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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Review of New Books.

Critique from the London Times.

Thackeray's Miscellanies.

In the list of new books of one of our best known circulating libraries, and in which "all the most popular works are printed in italics," we perceive clearly, after sundry rubbings of the eyes to make certain that we are not under an optical illusion, that "*Miscellanies*, by W. M. THACKERAY," appear in conspicuous Roman between the titles of two other works distinguished by the preferential type, and which by the way, we may as well mention are—*Modern Society in Rome*, and *Millicent, or the Trials of Life*, by the author of the *Curate of Overton*. It has not been our fortune to read either of the works thus emphatically distinguished, and they may for all that we know, exhibit merits which warrant their place in popular favor, but we are strangely at issue with that portion of the pensive public which determines the verdict of circulating libraries if Mr. Thackeray's performances are to be reckoned at their estimate as comparatively trifling achievements, and are to hold a secondary place in the repertory of British wit and invention in this critical phase of the 19th century.—We are not going to make a very solemn protest on a point which is too ridiculous to be argued seriously, though we shall state our reasons for regarding the trumpet of fame as really, to some degree, imperfectly tuned in sounding forth the value of Mr. Thackeray's productions.

On more than one occasion we have already discussed his characteristics, and in reviewing the *Newcomes* we paid him the tribute due to his distinguished genius of trying him by the highest standards of creative art. We are not now concerned with either of the greater works by which he is conceived to have determined his position, and which the world has generally acknowledged to be *Vanity Fair* and the *Newcomes;* but we have here a republication of the sketches, ballads, and burlesques which he has written anonymously, many of which came before the eyes of the public while their author was yet an unknown man, and which, like the sketches of a painter as compared with his finished pictures, show the bias of his character and talents in their freshness and untrammelled freedom.—The *Miscellanies* give us Thackeray in the rough. Thackeray in deshabille, Thackeray in masquerade. Thackeray in the guise of an anonymous contributor, which is nearly equivalent to Thackeray in coat armor, and they carrous through the entire gamut of his exercises—light or sober, cynicle or cheery, with increasing light as to his merits and deficiencies. It is here that his purpose is most clearly written, and here that his outlines are most freely laid: here we have him learning, laboring, striving, testing his pinions, rising on them sometimes to heights he has never since surpassed, sometimes flagging and falling short of his mark, but rarely, very rarely, failing to interest us, unless we fatigue ourselves with his occasional repetitions. In short, if we would study Thackeray in all his moods—at all the stages of his literary career—in his various phases—as artist or moralist, as man or as workman, the best means are these very *Miscellanies*.

Yet, the conclusions to be drawn from these are at best supplemental to much which has been already said, either by ourselves or others. We premise, of course, that general society or the people who come much in contact with each other, and that chiefly in metropolitan circles, are the staple subjects of Mr. Thackeray's fictions; and we have elsewhere remarked the comprehensiveness of this sphere without importations from outlaying districts, and that Mr. Thackeray spreads his canvass to represent it as a whole. The panoramic plan of Mr. Thackeray's workmanship is his primary distinction from other novelists who adhere more closely to the dramatic element of actors and a background, a hero and a story. In some of Thackeray's novels, *Vanity Fair*, for example, it would be difficult to say that he had either hero or heroine. In all of them these personages are of less importance to us than they are elsewhere; they are less in our sight, they leave us for longer intervals, get out of the way of characters more worthy or more interesting than themselves, and afford the barest possible thread for a story to hang upon. If a certain recent theory of novels be correct, that "the first requisite of a novel is that it should be a biography, an account of the life or part of the life of *a person*," then Mr. Thackeray's, possessing this requisite in the least degree, have less of the essential characteristics of novels than any others which we can call to our recollection. Perhaps the fact is rather that the novel itself is stretching the bounds of its rigorous definition, and in its admitted capacity of the modern epic is accommodating itself to the growth and variety of modern circumstances. The plot in which the hero and heroine are chiefly interested is by their comparative retirement made subsidiary, and is subordinated as we see to the exigencies of a wider function. Hence the comparative absence of continuity even in Mr. Thackeray's most elaborate fictions, and hence the fact that his miscellaneous sketches approach so near to them, both in their showy and substantial qualities. We are looking at so many strips of Mr. Thackeray's *panarama*, and, though they are detached, though many of them are rough and ragged, though they lack the completeness of a sustained exhibition, the same qualifications are as liberally displayed as is his more prolonged and ambitious representations. The novelist of a grander scale is before us, with all his faults and imperfections on his head, but with all his merits equally apparent in his fragmentary studies and his finished productions, in the segments of his composition equally with its completed sphere.

