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Содержание

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HOMER, DANTE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO

There is something inexpressibly striking, it may almost be said awful, in the fame of Homer. Three thousand years have elapsed since the bard of Chios began to pour forth his strains; and their reputation, so far from declining, is on the increase. Successive nations are employed in celebrating his works; generation after generation of men are fascinated by his imagination. Discrepancies of race, of character, of institutions, of religion, of age, of the world, are forgotten in the common worship of his genius. In this universal tribute of gratitude, modern Europe vies with remote antiquity, the light Frenchman with the volatile Greek, the impassioned Italian with the enthusiastic German, the sturdy Englishman with the unconquerable Roman, the aspiring Russian with the proud American. Seven cities, in ancient times, competed for the

honour of having given him birth, but seventy nations have since been moulded by his productions. He gave a mythology to the ancients; he has given the fine arts to the modern world. Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Juno, are still household words in every tongue; Vulcan is yet the god of fire, Neptune of the ocean, Venus of love. When Michael Angelo and Canova strove to embody their conceptions of heroism or beauty, they portrayed the heroes of the *Iliad*. Flaxman's genius was elevated to the highest point in embodying its events. Epic poets, in subsequent times, have done little more than imitate his machinery, copy his characters, adopt his similes, and, in a few instances, improve upon his descriptions. Painting and statuary, for two thousand years, have been employed in striving to portray, by the pencil or the chisel, his yet breathing conceptions. Language and thought itself have been moulded by the influence of his poetry. Images of wrath are still taken from Achilles, of pride from Agamemnon, of astuteness from Ulysses, of patriotism from Hector, of tenderness from Andromache, of age from Nestor. The galleys of Rome were, the line-of-battle ships of France and England still are, called after his heroes. The Agamemnon long bore the flag of Nelson; the Ajax perished by the flames within sight of the tomb of the Telamonian hero, on the shores of the Hellespont; the Achilles was blown up at the battle of Trafalgar. Alexander the Great ran round the tomb of Achilles before undertaking the conquest of Asia. It was the boast of Napoleon that his mother reclined on tapestry representing the

heroes of the *Iliad*, when he was brought into the world. The greatest poets of ancient and modern times have spent their lives in the study of his genius or the imitation of his works. Withdraw from subsequent poetry the images, mythology, and characters of the *Iliad*, and what would remain? Petrarch spent his best years in restoring his verses. Tasso portrayed the siege of Jerusalem, and the shock of Europe and Asia, almost exactly as Homer had done the contest of the same forces, on the same shores, two thousand five hundred years before. Milton's old age, when blind and poor, was solaced by hearing the verses recited of the poet, to whose conceptions his own mighty spirit had been so much indebted; and Pope deemed himself fortunate in devoting his life to the translation of the *Iliad*.

No writer in modern times has equalled the wide-spread fame of the Grecian bard; but it may be doubted whether, in the realms of thought, and in sway over the reflecting world, the influence of Dante has not been almost as considerable. Little more than five hundred years, indeed, have elapsed — not a sixth of the thirty centuries which have tested the strength of the Grecian patriarch — since the immortal Florentine poured forth his divine conceptions; but yet there is scarcely a writer of eminence since that time, in works even bordering on imagination, in which traces of his genius are not to be found. The *Inferno* has penetrated the world. If images of horror are sought after, it is to his works that all subsequent ages have turned; if those of love and divine felicity are desired, all turn to the *Paradise* and the

Spirit of Beatrice. When the historians of the French Revolution wished to convey an idea of the utmost agonies they were called on to portray, they contented themselves with saying it equalled all that the imagination of Dante had conceived of the terrible. Sir Joshua Reynolds has exerted his highest genius in depicting the frightful scene described by him, when Ugolino perished of hunger in the tower of Pisa. Alfieri, Metastasio, Corneille, Lope de Vega, and all the great masters of the tragic muse, have sought in his works the germs of their finest conceptions. The first of these tragedians marked two-thirds of the *Inferno* and *Paradiso* as worthy of being committed to memory. Modern novelists have found in his prolific mind the storehouse from which they have drawn their noblest imagery, the chord by which to strike the profoundest feelings of the human heart. Eighty editions of his poems have been published in Europe within the last half century; and the public admiration, so far from being satiated, is augmenting. Every scholar knows how largely Milton was indebted to his poems for many of his most powerful images. Byron inherited, though often at second hand, his mantle, in many of his most moving conceptions. Schiller has embodied them in a noble historic mirror; and the dreams of Goethe reveal the secret influence of the terrible imagination which portrayed the deep remorse and hopeless agonies of Malebolge.

Michael Angelo has exercised an influence on modern art little, if at all, inferior to that produced on the realms of thought by Homer and Dante. The father of Italian painting, the author

of the frescoes on the Sistine Chapel, he was, at the same time, the restorer of ancient sculpture, and the intrepid architect who placed the Pantheon in the air. Raphael confessed, that he owed to the contemplation of his works his most elevated conceptions of their divine art. Sculpture, under his original hand, started from the slumber of a thousand years, in all the freshness of youthful vigour; architecture, in subsequent times, has sought in vain to equal, and can never hope to surpass, his immortal monument in the matchless dome of St Peters. He found painting in its infancy — he left it arrived at absolute perfection. He first demonstrated of what that noble art is capable. In the Last Judgment he revealed its wonderful powers, exhibiting, as it were, at one view, the whole circles of Dante's *Inferno*— portraying with terrible fidelity the agonies of the wicked, when the last trumpet shall tear the veil from their faces, and exhibit in undisguised truth that most fearful of spectacles —*a naked human heart*. Casting aside, perhaps with undue contempt, the adventitious aids derived from finishing, colouring, and execution, he threw the whole force of his genius into the design, the expression of the features, the drawing of the figures. There never was such a delineator of bone and muscle as Michael Angelo. His frescoes stand out in bold relief from the walls of the Vatican, like the sculptures of Phidias from the pediment of the Parthenon. He was the founder of the school of painting both at Rome and Florence — that great school which, disdaining the representation of still life, and all the subordinate

appliances of the art, devoted itself to the representation of the grand and the beautiful; to the expression of passion in all its vehemence — of emotion in all its intensity. His incomparable delineation of bones and muscles was but a means to an end; it was the human heart, the throes of human passion, that his master-hand laid bare. Raphael congratulated himself, and thanked God that he had given him life in the same age with that painter; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his last address to the Academy, "reflected, not without vanity, that his Discourses bore testimony to his admiration of that truly divine man, and desired that the last words he pronounced in that academy, and from that chair, might be the name of Michael Angelo."[1]

The fame of these illustrious men has long been placed beyond the reach of cavil. Criticism cannot reach, envy cannot detract from, emulation cannot equal them. Great present celebrity, indeed, is no guarantee for future and enduring fame; in many cases, it is the reverse, but there is a wide difference between the judgment of the present and that of future ages. The favour of the great, the passions of the multitude, the efforts of reviewers, the interest of booksellers, a clique of authors, a coterie of ladies, accidental events, degrading propensities, often enter largely into the composition of present reputation. But opinion is freed from all these disturbing influences by the lapse of time. The grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favour, alike disappear

[1] Reynolds' Discourses, No. 16, *ad finem*.

before the hand of death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief cause of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, if it is not founded in truth and justice. The *vox populi* is often little more than the *vox diaboli*; but the voice of ages is the voice of God.

It is of more moment to consider in what the greatness of these illustrious men really consists — to what it has probably been owing — and in what particulars they bear an analogy to each other.

They are all three distinguished by one peculiarity, which doubtless entered largely into their transcendent merit — they wrote in the infancy of civilization. Homer, as all the world knows, is the oldest profane author in existence. Dante flourished about the year 1300: he lived at a time when the English barons lived in rooms strewed with rushes, and few of them could sign their names. The long life of Michael Angelo, extending from 1474 to 1564, over ninety years, if not passed in the infancy of civilization, was at least passed in the childhood of the arts: before his time, painting was in its cradle. Cimabue had merely unfolded the first dawn of beauty at Florence; and the stiff figures of Pietro Perugino, which may be traced in the first works

of his pupil Raphael, still attest the backward state of the arts at Rome. This peculiarity, applicable alike to all these three great men, is very remarkable, and beyond all question had a powerful influence, both in forming their peculiar character, and elevating them to the astonishing greatness which they speedily attained.

