

## JACKSON THE JOCKEY.

(An account of this individual's death came in recent arrivals from Great Britain. The subjoined sketch is interesting, as exhibiting the habits of life etc. of persons out of the common course, and the skill which sometimes attaches to employments in which many would expect but little of science.)

In his palmy days, he was inferior to none, and the skill and courage which he displayed procured him the jockeyship of the first horses of the day, from the best of the breed of the celebrated John Hutchinson, down to those of Mr. Watt, and Mr. Petro. He possessed great nerve, although rather timorous at the first onset. He had a good seat and a good head: looked well upon the saddle; was strong in the arms, and possessed the skill of reserving the powers of his horse until the very moment they were most required, when he brought them into successful operation. Resolute and untiring, he possessed correct judgement and discrimination; and, increasing in courage as the race became more desperate, he was yet averse to pushing his horse beyond the reach of his physical powers, and invariably acted with feelings of humanity when he saw that the chance of winning was lost.

Jackson was the most successful rider in the St. Leger race; and won that great event no less than eight times. To his other winnings of the St. Leger would have been added Mr. Watt's Blacklock, had he not incautiously pulled him up, opposite the Grand Stand, being confident all his competitors were defeated, and not seeing the approach of Mr. Pierce's horse, Ebor, until it was too late to get Blacklock into his full stride again in sufficient time, although he had shot past Ebor as soon as he had got beyond the post. Jackson was much blamed for this; but the fact was, that he did not see Mr. Pierce's horse, and was, if anything, too confident of the race, and checked his own horse when he ought not, in that race at least, to have been checked at all. But perhaps the most successful feat of Jackson was, when he was appointed to ride Mr. Petro's Theodore for the St. Leger, in 1822. Theodore, who had run successfully at two years old, was defeated a few weeks previously to the decision of the St. Leger; and from being high in the betting scale, he was knocked down to the lowest point. In proof of how much he had sunk in public estimation, it need only be mentioned, that, on the morning of the race, a hundred guineas to a walking stick of the value of a shilling was laid against him, and taken. Jackson was sadly mortified at his chance for the race, and was very desirous of riding one of Mr. Gascoigne's horses, either the colt or the filly, and declared that he could win upon either one or the other. But his chance was unalterably fixed upon Theodore. The extraordinary success which ensued will be seen. He was extremely low spirited during the whole of the forenoon, especially when he knew the state of the odds: and at length grew rather ill tempered. As the time drew near, he walked to the ground with the saddle at his back, in no very enviable frame of mind, and was weighed in due course. On enquiring afterwards if any one had seen Mr. Petro—or his groom, or his horse—he was answered in the negative. He then proceeded to the field and repeated his inquiries there with the like success. At length he discovered a horse at the far side of the field, led by a little stable boy. He thought that it must be his horse, Theodore. He trudged across the lands, and approaching the boy said—

"Is that Mr. Petro's horse my boy?"

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Bring him here," said the veteran, "and pull off his clothes directly;" and proceeded to adjust his saddle, to strip himself to his riding dress, etc. The little boy assisted him to mount, and he recrossed the field in the direction of the course. When he was passing the rubbing-house, a gentleman asked

"What horse is that?"

"Mr. Petro's Theodore," said another.

"What will you lay against him?"

"A hundred guineas to one."

"Done,"—"Done," and the bet was booked.

Jackson heard this, and looked not very pleasant—in fact he was mortified, and ill-tempered; and had, even previous to that, let Theodore feel that he had spurs on. But Theodore was all alive, remarkably fresh, and ready for the struggle. In fact, he had done little in the way of exercise since his previous defeat, and was almost wholly disregarded. Whilst parading in front of the grand stand, the objects of universal notice were the first favourites, Mr. Watt's Muta and Marion, Mr. Gascoigne's colt and filly, Mr. Powlett's Swap, Mr. Riddle's The Whig, etc. whilst Theodore was little noticed by any one. They approached the post in a body; and Jackson, who was noted for obtaining a good place, got in front. The word "Go," was given by Mr. Lockwood, and away they rushed, Theodore taking the lead almost immediately. The pace was very fast, Jackson was surprised at his own position; and afterwards observed, in allusion to this extraordinary race, that "when we got to the first cross road, I had lost all my ill temper and mortification—I turned my head for a moment—a crowd of horses (twenty two) were close at my heels—the sight was terrific—the speed was tremendous. Theodore pulled hard, and I held him pretty tight—'now, my little fellow,' said I to myself, 'keep up this speed to the top of the hill, and I don't care a straw for the whole lot.' I felt as strong as a giant,