What, then, is the impression which we conceive indifferently of either, and which we submit to the consideration of the gentle readers of the circulating libraries? In the first place, that if their grandchildren or remote posterity should desire to see a faithful picture of their age in its external aspects they must seek it in these pages. It would be vain to expect that these or any other forms of fictious narrative should contain a sufficient record of the serious business of our lives. Our political, literary, professional, and other labors can only be represented by their actual results, while their various processes are quite incapable of being set before us in imaginary descriptions. Who can paint, for who can discern the secret cares, the silent studies, the vigils and the toils, the sweat and agony of life? These, and they are the larger part of the existence of most of us, lie altogether out of the novelist's domain, while their products can be only specified by the biographer or the historian. If the novelist is restricted to that side of our existence which is patent and social, and which lies in the sunlight, we have no right to complain that his omission of our serious business amounts to the offence of a "*suppressio veri*." He is no more a suppressor of truth in neglecting what does not concern him than the painter or sculptor, the musician or actor. Try him by his *metier* as a describer of character and manners, with all the license which his fictitious latitude allows him, and accept his contributions of truth *quantum valeat*. Try Thackeray by this standard, and who is more true to the appropriate manners and characters of his century? To whom, if he were silent, could we look for an equivalent?

His nearest competitor, Mr. Charles Dickens, has other gifts and qualifications, which it would be out of place to mention here. It is not in the least degree necessary to sacrifice one reputation to the other in order to give each of them his due. But we may claim for Thackeray's less extended observation, juster hues and proportions in the objects it comprises. We obtain, so to speak, a truer *sample*—a more average specimen of the world as it is. On the other hand, there is no denying the flaws in his workmanship, or that it does not in some respects exhibit great deficiencies. He so rarely sounds the heights and depths of human passion that we may fairly infer its extremes are beyong his grasp. We have formerly noted his indifference to the supersensual sphere which is filled with airy conceptions by our dreams and our terrors, but we observe that, even on the solid earth, he shrinks from all excesses—all departures from the mean and customary social tendencies of mortality. Colonel Newcome on the one hand, and Becky Sharpe on the other, are the two limits of his scale, and it is remarkable how very seldom he ventures to touch even these. He has no ideal on which he might lavish his illusions if he had any, and no revelations of "the vision splendid" to facinate the glowing aspirations of our youth. He is either unable or unwilling to approach the more expansive motions of our nature, and if by chance he finds himself in their vicinity he rides away on his convenient Pegasus, the best broken and also the most sure-footed quadruped that a middle-aged gentleman could desiderate in Rotten Row. Account as we may for his literary abstinence, there remains the achievement which will carry his name to another age, that he has justly estimated the commoner types of his own, and by no mean exertion of invention and wit has invested its ordinary attributes with pretensions to immortality. Next to the genius which fashions worlds out of vacuum, and which in virtue of its Divine likeness peoples them with its creations, its Lears and Hamlets, its Ariels and its Calabans, we know of no harder requirement than this—to point one's own age, and to amuse it vastly while painting it so truly as to provide instruction for posterity.