It gave them — what Johnson has justly termed the first requisite to human greatness — self-confidence. They were the first — at least the first known to themselves and their contemporaries — who adventured on their several arts; and thus they proceeded *fearlessly* in their great career. They had neither critics to fear, nor lords to flatter, nor former excellence to imitate. They portrayed with the pencil, or in verse, what they severally felt, undisturbed by fear, unswayed by example, unsolicitous about fame, unconscious of excellence. They did so for the first time. Thence the freshness and originality, the vigour and truth, the simplicity and raciness by which they are distinguished. Shakspeare owed much of his greatness to the same cause; and thence his similarity, in many respects, to these great masters of his own or the sister arts. When Pope asked Bentley what he thought of his translation of the *Iliad*, the scholar replied, "You have written a pretty book, Mr Pope; but you must not call it Homer." Bentley was right. With all its pomp of language and melody of versification, its richness of imagery and magnificence of diction, Pope's Homer is widely different from the original. He could not avoid it. The "awful simplicity of the Grecian bard, his artless grandeur and unaffected majesty," will

be sought for in vain in the translation; but if they had appeared there, it would have been unreadable in that age. Michael Angelo, in his bold conceptions, energetic will, and rapid execution, bears a close resemblance to the father of poetry. In both, the same faults, as we esteem them, are conspicuous, arising from a too close imitation of nature, and a carelessness in rejecting images or objects which are of an ordinary or homely description. Dante was incomparably more learned than either: he followed Virgil in his descent to the infernal regions; and exhibits an intimate acquaintance with ancient history, as well as that of the modern Italian states, in the account of the characters he meets in that scene of torment. But in his own line he was entirely original. Homer and Virgil had, in episodes of their poems, introduced a picture of the infernal regions; but nothing on the plan of Dante's *Inferno* had before been thought of in the world. With much of the machinery of the ancients, it bears the stamp of the spiritual faith of modern times. It lays bare the heart in a way unknown even to Homer and Euripides. It reveals the inmost man in a way which bespeaks the centuries of self-reflection in the cloister which had preceded it. It is the basis of all the spiritual poetry of modern, as the *Iliad* is of all the external imagery of ancient, times.

In this respect there is a most grievous impediment to genius in later, or, as we term them, more civilized times, from which, in earlier ages, it is wholly exempt. Criticism, public opinion, the dread of ridicule — then too often crush the strongest

minds. The weight of former examples, the influence of early habits, the halo of long-established reputation, force original genius from the untrodden path of invention into the beaten one of imitation. Early talent feels itself overawed by the colossus which all the world adores; it falls down and worships, instead of conceiving. The dread of ridicule extinguishes originality in its birth. Immense is the incubus thus laid upon the efforts of genius. It is the chief cause of the degradation of taste, the artificial style, the want of original conception, by which the literature of old nations is invariably distinguished. The early poet or painter who portrays what he feels or has seen, with no anxiety but to do so powerfully and truly, is relieved of a load which crushes his subsequent compeers to the earth. Mediocrity is ever envious of genius — ordinary capacity of original thought. Such envy in early times is innocuous or does not exist, at least to the extent which is felt as so baneful in subsequent periods. But in a refined and enlightened age, its influence becomes incalculable. Whoever strikes out a new region of thought or composition, whoever opens a fresh vein of imagery or excellence, is persecuted by the critics. He disturbs settled ideas, endangers established reputations, brings forward rivals to dominant fame. That is sufficient to render him the enemy of all the existing rulers in the world of taste. Even Jeffrey seriously lamented, in one of his first reviews of Scott's poems, that he should have identified himself with the unpicturesque and expiring images of feudality, which no effort could render

poetical. Racine's tragedies were received with such a storm of criticism as wellnigh cost the sensitive author his life; and Rousseau was so rudely handled by contemporary writers on his first appearance, that it confirmed him in his morbid hatred of civilization. The vigour of these great men, indeed, overcame the obstacles created by contemporary envy; but how seldom, especially in a refined age, can genius effect such a prodigy? how often is it crushed in the outset of its career, or turned aside into the humble and unobtrusive path of imitation, to shun the danger with which that of originality is beset!

Milton's *Paradise Lost* contains many more lines of poetic beauty than Homer's *Iliad*; and there is nothing in the latter poem of equal length, which will bear any comparison with the exquisite picture of the primeval innocence of our First Parents in his fourth book. Nevertheless, the *Iliad* is a more interesting poem than the *Paradise Lost*; and has produced and will produce a much more extensive impression on mankind. The reason is, that it is much fuller of event, is more varied, is more filled with images familiar to all mankind, and is less lost in metaphysical or philosophical abstractions. Homer, though the father of poets, was essentially dramatic; he was an incomparable painter; and it is his dramatic scenes, the moving panorama of his pictures, which fascinates the world. He often speaks to the heart, and is admirable in the delineation of character; but he is so, not by conveying the inward feeling, but by painting with matchless fidelity its external symptoms, or putting into the mouths of his

characters the precise words they would have used in similar circumstances in real life. Even his immortal parting of Hector and Andromache is no exception to this remark; he paints the scene at the Scæan gate exactly as it would have occurred in nature, and moves us as if we had seen the Trojan hero taking off his helmet to assuage the terrors of his infant son, and heard the lamentations of his mother at parting with her husband. But he does not lay bare the heart, with the terrible force of Dante, by a line or a word. There is nothing in Homer which conveys so piercing an idea of misery as the line in the *Inferno*, where the Florentine bard assigns the reason of the lamentations of the spirits in Malebolge —

"Questi non hanno speranza di morte."

"These have not the *hope of death*." There speaks the spiritual poet; he does not paint to the eye, he does not even convey character by the words he makes then utter; he pierces by a single expression, at once to the heart.

Milton strove to raise earth to heaven: Homer brought down heaven to earth. The latter attempt was a much easier one than the former; it was more consonant to human frailty; and, therefore, it has met with more success. The gods and goddesses in the *Iliad* are men and women, endowed with human passions, affections, and desires, and distinguished only from sublunary beings by superior power and the gift of immortality. We are interested in them as we are in the genii or magicians of an eastern romance. There is a sort of aërial epic poem going on between earth and

heaven. They take sides in the terrestrial combat, and engage in the actual strife with the heroes engaged in it. Mars and Venus were wounded by Diomede when combating in the Trojan ranks; their blood, or rather the

"Ichor which blest immortals shed,"

flowed profusely; they fled howling to the palaces of heaven. Enlightened by a spiritual faith, fraught with sublime ideas of the divine nature and government, Milton was incomparably more just in his descriptions of the Supreme Being, and more elevated in his picture of the angels and arch-angels who carried on the strife in heaven; but he frequently falls into metaphysical abstractions or theological controversies, which detract from the interest of his poem.

Despite Milton's own opinion, the concurring voice of all subsequent ages and countries has assigned to the *Paradise Regained* a much lower place than to the *Paradise Lost*. The reason is, that it is less dramatic — it has less incident and action. Great part of the poem is but an abstract theological debate between our Saviour and Satan. The speeches he makes them utter are admirable, the reasoning is close, the arguments cogent, the sentiments elevated in the speakers, but dialectic too. In many of the speeches of the angel Raphael, and in the council of heaven, in the *Paradise Lost* there is too much of that species of discussion for a poem which is to interest the generality of men. Dryden says, that Satan is Milton's real hero; and every reader of the *Paradise Lost* must have felt, that in the Prince of

Darkness, and Adam and Eve, the interest of the poem consists. The reason is, that the vices of the first, and the weakness of the two last, bring them nearer than any other characters in the poem to the standard of mortality; and we are so constituted, that we cannot take any great interest but in persons who share in our failings.

Perhaps the greatest cause of the sustained interest of the *Iliad* is the continued and vehement *action* which is maintained. The attention is seldom allowed to flag. Either in the council of the gods, the assembly of the Grecian or Trojan chiefs, or the contest of the leaders on the field of battle, an incessant interest is maintained. Great events are always on the wing: the issue of the contest is perpetually hanging, often almost even, in the balance. It is the art with which this is done, and a state of anxious suspense, like the crisis of a great battle kept up, that the great art of the poet consists. It is done by making the whole dramatic — bringing the characters forward constantly to speak for themselves, making the events succeed each other with almost breathless rapidity, and balancing success alternately from one side to the other, without letting it ever incline decisively to either. Tasso has adopted the same plan in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the contests of the Christian knights and Saracen leaders with the lance and the sword, closely resemble those of the Grecian and Trojan chiefs on the plain of Troy. Ariosto has carried it still further. The exploits of his Paladins — their adventures on earth, in air, and water; their

loves, their sufferings, their victories, their dangers — keep the reader in a continual state of suspense. It is this sustained and varied interest which makes so many readers prefer the *Orlando Furioso* to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. But Ariosto has pushed it too far. In the search of variety, he has lost sight of unity. His heroes are not congregated round the banners of two rival potentates; there is no one object or interest in his poem. No narrow plain, like that watered by the Scamander, is the theatre of their exploits. Jupiter, from the summit of Gargarus, could not have beheld the contending armies. The most ardent imagination, indeed, is satiated with his adventures, but the closest attention can hardly follow their thread. Story after story is told, the exploits of knight after knight are recounted, till the mind is fatigued, the memory perplexed, and all general interest in the poem lost.

Milton has admirably preserved the unity of his poem; the grand and all-important object of the fall of man could hardly admit of subordinate or rival interests. But the great defect in the *Paradise Lost*, arising from that very unity, is want of variety. It is strung throughout on too lofty a key; it does not come down sufficiently to the wants and cravings of mortality. The mind is awe-struck by the description of Satan careering through the immensity of space, of the battle of the angels, of the fall of Lucifer, of the suffering, and yet unsubdued spirit of his fellow rebels, of the adamantine gates, and pitchy darkness, and burning lake of hell. But after the first feeling of surprise and admiration

is over, it is felt by all, that these lofty contemplations are not interesting to mortals like ourselves. They are too much above real life — too much out of the sphere of ordinary event and interest.

The fourth book is the real scene of interest in the *Paradise Lost*; it is its ravishing scenes of primeval innocence and bliss which have given it immortality. We are never tired of recurring to the bower of Eve, to her devotion to Adam, to the exquisite scenes of Paradise, its woods, its waters, its flowers, its enchantments. We are so, because we feel that it paints the Elysium to which all aspire, which all have for a brief period felt, but which none in this world can durably enjoy.

