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# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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[No. 24.

## A SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. — PAUL.

Sweet, O sweet, to those who roam,  
Far from Heaven, their blissful home,  
Are the thoughts that sometimes come,  
Of Him they love.

Should the world neglect, forsake;  
Sickness sore the spirit break;  
O how melting thoughts that wake  
A Saviour's love!

As the bird that left the ark,  
Wandering o'er the ocean dark,  
Gladly sought, at length, the bark,  
A wearied dove:

So the heart that's found no rest,  
Roving through this world, unblest,  
Pants to greet a Saviour's breast,  
Its home of love.

## BRITISH SHIPS AND BRITISH SAILORS.

### CHAPTER II.

In "His Majesty's Service" the sailors are well fed and clothed, and tolerably well paid. They have the benefit of surgical assistance; and were they not slaves, might be held to be physically well off. But they are cut off from all humanizing association with their fellows, and especially with wives and families. This state of existence is in itself sufficient to destroy morality. The cant which has been used about the 'generosity of British tars' is disgusting to a reflecting mind. There are examples of true generosity, doubtless, amongst the mass of sailors; as there has been amongst kings; but they are the exceptions to the rule. The word generosity implies a love of one's kind, not the reckless disregard of money which has been earned without thought, and is thrown away without care. There is a saying 'that sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses.' It is true. And what are the cases of generosity cited for the most part? That a sailor, having no forethought, gives his cash away to such worthless beings as think it worth their while to set upon him. He breaks a window, and not thinking it worth while to wait for the change, breaks another, to balance the piece of money. True generosity must be accompanied by self-sacrifice; but the sailor is, for the most part, not conscious of any thing but the love of power, and of exciting wonderment for the time being; a lesson which he has unconsciously learned of his officers. Of the same nature is the generosity of the Tories to the poor. Bad as is the condition of the sailor in 'His Majesty's Service,' it is immeasurably worse in the merchant service. In the East India Service I believe the quality of the food is rather better than in ordinary vessels; but then the officers who are accustomed to misuse the subservient dingy natives of the East, arrogate to themselves the right of flogging their men. The consequence is that the papers teem with complaints,

and charges of tyranny and oppression, in which both sides are usually in fault: the men, in the brutality of ignorance; and the officers, in the brutality of irresponsible power. In the West India service it is much the same; but the acme of all misery is to be found on board the small vessels of from one hundred to two hundred tons, sailing out of the port of London to Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean, and on other comparatively short voyages. These vessels are usually commanded by men who have risen from before the mast, and are only superior to the common seaman by a little knowledge of navigation. Their wages are but little higher than those of common seamen, and their provisions are mostly the same. Perhaps, when well treated, they are allowed grog, and tea and sugar, in addition to the bare beef, biscuit and water, which is the food of the sailors.

The advantages they have are, that they are not quite so hard-worked as their men, and they have the privilege of a little peddling traffic, with an apartment free from intrusion, which they can call their own, unless when an unfortunate passenger takes a berth with them, to pay his money for provisions and accommodations which he is never destined to realize. Like the keepers of small and uncomfortable inns, they know that passengers only resort to them as a matter of necessity, and that whoever has once embarked with them will never do it again; therefore, they extract as large a profit as they can, by the breach of every article in the specious bargain they have made. No human being is so full of promises as a captain in harbour: no human being so regardless of them as a captain at sea. Alas! poor passenger, when

"A rude and boisterous captain of the sea  
Fastens a quarrel on him;"

especially on his own quarter deck, of which, though it measure but a five-foot walk, he is usually as proud as a skipper who hoists the swabs, and writes R.N. after his name.\* The lot of the captain is bad enough; and emblematic of it is the economy of his domestic arrangement, where the provision-safe, and the paint-cupboards, the water-closet, and the rudder-head, are all contained in a green box some three feet square. But all this is as nothing to the condition of the seamen, who are simply the worst used class amongst "his Majesty's subjects." I say nothing of the chances of drowning, as set forth by Mr. Ballingall: that is, for the most part, a quick riddance of a miserable existence; but the life they lead is, for the most part, despoiled of all enjoyment. Their food is salt beef, coarse biscuit, and water

"That beasts would cough at."