If, therefore, the subscribers to the circulating libraries desire to appreciate the fashions of their time, and to estimate at their ease its crop of current follies, let them take up at once with W. M. Thackeray. With his assistance, they may enter the world and see more even in their own households than was previously dreamt of in their gentle philosophy. Their meannesses and petty vanities are his perpetual mark, and he would save them from the self-deceptions which they are hourly practising. He will show them the inconsistency of their social and political standards, and the snobbishness which too often pervades the family of Smith, and reduces Brown, Jones and Robinson degrees below their true level. He will place their follies and foibles before them in a concrete form, which is the only true way of arresting their attention, and where the ancient fabulist put saws and maxims into the mouths of the brute creation, where the popular preacher and sententious essayist utter their harmless injunctions against abstract failings to a set of abstract and insensible hearers, the "Fat Contributor" will look them in the face and take their very portraits *flagrante delicto*. Let the doubting decipe take a stroll along Pall-mall, let him enter the Sarcophagus or Polyanthus Club, or, cardcase in hand, let him pay his round of visits, not omitting by the way to remark Jeames De la Pluche who opens the door to him, let him go to the seaside, or the country—go to Ponto at the Evergreens, or to Pontydwdlm, the country seat of Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, where Fluke's baronetage lies open on the table, with its fanciful genealogy and aspiring motto, "*Uua Roi ung Moggyns*," accrediting the ancestral pretensions of the Muggins connection—let him return again to town to see Lady Fuglemen receiving on behalf Mr. Hornby Mandox, to meet Pump and the Lady Blanche Pump, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir George Granby Tufto, and the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Tapioca, to see Rag and Ruffles and Rook and Pigeon, and all the bricks and all the straws which build up the Babylon of society, and then let him ask himself on his return how much more or he is not indebted to Mr. Thackeray for an increased consciousness of what is taking place around him, whether he has not had considerable amusement and enjoyment in obtaining this knowledge, and, lastly, whether the exposure of the trumpery tricks and vanities resorted to incessantly by himself and others has not induced him to take a higher measure of his dignity as a man. At all events, our all surdities have been skilfully portrayed, and the mirror has been fairly held up to the affectations which continue even in our day to take the place of nature, and if the gentle reader has obtained neither fun nor profit he may rest assured that it is his fault, and not Mr. Thackeray's.

The world which is thus submitted to a photographic process not over favorable is, as we have intimated, not so narrow as it seems, and thus far there is every reason to assign a comprehensive function to Mr. Thackeray as an artist. He has himself contended that the materials it affords for satiric observations are absolutely limitless.

"'What is the use of Lord Rosse's telescope?' my friend Panwicki exclaimed the other day.—'It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles further. What were thought to be mere nebulæ turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these you see other nebulæ, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity.' With which my friend Pan, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of claret.

"I (who, like other great men, have but one idea) thought to myself that as the stars are, so are the Snobs;—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated, now faintly distinguishable, now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose, though elegant, assertion."

In these miscellanies, we shall find that at least several series of these social nebulæ are resolved into their true elements. "The Book of Snobs," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," the "Little Dinner at Timmins's," the "Memoirs of Mr. Yellowplush," and the "Diary of Jeames" accomplish sufficient in this way to make an ample reputation. The "Letters of Mr. Brown to his Nephew," on the other hand, contain the social arrangements which Mr. Thackeray would substitute for those to which he so strongly objects, and are, in fact, the positive pole of his mundane philosophy. Here good practical sense assumes the guise of benevolence, or it may be that, in reality, the cynical mask is dropped which was but a badge of the satirist's profession. At all events, we see a large qualification in these Letters to the cynical aspect of Mr. Thackeray's humor, and we decline on this occasion to give judgment against him on this point. We think we can almost perceive a change in his humor corresponding with different phases of his career, and that as he advances he becomes more humane and tolerant. One consideration on which we linger for a moment, not having quite made up our minds as to its bearing, is his thorough appreciation of the manners and customs of children. His genial interest in the proceedings of the infantine world, such as that evinced for example in "The Curate's Walk," and his hearty tolerance of the atrocities of small boys *in statu pupillari* are worthy of serious mention by Mr. Thackeray's witnesses to character. Who does not remember that charming little beggar girl in the "Rose and the Ring," drawn dancing in jubilation at the Princess's present, and singing in irresistable glee the most appropriate song that ever was put into the mouth of a little child:

"Oh, what fun,
Nice plum bun!
How I wis
It never was done."

This child may almost vie with the tear which blotted out Uncle Toby's imprecation, in effacing the recollection of some seemingly ill-natured passages from the memory of Mr. Thackeray's sterner critics. A troop of such children, sketched lovingly and approvingly, seemed to testify to the latent gentleness of the Fogey nature which he himself, insisting on the pleasures of Fogeydom, has described in a spirit worthy of Addison and the Spectator.

