



AND

Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1840.

No. 315

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite the MARKET PLACE

SATURDAY AND THE SABBATH.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE NORFOLK BEACON

Saturday, after all, is the most pleasant day of the week. The school-boy rejoices in its shine or its showers, and cruises abroad in search of adventures. The little girl who has been confined all the week in the school-room, still laughs clearer and sprightlier, as she enters upon her own day, and spends her time as she pleases, albeit she is as strict a prisoner as she was at school. When will parents learn the useful lesson, that it is quite as important for the young girl to rove about and breathe the free air, and stir the young blood, as it is for the boy; and that the result of their negligence will be seen in the faded forms, tottering gait, and withered roses of those who ought to be the light of life, and as healthful as the daisy that springs beside the mountain path? Still Saturday is welcome, for it closes the school door, and gives freedom to the young.

But there are others who rejoice that it is come,—the mechanic who has toiled during the week in his useful and honorable employment, and, while he has gained the reward of his individual exertion, has the proud reflection of knowing that he has added by his skill and toil to the wealth of the community.—To him Saturday brings a cessation of labour, and when its sun has set, he finds himself in the midst of his family, surrounded by the products of his own industry, and as he looks upon her to whom he plighted his early faith, and upon the little ones that are toying with his hair, or prattling upon his knee, and feels himself the centre of all their hopes and fears and fondest affections—that he enjoys all that the heart will hold and what the wealth of India could not purchase—and that he owes his blessings under Providence to his own industry and reputation, and not the whim or bounties of some pampered task master—when he reflects upon the past and the present, how pleasurable his emotions—how sweet even does that labour appear which though toilsome for the time, collects so many comforts around him, and makes his dwelling, however humbly, the abode of pleasure and of peace. With what superiority can such a man look down upon the speculator who who spends his time in watching straws, or trembling like an aspen at every speck in the commercial horizon.

There is nobility in labour—an independence that springs from toil—a self respect that arise from a sense of usefulness which honest labour always implies that renders it the true corner stone of a republic. And Virginia may well condemn the foolish pride which impels too many of her children to get a slight knowledge of law or physic and run off to the West, instead of learning a good trade, and remaining at home to retrieve the fallen fortunes and brighten the ancient fame of their native common-wealth. The merchant, too, welcomes the closing day of the week. He runs over his cash account, examines his stock on hand, casts an eye over his balances, mutters soft thunder at those tardy dealers who confound the system of credit with the credit system, and, if his success for the past week is not as great as he anticipated he knows that he has used due diligence, and look with cheerfulness and confidence to the future. He reflects upon the usefulness of his calling to those around him, and that the spirit of commercial enterprise has gone abroad over every distant sea and into the furthest climes, bearing, in its train the blessings of civilization and liberty.

He knows that the most commercial nation must ever be the most free, as commerce is founded on confidence, and withers, like the delicate leaf, at the first frost of despotism. He is familiar with

the history of those who have gone before him, and instead of imitating the errors of their course, he must studiously avoid them, and realises that he will sleep the sounder, and more certainly acquire a competence for his declining years, by a steady accumulation of moderate profits, than by launching his barg on a tempestuous sea that knows no polar star. And, if he hears his calling reviled in consequence of the rash and dishonest acts of men who have ruined hundreds by their folly, he knows that there are had men in every sphere of employment, that commerce has ever been the handmaid of the arts and sciences, that England, the country from which ours sprung, and from which our fathers derived so many useful institutions, was rescued from the power of one of the most formidable fleets that Europe ever assented, by the patriotism of one of her merchants; and that the first name inscribed on the Declaration of Independence is the name of one who was educated in the counting-house, and who, as speaker of the old Congress, and chief magistrate of the state of Massachusetts, at the most critical period of our affairs, ever adhered to his commercial avocations.

But the merchant does not forget—that it depends on him whether the future shall equal the past, and whether he can more truly perform his part than by multiplying the improvements and enlarging the resources of the town in which he resides. And after closing his doors on Saturday evening, he may, if he pleases, pass home by way of the banks, and snap his fingers at the Cerberus who guards their portals, conscious that he is out of their power—for six and thirty hours at least by their act, and still longer by his own.

But pleasant as is Saturday night in itself it is still more pleasing as the forerunner of the day of rest—the Sabbath. Blot out this day, and you pluck the sun from the sky. In a temporal sense the effects of the Sabbath are good beyond degree. Look at the hundreds of well-dressed people who throng the churches, and read a lesson in social economy. Analyse the apparel of the citizen, and you find the products of distant climes, or of different factories in our own. The silk from France or India, the diamond of the wch or breastpin and the gold in which it is irbedded, from 'Afric's sunny plains,' or the streams of Peru, the fine linen from Ireland or Scotland, and its raw material from Russia,—from 'India to Peru,' from almost every clime come the articles that we see or use—all collected by commerce and acquired by individual labor. And the men of commerce, and of toil, also ceasing from their pursuits, and mingling in a free country, and at altars erected by their own hands, to acknowledge their obligations to the Ruler of the Universe! Blessed be the Sabbath in our happy land, and may our people honour it not only as the herald of rest and repose, but as the type of that Sabbath which is unbroken and eternal.

