

one individual—the talented and unfortunate Kempenselt, who perished in the *Royal George*. After him, Howe seriously took them up, and never lost sight of these important objects until he had completed a system which long bore the name of 'Howe's Signals.' In the perfecting of this system he was indefatigable—whether on shore or afloat, theoretically or practically this favorite and most useful object was uppermost in his mind. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that Howe was professionally and characteristically bold, cool, and decisive—a thorough seaman in theory and practice—and his knowledge was conveyed to others mostly by mildness, persuasion, and the force of example.

In tactics and in discipline, St. Vincent was a disciple of Howe. In giving his opinion on the expediency of a night action with a superior enemy, the former decided against it, on the ground of being in such a case deprived of the great advantage of Howe's signals. In discipline the scholar may be said to have carried his mode of instruction beyond the master. Where Howe was patient, gentle, indulgent, and kind, by which he won the attachment of both officers and seamen, St. Vincent was rigorous, peremptory, and resolute, rigidly maintaining that the life and soul of naval discipline was obedience—his favourite word was *obediencia*. The one obtained his object by pursuing the *suaviter in modo*—the other by the *fortiter in re*. The mutinous seamen at Portsmouth, but half subdued, were at once completely reduced to order by the kind and gentle treatment of, and the confidence they placed in, Lord Howe. The mutiny in the fleet off Cadiz no sooner sprung up, than it was crushed by the prompt and vigorous measures of Lord St. Vincent, whose determined and resolute conduct, on that occasion, was absolutely necessary to prevent that spirit of insubordination from spreading which had manifested itself in many of the ships employed in blockading a distant and an enemy's port.

The character and conduct of Nelson were widely different from both of the above-mentioned officers. Without being a thorough seaman, he knew well how to stimulate exertions and to animate zeal. He had the peculiar tact to make every officer, from the highest to the lowest, believe that his individual share in any enterprise contributed mainly to its success—thus giving encouragement and inspiring confidence to each in his own exertions. In the result he was singularly fortunate: where he led all were anxious to follow. Nelson was indeed a being *sui generis*—'none but himself could be his parallel'—and it may be feared he has left few of the same breed behind him. That he had his weak points cannot be denied, but what human being is exempt from them? He has been unjustly compared with an Anthony, ready to sacrifice the world to another Cleopatra—than which nothing can be more incorrect; with one unfortunate exception, which in a moment of infatuation, has cast an indelible stain on his memory, he never suffered the deplorable influence alluded to in any way to interfere with his professional duties. Whenever such demanded his presence, all pleasures and indulgences gave way; neither these nor the least care of life occupied for a moment a share in his thoughts. A passionate and insatiable love of fame was the 'spur' to Nelson's noble mind. To be 'Crowned with Laurel or covered with Cypress'—a Peerage or Westminster Abbey—Victory or Westminster Abbey—these were the words, the signal for each terrible conflict. He never anticipated defeat, but went into battle with the full conviction he was to conquer or to die. The words were the ebullition of that feeling, which carried his feeble frame through exertions and energies, that nothing short of his ardent and spiritual nature could have supported. The strength and elasticity of his mind got complete control over bodily pain and infirmity. These in the scale of human affliction were to him as nothing, when in sight or pursuit of an enemy. An ambitious love of distinction, a thirst for the acquisition of honours, or a glorious death, was the ruling passion, and his destiny led him to experience them all. Conqueror of 'a hundred fights,' he died at last, as all true heroes would wish to do, in the arms of victory!—pp. 426—431.

Sir John Barrow's volume is a valuable addition to this department of biography. Though wanting the charm which so eminently characterises Southey's *Life of Nelson*, it will be read without weariness by all classes, and must certainly leave an impression highly favourable to the private character, as well as to the professional services of its subject. It is not free from the false morality which unhappily pervades the higher classes of society. We refer especially to some remarks occurring at page 421, respecting duelling, the most absurd and palpably unchristian of modern fashions. When will men bearing the form and claiming the attributes of a rational nature, cease to dishonor themselves, and throw contempt on their Maker?

GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are not those who do most good to the fellow-mortals. The cataract falls and breaks to pieces fruitlessly, while the quiet stream fertilizes.