If, then, we here abstain from repeating that Mr. Thackeray is a harsh commentator on human nature, we are sure that he has endeavored to paint it correctly as, in his various moods, it appeared to him. With this object his invention has been called into play, and he has designed an infinite number of characters of which the remarkable attribute is this, that they are simultaneously types and persons. Here is the marvel on which we formerly remarked, and which none of his rivals have come near to imitate. So much individuality infused into the representatives of *class* follies, virtues, or vices is a proof of ingenuity almost without a parallel. We should call it by the higher title of creative power, if that phrase were not ordinarily and properly reserved for those works of which Mr. Thackeray has given us but half examples. We should remember that he paints the realities of his day more closely and literally than any other novelist, and that, as these realities are matters of observation, for one half his work invention is superfluous. He has no need to delve into the depth of his nature, or to range abroad in the dim and infinite. Half his work is done to his hand; his subject is before his eyes, and he daguerreotypes and then colors and transforms it to his fancy. As even among daguerreotypers there is but one Fenton to take the sun's affidavit with discrimination, and but one Lock to color it when so taken, so here the artist's work is even more unique and personal. He poses his subjects with taste and discernment in the most characteristic aspects or attitudes he can devise, and then, by an artful and delicate manipulation, he makes a perfect picture out of the object presented to him. Still the object was there, the materials were under his nose, they had the form and pressure with which his representations accorded, and he had only the art to render things he could *see*, and by heightening their effect to bring out their significance.

This is, no doubt, tantamount to denying that Mr. Thackeray has manifested invention of the purest description, and thus much we have already asserted indirectly. But, assisted by a considerable basis of facts, Mr. Thackeray's invention is both ready and abundant. His imaginative roamings date from May Fair, and his Pegasus goes nimbly in double or single harness. We are not forgetting the extraordinary series of burlesques contained in these volumes, and to which, by the way, we doubt if English prose can furnish an equivalent. In this series of productions—"Novels by Eminent Hands," "A Legend of the Rhine," "Rebecca and Rowena," and "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan"—there is a strange fertility and splendor of exaggeration which vie with the imaginative productions they burlesque. At the same time, alone they are not to be regarded as proofs of imaginative powers, for they are imitative and ironical! they are simply reared upon another's foundation, and follow its faults and develope its frailties till the edifice topples over by the weight of its absurdity. This may be, doubtless, excellent fun, but alone it is no evidence of a creative mind. On the contrary, it shows a predominance of the critical faculty which has the art of detecting the weak points of an existing model, and of denoting its weakness by fitting exemplification. A cool and discriminative judgment is at the bottom of this, a judgment which may, as some rare examples have shown, co-exist with a plentitude of other capacities, but which ordinarily keeps a tight curb upon the imagination. The possessor of this faculty will be more solicitous to retain others in a standard of truth, than to soar himself in defiance of its canons. He will note the violations of truth in others; he will be freely moved by their shams and pretences, and he may cap their follies by vagaries more eccentric; but, we repeat, these vagaries are but shadows, distorted semblances, and unsubstantial of less account as proofs of an exuberant fancy than as imitative pleas for a return to simple nature.

Accept them in this light, and yet what a talent, what a profuse ingenuity and humor they display. We cannot forego the pleasure of quoting two or three which illustrate, as we conceive, the critical spirit in which they originate. We have had, for example, in a series of well-known novels some overlaid pictures of chivalric accoutrements, and the following is the style of Mr. Thackeray's protest:—

"The warrior who bestrode the noble beast was in sooth worthy of the steed which bore him.—Both were caparisoned in the fullest trappings of feudal war. The arblast, the sword, the miculverin, and the cuissart of the period, glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed; while the rider, with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arriereban, morion and tumbrill, battle-axe and rifflard, and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel."

Alexandre Dumas is not the only performer who can regale us with unhearddof acts of self-devotion:—

"Why should I not, if I were minded to revel in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves during the siege; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a-boiling, had onions, carrots, and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make savoury soup, as the French like it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off a kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bedgown?"

We are familiar with some descriptions of military manœuvres and dashing exploits by Irish men and horses, but what are these to the experience of Phil Fogarty, of the Fighting Onety-oneth at the great French review in the presence of Napoleon?

"It was arranged that the Cambaceres division of six battalions and twenty-nine squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by different *epaulemens* on the light infantry, that form as usual the centre of the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazagran, Suwaroff, Prince Charles, and General Castanos were defeated with such victorious slaughter; but it is a movement which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, which, if it fails, plunges an army into confusion.

"'Where is the Duke of Illyria?' Napoleon asked. 'At the head of his division, no doubt,' said Murat; at which Eugene giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. Napoleon looked sternly at me; but at this moment, the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and His Majesty's attention was taken off from my impudence.