The water of the Thames has the peculiar property of being in a kind of putrid state for six weeks after it is barrelled; and if the vessel which contains it be an ancient porter barrel, it becomes the most detestable liquid thing upon the face of the round world. But even of this the sailors are not allowed an unlimited expenditure. Washing in it is, of course, out of the question. Few persons are so superfluous as to

\* Let the merchants and agents in foreign countries, who are obliged to ask these people to dinner with themselves and families, speak to their habits and manners.

wash at all, in such craft; and I have known an instance of a skipper ordering a passenger not to cleanse his teeth, unless he could do it in salt water. To save the consumption of water, the practice used to be—and I believe it is still resorted to—to allow the seamen no drinking utensil but a gun-barrel, for dipping through the bung-hole of the cask,—and this precious *cup* is kept in the maintop; every seaman who wishes to drink being obliged to fetch it down, and carry it up again. It may be supposed that the badness of the water and the trouble together, tend to prevent any unnecessary expenditure: and thus more stowage room is left for the owners. And then the three-square hole, called the fore-castle, in which the poor sailors eat and drink—no, not drink—they cannot carry down the gun-barrel through the rat-hole by which they descend; but they sleep, or try to sleep, in spite of the hydrogen gas arising from the bilge water and the “sorted cargo,” which half poisons them. Then, in addition, they are liable to be rope’s-ended, and manually chastised by the captain and his mate, who may not aspire to the magnificence of the cat. And for all this endurance they receive less wages than a “long-shore-man.” Verily, there are many bad situations in this world; but were I a believer in the doctrine of transmigration, I would pray to the deity, “Make me a flying-fish; make me a South American mule; make me a London ‘maid-of-all-work’ to a furniture-broker’s wife; make me a sore-backed horse, at a cattle-hunt in the Andes; make me a red Indian, in the snow of Canada, with no game to be had; make me a ‘nigger’ in the West Indies; make me a London donkey; *aye*, make me even a silver miner of Pampatua; but do not make me a ‘gallant British tar,’ either in ‘his Majesty’s’ or the merchant service. Do not even make me a merchant’s son, apprenticed to follow the sea.” It is strange, but there is actually at this time no means of bringing a lad up to the sea, without risking the utter loss of his morals, without the risk of making him a blackguard, a drunkard, a—all that is bad. In almost every business where the learner has to go through manual labour, and also in many of the professions, physical and intellectual skill is acquired at the expense of morality. This needs looking to, in this age of reform. The first part of the “mystery of his craft” is to help the cook, and answer to the cabin call of “boy” with the tin soup tureen, moulded after the same fashion as those of the days of Van Tromp, the junk of beef, and the dough boys, the biscuit basket, and the captain’s grog, which he gets into the habit of tasting, and getting thrashed for it, or sent to perambulate the quarter-deck, shouldering a handspike like a mace—a favourite remedy for sea-sickness also. Then his sleeping-place is in the “fore-castle;” and his principal solace is the intellectual conversation of the tars, where he learns a half mutinous spirit, easily convertible into the spirit of a tyrant when he becomes a captain himself. A favourite mode of improving threadbare morals in boys formerly used to be to ‘send them to sea.’ If nothing could be made of them on shore, the sea was an infallible cure. Verily, it is a proof of the goodness inherent in human nature, that there are so few pirates in the world. The merchant service is fruitful in motives to prevent seamen from being too scrupulous in bettering their condition by the strong hand. It would be a sore temptation to an impatient spirit. And for all that I have described, and much hard work, and cold, and wet garments in addition, the sailor gets only about soldier’s wages.

Some easy landsman will, perhaps, ask, in the innocence of his heart, as the French Princess did about the starvation of her father’s subjects, “Why is it endured?” Why do seamen suffer themselves to be thus ill used?” The boatswain of Don Miguel, before alluded to, gave a conclusive answer to the Lord Mayor on the subject: “We are obliged by the law of self-preservation to accept of the less painful choice—it is better than starving. Go into the neighbour-