GREAT MINDS.—Common men, like stagnant pools, take the hue of the earth that bounds them; great ones, like the sea, reflect only the pure blue of the heaven above.

ENNUY.—To no one is life so long and burdensome as to him who tries to shorten it by living too fast.

For the Pearl.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR EARLY YEARS.

When round the house top moans the wind,
In cold December's blast;
When on the cold and lifeless earth
The snow falls thick and fast,
How pleasant 'tis to call to mind
The scenes of years gone by;
To bring them forth from memory's cells
Where they embedded lie;
And trace in them the hopes and fears
That swayed our minds in early years.

Behold some one that then we knew,
But long since dead and gone;
Comes back, as 'twere, and takes his place,
And acts his part anew;
Or she to whom we first did vow
An everlasting love;
Whom kindred spirits bore away
To brighter realms above,
Appears again full in our view,
And we our vows of love renew.

Our Father's well known voice we hear,
As in our childhoods days;
That well known voice in time of yore
Directed all our ways;
Perhaps our mother's softer call
May strike upon our ear;
As in our youth she gently chid,
Her darling child, so dear;
Or taught us how to walk the road,
Which leads us from this world to God.

These recollections of the past,
When going through the mind;
Oh make us heave a deep drawn sigh,
And leave regret behind;
But we must onward keep our course
Till death our eyelids close,
Oh, then we'll leave this world of care
And dwell above with those;
Among whom we spent our early years,
Whom memory to the heart endears.

St. John, N. B.
Feb. 5th, 1859.

G. M. R.

THE VICTIM.

A RUSSIAN ADVENTURE.

Some years ago, business of importance called me to St. Petersburg. Being unwilling to go alone, I succeeded in inducing my friend Saville to accompany me. I mention him, poor fellow, as he formed a very prominent feature in the little adventure I am about to relate. I will pass over the incidents of our journey until we arrived at St. Petersburg, when, having transacted my business, I, to favour Saville's wish, determined to proceed to Jaroslav, where he had relations. Instead, however, of going the direct route, we visited Kerilov, a small town on the Schekma, a branch of the Volga, for the purpose of seeing a renowned hermit who, we were told, was an Englishman. This was inducement enough for us, circuitous as was the route we went.

Arriving late at night, we with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting lodgings, which, though very mean and wretched, we at last entered.

The landlord, a talkative man, told us, during our repast, all the news and scandal which in a small town generally abounds. Among other things, he told us that the next morning the punishment of the knout was to be performed—for there this horrid barbarity is considered quite a spectacle, to see which people flock in from all parts. The culprit was a young Jewess, remarkable for her beauty, and her crime was the murder of her father. If the punishment of the knout did not end her existence, the wheel was in readiness to complete the scene of blood.

From his account it appeared that the whole circumstance was veiled in no slight obscurity, inasmuch as the only evidence against the poor girl was, that when questioned as to where her missing father was, she shed floods of tears and was silent. This in Russia was enough to seal her fate. She was accordingly condemned, and was in prison when we arrived.

Being much interested for the poor girl, we (Saville and I) determined to see her. We went, and by means of a handful of silver, we succeeded in bribing the jailer to admit us. The prison was gloomy to a degree; and never did I see so lovely a creature as met our eyes. She seemed scarcely above twenty, if so much. She, like most of her race, was dark, with intensely bright eyes, which even her misery could not quench. She spoke to us in French, and in piteous accents protested her innocence. Her story was soon told. Beloved by a Russian and a protestant, her heart would not obey the stern commands of that father with whose murder she was charged. Her father reviled her—and here she stopped and burst into tears. More we could not elicit. Even the jailer, stern as he was, seemed touched with something like pity.

Saville, hasty in every thing, determined to attempt to save her. Hurrying off, he hastened to the head sbirri, or police, and in vain attempted to purchase her release. He was referred to a higher authority at St. Petersburg. Thither, then, regardless of the utter impossibility of being in time, he hurried that very even-

ing. Remained to try to console the victim. Never shall I forget the splendour of those dark, swimming eyes, when cast upwards in fervent prayer for the success of her anticipated deliverer. The night passed heavily enough. She could not be brought to comprehend the awfulness of her hopeless situation. Yet she shuddered as she drew her slight shawl over her exquisitely moulded shoulders, so soon to be lacerated by the un pitying stroke of the lash! The gray morn, chill and comfortless, came at last, and with it the fatal hour of the victim's punishment.