"Milhaud's Dragoons, their bands playing 'Vive Henri Quatre,' their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carbineers of Foy, and the Grenadiers of the Guard, under Drouot and Erlon, executed a caramboade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops; but the Chasseurs of the young guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian Uhlans, (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body,) and then, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery and the left centre of the line, and in one instant 30,000 men were in inextricable confusion.

"'Clubbed, by Jabers!' roared out Lanty Clancy. 'I wish we could show 'em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain, darling.

"'Silence, fellow!' I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of Napoleon. He tore off General Milhaud's epaulettes, which he flung into Foy's face. He glared about him wildly, like a demon, and shouted hoarsely for the Duke of Illyria. 'He is wounded, Sire,' said General Foy, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; 'he was wounded an hour since in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, Monsieur de Fogarty.'

"'Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded? Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of Grenadiers—'

"'Sire!' interposed Eugene.

"'Let him be shot!' shrieked the Emperor, shaking his spy glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

"This was too much. 'Here goes!' said I, and rode slap at him.

"There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should think at least 40,000 guns were levelled at me in an instant.—But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of Phil Fogarty from this discharge.

"Knowing my horse, I put him at the Emperor's head, and Bugaboo went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the Emperor, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

"'Bravo!' said Murat, bursting into enthusiasm at the leap.

"'Cut him down!' said Sieyes, once an Abbe, but now a gigantic Cuirassier; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. Bugaboo cleared Sieyes, and fetched the monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle, and away I went, with an army of 173,800 men at my heels." * * * * *

If any one wishes to know how Ivanhoe fared after his ill-advised marriage with Rowena, Mr. Thackeray furnishes him with accurate particulars, and if any one is incredulous as to Locksley's exploits with the long bow, let him turn to the feat of Otto in "The Legend of the Rhine." If the client of the circulating libraries is apprehensive that the plea of certain criminal heroes are shallow and sophistical, let him hear their vindication from the lips of George de Barnwell. "And wherefore, Sir, should I have sorrow for ridding the world of a sordid worm—of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Beautiful and the Beautiful?"—These and a number of other examples occur, in which Mr. Thackeray seems to show his invention, but in which we can only recognize his irony mocking at our departures from artistic truth and propriety.

In his more elaborate "Memoirs of Barry Lyndon," we have, on the other hand, some proofs of his creative powers which we do not usually find in these volumes. Barry Lyndon is not a personage of this age; he is not under the influence of modern or customary ideas; and, though Ferdinand Count Fathom may have helped to form his character, he is nevertheless of an original type. It was judiciously conceived to mark the progress of a scamp through his various stages of corruption from boyhood to old age and to make the scamp his own consistent biographer and apologist. This is nature in an aspect with which we were not familiar, or a scamp much more white than he is ordinarily painted. On Mr. Thackeray's showing, his hero is set up as a foil to those impossible monsters of perfection whom other writers delight in describing, and his fate is a set off to the luck of Prince Prettyman, who is endowed with every mental and bodily excellence, to acquire at the close of his adventures every worldly prosperity. Barry Lyndon, like the Prince, is an adventurer and courageous, but he becomes by degrees a gamester and blackleg, a bully, a duellist, a systematic fortune-hunter, a selfish and shameless rascal, who abuses everybody, and ultimately comes to be used up in his turn. His own account of his conduct is perfectly natural, and almost bespeaks our commiseration for his final ruin. It is here that Mr. Thackeray has shown his power in conceiving such a character out of materials which he could have found only in his reading and reflections. This is almost pure art without the help of photography, or art only assisted by study and learning.

We must not quit the *Miscellanies* without mentioning the songs and ballads, which would have made the reputation of any other poet by profession. Who can be insensible to the merits of "The Age of Wisdom," of "The Chronicle of Drum," of "Bouillabaisse," and "The Mahogany Tree," of "Peg of Limavaddy," distinguished by the only bit of landscape painting which, as far as we remember, Thackeray has attempted successfully; and lastly, of "The Battle of Limerick," the most Homerick performance since Homer, when

"They smashed the lovely windies
"(Hung with muslin from the Indies)
"Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore."

That Thacheray had the trick of Irish song-writing we knew of old from the verse in *Barry Lyndon*:

"On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
"It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At castle Brady there lives a lady,
"(And how I love her no one knows);
"Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
"Presints her with this blooming rose."

Such flowers as these are not the produce of a paltry culture, or the growth of an arid and ungenerous soil.