hood of Wapping, and you will find multitudes of willing, industrious, and efficient young seamen, ready to engage in any honest employment, but who can obtain any?” Thus it is; population progresses against the means of subsistence among sailors as well as other classes: and they are willing to go to sea in the sieves Mr. Ballingall has so well described, rather than starve. Were the insurance laws altered, these very sailors would be the most earnest in tempting ship-owners to give them employment in rotten bottoms, and do all in their power to evade the law, though it were conniving at their own drowning. They would rather drown than starve; and the former is a chance, while the latter is a certainty. An Irish labourer was once standing on a scaffold in a position more than ordinarily perilous, when a well-dressed benevolent man called out to him, in an earnest tone, to be more careful: Pat instantly replied, with a quaint smile, “Sure masher, and you are a rich man, anyhow.” The poor fellow could not imagine how a life of seven shillings a-week could be of any importance, whether it was lost or saved. Sailors think much the same of their lives. They are willing to risk losing them by death shot in the battle; and they cannot imagine it at all a more fearful thing to lose them in the salt wave, by the peril of the breeze. “Yet still,” the humane man will exclaim, “it is fitting that something should be done to prevent their lives being needlessly wasted; more especially as the same measures which would conduce to save their lives would amply pay all the expense incurred, by the corresponding saving of property to the nation.” I agree to this; and think that Mr. Ballingall is entitled to the gratitude and respect of the community, for the earnest humanity with which he has forced such an evil on the public notice; but it seems to me, that so far from interfering with the freedom of trade by meddling with insurances, the better plan would be to go to the root of the evil and educate the seamen, train their minds to reflect and reason, and assimilate them more to the character of the seamen in the United States, who gain high wages and save them, in many cases to purchase a farm, or embark in other business on shore. These are men of a reflecting character, who do not take to the sea from liking, but as a means of accumulating a small capital wherewith to begin the world, and then make way for others to follow in the same career. The American vessels on the banks of Newfoundland are commonly manned by the sons of New England farmers, who embark as partners in the fishing business; and after making several voyages, retire with their gains, and become farmers or tavern-keepers. It is by no means an uncommon thing for the same man to be an able seaman and navigator, a good driver of horses, a skillful dealer, and a competent farmer and carpenter. I remember boarding an American brig in the broad Atlantic, bound for South America. The captain had his cabin fitted up as a workshop, and amused himself at his leisure hours fabricating stick chairs, which he turned by means of a pole lathe. He calculated on making a smart handful of dollars out of the chairs, as he was bound to a good market. And this is as it should be. He is a more perfect man of the active world. But our English sailors, as a mass, are not such skillful men as they ought to be, considering they pass a whole life, according to the principle of the division of labour; being sailors, and nothing but sailors. There are a far greater number of them who rank as foremast-men than as able seamen. And those, again, who can “hand, reef, and steer” are far more numerous than those who can navigate. Were they all properly instructed, they would be able to hand, reef, steer, navigate, understand mercantile dealing, and be able mechanics; to build as well as rig a ship. Among such men, inventions for the saving of labour would constantly be introduced; and vessels would be better navigated by a less number of hands, who would constantly get higher wages. The economy of this, in a national point of view, would be very great; and

it should always be borne in mind, that skilled labour rises in value in a compound progression over unskilled labour. It is better to pay three guineas per week to one skilled workman, than a guinea each to three unskilled workmen. The one can perform what he undertakes, the other cannot, and they would consequently be dear at any wages. When landmen talk of the activity and handiness of sailors, they refer, in their own minds, to the standard of what they could do themselves in the like situation, without taking the previous training into consideration. Thus, a man might be a very bad rope-dancer, professionally, who yet might be far more skilful than any of the lookers on, who did not profess the art. To conclude, I shall be rejoiced if Mr. Balingall's efforts are attended with success in drawing the public attention to these crying evils: and then, I doubt not, that experiment will gradually suggest the best mode of remedying them. Well trained and reasoning sailors would understand the condition of ships as to sea-worthiness, and they would refuse to go to sea in sieves.

#### THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND.

What are the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel?  
The lovely flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel!  
The thistle's purple bonnet,  
And bonny heather bell,  
O they're the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel!

Though England eyes her roses,  
With pride she'll ne'er forego,  
The rose has oft been trodden  
By foot of haughty foe;  
But the thistle in her bonnet blue,  
Still nods outow'r the fell,  
And dares the proudest foeman  
To tread the heather bell.

For the wee bit leaf o' Ireland,  
Alack and well-a-day!  
For ilka hand is free to pu'  
An' steal the gem away:  
But the thistle in her bonnet blue  
Still bobs aboon them a';  
At her t' bravest darena blink,  
Or gie his mou a thraw.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,  
The emblems o' the free,  
Their guardians for a thousand years,  
Their guardians still we'll be.  
A foe had better brave the deil  
Within his recky cell,  
Than our thistle's purple bonnet,  
Or bonny heather bell.

#### CHARLES II.

In the diary of Mr. Pepys, who, in the reign of Charles II., as secretary to the navy and military secretary, was constantly at Whitehall, and well acquainted with its affairs, there are numerous traits of the king's public and private conduct, and the manners of the court.

