

highest requisites of the dramatic art, and may, by the thorough discipline and cultivation of his power, achieve its greatest distinctions.

The three first acts of *Nina Sforza* are overlaid with words. It is only when the author is hurried along, in spite of his will and by the force of his genius, into the more passionate demands of the scene, that he avoids this grievous error, and in one or two instances not then. The thought will intrude itself where nothing but the feeling should be.

The error of overlaying character with words is peculiar to all young writers, that of encumbering feeling with thought the ablest are the most apt to fall into. We need not add how highly above such errors our admiration rises, or with what real pleasure we shall welcome another work from the author of *Nina Sforza*.—*London Examiner*.

CAPTURE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN 1796.

BY A TOURIST IN NORMANDY.

The cheers and the clatter of glasses which followed a toast given by one of the guests of the brave commodore, Sir William Sidney Smith, had just subsided. "If," said the Commodore, "I had not occasionally the pleasure to entertain the Captains of neutral vessels, it would be impossible to endure this inactive warfare, this chase, unaccompanied with danger, after a few wretched coasters. To all your healths, gentlemen." Again the glasses rattled.

Thus passed the hours in cheerful converse on the 18th of June, 1796, on board the English frigate *Diamond*, cruising before Havre. At length the copious libations of wine and punch caused the cabin to appear too confined, and the whole party rose and went upon deck. The beautiful sight presented by the setting sun in the open sea passed unheeded by the seamen who were accustomed to it. The company divided into groups, and the liveliest was that formed by the Commodore, a Lieutenant of Marines named Bromley, the Swede, and two or three other captains of neutrals.

While they were thus chatting by the side of the frigate, a French privateer was seen leisurely sailing alongshore under cover of the batteries erected on the beach, and casting anchor near the north pier of Havre. "Those are the enemies that we have now to fight," said Smith, in a half contemptuous tone, pointing to the privateer.

"And yet," replied the Swede, "you are glad enough when you can catch even such a one."

"Why, yes," rejoined Smith; "because it is a pastime for us."

"And because," continued the Swede, "it is just as difficult for a lion to overtake a hare as an elephant."

"They are not exactly hares," observed Lieutenant Bromley; and British seamen must confess that even the smallest French privateer gives them trouble enough, and defends herself while she has a charge of powder left."

"The comparison was not meant literally," replied the Swedish captain. "I know the French, and am ready to do them justice. Besides, I am glad that the privateers do give you so much trouble, for I was long a privateer myself."

"Captain," exclaimed a young Lieutenant of the *Diamond*, "you had then to do with the Russians, and not with the lads of Old England, or you would not have been so bold."

"Just as bold as yon privateer that lies before us, and runs out and in without ever asking your permission, gentlemen. What can you do to her?"

"Fetch her out, without asking permission of the garrison and the batteries of Havre," sharply replied the Commodore.

"I should like to see that," rejoined the *ci-devant* privateer.

"And that gratification you shall have," said Smith. "I will bet you a dinner that she is ours by to-morrow morning."

The Swede accepted the challenge, the parties shook hands, and the wager was clenched.

Meanwhile the sun had set, and the darkness of night covered the sea. The party returned to the cabin,—about midnight the company broke up. The boats of the different Captains pushed off one after another, and when the Swede had descended from the frigate into his, he cried out in a satirical tone, "Farewell, Sir William, to-morrow you will stand treat on account of the privateer; so farewell, Commodore, till to-morrow." The strokes of the oars were intermingled with the concluding words.

No sooner had the last boat belonging to the guests quitted the *Diamond* than the whole scene was changed. At the beck of the Commodore the boatswain piped all hands, and awoke the seamen, who had already retired to rest. The *elite* of the *Diamond's* crew were ordered to hoist out the boats, while others fastened pieces of sail-cloth about the oars; and before half an hour had elapsed, before the last of the party had reached their vessels, Sir Sidney leaped into his long-boat and pushed off from the frigate.

The seamen rowed with the utmost caution, and the utmost caution was requisite, for the least noise would have caused fifty or more guns to be pointed at the Commodore's boats, and have at least frustrated his plan. Unperceived and unmolested they reached the privateer; in the next moment the British tars had climbed her side and closed the hatches upon her crew, who were fast asleep below, confiding in the protection of the guns on shore. The privateers were prisoners, the vessel was taken, and the wager won. Smith sent back the boats, and, with a few seamen and Lieutenant

Bromley, who, as a particular friend of the Commodore's, always made one in his daring adventures, remained on board the privateer to carry her at flood-tide to the English station. As the boats pushed off, Smith, in an under-tone, said to one of the men in them, "John, go to the Swede, and tell him to make out his bill of fare."

Till flood-tide it would be two full hours. Meanwhile, the punch and wine, of which they had partaken so freely, weighed down the eyelids of the English, and they were soon as fast asleep as their prisoners.

A French seaman, who had the watch upon the deck, had quietly laid himself down among the cables, and fallen asleep there; he did not wake up till the vessel was in possession of the English. It was now too late to make any resistance, and at first he knew not what better to do than to lie snug and watch what should happen. But when the English were as sound asleep as he had been on their arrival, when their snoring intimated that there was nothing to fear from them, he crept, at the commencement of flood-tide, out of his hiding place, and cut the cable. He knew that the rising flood, which sets up the Seine, would carry the vessel up the river; that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the English, ignorant of the navigation, to escape without a pilot; and that the garrison of Havre would conclude, from the unsteady motion of the vessel, that something extraordinary had happened. As he had anticipated, so it fell out. The flood drifted the privateer up the Seine, and, when it became light, the seamen keeping watch on the shore soon discovered what was the matter. In a moment the French boats were out, and before the English were thoroughly awake, before they knew what had occurred, the privateer was surrounded by them. Sir Sidney, perceiving at once that resistance was out of the question, was obliged to deliver his sword to Captain Leloup, the commandant of the boats. If Captain Perth had received his message before daybreak, the reckoning was this time made without the host, Smith had lost the wager, and it is a question whether the two seamen ever met again to settle the account.