and the blood rushed merrily through my veins—away we went—I was first over the hill, and never headed in any part of the race." Immediately after descending the hill, however, he eased his horse a little; and was instantly on the look out for some of the favourites. He could see that Swap, a grey horse, was defeated. Not so the others. They challenged him in turns, first Marion, then Gascoigne's colt and filly, right, and left—then Muta, then Gascoigne's again; and here the skill and judgment of Jackson were powerfully evinced.—Theodore, perhaps, partly frightened by the tremendous thunder at his heels, still wanted to go further a-head, but his rider so continued to use his powers as not to waste them. Challenge after challenge was given, and as often defeated. Jackson never suffered his horse to go much in advance of the rest. Holding him with a firm hand, but still going very fast, he only slackened the reins when he was attempted to be coupled. "I could," said the veteran jockey, "see head by head advance as far as my boots on each side, and when I encouraged Theodore forwards I could see head by head glide backwards out of my sight, observing," to myself (said he,) "Now, I think you are all done. I felt then that the race was my own, as I heard the exhilarating sounds, from the Grand Stand as I approached, 'Theodore—Theodore—Mr. Petro—Jackson—Theodore wins,' which he did in the most gallant and skillful manner by nearly a length, to the perfect astonishment of all the betting men and of the immense crowd of spectators who honoured Jackson with three loud and hearty cheers as he approached the scales to be weighed. Jackson was highly praised by all parties for his superior jockeyship—his caution, skill, resolution, and correct judgment,—which he evinced in this extraordinary struggle; and as it was his last successful effort in this far-famed and matchless race, it may be considered as crowning all his exertions during a long, an interesting, and eventful, period of horse racing. He rode several times afterwards; but age was stealing silently upon him. At that time he cultivated the farm at Bloomfield, near Northallerton, and had a numerous family. He afterwards occupied the Black Swan and St. Leger Hotel, in the same town; and expired on the 5th instant in the 71st year of his age; and has left behind him a name, as a skillful and resolute jockey, which will be long associated with the brightest events recorded in the annals of the old English custom of horse racing.—*York Courant.*

## AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

The question has often been asked, why did Napoleon abandon his design of invading England? In a late work by M. Aignault, entitled "*Souvenirs de la vie privée de Napoleon*," the author says—Would it be thought to refine too much on the involuntary emotions of Napoleon, if in them we were to seek the solution of this question? I was an eye-witness to the following adventure, in which I believe I have traced the primary cause of his change of plan. Several of us were sitting with him one evening at Boulogne, when an aid de-camp suddenly entered, saying that a storm was raging, and that a gun-vessel had just been carried away. Napoleon snatched up his hat, and, without speaking a word to us, hurried out of the room, uttering to himself, "another storm!" We followed, and were soon on the shore with him. The night was dark, the wind roared, the sailors shouted, and every now and then we heard signals of distress from the vessel. "Let us go to the rescue of our comrades," cried the emperor. No one replied, and at that moment the moon burst from behind the clouds; and, seeing that scarcely any succour had been attempted, he became irritated and vexed at the indecision of those around him. He loudly and haughtily exclaimed: "Ah! the sailors are afraid of the sea! I shall send for my grenadiers!"

At these words all were in motion; the emperor urged the departure of the boats with voice and gesture, and followed them with his eyes, till they disappeared in the darkness and swell of the sea. The shore was soon covered with spectators, but the alarm-gun was the only sound which could be heard above that of the waves. Each time it fired the emperor looked uneasily at the water, and then turned to those near him, in order to collect their opinions.

Among these he several times heard, "What folly! it is impossible to live on such a sea—all must perish! It would be better to abandon the gun-vessel. This comes of meddling with what we do not understand." Again the gun was fired, and again. "They have drifted more than a league," said Napoleon; "they will perish on the rocks. Where are the boats! Do you not see anything of them?" "Nothing, sire," I replied. "We must go," cried the emperor. "A boat! quick! a boat!" A naval officer ventured to remark on the state of the sea. Napoleon looked at him, and sternly answered: "Have you no ears, then? Do you not hear the vessel at her last gasp?" A fresh shot was fired—"That is perhaps her last sigh," he continued. A boat was made ready, the emperor stepped into it, I followed him with four rowers and the above-mentioned naval officer. The men vigorously struggled with the waves: the emperor stood upright at the prow, one foot resting on the gun-wale, so that the waves which sometimes inundated us broke over his knee; looking fixedly before him, he several times said

in a low voice—"Do we advance?" "Scarcely, sire," answered the naval officer. "Your men have neither strength nor courage," he returned. "Sire," said the officer, "we cannot expect them to do more, the sea runs so high." "The sea! the sea!" muttered Napoleon: "it rebels; but we can conquer it."