#### EXTRACTS FROM PEPYS'S DIARY.

1663. May 15. "The King desires nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thought of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in any thing that is to his good and honour, the other

part which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies, when, God knows, it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour."

1666. December 8. "Mr. Cowley heard Tom Killigrew publicly tell the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state, but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but, if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.' The king do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consolation."

14. "Met my good friend, Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want of good council, and the king's misading of his business and servants."

19. For the want of pay to the household "many of the music are ready to starve, they being five years behind hand: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the lute, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the alms of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark, at night, without one link, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three."

1667. April 26. "Took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, talking of the badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women, commanded the king: it is not in his nature to gainsay any thing that relates to his pleasures. Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the king's coming in. Want of paper at the council the other day; Woolly being to have found it, and, being called, did tell the king to his face the reason of it."

June 23. "Mr. Povey tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy prince, no councils, no money, no reputation, at home or abroad. The king hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save the kingdom; nay, upon any falling out between my lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my lady C. hath often said she would make the king to make them friends and be quiet, which the king hath been fain to do."

July 27. "Went to visit Sir G. Cartwright. He tells me that the court is in a fair way to ruin all for their pleasures; and that he himself hath taken the liberty to tell the king the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the government, and sobriety, and that it was that that did set up and keep up Oliver."

29. "The king made a short, and no very pleasing speech to the house of commons, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town at this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none—and, therefore, he did dismiss them till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, and so bade them go and settle the minds of the country in that particular. Thus they are dismissed, to their general great distaste, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation certain of ruin; while the king, they see, is only governed by his women, and rogued about him. They do

all give up the kingdom for lost that I speak to; and do hear what the king says. how he and the duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more parliaments; and how my lady Castlemaine hath said to the king, that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now. To Whitehall, and looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the king, whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the wars to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, after such a dishonour. With him, in the garden, two or three idle lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my lady Castlemaine—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the king to whatever she will. She is come to-day, when, one would think, his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him. There is not an officer in the house, almost, but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread."

1667-S. Feb. 13. "Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the king's fool or jester; and may revile or jeer any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place."

— Dec. 3. "To Whitehall—saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the king with his people about him, telling a story of my lord Rochester."

1668-9. Feb. 17. "The king, dining yesterday at the Dutch ambassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry: among the king's company was that worthy fellow my lord Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear, in the king's presence; which do give much offence to the people here, to see how cheap the king makes himself, and the more for that the king hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the king did publicly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the king's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue his companion."

1667. Sept. 3. "I dined with Sir G. Carteret (vice chamberlain); after dinner I was witness of a horrid rating which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the grooms of the king's bed-chamber, did give Mr. Townshend (officer of the wardrobe), for want of linen for the king's person, which he swore was not to be endured, and that the king would not endure it, and that his father would have hanged his wardrobe man, should he have been served so; the king having at this day no handkerchiefs, and but three bands to his neck. Mr. Townshend pleaded want of money, and the owing of the linen-draper £5000; but still this old man (Mr. Ashburnham), like an old loving servant, did cry out for the king's person to be so neglected.—When he was gone, Mr. Townshend told me that it is the grooms' taking away the king's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want; for whether the king can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the king get more as he can."

In Pepys's very minute and ever interesting diary, there are many curious particulars relating to dress. He notes down of his wearing of great skirts, and a white suit with silver lace to the coat; and that he had come home a black "camllet cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit." On a Sunday he called at his father's to change his long black cloak for a short one, "long cloaks being quite out;" and he tells us of his brother bringing him his "jackanapes coat with silver buttons." This was before 1662, in the March of which year he writes, "By and by comes La Belle Fiore to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion is for ladies to wear; which are pretty;

and of my wife's own hair." Next month he says, "Went with my wife, by coach, to the New (Exeter) Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion petticoats of sarsnet, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome." In May he makes this memorandum:—"My wife and I, in the Privy Garden, saw the finest 'she-shirts' and linen petticoats of my lady Castlemaine, laced with rich laces at the bottom, that ever I saw." In the same month he walked in the park "where," he says, "I saw the king now out of mourning, in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it is said was out of fashion." In October he put on a new band, which pleased him so much, that he writes, "I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing the more." The notes in his diary, after 1662, of prevailing modes and changes in dress, become more descriptive, and also deserve to be transcribed.

