr. Buckland, "we air-breathing people have had but little dealings with the fishes of the sea; the only occasions on which we have had the opportunity of 'interviewing' them have been either when struggling for their lives with a sharp barbed hook through their jaws, or else as netted fish, jumping about in wild confusion as the seine is hauled up on the shore, or the purse of the trawl-net is emptied out on to the deck of the vessel. How different do these wondrous fish look now that they are tamed and made pets of!"

"The first idea that struck me was that fish are lazy creatures; as long as they get their grub regularly, and have nothing particular to do but to lounge about, they are perfectly happy. I know several people that are very fish-like in this respect.

"These Aquarium fish have nothing whatever to do except to stare at the visitors, who stare at them, a bit of glass alone intervening between the two representatives of the 'Vertebrate kingdom,' as Peter Parley would have it. 'A cat may look at a king,'—by the same rule why may not a cod make eyes at a Brighton belle? And, gracious me! I wish pretty young ladies would not come to the Aquarium when I am inspecting it. They take off my attention, and I can't really inspect the fish. It's too bad. I doubt very much whether any Brighton lassie could find a prettier object to put in her hat than a live herring. Mr. Lord's herrings at the Brighton Aquarium are perfectly beautiful. As they swim about their lovely scales glisten and glitter with gold, silver, and ruby colours all intermixed. I think it would puzzle even Wolfe, with all his talent, to paint a live herring. These herrings, too, seem to me to have artful-looking faces. They always swim together, and it appears to me they have a leader, who shows them the road. They swim up to the glass, halt like cavalry, then 'threes about,' and away they go again. They are rather restless; they want to go somewhere. Where do you want to go, my dear fish? Far, far away, no doubt, into the deep ocean sea-weed forests, doubtless. But we have got you now, and we intend to make you tell us some of your family secrets.

"Then, again, there are the mackerel—the same old mackerel that have been there ever since the Aquarium opened. Mr. Lord says they have grown considerably in size. Why not? they have nothing to do but eat, grow, and sleep; and Lord says he is certain they do sleep. All day long they are going round and round their tanks, ever restless. When Lord comes noiselessly at night, and turns on the light of his bull's-eye upon them, he sees them poised in the water perfectly motionless, not a fin moving. He says they are asleep. I agree with him. This is discovery No. 1, made at the Brighton Aquarium.

"The barnacles are very pretty objects. A stick was thrown ashore covered with goose barnacles. It was secured for the Aquarium, and it is truly a wondrous sight to see the shells of the barnacles wide open and the curious fan-like feelers of the animal within, working away incessantly, grasping at the water. I suppose they catch something, or they would not work so hard.

"There is a bottle floating in the barnacle tank, and some barnacles are attached to it. This bottle might have once contained some 'message from the sea,' written in pencil by some poor fellow who found the ship sinking under him in the mid Atlantic. The message perished, but the barnacles clung on to the bottle, and very pretty objects they are. There were some whitening formerly in the barnacle tank, but the whitening came round the barnacles, and bit off their feelers one by one as they put them out, so the whitening were shifted, and the barnacles have an easy time of it.

"The cod in the big tank have given me a new idea. *Quarta manus ab illo*. How unlike—how very unlike—a live cod is to the flabby, big-headed creature one sees on the fishmonger's slab! The live cod is an intelligent-looking creature. Truly he has an immense mouth and great rolling eyes, but can't he swim! He goes as easily and as swiftly as an express train. A slight move of his tail and away he goes, darting like an arrow. There is a big cod in the tank—such a fine fellow. I never saw such a big cod alive in captivity before. It is worth going all the way to Brighton to have a look at him. The other cod, smaller fellows, follow this big cod about the tank. I suppose they imagine he must know where he is, and 'tall about it,' so they keep in his wake. I have seen the same thing on land, little fish following big fish because they are big fish. So we see that size and swagger goes down as much among the fish as it does among our noble selves.

"What are the poets about? Funny fellows, these poets, they never write about comprehensible things. I would sooner translate one of those fearful choruses in Sophocles than ten lines of Tennyson. I say translate, because poetry has to be put into English nine times out of ten. Young men and young women rave about Tennyson; why—I am sure I don't know; but I am sure they don't understand what he means. I suppose they go on the principle of *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Why does not a poet therefore, write poetry about the Brighton aquarium fishes? Where is a modern Homer, or Virgil? they were poets, and they could write—only they were terrible nuisances in my schoolboy days.

"What, for instance, can be more lovely than the Sapphirine Gurnards? These pretty, like cat-faced fish, sit in a happy party all together at the bottom of the tank; shrimps suddenly arrive from above (it's dinner-time), in an instant they are all 'alive