In parting from these *Miscellanies* we are conscious that our comments have been of a nature almost as miscellaneous. But they have inadequately conveyed our meaning if they leave the impression that we think otherwise of Mr. Thackeray than as a great original writer. His prominent characteristic we conceive to be truthfulness—truth to ordinary nature, or an art as like nature as the obligations of art will permit. The nature he paints is no doubt limited, but there is scarcely a limit to his faithful reproductions.—He combines with a varied power of conception a larger share of the critical faculty than we remark in any living novelist, and this faculty of judgment saves him from extravagance and utilizes his powers without overflow or waste. So cool, and just, and temperate a guide is a rare coadjutor to inventive faculties. It makes them comformable to the average tastes—to the common standard of the world and of society, and it stamps their coinage with a sterling value which should rightly give it universal currency.

A REMARKABLE LEAP.—In December last one of the troop horses belonging to the constabulary force of Dublin, whilst getting a lesson in the school at the constabulary depot, Phœnix Park, suddenly started away from the man and galloped at a gate which leads from the school into the barrack-yard and jumped it with perfect safety and without a touch. A gentleman measured the gate with a standard, and found it seven feet four inches in height. This, we think, is the highest clear jump on record. The horse is seven years old, and had been sent up from one of the stations in the county of Roscommon to be reproken, being vicious.

THE INTENDING BRIDEGROOM.—An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage ceremony; but by mistake he committed to memory the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered, very solemnly:—"I renounce them all!"—The astonished minister said, "I think you a fool!"—To which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. He commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed, "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries and lick me besides!" The appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against.

Here is a very good domestic toast: "May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

Selected Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

THE SICK MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

HER babe was sickly, yet so calm, so sad!
Its life tuned by her own. The violet veins
Scarce told there was a pulse. Its bloodless lip
Seemed scarce the prey of a disease, but wasted—
Death stealing o'er its frame like a thin mist
Over a lake at twilight, or a dying
Of distant music on the silent sea.

The mother watched her treasure as it pined
And wasted on her bosom, answering all
Its low and plaintive murmurings; and, at night,
When all around were sleeping, and the air,
In its unechoing trance, breathed not a breath,
She sat with heavy eyelids by her child—
Heart-hushed, as if her very pulse might wake it
To find its grief again. Night after night
She thus did keep her vigils; and when day
Rose on her wearier senses, and she fain
Would lay her down to rest, the weak complaining
Of her awakened babe o'ercame her weariness;
And she refused to listen to the voice
Of those who saw life's sunset in the flush
That deepened on her cheek. Once—only once—
While her sick babe was sleeping, did she walk
Abroad in the cool air; and then they saw her
By the lone grave of him, who, from his life,
Had left but memory and that babe, to her.

That it would die, she knew. But she had thought
To watch for the last flicker of life's lamp,
And do that office which affection craves,
Yet shudders to perform, of closing up
The cold and stiffening lids. And she had hoped
To first know when its pulse was still—when first
Its heart stopped in its bosom—that her hands
Might softly lay its little limbs away,
And here be the last kiss upon its cheek,
Before the darkness covered it forever.
Oh eager heart, whose swift outrunning pulse
Falls back upon thee, to the failing strength!
She wearied with this vigil never done.
Her conscious brain grew faint; and fever followed
With its consuming thirst; and wild delirium
Tangl'd her mourning thoughts; and she would clasp
Her pillow in her phrenzy and cry "Hush!
Sleep on, my babe!—would that thy mother's heart
Could bear thy pangs for thee!—sleep on! sleep on!"
And when, at times, she wept, and the cold tears
Came fresh from those hot eyelids, reason's calm
Would for a moment come; and then she knew
Her babe was by her side no more—
For it was best its little life should be
Untainted by the fever of her own.
And so, they came from a dividing wall,
Even at this last hour!