## EXTRACTS.

1663. July 13. "The king rode in the park with the queen, who wore a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*, mighty pretty. The king rode hand in hand with her, attended by the ladies of honour. Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies, and had a yellow plume in her hat. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart, with her hat cocked and a red plume, is now the greatest beauty I think I ever saw in my life."

— October 30. "£43 worse than I was last month. But it hath chiefly arisen from my laying out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55 or thereabout; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain, both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs—two perriwigs, one whereof cost me £3 and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but I will begin next month, God willing."

— November 30. "Put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbons, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago."

1663-4. February 1. "I did give my wife's brother a close-bodied light-coloured coat that I had by me, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best petticoat that she had on when I married her. He is gone into Holland to seek his fortune."

— 15. "The duke (of York) first put on a perriwig to-day; but methought his hair cut short, in order thereto, did look very pretty of itself, before he put on his perriwig."

— April 18. "To Hyde Park, where I have not been since last year: where I saw the king with his perriwig, but not altered at all; and my lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on."

1664. June 24. "To the park, and there met the queen coming from chapel, with her maids of honour, all in silver lace gowns again; which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again."

— November 11. "Put on my new shaggy gown with gold buttons and loop lace."

1664-5. March 6. "To St. James's—did business with the duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-piece covered over with black velvet."

1665. May 14. "To church, it being Whit-Sunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye-hood, as the fashion is now."

— June 1. "After dinner I put on my new camelott suit—the best that ever I wore in my life—the suit costing me above £24. In this I went to Goldsmith's Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner [sheriff of London 1648—Lord Mayor 1651]; which hall, and Haberdasher's also, was so

full of people, that we were fain, for ease and coolness, to go forth to Pater-noster Row, to choose me a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit."

June 11. "Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and their doublets buttoned up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me."

July 31. "In my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

September 3. "Put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new perriwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear it because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear that it had been cut off of the heads of people dead with the plague."

1666. October 8. "The king hath yesterday in council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes which he will never alter."

13. "To Whitehall; and there the duke of York was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the king's new fashion, and he will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole court: it is a fashion the king says he will never change."

15. "This day the king begun to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords, and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and, upon the whole, I wish the king may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment."

"Lady Carteret tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats above their ancles; which she and I do not like; but conclude this long train to be mighty graceful."

17th. "The court is full of vests, only my lord St. Albans not pinked, but plain black; and they say the king says, the pinking upon white makes them look too much like magpies, and hath bespoken one of plain velvet."

20th. "They talk that the queen hath a great mind to have the feet seen, which she loves mightily."

November 2. "To the ball at night at court, it being the queen's birth-day, and now the house grew full, and the candles light, and the king and queen, and all the ladies, sat; and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the queen none; and the king in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich—the ladies all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and diamonds and pearls."

November 22. "Mr. Bailiff tells me the king of France hath, in defiance to the king of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one prince to another, and would excite a man to be revenged, and I hope our king will, if it be so."

1666-7. February 4. "My wife and I out to the duke's playhouse—very full of great company; among others, Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them; and several other ladies had their hair so; though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily—but it is only because she sees it is the fashion."

1667. March 29. "To a perriwig maker's, and there bought two perriwigs, mighty fine indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10s. the two. 31st. To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwig, make a great show."

December 8. "To Whitehall, where I saw the duchess of York in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother, being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the queen since the duke of York's being sick."

1668. March 26. "To the duke of York's house to see the new play, called 'The Man is the Master;' when the house was (for the hour), it being not one o'clock, very full. My wife extraordinary fine in her flower-tabby suit, and every body in love with it, and, indeed, she is very handsome in it."

## LA FEUILLE MORTE.

PAR ARNAULD.

De la tige détachée,  
Pauvre Feuille dessechée,  
Ou vas-tu? "Je n'en sçais rien,  
L'Orage a brisé la chêne,  
Qui était mon seul soutien,  
De son inconstante haleine.

Le Zephyr ou l'Aquilon  
Depuis ce jour me promène  
De la forêt à la plaine,  
De la montagne au vallon;  
Je vais ou le vent me mène,  
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer,  
Je vais ou va toute chose,  
Ou va la feuille de rose,  
Et la Feuille de Laurier."

## BOTTLE CONJURER.

On Monday, the 16th of January, 1749, it was announced by newspaper advertisement that a person, on that evening at the Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket, would play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument then in use; that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quarrel, without equivocation, and, while there, sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that any spectator came masked he would, if requested, declare who they were; that, in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with whom the party requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive; that the performance would begin at half-past six; and that guard would be placed at the doors to preserve order.