No one can doubt that Homer was endowed with the true poetic spirit, and yet there is very little of what we now call poetry in his writings. There is neither sentiment nor declamation — painting nor reflection. He is neither descriptive nor didactic. With great powers for portraying nature, as the exquisite choice of his epithets, and the occasional force of his similes prove, he never makes any laboured attempt to delineate her features. He had the eye of a great painter; but his pictorial talents are employed, almost unconsciously, in the fervour of narrating events, or the animation of giving utterance to thoughts. He painted by an epithet or a line. Even the celebrated description of the fires in the plain of Troy, likened to the moon in a serene night, is contained in seven lines. His rosy-fingered morn — cloud-compelling Jupiter — Neptune, stiller of the waves —

Aurora rising from her crocus bed — Night drawing her veil over the heavens — the black keel careering through the lashing waves — the shout of the far-sounding sea — and the like, from which subsequent poets and dramatists have borrowed so largely, are all brief allusions, or epithets, which evidently did not form the main object of his strains. He was a close observer of nature — its lights, its shades, its storms and calms, its animals, their migrations, their cries and habits; but he never suspends his narrative to describe them. We shall look in vain in the *Iliad*, and even the *Odyssey*, for the lengthened pictures of scenery which are so frequent in Virgil and Tasso, and appear in such rich profusion in Milton. He describes storms only as objects of terror, not to paint them to the eye. Such things are to be found in the book of Job and in the Psalms, but with the same brevity and magical force of emphatic expression. There never was a greater painter of nature than Homer; there never was a man who aimed less at being so.

The portraying of character and event was the great and evident object of the Grecian bard; and there his powers may almost be pronounced unrivalled. He never tells you, unless it is sometimes to be inferred on an epithet, what the man's character that he introduces is. He trusts to the character to delineate itself. He lets us get acquainted with his heroes, as we do with persons around us, by hearing them speak, and seeing them act. In preserving character, in this dramatic way of representing it, he is unrivalled. He does not tell you that Nestor had the

garrulity of age, and loved to recur to the events of his youth; but he never makes him open his mouth without descanting on the adventures of his early years, and the degenerate race of mortals who have succeeded the paladins of former days. He does not tell us that Achilles was wrathful and impetuous; but every time he speaks, the anger of the son of Peleus comes boiling over his lips. He does not describe Agamemnon as overbearing and haughty; but the pride of the king of men is continually appearing in his words and actions, and it is the evident moral of the *Iliad* to represent its pernicious effects on the affairs of the Helenic confederacy. Ulysses never utters a word in which the cautious and prudent counsellor, sagacious in design but prompt in execution, wary in the council but decided in the field, far-seeing but yet persevering, is not apparent. Diomede never falters; alike in the field and the council he is indomitable. When Hector was careering in his chariot round their fortifications, and the king of men counselled retreat, he declared he would remain, were it only with Sthenelus and his friends. So completely marked, so well defined are his characters, though they were all rapacious chiefs at first sight, little differing from each other, that it has been observed with truth, that one well acquainted with the *Iliad* could tell, upon hearing one of the speeches read out without a name, who was the chief who uttered it.

The two authors, since his time, who have most nearly approached him in this respect, are Shakespeare and Scott. Both seem to have received the pencil which paints the human heart

from nature herself. Both had a keen and searching eye for character in all grades and walks of life; and what is a general accompaniment of such a disposition, a strong sense of the ridiculous. Both seized the salient points in mental disposition, and perceived at a glance, as it were, the ruling propensity. Both impressed this character so strongly on their minds, that they threw themselves, as it were, into the very souls of the persons whom they delineated, and made them speak and act like nature herself. It is this extraordinary faculty of identifying themselves with their characters, and bringing out of their mouth the very words which, in real life, would have come, which constitutes the chief and permanent attraction of these wonderful masters of the human heart. Cervantes had it in an equal degree; and thence it is that Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Scott, have made so great, and, to all appearance, durable impression on mankind. The human heart is, at bottom, every where the same. There is infinite diversity in the dress he wears, but the naked human figure of one country scarcely differs from another. The writers who have succeeded in reaching this deep substratum, this far-hidden but common source of human action, are understood and admired over all the world. It is the same on the banks of the Simoïs as on those of the Avon — on the Sierra Morena as the Scottish hills. They are understood alike in Europe as Asia — in antiquity as modern times; one unanimous burst of admiration salutes them from the North Cape to Cape Horn — from the age of Pisistratus to that of Napoleon.

Strange as it may appear to superficial observers, Cervantes bears a close analogy, in many particulars, to Homer. Circumstances, and an inherent turn for humour, made him throw his genius into an exquisite ridicule of the manners of chivalry; but the author of *Don Quixote* had in him the spirit of a great epic poet. His lesser pieces prove it; unequivocal traces of it are to be found in the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha himself. The elevation of mind which, amidst all his aberrations, appears in that erratic character; the incomparable traits of nature with which the work abounds; the faculty of describing events in the most striking way; of painting scenes in a few words; of delineating characters with graphic fidelity, and keeping them up with perfect consistency, which are so conspicuous in *Don Quixote*, are so many of the most essential qualities of an epic poet. Nor was the ardour of imagination, the romantic disposition, the brilliancy of fancy, the lofty aspirations, the tender heart, which form the more elevated and not less essential part of such a character, wanting in the Spanish novelist.

Sir Walter Scott more nearly resembles Homer than any poet who has sung since the siege of Troy. Not that he has produced any poem which will for a moment bear a comparison with the *Iliad*— fine as the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* are, it would be the height of national partiality to make any such comparison. But, nevertheless, Sir Walter's mind is of the same dimensions as that of Homer. We see in him the same combination of natural sagacity with acquired information; of

pictorial eye with dramatic effect; of observation of character with reflection and feeling; of graphic power with poetic fervour; of ardour of imagination with rectitude of principle; of warlike enthusiasm with pacific tenderness, which have rendered the Grecian bard immortal. It is in his novels, however, more than his poetry, that this resemblance appears; the author of *Waverley* more nearly approaches the blind bard than the author of the *Lay*. His romances in verse contain some passages which are sublime, many which are beautiful, some pathetic. They are all interesting, and written in the same easy, careless style, interspersed with the most homely and grotesque expressions, which is so well known to all the readers of the *Iliad*. The battle in *Marmion* is beyond all question, as Jeffrey long ago remarked, the most *Homeric* strife which has been sung since the days of Homer. But these passages are few and far between; his poems are filled with numerous and long interludes, written with little art, and apparently no other object but to fill up the pages or eke out the story. It is in prose that the robust strength, the powerful arm, the profound knowledge of the heart, appear; and it is there, accordingly, that he approaches at times so closely to Homer. If we could conceive a poem, in which the storming of Front-de-Bœuf's castle in *Ivanhoe*— the death of Fergus in *Waverley*— the storm on the coast, and death scene in the fisher's hut, in the *Antiquary*— the devoted love in the *Bride of Lammermoor*— the fervour of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*, and the combats of Richard and Saladin in the *Talisman*, were united together, and

intermingled with the incomparable characters, descriptions, and incidents with which these novels abound, they would form an epic poem.

Doubts have sometimes been expressed, as to whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are all the production of one man. Never, perhaps, was doubt not merely so ill founded, but so decisively disproved by internal evidence. If ever in human composition the traces of one mind are conspicuous, they are in Homer. His beauties equally with his defects, his variety and uniformity, attest this. Never was an author who had so fertile an imagination for varying of incidents; never was one who expressed them in language in which the same words so constantly recur. This is the invariable characteristic of a great and powerful, but at the same time self-confident and careless mind. It is to be seen in the most remarkable manner in Bacon and Machiavel, and not a little of it may be traced both in the prose and poetical works of Scott. The reason is, that the strength of the mind is thrown into the thought as the main object; the language, as a subordinate matter, is little considered. Expressions capable of energetically expressing the prevailing ideas of the imagination are early formed; but, when this is done, the powerful, careless mind, readily adopts them on all future occasions where they are at all applicable. There is scarcely a great and original thinker in whose writings the same expressions do not very frequently recur, often in exactly the same words. How much this is the case with Homer — with how much discrimination and genius his epithets and expressions

were first chosen, and how frequently he repeats them, almost in every page, need be told to none who are acquainted with his writings. That is the most decisive mark at once of genius and identity. Original thinkers fall into repetition of expression, because they are always speaking from one model — their own thoughts. Subordinate writers avoid this fault, because they are speaking from the thoughts of others, and share their variety. It requires as great an effort for the first to introduce difference of expression, as for the last to reach diversity of thought.