'Twas on the stroke
Of midnight. And the heavy air lay slumb'ring,
As if in a deep trance. And the green leaves
Forgot their undulations, and, pressed down
By the dull weight of a sultry sky, drooped where
With a resistless sleep. The watch-dog's bark
Was heard not in the distance, all except
At hourly intervals, when with a shock
Over the passing hour, the startled bowl
Told of his trembling wonder at the sound,
And all was still again. The weary nurse
Had kept her drowsy watch, and the sick mother
Broken sang, with hand upon her brow,
A low and soothing lullaby; and where
Her voice grew fitful, and her tongue refused
To lisp its music more, she turned and said—
"'Tis well, my babe—sleep on!" Then her voice
Grows weak in answering thee, and thus her heart,
Which lived not but to beat its time with thine,
Knows it is well-nigh over." A brief pause—
And she half spoke the long unuttered name
Of him who to the grave had gone before.
But, as the accent broke, she turned her head
Aside upon her pillow, and a flood
Of the sweet rain that gathers in dark clouds,
Poured, in the unnoticed silence of her prayer
Between her and his Heaven might lift away.
Freely and long she wept, and all who sorrow
Can tell the soothing influence of such tears:
They had not dried before her moistened lashes
Fell blessedly to curtain out the world,
And angels watched with her.

She awoke serene,
And peace was in her countenance once more.
And through the wasted paleness of her features
The face looked as if shone on from within.
And scarcely life like was that lustrous eye—
The dawn of an eternity beyond
With life's faint twilight, this side the grave!
She asked to see her babe. It had been sleeping
Hushed on a mother's breast. Enough, as still,
They knew not but its spirit was in Heaven.
And to her lips they held it; and she kissed
Its fair pure brow of marble, and then asked
That they would lay it on her breast, and wind
Her nerveless arm around it, that her heart
Might reach it with her last pulse, close at hand.

She died. And they who stood around approached
To take the infant from her cold embrace,
Fearful that it might die, or it from its sleep.
But it could wake no more!

They moved it not,
Only to place it closer to her bosom,
And wrap them in one vestment for the grave.

Selected Miscellany.

A Profitable Walk.

Baron Rothschild sat in his office, counting his gains, and calculating the risk of sundry loans which had been offered him, when a spruce, handsome young man entered, and requested the loan of two thousand pounds.

"What is the security?" asked the baron, without looking up.

"My note," was the reply.

The great money-lender turned and surveyed his supplicant, scrutinizing him from head to foot. There must have been something honest in the young man's face, for the baron seemed evidently pleased with the result of his scrutiny.

"Would two thousand be sufficient, young gentleman?" said he. "I can let you have ten as well as two!"

"Two will answer my purpose now," said the would-be borrower.

"Though I do not say I will lend it," said the baron—"but I can put you in the way of getting it, and even ten times that amount, if you know how to take advantage of your opportunities."

The young man trembled at the unusual complaisance of a man who, in money matters, had the reputation of being very severe. He feared that he was about to propose some doubtful operation, and stammered "honorable proposition?"

"I would make no other," said the baron with dignity. "Come, we'll take a walk up the street."

Instead of offering his arm to his new acquaintance, he took his, and they promenaded Lombard-street. The baron learning the name and business of his companion, and the object for which he wished the money. Hundreds of people met them, and bowing to the great money king, turned to look at and wonder who could be his companion. Some of the richer and more influential denizens of that moneyed street stopped to chat with him and to them; the baron introducing them to his young friend with the remark, "that any favor they could do him would be considered a personal favor to himself."—Many of these were men whose wealth and influence were so great that their very name commanded the involuntary respect of our young friend. He saw his advantage at once.

Arriving at the end of the street, the baron affectionately took leave of him, saying "that if he did not obtain the money elsewhere, he might come in the afternoon;" and with a knowing wink he got into his carriage and drove off. Our young friend turned to walk back on Lombard-street. He met one of those—a very Croesus—to whom he had been introduced by the baron; this person, desirous of cultivating an acquaintance which had such an auspicious introduction, held him in conversation, in the course of which our friend plumply asked for the loan of five thousand pounds. The rich man could not refuse—the applicant had been introduced by Rothschild; he had been as good as endorsed by him—and then the sum would be doing a favor to the great man. The notes were counted out, and the young man's note taken in exchange.—The lender looked at the signer. And he had never heard of the name on 'change; but never mind—Rothschild would never have walked arm and arm with him as he did, if he had not been perfectly good. So, with many assurances of distinguished regard, the two parted. A few steps further the young adventurer met another of his new acquaintances, and while halting with him he carelessly displayed the bank-notes he had just received; and, observing that he had a large amount to make up for a certain great opportunity, and not wishing, for private reasons, to apply to his good friend, the baron, he would feel obliged if he could lend him ten thousand pounds. The latter, actuated by such motives as the other money-lender, counted out the desired amount, and took the note with the unknown name in exchange. And so the young man went on borrowing from each of his new friends, until he had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds. All this he deposited with Rothschild, reserving only the two thousand which he originally desired. The next day there was a great flutter among the rich men on 'change, and many were the conjectures they made, as they "compared notes" about the baron's friend.

