

FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or die,
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south-wind through the glowing sky?
What lures thee thus to stay,
With Silence and Decay,
Fi'd on the wreck of cold Mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there,
Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone—
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are flown?
Rise, nursing of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way—
Earth hath no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?—
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn!
Thy hope calls heaven-ward from you ruin'd cell.

NELSON.

The notice of the battle wherein this illustrious admiral received his death wound, (on the 21st,) might have been properly accompanied by the following quotation from a work which should be put into the chest of every boy on his going to sea. It is so delightfully written, as to rivet the attention of every reader whether mariner or landsman.

“The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hope, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘old men from the chimney corner’ to look upon Nelson, ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.—There was reason to suppose, from

the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.”—SOUTHEY’S LIFE OF NELSON.

In a recent perusal of Evelyn’s Diary, we were much struck with the awful contrast between the two last items of the following extract:—

1671. To Lord Arlington’s, where we found *Mlle Querouille*; it was universally reported that the fair lady was bedded one of these nights to the king, who was often here; and the *stoking flung* after the manner of a married bride; however, ’twas with confidence believed she was first made a *wise*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity, at this time.

1683. I went with others into the *Duchess of Portsmouth’s* dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose habit, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his majesty and gallants standing about her.

1685. January 25, Sunday. Dr. Dove preached before the king. I saw this evening such a scene of *profuse gaming*, and the king in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never seen before, luxurious dallying and profaneness.

February 6. *The king died*. I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se’nnight I was witness of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleavland, and Mazarine, &c., and a French boy singing love songs; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them.

OLD ENGLISH ALE.

About 1620, some doctors and surgeons, during their attendance on an English gentleman, who was diseased in Paris, discoursed on wine and other beverages; and one physician, who had been in England, said, “The English had a drink which they call ale, and which he thought the wholesomest liquor that could be drank; for whereas the body of man is supported by natural heat and radical moisture, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than ale; for, while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong, brawny, able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age;” and so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors.

A SKETCH.

How beautiful she looked!—her conscious heart
Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong—
Oh Love! how powerful is thy mystic art—
Encouraging the weak, and trampling on the strong!

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