The reader of Dante must not look for the heart-stirring and animated narrative — the constant interest — the breathless suspense, which hurries us along the rapid current of the *Iliad*. There are no councils of the gods; no messengers winging their way through the clouds; no combats of chiefs; no cities to storm; no fields to win. It is the infernal regions which the poet, under the guidance of his great leader, Virgil, visits; it is the scene of righteous retribution through which he is led; it is the apportionment of punishment and reward to crime or virtue, in this upper world, that he is doomed to witness. We enter the city of lamentation — we look down the depths of the bottomless pit — we stand at the edge of the burning lake. His survey is not a mere transient visit like that of Ulysses in Homer, or of Æneas in Virgil. He is taken slowly and deliberately through every successive circle of Malebolge; descending down which, like the visitor of the tiers of vaults, one beneath another, in a feudal castle, he finds every species of malefactors, from the

chiefs and kings whose heroic lives were stained only by a few deeds of cruelty, to the depraved malefactors whose base course was unrelieved by one ray of virtue. In the very conception of such a poem, is to be found decisive evidence of the mighty change which the human mind had undergone since the expiring lays of poetry were last heard in the ancient world; of the vast revolution of thought and inward conviction which, during a thousand years, in the solitude of the monastery, and under the sway of a spiritual faith, had taken place in the human heart. A gay and poetic mythology no longer amazed the world by its fictions, or charmed it by its imagery. Religion no longer basked in the sunshine of imagination. The awful words of judgment to come had been spoken; and, like Felix, mankind had trembled. Ridiculous legends had ceased to be associated with the shades below — their place had been taken by images of horror. Conscience had resumed its place in the direction of thought. Superstition had lent its awful power to the sanctions of religion. Terror of future punishment had subdued the fiercest passions — internal agony tamed the proudest spirits. It was the picture of a future world — of a world of retribution — conceived under such impressions, that Dante proposed to give; it is that which he has given with such terrible fidelity.

Melancholy was the prevailing characteristic of the great Italian's mind. It was so profound that it penetrated all his thoughts; so intense that it pervaded all his conceptions. Occasionally bright and beautiful ideas flitted across his

imagination; visions of bliss, experienced for a moment, and then lost for ever, as if to render more profound the darkness by which they are surrounded. They are given with exquisite beauty; but they shine amidst the gloom like sunbeams struggling through the clouds. He inherited from the dark ages the austerity of the cloister; but he inherited with it the deep feelings and sublime conceptions which its seclusion had generated. His mind was a world within itself. He drew all his conceptions from that inexhaustible source; but he drew them forth so clear and lucid, that they emerged, embodied as it were, in living images. His characters are emblematic of the various passions and views for which different degrees of punishment were reserved in the world to come; but his conception of them was so distinct, his description so vivid, that they stand forth to our gaze in all the agony of their sufferings, like real flesh and blood. We see them — we feel them — we hear their cries — our very flesh creeps at the perception of their sufferings. We stand on the edge of the lake of boiling pitch — we feel the weight of the leaden mantles — we see the snow-like flakes of burning sand — we hear the cries of those who had lost the last earthly consolations, the hope of death: —

"Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
Perch' io al cominciar ne lacrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,

Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s' aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira.

* * *

Ed io: maestro, che è tanto greve
A lor che lamentar li fa si forte?
Rispose: dicerolti molto breve.
Questi non hanno speranza di morte."

Inferno, c. iii.

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

* * *

I then: Master! What doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud? He straight replied:
That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain."

Cary's Dante, Inferno, c. iii.

Here is Dante portrayed to the life in the very outset. What a collection of awful images in a few lines! Loud lamentations, hideous cries, mingled with the sound of clasped hands, beneath a starless sky; and the terrible answer, as the cause of this suffering, "These have not the hope of death."

The very first lines of the *Inferno*, when the gates of Hell were approached, and the inscription over them appeared, paints the dismal character of the poem, and yet mingled with the sense of divine love and justice with which the author was penetrated.

"Per me si va nella città dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente:
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore;
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,

Se non eterne; ed io eterno duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate."

Inferno, c. iii.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Cary's Dante, Inferno, c. iii.

Dante had much more profound feelings than Homer, and therefore he has painted deep mysteries of the human heart with greater force and fidelity. The more advanced age of the world, the influence of spiritual faith, the awful anticipation of judgment to come, the inmost feelings which, during long centuries of seclusion, had been drawn forth in the cloister, the protracted sufferings of the dark ages, had laid bare the human heart. Its sufferings, its terrors, its hopes, its joys, had become as household words. The Italian poet shared, as all do, in the ideas and images of his age, and to these he added many which were entirely his own. He painted the inward man, and painted him from his own feelings, not the observation of others. That

is the grand distinction between him and Homer; and that it is which has given him, in the delineation of mind, his great superiority. The Grecian bard was an incomparable observer; he had an inexhaustible imagination for fiction, as well as a graphic eye for the delineation of real life; but he had not a deep or feeling heart. He did not know it, like Dante and Shakspeare, from his own suffering. He painted the external symptoms of passion and emotion with the hand of a master; but he did not reach the inward spring of feeling. He lets us into his characters by their speeches, their gestures, their actions, and keeps up their consistency with admirable fidelity; but he does not, by a word, an expression, or an epithet, admit us into the inmost folds of the heart. None can do so but such as themselves feel warmly and profoundly, and paint passion, emotion, or suffering from their own experience, not the observation of others. Dante has acquired his colossal fame from the matchless force with which he has portrayed the wildest passions, the deepest feelings, the most intense sufferings of the heart. He is the refuge of all those who labour and are heavy laden — of all who feel profoundly or have suffered deeply. His verses are in the mouth of all who are torn by passion, gnawed by remorse, or tormented by apprehension; and how many are they in this scene of woe!

A distinguished modern critic[2] has said, that he who would now become a great poet must first become a little child. There is no doubt he is right. The seen and unseen fetters of civilization;

[2] Macaulay.

the multitude of old ideas afloat in the world; the innumerable worn-out channels into which new ones are ever apt to flow; the general clamour with which critics, nursed amidst such fetters, receive any attempts at breaking them; the prevalence, in a wealthy and highly civilized age, of worldly or selfish ideas; the common approximation of characters by perpetual intercourse, as of coins, by continual rubbing in passing from man to man, have taken away all freshness and originality from ideas. The learned, the polished, the highly educated, can hardly escape the fetters which former greatness throws over the soul. Milton could not avoid them: half the images in his poems are taken from Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and who dare hope for emancipation when Milton was enthralled? The mechanical arts increase in perfection as society advances. Science ever takes its renewed flights from the platform which former efforts have erected. Industry, guided by experience, in successive ages, brings to the highest point all the contrivances and inventions which minister to the comfort or elegances of life. But it is otherwise with genius. It sinks in the progress of society, as much as science and the arts rise. The country of Homer and Æschylus sank for a thousand years into the torpor of the Byzantine empire. Originality perishes amidst acquisition. Freshness of conception is its life: like the flame, it burns fierce and clear in the first gales of a pure atmosphere; but languishes and dies in that polluted by many breaths.

It was the resurrection of the human mind, after the seclusion

and solitary reflection of the middle ages, which gave this vein of original ideas to Dante, as their first wakening had given to Homer. Thought was not extinct; the human mind was not dormant during the dark ages; far from it — it never, in some respects, was more active. It was the first collision of their deep and lonely meditations with the works of the great ancient poets, which occasioned the prodigy. Universally it will be found to be the same. After the first flights of genius have been taken, it is by the collision of subsequent thought with it that the divine spark is again elicited. The meeting of two great minds is necessary to beget fresh ideas, as that of two clouds is to bring forth lightning, or the collision of flint and steel to produce fire. Johnson said he could not get new ideas till he had read. He was right; though it is not one in a thousand who strikes out original thoughts from studying the works of others. The great sage did not read to imbibe the opinions of others, but to engender new ones for himself; he did not study to imitate, but to create. It was the same with Dante; it is the same with every really great man. His was the first powerful and original mind which, fraught with the profound and gloomy ideas nourished in seclusion during the middle ages, came into contact with the brilliant imagery, touching pathos, and harmonious language of the ancients. Hence his astonishing greatness. He almost worshipped Virgil, he speaks of him as a species of god; he mentions Homer as the first of poets. But he did not copy either the one or the other; he scarcely imitated them. He strove to rival their brevity and beauty of expression;

but he did so in giving vent to new ideas, in painting new images, in awakening new emotions. The *Inferno* is as original as the *Iliad*; incomparably more so than the *Æneid*. The offspring of originality with originality is a new and noble creation; of originality with mediocrity, a spurious and degraded imitation.

Dante paints the spirits of all the generations of men, each in their circle undergoing their allotted punishment; expiating by suffering the sins of an upper world. Virgil gave a glimpse, as it were, into that scene of retribution; Minos and Rhadamanthus passing judgment on the successive spirits brought before them; the flames of Tartarus, the rock of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, the vulture gnawing Prometheus. But with Homer and Virgil, the descent into the infernal regions was a brief episode; with Dante it was the whole poem. Immense was the effort of imagination requisite to give variety to such a subject, to prevent the mind from experiencing weariness amidst the eternal recurrence of crime and punishment. But the genius of Dante was equal to the task. His fancy was prodigious; his invention boundless; his imagination inexhaustible. Fenced in, as he was, within narrow and gloomy limits by the nature of his subject, his creative spirit equals that of Homer himself. He has given birth to as many new ideas in the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, as the Grecian bard in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Though he had reflected so much and so deeply on the human heart, and was so perfect a master of all the anatomy of mental suffering, Dante's mind was essentially descriptive. He was a

great painter as well as a profound thinker; he clothed deep feeling in the garb of the senses; he conceived a vast brood of new ideas, he arrayed them in a surprising manner in flesh and blood. He is ever clear and definite, at least in the *Inferno*. He exhibits in every canto of that wonderful poem a fresh image, but it is a clear one, of horror or anguish, which leaves nothing to the imagination to add or conceive. His ideal characters are real persons; they are present to our senses; we feel their flesh, see the quivering of their limbs, hear their lamentations, and feel a thrill of joy at their felicity. In the *Paradiso* he is more vague and general, and thence its acknowledged inferiority to the *Inferno*. But the images of horror are much more powerful than those of happiness; and it is they which have entranced the world. "It is easier," says Madame de Staël, "to convey ideas of suffering than those of happiness; for the former are too well known to every heart, the latter only to a few."