Time flew on—no one had seen the unknown money-borrower—and some of the lenders began to think they had been victimized. The baron was mute to all their inquiries; and they knew not what to think—when, just before the time of payment arrived, each one received a note from the strange acquaintance, to the effect that if they would present their notes at the banking-house of Rothschild, they would be paid. One who had a note of twenty-five thousand pounds went there out of curiosity, as he said—when lo! it was cashed. The news spread like wild-fire.—All came with notes, and all as soon as presented, were paid; and upon this affair Mr. C—— established a credit, which enabled him soon afterwards to establish the great house of C—— & Co., whose credit at the present day in England is almost equal to that of the great Rothschild himself, to whose affability its founder owes his fortune and success.

To Unmarried Ladies.

The following items of advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness, are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager:

If you have blue eyes, languish.
If black eyes, affect spirit.
If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.
If you are the least doubtful as to that point, wear them long.
If you have good teeth, don't forget to laugh, now and then.
If you have bad ones, you must only simper.
While you are young, sit with your face to the light.
When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.
If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone.
If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a high tone.
If you dance well, dance seldom.
If you dance ill, never dance at all.
If you sing well, make no puerile excuses.
If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment, when you are asked, for a few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.
If in conversation, you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction.
It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.
When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.
When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.
If you are envious of another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses.
If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality and every one else with ease and freedom.
If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog, or your cat, or your servant, than on your friend.
If you would preserve beauty, rise early.
If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.
If you would obtain power, be condescending.
If you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

Poetry of an Ex-President.

In the two volumes of Webster's Letters, recently published, appear some samples of his poetical talent, which are nearly as good as the verses handed down to us as Cicero's. Edmund Burke, when a youth, wrote lines quite equal to those produced by Thompson or Goldsmith at the same age. John Quincy Adams wrote poetry occasionally to a very late period of his life. He is not the only one of our Presidents who have entertained their leisure with sorting syllables and matching rhymes. John Tyler is said to be as much at home in poetry as in politics, and in order that our readers may have an opportunity of knowing this, we publish the following lines addressed to a Long Island lady, at a season when only the very earliest and hardiest flowers make their appearance with sorting syllables in Virginia—at least in the lower and more southern parts of it—the rose-trees are in bloom:

Come! fly to the South from your island of snow,
The North is too cold for a soul such as thine;
No roses bloom there to adorn thy fair brow,
Though born in those deep auburn tresses to shine.

Then fly to the South where Japonicas bloom,
And enamel the groves with their beautiful flowers;
Oh! come and inhale their delicious perfume,
Arising from Nature's own mystical bowers.

Oh, come to the South, where the mock-bird all night
Pours fourth from the tree-top its rapturous strain,
Which rises and falls in the moon's mellow light,
Like the song of the mermaid far over the main.

Why stay in the North, where the winter's cold frown
Still lingers in ice on the lap of sweet May?
Oh, haste to the South, where sweet flowers have blown,
And the rill, long unfetted, glides laughing away.

Sherwood Forest, May 1847. JOHN TYLER.

HAPPINESS IN THE SICK-ROOM.—Objection has been made to the statement that such a one enjoys bad health. The fault lies, not in the phrase, but in its application. There is a class of men who live in the constant enjoyment of bad health; they are not, however, the patients—but the doctors.

A great curse of American society is the folly, or, in many instances, rather the crime, of appearance-making. How many a ruined family might be well-doing and happily circumstanced but for this folly! how many a crime would never have been committed if it had not been for this social curse!

ABU-HORAIAH was making a daily visit to the Prophet Mustafa-Mohammed, who said to him, "Oh, Abu-Horaiah, let me alone every other day, that so affection may increase! that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving."

QUITE NATURAL.—Naturalists, when they write, are in the habit of recording such wonderful things, that one would imagine they labored under the idea that, instead of a natural history, they were writing a history for naturals!

The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband; and that is gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

Bulwer Lytton, in his Glasgow speech, recently, commending labor to the young students, said that the genius that would realize the palace of Aladdin must still be the genius of the lamp.

GEOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE.—How can Holland be correctly termed a portion of the Low Countries, when every woman in the territory is a duchess in her own right?

EFFECT