MISERIES OF A MUSICAL MISS.

Singing a most pathetic, enchanting song, which you intend shall entrance all present. Conversation, which before had died a natural death, starts into life with renewed vigor. After an ineffectual struggle to make yourself heard, you at length desist.

Practising a beautiful new song, for a party, and hearing it sung by the first Miss who is asked.

A large harp string breaking in the middle of a splendid fantasia, having no other to replace it.

Having sung a brilliant Italian bravura (as you imagine) with great execution and taste, the compliments to which are showered on you from a set of earless

exquisites, such as 'very pretty!' 'what a sweet thing!' 'really a very pretty little song!'

Playing on a piano out of tune, guiltless of soft notes, half a dozen of the principal being judiciously dumb.

After singing in your best style a very beautiful song, being asked if you ever heard Miss Brown or Mrs. Black sing it? The tone of the inquiry leaving no doubt on your mind that it is considered you would be much improved by only hearing those ladies.

A Miss (in an unhappy moment) being asked to play a waltz, and having seated herself at the piano, remaining there a fixture for the evening.

In the middle of a sentimental song, to which all and sundry are listening attentively, the bustling entrance of two servants with tea, coffee, &c., and all that follows.

Hearing a Miss asked to sing, and listening to the mawkish excuse, which lasts fully a quarter of an hour, such as 'really I scarcely ever sing,' 'quite out of practice,' 'I have such a cold, &c. &c.'

Playing an overture, and, in the middle of a brilliant passage, having two leaves suddenly turned over by a polite young gentleman, which lands you safely into the middle of the adagio movement.

Being requested to sing after supper, about forty people present, the most of whom are strangers to you. Commencing your song, three notes too high, and after shrilly screaming higher than you ever screamed before, you are at length compelled to desist, amidst a suppressed titter, and affectedly kind remonstrances to "go on."

The ineffectual efforts which you make to conceal your mirth, at witnessing a young exquisite accompany himself on the piano, and with his shoulders paying their addresses to his ears, and his eyes doing the same to the ceiling, sing a very low sentimental ditty, about a broken heart. At length the word farewell (which occupies at least ten minutes) is drawn forth by an effort of nature, as if he and his voice both meant quietly to expire together.

Being obliged (by dint of incessant importunities) to lend a music book, full of rare, and beautiful songs, all of which of course, then become quite common amongst your musical acquaintances.

Singing at a party that beautiful song 'Farewell, Dearest!' and having got through the first two bars, you are disagreeably surprised by hearing 'two by honors,' squeaked forth from the far end of the room; however, your take courage, and go on. The following accordingly is heard:

Blessings with thee go (we have the odd trick.)
Sunshine be upon (trumps) flowers around (spades).

Thou wert kind (hearts were trumps).
All the world (you played ill);
Fortune felt (the rubber's lost);
Troubled heart (I had no hearts).
Dearest (never trump second in hand).
Fare-thee-well (fifteen and sixpence.)
Here song and whist both conclude.

A LONDON DAIRY.

Laycock's Dairy, at Islington, covers a space of sixteen acres, including layers, grain pits, rick yards, &c. It contains 9 cow houses, each about 140 feet in length, by 24 feet broad; each of

those contains 64 cows, 32 on a side. There are also fattening pens, and an infirmary for such of them as may require temporary separation. The animals, all of the finest description, are constantly kept in their houses day and night, in the summer season only being turned out a few hours daily in the layers. Cows are rarely kept here longer than 12 months during which period they are regularly milked, and what may appear extraordinary to those ignorant of the management, the process of fattening goes on with the milking; so that, by the time they become what is termed 'dry,' most are fit for Smithfield, and but few for the number (600 are constantly kept) require 'staling' after the period of milking is at an end. This number affords 1200 gallons per diem upon the average; it is taken away at an early hour of the morning and afternoon by the vendors, who purchase here to retail in the metropolis. The average worth of each cow is about £18; which, assuming the number kept always to average 600, (the minimum rather than otherwise) gives a capital of £10,800 always afloat to stock this stupendous dairy with cows only. Their food consists of grains, mangul wozzel, the Sweedish turnip, (the latter for fattening,) and hay; at the rate of 1 bushel of grains 56lbs. of mangul wozzel or turnip, and 12lbs. of hay to each; or 600 bushels of grain, 15 tons of wozzel and turnip, three 6-28ths tons of hay per day to the total number. The butter made here is, from an obvious reason, small; and rarely exceeds 100lbs. per week. The number of pigs kept is about 400; some bred, others brought in but all fattened here. Forty horses are always required, and constantly kept upon the dairy. The layers are capable of receiving 1,600 head of cattle, exclusive of sheep; and the average number for Smithfield market resting here weekly, is 800; the charge for layers is 5d per head, and fodder at the rate of 3s. per 56lbs., or truss. Such is one of the London Lactaries; there are many of them, some of larger, several of equal and few of inferior.

The Ancient Greek and Roman Table. The difference between the diet of the ancients and of us moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen informs us he had seen butter for once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither buckwheat nor French