This advertisement assembled an immense audience, who waited till seven o'clock, and then, becoming impatient and vociferous, a person came before the curtain, and declared that, if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. Afterwards, a voice behind the curtain cried out that the performer had not arrived, but, if the audience would stay till the next evening, instead of going in a quart bottle, he would get into a pint. A tumult then commenced, by the throwing of a lighted candle from one of the boxes upon the stage. The interior of the theatre was torn down and burnt in the street, and a flag, made of stage curtain, was placed on a pole, in the midst of the fire. During the riot, the entrance money, which had been secured in a box, according to contract with the proprietor of the house, was carried away. Several persons of high rank were present, and the pickpockets obtained a rich booty. A distinguished general's rich sword was lost, for the recovery of which thirty guineas were offered.

On Wednesday, the 18th, a letter was addressed to Morning Advertiser, by the proprietor of the theatre,

avowing connivance with the impostor, and stating that, as  
 "The performance proposed was so very extraordinary, it was stipulated with the person that hired the house that there should be a receiver of the proprietor's own appointment at the office, and, in case there should be no performance, or any notorious equivocation, that the money should be returned. All which was assented to—and, as the hirer paid the rent, and would necessarily be at other expenses before the opening of the doors,"—the proprietor says,—

"I was thereby strongly induced to believe that he intended no real imposition, but that something (of that kind) would be exhibited to the satisfaction of the spectators. All the caution above mentioned was taken, and the money locked up in the office, guarded by persons of reputation, who would have returned it; and publicly, on the stage, told them that if the person did not appear their money should be returned. But, instead of complying with that offer, my house was pulled down, the office broken open, the money taken out, and the servants obliged to fly to save their lives. I hope, therefore, this may be deemed a sufficient justification in my behalf, and all that could be reasonably expected from me; and that those gentlemen who are conscious of having injured me will be so generous as to make me a reasonable satisfaction, considering the damage I have suffered, which, on a moderate computation, will exceed four hundred pounds."

"JOHN POTTER."

THE LOVE OF MAN COMPARED WITH THE LOVE  
 OF WOMAN.

"To look upon the fairy one, who stands  
 Before you, with her young hair's shining bands,  
 And rosy lips half parted;—and to muse,  
 Not on the features which you now peruse,  
 Not on the blushing bride,—but look beyond  
 Unto the aged wife, nor feel less fond;  
 To feel, that while thy arm can strike them dead,  
 No breathing soul shall harm that gentle head:  
 To know, that none, with fierce and sudden strife,  
 Shall tear thee from her, save with loss of life:  
 To keep thee but to oze, and let that one  
 Be to thy home what warmth is to the sun;  
 To gaze, and find no change, when time hath made  
 Youth's dazzling beauty darken into shade,  
 But fondly, firmly, cling to her, nor fear  
 The fading touch of each declining year:—  
 This is true love, when it hath found a rest  
 In the deep home of manhood's faithful breast.  
 To worship silently at some heart's shrine,  
 And feel, but paint not, all is fire in thine:  
 To pray for that heart's hopes, when thine are gone,  
 Nor let its after-aldness chill thine own:  
 To hold that one, with every fault, more dear  
 Than all who whisper fondness in thine ear:  
 To joy thee in his joy, and silently  
 Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye:  
 To bear, unshrinking, all the blows of fate,  
 Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate:  
 Nor deem that woe, which thou canst feel it still  
 Borne with him, and for him: through every ill  
 To smile on him,—nor weep, save when apart;  
 God, and God only, looks into thy heart:  
 To keep unchanged thy calm, pure, quiet love,  
 If he, inconstant, doth a new one prove;  
 To love all round him, as a part of him,  
 Ev'n her he worships; though thine eye be dim  
 With weeping for thyself—to pray that not  
 One cloud may darken o'er their earthly lot:  
 With the affection of true hearts, to see  
 His happiness, which doth not hang on thee:—  
 Oh! this is woman's love—its joy—its pain;  
 And this—it hath been felt—and felt in vain."

SHIPS.

To whom the world is obliged for the invention of ships is (says Potter) like all things of such antiquity—uncertain. There are divers persons who seem to make equal pretensions to this honour: such are Prometheus, Neptune, Janus, Atlas, Hercules, Jason, Danaris, Erythreus, &c.; but, by common fame, it is given to Minerva, the happy mother of all the arts and sciences.