The melancholy tone which pervades Dante's writings was doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the misfortunes of his life; and to them we are also indebted for many of the most caustic and powerful of his verses — perhaps for the design of the *Inferno* itself. He took vengeance on the generation which had persecuted and exiled him, by exhibiting its leaders suffering in the torments of hell. In his long seclusion, chiefly in the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, a wild and solitary retreat in the territory of Gubbio, and in a tower belonging to the Conte Falcucci, in the same district, his immortal work was

written. The mortifications he underwent during this long and dismal exile are thus described by himself: — "Wandering over almost every part in which our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often falsely imputed to the demerit of him by whom it is endured. I have been, indeed, a vessel without sail or steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty."

In the third circle of hell, Dante sees those who are punished by the plague of burning sand falling perpetually on them. Their torments are thus described —

"Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente;
Alcuna si sedea tutta raccolta;
Ed altra andava continuamente.
Quella che giva intorno era più molta;
E quella men che giaceva al tormento;
Ma più al duolo avea la lingua sciolta.
Sovra tutto 'l sabbion d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde,
Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D' India vide sovra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde."

Inferno, c. xiv.

"Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected: for on earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others paced
Incessantly around; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.
O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down."

Cary's Dante, c. xiv.

The first appearance of Malebolge is described in these striking lines —

"Luogo è in Inferno, detto Malebolge,
Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno,
Come la cerchia che d'intorno il volge.
Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno
Vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo,
Di cui suo luogo conterà l' ordigno.
Quel cinghio che rimane adunque è tondo
Tra 'l pozzo e 'l piè dell' alta ripa dura,
E ha distinto in dieci valli al fondo."

Inferno, c. xviii.

"There is a place within the depths of hell
Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stain'd
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
Of that abominable region yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and base
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised."

Cary's Dante, c. xviii.

This is the outward appearance of Malebolge, the worst place of punishment in hell. It had many frightful abysses; what follows is the picture of the first: —

"Ristemmo per veder l'altra fessura
Di Malebolge e gli altri pianti vani:
E vidila mirabilmente oscura.
Quale nell' arzana de' Veneziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece,
A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani —

* * *

Tal non per fuoco ma per divina arte,
Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa,
Che 'nviscava la ripa d'ogni parte.
I' vedea lei, ma non vedeva in essa
Ma che le bolle che 'l bollor levava,
E gonfiar tutta e riseder compressa.

* * *

E vidi dietro a noi un diavol nero
Correndo su per lo scoglio venire.
Ahi quant' egli era nell' aspetto fiero!
E quanto mi parea nell' atto acerbo,
Con l' ali aperte e sovre i piè leggiero!
L' omero suo ch' era acuto e superbo
Carcava un peccator con ambo l'anche,
Ed ei tenea de' piè ghermito il nerbo.

* * *

Laggiù il buttò e per lo scoglio duro
Si volse, e mai non fu mastino sciolto
Con tanta fretta a seguitar lo furo.
Quei s' attuffò e tornò su convolto;
Ma i demon che del ponte avean coverchio
Gridar: qui non ha luogo il Santo Volto.
Qui si nuota altramenti che nel Serchio:
Però se tu non vuoi de' nostri graffi,
Non far sovra la pegola soverchio.
Poi l' addentar con più di cento raffi,
Disser: coverto convien che qui balli,
Si che se puoi nascosamente accaffi."

Inferno, c. xxi.

" — To the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap, within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.
Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear
Their unsound vessels in the wintry clime.

* * *

So, not by force of fire but art divine,
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Limed all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein not distinguish'd, save the bubbles
Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall.

* * *

Behind me I beheld a devil black,
That running up, advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd, and feet of nimblest tread.
His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

* * *

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Cried — Here the hallow'd visage saves not: here
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch. This said,
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted — Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."

Cary's Dante, c. xxi.

Fraught as his imagination was with gloomy ideas, with images of horror, it is the fidelity of his descriptions, the minute reality of his pictures, which gives them their terrible power. He knew well what it is that penetrates the soul. His images of horror in the infernal regions were all founded on those familiar to every one in the upper world; it was from the caldron of boiling pitch in the arsenal of Venice that he took his idea of one of the pits of Malebolge. But what a picture does he there exhibit! The writhing sinner plunged headlong into the boiling waves, rising

to the surface, and a hundred demons, mocking his sufferings, and with outstretched hooks tearing his flesh till he dived again beneath the liquid fire! It is the reality of the scene, the images familiar yet magnified in horror, which constitutes its power: we stand by; our flesh creeps as it would at witnessing an *auto-da-fè* of Castile, or on beholding a victim perishing under the knout in Russia.

Michael Angelo was, in one sense, the painter of the Old Testament, as his bold and aspiring genius arrived rather at delineating the events of warfare, passion, or suffering, chronicled in the records of the Jews, than the scenes of love, affection, and benevolence, depicted in the gospels. But his mind was not formed merely on the events recorded in antiquity: it is no world doubtful of the immortality of the soul which he depicts. He is rather the personification in painting of the soul of Dante. His imagination was evidently fraught with the conceptions of the *Inferno*. The expression of mind beams forth in all his works. Vehement passion, stern resolve, undaunted valour, sainted devotion, infant innocence, alternately occupied his pencil. It is hard to say in which he was greatest. In all his works we see marks of the genius of antiquity meeting the might of modern times: the imagery of mythology blended with the aspirations of Christianity. We see it in the dome of St Peter's, we see it in the statue of Moses. Grecian sculpture was the realization in form of the conceptions of Homer; Italian painting the representation on canvass of the revelations of the gospel,

which Dante clothed in the garb of poetry. Future ages should ever strive to equal, but can never hope to excel them.

Never did artist work with more persevering vigour than Michael Angelo. He himself said that he laboured harder for fame, than ever poor artist did for bread. Born of a noble family, the heir to considerable possessions, he took to the arts from his earliest years from enthusiastic passion and conscious power. During a long life of ninety years, he prosecuted them with the ardent zeal of youth. He was consumed by the thirst for fame, the desire of great achievements, the invariable mark of heroic minds; and which, as it is altogether beyond the reach of the great bulk of mankind, so is the feeling of all others which to them is most incomprehensible. Nor was that noble enthusiasm without its reward. It was his extraordinary good fortune to be called to form, at the same time, the Last Judgment on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the glorious dome of St Peter's, and the group of Notre Dame de Pitié, which now adorns the chapel of the Crucifix, under the roof of that august edifice. The "Holy Family" in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, and the "Three Fates" in the same collection, give an idea of his powers in oil-painting: thus he carried to the highest perfection, at the same time, the rival arts of architecture, sculpture, fresco and oil painting.[3] He

[3] The finest design ever conceived by Michael Angelo was a cartoon representing warriors bathing, and some buckling on their armour at the sound of the trumpet, which summoned them to their standards in the war between Pisa and Florence. It perished, however, in the troubles of the latter city, but an engraved copy remains of part, which justifies the eulogiums bestowed upon it.

may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. None but a colossal mind could have done such things. Raphael took lessons from him in painting, and professed through life the most unbounded respect for his great preceptor. None have attempted to approach him in architecture; the cupola of St Peter's stands alone in the world.

But notwithstanding all this, Michael Angelo had some defects. He created the great style in painting, a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and perhaps despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. When he painted the Last Judgment or the Fall of the Titans in fresco, on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, he was incomparable; but that gigantic style was unsuitable for lesser pictures or rooms of ordinary proportions. By the study of his masterpieces, subsequent painters have often been led astray; they have aimed at force of expression to the neglect of delicacy in execution. This defect is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in Sir Joshua Reynolds, who worshipped Michael Angelo with the most devoted fervour; and through him it has descended to Lawrence, and nearly the whole modern school of England. When we see Sir Joshua's noble glass window in

Magdalen College, Oxford, we behold the work of a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo; we see the great style of painting in its proper place, and applied to its appropriate object. But when we compare his portraits, or imaginary pieces in oil, with those of Titian, Velasquez, or Vandyke, the inferiority is manifest. It is not in the design but the finishing; not in the conception but the execution. The colours are frequently raw and harsh; the details or distant parts of the piece ill-finished or neglected. The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. Unity of emotion was his great object in design; equal delicacy of finishing in execution. Thence he has attained by universal consent the highest place in painting.

"Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labour of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." These words should ever be present to the minds of all who aspire to rival the great of former days; who feel in their bosoms a spark of the spirit which led Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo to immortality. In a luxurious age, comfort or station is deemed the chief good of life; in a commercial community, money becomes the universal object of ambition. Thence our acknowledged deficiency in the fine arts; thence our growing

weakness in the higher branches of literature. Talent looks for its reward too soon. Genius seeks an immediate recompense; long protracted exertions are never attempted; great things are not done, because great efforts are not made.