At this moment we were driven back by a huge wave, which caused us to lose the way we had made, and seemed like an answer from the ocean. The emperor stamped; the rowers began again; when another gleam from the moon showed us the other boats. "Stupid fellows!" said the emperor, "they are wrong! The vessel is to the left; they will throw themselves into the English guard. We must warn them. Order some one to go and tell." . . . . He turned round, and then first seemed sensible that his habits of command had betrayed him into an absurdity: there were neither staff nor aid-de-camps near him; his will and his orders could not extend beyond the boat, and were imprisoned by the water. His snuff-box was in his hand, and he tossed it into the wave, which was rising against us. It seemed as though he were trying to exorcise the sea, but the boat was nearly swamped, and our danger became imminent. Again the officer ventured to speak: "The sea is dreadful, sire,—we shall soon be unable to steer the boat." "Shall we then suffer these unfortunate persons to perish?" said Napoleon. "Sire! our loss will not save them."

No answer was made to this. I gave a sign to the officer to return, when Napoleon seated himself on the prow, and remained buried in thought. At length we reached the shore; when, jumping out, he took hold of my arm, and said, "*The land! the land! do you comprehend? it never fails the foot of a soldier; it never swells nor opens; it is obedient; it has always a field of battle ready for victory. Oh the land! the land!*" and, as he uttered these words, he stamped with enthusiasm. The first boats saved the vessel; the emperor returned home, wrote a letter the next morning, and gave it to me to deliver to Josephine, whom I was about to join. I fancied that he had there given vent to feelings, at which I could only guess from the few words he had uttered.

I started, and presented the letter to the empress. She read it in my presence, and then said, "You have passed a terrible night." "The emperor has perhaps described it to you?" I observed, feeling anxious to know what he had written under the influence of that moment, when he had been so completely baffled. "A storm delineated by him must indeed be a picture." "Nearly so," returned Josephine; "he is even poetical, see." Saying these words, she handed the letter to me, and I read as follows:

"MADAME AND DEAR WIFE.—During the four days that I have been absent from you, I have been incessantly on horse-back, and in motion, without any injury to my health. M. Moret has informed me of your plan of starting on Monday, and if you travel by easy journeys you will reach the waters without fatigue. The wind having freshened much during the night, one of our gun-vessels in the roads was driven out to sea, and became entangled among the rocks, a league from Boulogne. I thought all were lost, but we succeeded in saving every thing. It was a grand sight; the firing of the alarm-guns, the shore covered with lights, the sea roaring with fury; the whole night passed in anxious efforts to save, or the expectation of seeing the unhappy crew perish; the mind divided between the night, the ocean, and eternity. At five in the morning all brightened again, all were saved, and I lay down as if in a romantic or epic dream; a feeling which would have made me aware that I was alone, if fatigue and drenched limbs had left me any other power than that of sleeping."

From the London Examiner.

## REVIEW OF THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS; WITH A MEMOIR OF HER LIFE, BY HER SISTER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

This book will be heartily welcomed by that large class of persons, with whom the elegant and earnest writings of Mrs. Hemans were so deservedly popular. Without troubling ourselves to inquire how long such writings are likely to stand the severer tests of poetry, we may at least be sure that the immediate success of the publication will justify the confidence and affection which prompted it. It is certain that no writer, so devoid of claims to a powerful or passionate originality, won greater popularity in her lifetime, or left more enthusiastic admirers afterward. Her reputation was not only general throughout England, but planted itself still more firmly in America—where a positive "school" of versifiers appear to have grown up under it. All the specimens we have yet seen of what is called American poetry—are mere offshoots from the pleasing and pensive muse of Mrs. Hemans. The circumstance has nothing surprising in it. Her position obviously tended to such a result. Standing between a great and most original poet, and a public who were and still are reluctant to recognise his powers, she availed herself to the full of advantages so suggested. She presented in a series of tender, harmonious, and winning verses, all his more obvious characteristics—she common-placed his style of thinking—like him she aimed to treat ordinary