The first ship seen in Greece arrived at Rhodes, from Egypt, 1485 before Christ. Hiero's ship, which was built under the direction of Archimedes, had wood enough employed in it to make sixty gallees. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace—banqueting-rooms, galleries, gardens, fish-ponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c. It was encompassed with an iron rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one, which threw a stone of 300 lb., or a dart 12 cubics long, the space of half a mile, &c. This ship has been described by Athenæus, the mathematician, who wrote a Greek treatise "on machines of war."

The first double-decked ship built in England was of 1000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VIII. 1509: it was called *The Great Harry*, and cost £14,000. Before this, twenty-four gun ships were the largest in our navy, and these had no port-holes, the guns being on the upper decks only. Port-holes were invented by Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in 1506. There were not above four merchant ships of 120 tons burthen before 1551. The first ship of the burthen of 800 tons was built in England, in 1597.

A first-rate man-of-war requires about 60,000 cubic feet of timber, and uses 180,000 lb. of rough hemp in the cordage and sails for it. The ground on which the timber for a seventy-four gun ship would require to grow would be fourteen acres. It requires 3,000 loads of timber, each load containing fifty cubical feet. 1,500 well-grown trees, of two loads each, will cover fourteen acres, at twenty feet asunder; and 3,000 loads of rough oak cost about 2s. per foot, or £5 per load.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A SCHOOLBOY DITT.

Of all the days that form the year  
 From January to June,  
 To me there is not one so dear  
 As Saturday afternoon!  
 Of all the days that form the year  
 From June to dark December,  
 Not one presents such pleasant scenes  
 For schoolboys to remember!

Whit-Monday has its charms, I know,  
 Shrove-Tuesday has its pancake;  
 Ash-Wednesday is a solemn fast,  
 On which no fun we can take;  
 Grim Thursday has its saint, I know,  
 Whose name I can't remember;  
 Good-Friday comes but once between  
 Keen March and cold December.

New-Year's-Day comes with promises,  
 Which she forgets to keep;  
 And Lady-Day trips after her  
 To send our hopes to sleep—  
 Midsummer-Day in pleasant June  
 Presents her pleasant face:  
 Next follows stout St. Michael's Mass,  
 With geese the saint to grace.

Then Christmas-Day brings up the year,  
 Long looked-for guest is he,  
 With costly gifts and noble cheer  
 And merry company.  
 And all the days that I have sung  
 Are welcome in their way,  
 For, though they very seldom come,  
 They bring a holyday.

But Saturday afternoon, good friend !  
 Thy praises I *must* speak,  
 These saint-days come but once a year,  
 'Thou comest once a week.  
 Then welcome toil which thou canst end,  
 Though thou art past too soon,  
 For gloomy though the week may be,  
 Glad is thine afternoon.

#### LAW AND LAWYERS.

Lawsuits were formerly as much prolonged by legal chicanery as now ; and to involve persons in them was a common mode of revenge. In the letters of the Paston Family and the Berkeley MSS. there is evidence that this practice prevailed in the fifteenth century. Among the Harleian collections, at the British Museum, there is an English MS. written about or before the year 1200, containing a satirical ballad on the lawyers.

Montaigne was no friend to the profession. With ample possessions he had no law-suits. "I am not much pleased with his opinion," he says, "who thought by the multitude of laws to curb the authority of judges, by retrenching them. We have more laws in France than in all the rest of the world besides; and more than would be necessary for the regulation of all the worlds of Epicurus. How comes it to pass that our common language, so easy for all other uses, becomes obscure and unintelligible in wills and contracts; and that he who so clearly expresses whatever he speaks or writes, cannot, in the end, find any way of declaring himself, which is not liable to doubt and contradiction, if it be not that the great men of this art (of law), applying themselves with peculiar attention to cull out hard words, and form artful clauses, have so weighed every syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of connexion, that they are now confounded and entangled in the infinity of figures, and so many minute divisions, that they can no longer be liable to any rule or prescription, nor any certain intelligence. As the earth is made fertile the deeper it is ploughed and harrowed, so they, by staring and splitting of questions, make the world fructify and abound in uncertainties and disputes, and hence, as formerly we were plagued with vices, we are now sick of the laws. Nature always gives better than those which we make ourselves; witness the state wherein we see nations live that have no other. Some there are who, for their only judge, take the first passer-by that travels along their mountains to determine their cause; and others who, on their market-day, choose out some one amongst them who decides all their controversies on the spot. What danger would there be if the wiser should thus determine ours, according to occurrences, and by sight, without obligation of example and consequence? Every shoe to its own foot."