None will work now without the prospect of an immediate return. Very possibly it is so; but then let us not hope or wish for immortality. "Present time and future," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other." It is not that we want genius; what we want is the great and heroic spirit which will devote itself; by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any reward but their accomplishment.

Nor let it be said that great subjects for the painter's pencil, the poet's muse, are not to be found — that they are exhausted by former efforts, and nothing remains to us but imitation. Nature is inexhaustible; the events of men are unceasing, their variety is endless. Philosophers were mourning the monotony of time, historians were deploring the sameness of events, in the years preceding the French Revolution — on the eve of the Reign of Terror, the flames of Moscow, the retreat from Russia. What was the strife around Troy to the battle of Leipsic? — the contests of Florence and Pisa to the revolutionary war? What ancient naval victory to that of Trafalgar? Rely upon it, subjects for genius are not wanting; genius itself, steadily and perseveringly directed, is the thing required. But genius and energy alone are not sufficient; COURAGE and disinterestedness are needed more than all.

Courage to withstand the assaults of envy, to despise the ridicule of mediocrity — disinterestedness to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and disregard the attractions of opulence. An heroic mind is more wanted in the library or the studio, than in the field. It is wealth and cowardice which extinguish the light of genius, and dig the grave of literature as of nations.

SETTLED AT LAST; OR, RED RIVER RECOLLECTIONS

Chap. I

Homeward Bound

I had left New Orleans with the full intention of proceeding without stop or delay to my home upon the Red River; but notwithstanding this determination, my wife and myself were unable to resist Richards' pressing invitation to pause for a day or two at his house. Upon our yielding to his solicitations, he proceeded to recruit other guests among our travelling companions, and soon got together a pleasant party. My father-in-law, Monsieur Menou, went on to my plantation, but Julie remained with us, as did also her aunt, Madame Duras, an agreeable old lady with a slight expression of perfidy in her light blue, French-looking eyes, possessed withal of infinite delicacy and *finesse*— a fervent admirer of the old court school of Louis the Fifteenth, in the *chronique scandaleuse* of which she was as well versed as if she had been herself a contemporary of that pleasure-loving monarch. Besides these ladies, there was a young

Frenchman named Vergennes, the third son of some Gascon viscount, and a distant cousin of the Menous, who had come to America till the scandal occasioned by certain republican scribblings of his in one of the newspapers of the day should have blown over, and till he could revisit his country without risk of obtaining a lodging gratis in the Conciergerie. He had brought with him a head crammed with schemes for the political regeneration of the whole world, and a trunkful of French fashions, neither of which, as I reckoned, were likely to take much with us. He made me laugh inwardly twenty times a-day by his Utopian theories and fancies. Truth to tell, in matters of politics or of sound common sense, these Frenchmen are for the most part mere children, and reach their dying day without ever becoming men. Take them by their weak points, their unlimited vanity or their love of what they call glory, and you may ride them like a horse to water. Vergennes, however, when one could get him off his hobby, was a pleasant gentlemanly fellow enough.

It was impossible to spare Richards more than three days, and at six o'clock on the morning of the fourth, we went on board the steamer Alexandria. I had prevailed on my friend and his wife, and the whole party, to come and pass a week or two at my house, which was now quite ready for the reception of guests. The three days we had remained with Richards had been one continued fête, and considering the good living, and the heat of the weather — the thermometer ranging from 95° to 100° — there were few things more agreeable or better to be done, than to take a steam

up the Red River. The fresh breezes on the water might save some of us a touch of fever. On board we went therefore, all in high glee and good-humour with each other.

We had passed the Atchafalaya, and had crossed over to the Francisville side, in order to avoid the powerful current occasioned by the influx of the Red River into the Mississippi. A strong wind had sprung up, and in the middle of the stream the waves were of a considerable height. The Mississippi was full to overflowing, and the mouth of the Red River, as far as the eye could reach, presented the appearance of an extensive lake, with thousands of tree trunks floating upon it. I had left the cabin, and was standing on deck with Richards and Vergennes, looking out upon the broad sheet of water that lay before us. We were just turning into the Red River when I observed a rowboat pulling across from the direction of Woodville, and which had already arrived within a hundred yards of us without attracting the attention of any one on board the steamer. It was cutting in and out amongst the enormous floating trees, with a boldness that, in that part of the river — near the middle of which we were — might almost be called insanity.

"That man must be mad, or in love!" cried the captain.

"It is Ralph Doughby!" exclaimed Richards. "Captain, it is Mister Doughby. Pray, stop the ship and let him come on board."

Doughby it was. The mad fellow was standing bolt upright, and hardly taking the trouble to bend to one side or the other in conformity with the movements of the boat, which was dancing

about on the waves and between the tree-trunks, while the six negro rowers were washed over and over by the spray.

"Here's your famous Red River!" shouted the harebrained Doughby. "A fine country for wild-ducks and geese, and alligators too. Hurra, boys!"

"For God's sake, Mr Doughby!" screamed and implored the ladies, as the Kentuckian dashed his boat slap up to the side of the steamer, without waiting till the speed of the vessel was slackened, and hastily caught a rope which was thrown to him. Just at that moment a wave as high as a man rose between the steamer and the boat and separated them, and Doughby still maintaining his hold on the rope, he was dragged out of his skiff and tossed like a feather against the steamer's side, where he hung half in and half out of the water.

"Haul in, boys — haul me in, lads — or your d — d paddles will do it!"

"Pull him in!" shouted we all, "pull him in for God's sake!"

"Ay, pull in!" cried Doughby, and giving a spring upwards he caught hold of the railing of the deck, threw himself over it with a bound, and stood in all safety amongst the astonished and grinny-visaged Cyclops who were hastening to his assistance. We hurried down from the quarterdeck, breathless with astonishment at this desperate and unnecessary piece of daring.

"Pshaw" cried Doughby; "steward, a glass of hot; and, captain, see that my portmanteau comes on board, and that my negers get

away with whole skins; and a good morning to you, gentlemen — in five minutes we shall meet again."

And so saying, he emptied the glass which the black steward held out to him, made a slight bow to the ladies on the quarterdeck, sprang into the gentlemen's cabin, and thence into the first state-room that stood open.

"An *entrée en scène* quite *à la* Doughby," said Richards laughing.

"Quite so," replied I.

Ralph Doughby, Esquire of New Feliciana, La., was an old acquaintance of Richards and myself, and an excellent specimen of a warm-hearted, impetuous, breakneck Kentuckian, with a share of earthquake in his composition that might be deemed large, even in Kentucky. He had come to Louisiana some eight years previously, a voyage of a thousand miles or more down the Cumberland River, the Ohio, and Mississippi, in a flat boat with half a dozen negroes, some casks of flour, hams, and Indian corn, and a few horses, and had settled at Woodville on a couple of thousand acres of good land, bought at five dollars an acre, to be paid in five years. His industry and energy had caused him to thrive, and he was now as well established planter as any on the Mississippi; his six negroes had amounted to forty, his wilderness had become a respectable plantation, his cotton was sought after, and he had not only paid for his acres but had already a large sum in the Planters' Bank. His frank open character had made him friends on all hands, and there was not a more popular man in

Louisiana than Major Ralph Doughby.

During the stay I made at Richards' house previously to my marriage, Doughby had passed a day there in company with one Mr Lambton and his daughter, Yankees — the latter a beautiful girl, but cold and formal like most of her countrywomen. An aunt of hers, who possessed large plantations on the Mississippi, had made up a match between Miss Lambton and Doughby, and they were then proceeding to New York, where the marriage was in due time to be solemnized. Richards and myself had observed, however, that the wild headlong manners and character of the Kentuckian, joined though they were to great goodness of heart and many sterling qualities, did not appear very pleasing to the stiff, etiquette-loving fine lady, and it was without any great surprise that we heard, some time afterwards, of the marriage being broken off, in consequence, it was said, of some wild freak of Doughby's. We were asking one another for the particulars of this rupture, which neither of us had heard, when the Kentuckian made his reappearance in the cabin. He had changed his dress, and, taking him altogether, was by no means an ill-looking fellow. His light blue gingham frock and snow-white trousers fitted him well; an elegant straw hat, very fine linen, and a diamond shirt-pin that must have cost the best part of a thousand dollars, contributed to give a sort of genteel planter-like air. His first care upon emerging from his state-room was to empty a glass of toddy. He then approached Richards and myself.

"And Miss Lambton?" said Richards enquiringly.

"Haven't you heard?" said Doughby; "you must have heard! It's all up — she won't hear speak of me — persists in her resolution — won't see me; or give me a chance of making my peace. I'm the most unlucky fellow on the face of the earth," continued he, changing his tone on a sudden to a melancholy sort of whine — "I wish I lay three hundred feet deep in the bed of the Mississippi. I tell you, boys, it's clean up with me, I feel that. I'm a lost man, done for entirely — shall never recover it!"

We burst out into a violent fit of laughter, as who would not have done at the sight of a young giant of seven-and-twenty, with cheeks as red as poppies, shoulders that seemed made like those of Atlas to support a world; pair of dark blue-grey eyes with a laughing devil dancing in them, and a little moist just now from the effects of the toddy, and the man dying of love! He measured five feet thirteen inches in his stockings, with legs that might have belonged to an elephant, and fists calculated to frighten a buffalo.