Though almost senseless when led out, a faint blush and one wild expression of terror flitted over her features as the rude hand of the executioner tore the upper covering from her neck and shoulders. She was tied to the scaffold, and—but why proceed—nay, I cannot proceed to describe the disgusting and horrid ceremonies. It is enough to say that, though no sound of agony escaped her, as the white and quivering flesh was torn from her beautiful back, yet when, after nearly fifty strokes of the lash, human nature gave way, she sighed forth, "*Mon père, mon père, vous êtes trop tard,*" and expired! My poor friend Saville, worn out by his fruitless exertions, fell a victim to a fever then prevalent, but not before he had brought to justice her inhuman father, who was alive, and had thus sacrificed his daughter, because she refused to marry a mercenary villain of her father's choice. He had first bound her by a most solemn oath not to reveal his place of concealment, and then left her, having taken care to fix suspicion on her, his only and beautiful child.—*London Court Journal*.

ON PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT IN ANIMALS.

BY C. M. BURNETT, ESQ.

Among the many very remarkable phenomena which result from the living principle upon properly adapted organic structures, none seem more wonderful, none present to our mind more forcibly the fact of the Creator's divine power, and superintending care, than that of phosphorescent light. If we endeavour to trace its origin to physical causes alone, I may add, there is no physiological question more difficult of explanation, or less likely to receive a satisfactory answer. Phosphorescent light it is called; but how far it depends upon the presence of phosphorus in the composition of animal bodies, remains for future experiment to determine. Phosphorus, we know, enters into the composition of the brain, the bones, and the teeth; and it is not improbable that in those animals where this light is emitted, there are particular organs set apart for the purpose of separating it from the blood. This is the opinion of Macartney, Carradori, and others; although naturalists are much divided upon a point which is so difficult of investigation, from the very minute structure which characterises many of the lower animals and insects, which are chiefly concerned in this phenomenon. Todd thinks the phosphorence is itself granular and organised—that is to say, penetrated by blood-vessels and nerves; and that when it has lost its vital properties, it is incapable of affording light. Further, Macaire says that it is penetrated by nerves. However this may be, the circumstance of its being under the will of animals, is, I think, clear from the fact that any sudden fright will cause the animal to cease shining; and this is sufficient to prove that it is a vital phenomenon. It is true, also, the animal generally displays as much appearance of instinct in the regulation of this as in all other phenomena which are referrible to those organic parts which are under the influence of the will. It is not regulated with the same intelligence as if it were under the influence of reason, yet it is displayed according to that divine knowledge which placed it there; for, in the exercise of this function, we cannot fail to notice how wisely and accurately it has been made to serve the purpose of protection to the little animal in which it is placed; and He who can make the light to shine out of darkness has assured us, that in the little insect or worm, whose internal structures are too minute to be examined by the scrutiny of man, he has put forth the same fostering but almighty arm, and manifested the same superintending care, as in the most gigantic creature. If phosphorescent animals are confined in the dark some time before sunset, they begin to shine long before twilight, in which case they shine much less in the evening; so that a certain quantity of this extraordinary fluid seems to be provided in each of these little animals, which serves it through a period not exceeding our natural night. Must we not admire this watchful care in the all-wise providence of God, which fits up this little lamp with oil for the night, to contain just as much, and no more, than will guide them in safety till the sun again comes forth to direct their path? and still more, must we not adore that great Being who, out of the materials with which he has wrought such exquisite structures, lights up this living lamp with his own Almighty hand? If it is possible to conceive the accuracy with which this living light is furnished, and how wisely it is measured out to fulfil the purpose for which it was originally created, if we can contemplate the Being of Infinity condescending to bestow his heavenly light on a poor insignificant worm, whose life is indeed but a vapour,—we surely can have no doubt that this same God is ever with us to support us in all danger.

If it is a vital action in these little creatures which performs this wonderful phenomenon,—and we see there is some evidence to prove it,—it is probable it is the living principle which has thus