POETRY.—FROM SHELLEY'S WORKS.

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be a pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm crases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of the mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and while they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted cord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes: its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms. All things exist as they are perceived,—at least in relation to the percipient. 'The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.' But poetry defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions.—And whether it spreads its own figured curtain, or withdraws life's dark veil from before the scene of things, it equally creates for us a being within our being. It makes us the inhabitant of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration.

THE SEDUCER'S VICTIMS.

We have seldom had to relate a tale more sad, than the present melancholy story. A short two years since Miss Ruth Conger became acquainted with a villain of the name of Montgomery Winant, who professed honourable attentions to her. Under this specious pretext, he despoiled her of her honour, and the result of their illicit connection was an infant daughter, born in the month of July last. Up to her unfortunate attachment to Winant, Miss Conger had sustained an irreproachable character, and was a worthy member of the Rev. Mr. Patton's church. Soon after the birth of her daughter, the unfortunate young woman discovered that Winant was a married man, and consequently that it was out of his power to fulfil his oft repeated promises of making her honourable amends for the injury she had received from him. This and other circumstances preyed upon her mind, and produced serious attacks of despondency; and her despair at her forlorn situation so aberrated her mind that on Wednesday evening she put an end to her life and that of her innocent babe, by plunging into the cistern of the house where she resided.

By the testimony of Mrs. Ely, her sister, with whom she lived at No. 91, Grand street, it appears that she had been in a melancholy mood for some time past. She had once threatened, if read out of the church, to destroy herself. On Wednesday night, as she did not appear at the tea-table according to custom, Mrs. Ely went to seek her. She went to her room, and, finding the door locked, became alarmed, and informed her husband, who broke into the chamber, but Miss Conger was not there. Search was then made at the houses of the neighbours, but no tidings could be gained of her by them.

Mrs. Ely at length thought of the cistern, and taking a pole, she thrust it down, and imagined she felt something at the bottom. Information of these unhappy circumstances was sent to Mr. Charles Jarvis, No. 140, Canal street, who is a relative of the family, and he came instantly to the house, and assisted in getting the bodies out of the cistern. Both the mother and child had been a long time dead.

When taken out of the water the poor little infant was found with its lips placed closely to those of its mother. The thought, perhaps, of her child, never deserted the drowning woman, and her last sensible act was to bestow a final caress on her dying babe.

The atrocious originator of this tragedy cannot but feel compunction and remorse for these sad results of his deceit and falsehood. His mind will conjure up the phantoms of this poor girl and her child through every hour of his existence. They will haunt his dying pillow. What may come after is known but to God alone.—*N. Y. Express*.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

LIFE.—We get satiated of life, because it never can satiate. Man has been compared to an ephemera, but wrongly, for the little creature of a day emerges from sloth and darkness to a brilliant existence, while we flutter round for a while like winged flies, and then grow dull and heavy, and turn to grubs.

ANOTHER.—We try to deceive ourselves as to the shortness of time, and so we divide and measure it in large portions, years and centuries. The succession of minutes seems like the swift following of waves in a brook, and a year or an age is like a vast sea, the motion of which escapes our notice. In large cities, we tend to forget the shortness of life in its multiplicity, for every man seems to protect his neighbour, just as in an army, we think only of those who survive, not of those who have fallen.

VARIETY OF LIFE.—Not so—there is no such thing as that dull uniformity you complain of. Go to yonder light-house, and visit the keeper, who sees the face of man only once a month, and he will overwhelm you with a history of all the manifold winds, clouds, waves, stars, birds, storms, and distant vessels, which have given interest and variety to his solitary existence.

DEATH.—The prospect of death, if we will only look on it steadfastly, is not unpleasing; the shadow it casts only softens the sharp outlines of our life. The glow of joy and the frosts of sorrow are both subdued when the tomb casts its influence over them, as a lofty mountain makes both summer and winter milder.

IMPROVEMENT.—Nations begin now to throw off their thick coverings of ignorance and prejudice. The fruit strives to burst its shell as it ripens.

£100,000 was left to the University of Oxford by Michael Angelo Taylor, to build a picture gallery and lecture rooms connected with science and arts. A dispute having arisen between his relatives and the trustees respecting the will, the latter, rather than risk a suit in Chancery, have agreed to take £75,000, and have begun clearing the foundation for the building.

ROYAL ACADEMIC SCHOOL.—Alexander Reid, A. M. the gentleman appointed by the Normal School Society of Glasgow, to take the superintendence of the Acadian Institution, arrived last week, in the *Acadian* from Greenock. Mr. Reid has attended the University of Edinburgh for a number of years, and has made himself familiarly acquainted with the Training System, as practised in the Normal Seminary at Glasgow. From the favourable recommendations he has brought along with him, and from his own literary attainments, we are inclined to believe that he will approve himself as an able and efficient teacher of youth.—*Halifax Guardian*.