"Be d — d to your laughing!" cried Doughby — "Steward, another glass — d'ye hear, you cursed neger, where are you hidden? Don't you hear when a gentleman speaks to you? D'ye want me to tattoo your black brainpan? You laugh," he continued to Richards and myself, relapsing into his whimpering tones; "but if you only knew — none of the women will have me — this is the seventh who has packed me off."

"The seventh!" cried I laughing, "what, only the seventh, Doughby? Pshaw! that's nothing; during my bachelor's life I had at least two dozen refusals, and I am only a year older than

yourself."

"You be hanged with your two dozen! Steward, the toddy is only fit for old women — too much water in it; you don't know how to make toddy. Tell your captain to come here. I'll have you sent to the devil. No, I tell you my heart is so full, it feels as if it would burst. She won't hear of me. I will tell you all about it, boys — but who is that?" interrupted he, pointing to Vergennes, who was standing near us, and looking on in great wonderment. "Ah, Monshur Tonson! happy to see you, Monshur Tonson! Parleh vouh English? Prenez un seat, et un glass de Madeira. Nous parlerons hansamble le Franseh. Neger, a bottle of Madeira; and let it be good, or you'll get the bottle across your crooked shins. A bottle of Irish for me, d'ye hear, real Irish whisky, or if you haven't any, Scotch will do. No, boys, I tell you I am a gone man. Dismissed, sent away, packed off with a flea in my ear, as they say."

And so saying, he threw himself on a sofa with a violence that made it crack again; the steward brought the Madeira and the whisky, and we drew round the table to condole with the love-stricken Kentuckian. A few minutes passed in the composition of the toddy, which was evidently destined to play the chief part in the way of a consoler; and when Doughby had got a large beer-glass of the comfortable mixture before him, he began his narrative.

Chapter II

The Race

"I will tell you how it all happened, and how it was that Miss Lambton — in short you shall hear it all — it's the first time I have spoken about it, but now it shall out; you shall judge and decide between us, by Jove you shall! You recollect it was in the beginning of June that we left your house, Richards, to go up the Mississippi — it was a Friday, a day that I hate. All seamen and hunters do hate it; it's an unlucky day. All the bad luck I ever had, came to me on Fridays. I had a feeling that something would go wrong when we went on board the Helen M'Gregor. I thought Miss Lambton looked shy upon me, and the old gentleman stiffer than ever. I followed the Miss, however, wherever she went, so close, that once or twice I trod the fringe off her petticoats."

"That was bad manners, Doughby."

"Pshaw! What did it matter? I told her not to bother her head about it, that when we got to New York, or even to Cincinnati or Louisville, I would buy her a whole shopful of dresses. She made no answer to that; but when I had the misfortune to tear her third flounce, she said, that if I went on in that way she would not have a whole gown left when she got to Louisville. 'With a whole one or none at all, Miss,' said I, 'you'll always be a charming

creature.' That now was as pretty a compliment as ever was paid in Kentucky, but she did not seen to hear it.

"On the third day we were just passing St Helena, when old Lambton came up to me. 'Mister Doughby,' said he, quite confidential like, 'pardon me, my dear good Mister Doughby, but don't you think that you sometimes take rather too much ardent spirits, and thereby injure your health as well as give a bad example to your fellow-citizens, which, on the part of a respectable man like yourself, is very much to be regretted?'

"'Bad example!' says I — 'to be regretted, Mister Lambton! — I take too much ardent spirits! I certainly am not of that opinion, Mister Lambton, and if you are I can only say you are very much mistaken. You shall see yourself,' said I, 'how much ballast an old Kentuckian can take in without sinking under it: devil a diving duck ever swallowed more water than a Kentucky man can rum.'

"I thought to let the old squaretoes see that he had a man before him, not one of his spindleshanked tallow-chopped Yankees, who go sneaking about the meeting-house from morning till night, or moping in their rooms, and calculating and speculating how they can best take in honest warm-blooded South and Westlanders. 'You shall see,' said I — but he shook his head and walked away, and I looked after him, and shook my head too. Pah! I found out afterwards that he was president of a temperance society, the devil take them all! Temperance societies! What is rum for, if it isn't to be drank?"

Doughby was rapidly warming with his subject.

"He is a queer old fellow, that Mister Lambton, as stiff and as cold as an icicle on a water-butt. Of a morning he was scarcely out of bed when he knocked at the door of the ladies' cabin in his brocade dressing-gown, and Miss Lambton must come out and hear him read the whole morning service of the Episcopal Church, and make the responses, and so on, for a full hour. Then the whole day he walked about as grave and solemn as the chief-justice of the district court. Before dinner he said a grace which lasted a full quarter of an hour. The soup was often cold, and half the dinner eaten up from under our noses, while this was going on. Sometimes most of the other passengers had done their dinner, and were gone to the bar to take a glass, and he still praying. I was often ready to jump out of my skin with impatience."

"The praying was all well enough, if it had not lasted so long," said I, laughing.

"Pah! I hate people who are always wanting to be a shining light to their fellow-citizens. There's a deal of pride, a deal of arrogance and presumption in it. If a man wishes to pray, let him do so, and I do it myself; but people don't want to be reminded of those things. I tell you I have always found pride behind that sort of piety. The Yankees think we are heathens, and that they are the elect who are to enlighten us. Pshaw! I hate such humbug."

"Not so badly reasoned," observed Richards.

"However," continued Doughby, "I soon saw that, with one thing or another, I was getting out of the old gentleman's good

books. He became more and more stiff and silent. That wouldn't have annoyed me much; but one morning the captain came to me and said, in a sort of apologising manner, that the ladies had desired him to beg me not to pay so many visits to their cabin, particularly of a morning, when some of them had not quite finished their toilet, but that I should always ask leave first and have myself announced, as it is set down in the regulations."

"'What!' says I, 'have myself announced when I go to see my own wife, that is to be? What do the other ladies matter to me, whether they've got on silk gowns or cotton ones? I only go to see Miss Lambton.'

"'Miss Lambton was present,' said the captain, 'when the ladies gave me the commission; and she and Mr Lambton most particularly requested me to have the regulations enforced.'

"'Miss Lambton!' said I; 'that's a lie now, captain. She never could have done that.'

"'Mister Doughby,' said he, 'it is no lie; and if another than yourself had said such a thing, I would have struck him down like a mad dog. And I must beg of you to retract your words, and ascertain to your own satisfaction that what I have said is a fact.'

"So I ran off and asked Miss Lambton and Mr Lambton, and they answered me as dry as fagots, and said the captain had spoken the truth. I was a'most raving mad when I heard this, as savage as a panther; and, to console myself, I drank perhaps a trifle more than I should have done. But what else can one do on a voyage up the Mississippi? Much as I like him, old father

Mississip, one gets awful sick of him after a time, steaming along for days and weeks together, nothing to be heard but clap-clap-clap, trap-trap-trap, or to be seen but the dull muddy waters and the never-ending forest. Day and night, wood and water, water and wood. It is wearisome work at the best.

"It was exactly two o'clock in the afternoon on the seventh day of our voyage when we got beyond Wolf's Island, which, as you know, lies above New Madrid and below the mouth of the Ohio. The poor Helen M'Gregor burst her boiler since then, as you'll have heard, at that very place, and sent half a hundred passengers into the other world. Past Wolf's Island, we came up with the Ploughboy, the Huntress, the Louisville, and a couple more steamers, all going our way. It made quite a little fleet. I was sitting in the cabin with Miss Lambton and the old gentleman, who were cool and silent enough, when somebody called out, 'Here comes the George Washington.' A glorious steamer it is that George, more like a floating palace than a boat, as it goes skimming along as lightly and smoothly as a swan. It's a real pleasure to see it. I kept my place by Miss Lambton; but, to tell you the truth, I was sitting upon hot coals. What can be the reason that we men feel so deucedly cowed and quailed by the petticoats? Hang me if I know. Suddenly there was a cry upon deck, 'The Washington is passing us.' I could stand it no longer, but bolted up-stairs, and sure enough there it came in all its pride and power, trarara, trarara, rushing and dashing and spitting fire like Emperor Nap. at the head of his guards and dragoons and

artillery. It was already in the midst of the other five steamers, passing them all. The whole of our passengers were on deck looking on, and I can tell you that our hearts beat quick as we saw the George walking up to us. The dinner-bell rang. Not a foot moved to go below. 'Captain,' cried I, 'we must not let the George pass us; you can't think of allowing such a thing?' says I; 'must show them that we are Mississippi men.'

"'Mister Doughby,' says he, 'it's the George Washington,' says he — 'hundred and twenty horse power,' says he.

"'Devil a hundred,' said I. 'You only say so because you are afraid to race him. And if he had two hundred horse power, what then? Shorten your stirrups and give your horse the spur,' say I.

"I saw that the captain's blood was getting up; his eyes were fixed on the old George as if he would have eaten it, and he became red and blue and green, all manner of colours, like a dolphin; his teeth chattered, and he bit his lips till the blood ran over his chin. On came the Washington quicker than ever, the paddles clattering, the steam hissing, the crew hurraing like mad.

"'Captain,' cried I, 'the Washington's passing you; it's all up with the honour of the Helen M'Gregor.'

"The captain stood there as if his face had been rubbed over with chalk, and the drops of sweat ran down his forehead. The five steamers that we had passed were now hurraing with delight to see that we should be humbled in our turn. 'Captain,' said I, 'will you let yourself be beaten out of the field without firing a shot? The Helen M'Gregor is a new ship — Crack on, man!'