The French have it among their old sayings, that "a good lawyer is a bad neighbour," and Montaigne seems to have entertained the notion. He tells what he calls "*A pleasant story against the practice of Lawyers.*—The baron of Copenne in Chalosse, and I, have between us the advowson of a benefice of great extent, at the foot of our mountains, called Lahontan. It was with the inhabitants of this angle, as with those of the vale of Angrougne; they lived a peculiar sort of life, had particular fashions, clothes, and manners, and were ruled and governed by certain particular laws and

usages received from father to son, to which they submitted without other constraint than the reverence due to custom. This little state had continued from all antiquity in so happy a condition that no neighbouring judge was ever put to the trouble of enquiring into their quarrels, no advocate was retained to give them counsel, nor stranger ever called in to compose their differences; nor was ever any of them so reduced as to go a begging. They avoided all alliances and traffic with the rest of mankind, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own government; till, as they say, one of them, in the memory of their fathers, having a mind spurred on with a noble ambition, contrived, in order to bring his name into credit and reputation, to make one of his sons something more than ordinary, and, having put him to learn to write, made him at last a brave *attorney* for the village. This fellow began to disdain their ancient customs, and to buzz into the people's ears the pomp of the other parts of the nation. The first prank he played was to advise a friend of his, whom somebody had offended by sawing off the horns of one of his she-goats, to make his complaint to the king's judges,—and so he went on in this practice till he spoiled all."

#### THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Long have I pined for thee,  
 Land of my infancy,  
 Now will I kneel on thee,  
 Hill of Lochiel !  
 Hill of the sturdy steer,  
 Hill of the roe and deer,  
 Hill of the streamlet clear,  
 I love thee well !

When in my youthful prime,  
 Correi or crag to climb,  
 Or tow'ring cliff sublime,  
 Was my delight;  
 Scaling the eagle's nest,  
 Wounding the raven's breast,  
 Skimming the mountain's crest,  
 Gladsome and light.

Then rose a bolder game,—  
 Young Charlie Stuart came,  
 Cameron, that loyal name,  
 Foremost must be !  
 Hard then our warrior meed,  
 Glorious our warrior deed,  
 Till we were doom'd to bleed  
 By treachery !

Then did the red blood stream,  
 Then was the broadsword's gleam  
 Quenched; in fair freedom's beam  
 No more to shine !  
 Then was the morning's brow  
 Red with the fiery glow;  
 Fell hall and hamlet low,  
 All that were mine.

Fair in a hostile land,  
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,  
 Oft has the tear-drop bland  
 Scorch'd as it fell.  
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,  
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,  
 Now I'm return'd to thee,  
 Hill of Lochiel !



## AFFECTING STORY.

The following story we heard a short time since from a young female in humble life—an emigrant from Ireland. During the recital, the expression of her fine intellectual face—her fast flowing tears, attested a truth we all admit—that warm hearts and gentle sympathies may exist when the refinements of polished life are wanting. The narrative is, in all its incidents, correct; but we fear that in our hands it has lost, along with the strong accent of her country, the touching simplicity of the original narrator.

"The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages—and before we had been long at sea, a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died, and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud and committed to the deep, with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers, and pitying spectators. As they sullenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves closed over them, I clasped my own babe more strongly to my bosom, and prayed that Heaven would spare my first, my only child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day by day I saw that its life was ebbing, and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to those who enquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping, for an hour, when the cold long sleep of death was on it.

"A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face—but oh! it was a heavy task, for I felt that my heart was breaking. On Monday, the death of my child could no longer be concealed—but from regard to my feelings, the captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if by that time we should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought on my dear cottage home, and my native land, and of the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in his hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just after the sun had risen, the fog lifted and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to, and the captain, with a few men, left it, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under the thick shade of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade, which sloped down to the water—and in my own heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the captain came to me and said—"My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenvale, upon the coast of Brunswick—I will write it upon paper, that you may know where his remains lie." I thanked him for his care, but told him the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my best boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world."

## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Buonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with

some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety, as before—and now let's be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best *restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends, said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C—, shall be my secretary; as for you, P—, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was, at last, deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the king of Westphalia"—"And I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers—"and that noodle yonder is, no doubt, the king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome, "I am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise: since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill;" at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognizing the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect, the prefect to the minister of the interior, and the minister to the emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital!

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