"He could stand it no longer, but ran forward and screamed out to the stokers. 'More wood!' cried he, 'High pressure, high pressure!'

"'Blaze away, boys!' cried I, 'Blaze away, and hurra for the Helen M'Gregor!'

"And the fellows pitched whole cartloads of wood upon the fire, and stirred and poked away till they were wet through with perspiration, and our chimney began to whistle and sing, that it was a pleasure to hear it. We were just entering the Ohio, the Washington close upon our heels, when old Lambton and Emily came running upon deck in an almighty fright.

"'Mr Doughby, for heaven's sake! Mr Doughby — captain, for God's sake! Will you destroy yourself, and the steamer, and your fellow-citizens? Will you race with the George Washington?'

"'For God's sake, Mr Doughby!' cried the Miss.

"'Mr Doughby!' squealed the old Yankee, who had quite forgotten his stiffness, 'I demand and insist that you use your influence to prevent the captain from racing.'

"'Pshaw!' said I, 'it's nothing of the sort — ain't going to race — only want to see which ship goes quickest.'

"'That must not be. I protest against it — the safety of our fellow-citizens — our own. If the boiler bursts' —

"'Nonsense!' said I — 'safety of our fellow-citizens! Our fellow-citizens *are* in safety. We don't mean to race, Mister Lambton,' says I; 'we are only trying for a minute which ship can go the fastest.'

"'Mr Doughby!' cried Emily, half beside herself — throwing her arms round me, and trying to drag me towards the engine — 'Mr Doughby, if you have the smallest affection — regard I would say — for me, exert your influence, stop this horrid racing!'

"And then she left me and ran to the captain, who was standing beside the engineer.

"The Washington was close behind us — we, as I said before, were running slap into the mouth of the Ohio. There's no finer piece of water in the whole world for a race. The current of the Mississippi drives back that of the Ohio as far as Trinity, so that upon entering the river, the stream is in your favour. The two rivers are together four or five miles wide, and form a sort of circus, enclosed by the shores of Illinois, of Old Kentuck, and her daughter Missouri.[4] We were nearest to the Illinois side, which gave us a small advantage over our opponent, who was more on the Kentucky side, end kept coming on faster and faster, with the other five boats, who had also clapped more steam on, a short distance behind him. Our Helen M'Gregor still kept the lead; who the devil could have helped racing? No one, of a certainty, except such a mackerel-blooded Yankee as old Lambton. All was heat and steam, rattle and clatter; the engines thumping, the water splashing, the fire blazing and roaring out of the chimneys, which sent out clouds of smoke and showers of sparks. The enemy was close upon us, Father George's honest face almost in a line with our stern.

[4] The state of Missouri as almost entirely peopled by emigration from Kentucky.

"'Helen M'Gregor, hold your own!' cried I. 'Don't spare the wood, boys, lay it on thick, pile it up moun*taine*ous; ten dollars for you when you've beaten him!'

"'Hurra!' cried the hundred passengers; 'hurra! The Washington loses, we are gaining ground.'

"Only the captain could not say a word; he stood there with his blue lips pressed hard together, looking more like a statue than a man. We were going our twenty knots, and keep it up we must if we did not want to fall back amongst the mob of the Huntress, the Ploughboy, and the rest of them. Every joint and hinge in the boat seemed to be cracking, the engine roared and groaned, the steam howled and hissed.

"'The Helen M'Gregor is a gallant lass!' cried I. 'A brave Scotchwoman! She has fire in her veins.'

"And so she really had. She stretched out like a racehorse that feels the spur in his flank for the first time; not steaming or swimming, but flying like a bird, rushing like a wild-cat or an elk that's been shot at; the waters of the Ohio flashing from her side in a white creamy foam. The Kentucky shores on our right, with their forests and cotton-trees, were flying away from us; on our left, the banks of Illinois seemed to dance past us, the big trees looking like witches scampering off on their broomsticks. Behind us, the high land of Missouri was rapidly disappearing, Colonel Boon's plantation getting smaller every second, till at last it appeared no bigger than a dovecot. Every thing around us seemed in motion, swimming, flying, racing.

Hurras by thousands; seven steamers groaning, creaking, hissing, and rattling; a noise and a heat that made our heads dizzy, blinded our eyes, and took away our hearing. It was a gallopade, a race between giants.

"We were close to the wood below Trinity — the race as good as won, for Trinity was of course the winning post. Suddenly the captain cried out, 'He is passing us!' and, as he said the word, he looked as wild as a tortured redskin, and bit his lips more savage than ever, and caught hold of the quarterdeck railing as if he would have torn it down.

"'Captain,' said I, 'it's impossible — he is not passing us.'

"'Look yourself, Mr Doughby,' said he.

"The man was right. The old George is an almighty fast ship, that is certain. I saw that in two minutes we should be beaten. We had not even so long to wait.

"'By my soul he is passing us!' cried I.

"'He is passing us,' repeated the captain in a low voice. He was deadly white. I couldn't say a word; and as for him, he was obliged to support himself against the railing, or he would have fallen down. There was no help for it, however; the Washington's figure-head was already in a line with our stern — in ten seconds, a third of the vessel's length was parallel with us — another ten seconds, two-thirds, and in less than a minute he dashed proudly before us with a deafening hurra from crew and passengers, which was echoed from the other five steamers, till we heard nothing on all sides but hurras and hurras. I would have given

a thousand dollars down to have reached Trinity two minutes sooner. Just then a number of voices cried out, 'The boiler's bursting! The boiler's bursting!' And there was a cracking noise, and then a loud rush. Here comes the hot bath, thought I, and wished myself a pleasant journey out of the world. But it was nothing; the cry came from a couple of negers, echoed by Miss Lambton and Mister Lambton, and the rest of the old women folk from the ladies' cabin. They had gone in a body to the engineer, and had so begged, and prayed, and bothered him, that he had given in, and opened the valve, and we only half a mile from Trinity. I am certain that if the cowardly rascal had not done that, we should have made a drawn race of it, for the Washington got in not two minutes before us. I fell upon the engineer, and if it had not been for the captain, and one or two old acquaintances, I should have leathered him upon the spot — ay, if it were to have cost me a thousand dollars; he deserved it well, the dishonourable scamp! We were now in Trinity, we had done five miles in less than twelve minutes; but Miss Lambton was so angry, and the old gentleman so bitter cold and stiff — a pair of fire-tongs is nothing compared to him — Couldn't be helped, however. Honor before every thing."

"But you really were too foolhardy," observed Richards.

"Foolhardy!" repeated Doughby, "foolhardy, when the honour of a ship was at stake!"

"Pshaw! The honour of a steam-boat!"

"Pshaw, do you say, Richards? Well, if I didn't know you to

be a thoroughbred Virginian, hang me if I should not almost take you for one of those wishywashy Creoles. Pshaw, say you, the honour of a steam-boat! A steamer, let me tell you, is also a ship, and a big one too, and an American one, a thorough American one. It's our ship; we invented it, they'd have been long enough in the old country before finding such a thing out — Pshaw, do you say? And if Percy had said pshaw upon Lake Erie, or Lawrence on Champlain, or Rogers, or Porter, you might say pshaw to every thing — to the honour of a steamer, a ship, a country. But I tell you that the man who says pshaw when his ship is beaten in a race, will also say it when it is taken in a fight. In short, that sort of pride is emulation, and that emulation is the real thing."

"But the life of so many men?"

"I tell you, that of the hundred and twenty passengers that we had on board the Helen, there were not three besides that leathern old Yankee, Mister Lambton, and the women, who would have cared one straw if the boiler had burst, provided we had got to Trinity two minutes the sooner."

We could not help laughing at this Kentucky bull, but at the same time we were compelled to admit the truth of what Doughby meant to say. In spite of Uncle Sam's usual phlegm and *nonchalance*, there are occasions when he seems to change his nature; and in the anxiety to see his ship first at the goal, to forget what he does not otherwise easily lose sight of, namely, wife and child, land and goods; as to his own life, it does not weigh a feather in the balance. He becomes a perfect madman,

setting every thing upon a single cast. And the yearly loss of five hundred to a thousand lives, sacrificed in these desperate races, does not appear to cure him in any degree of his mania.

"Well," continued Doughby, resuming his narrative, "it was as much as I could do to get a word from Miss Emily during the rest of the voyage. The time went terribly slow, and my patience was clean expended when we got to Louisville. We stopped at the Lafayette Hotel, and I was in my room before dinner, when the waiter brought me a letter from Mister Lambton. The old gentleman had the honour to inform me, in accordance with his daughter's wishes, that there did not exist sufficient harmony between my character and that of Miss Emily to render a union between us desirable. And, under these circumstances, he took leave to request of me that I would consider the projected marriage as entirely broken off; and, with his and his daughter's best wishes for my happiness, he had the honour to be my very humble servant. There was a deal more of it, but that was the pith. When I had read it, I burst out of my room like mad, either to throttle old Lambton or to throw myself at his daughter's feet, I didn't rightly know which. But the Yankee had been too cunning for me. He had left the hotel with his daughter, and gone off by the Cincinnati steamer. I went on board the next that was going, and got to Cincinnati three hours after him, but missed him again. He had taken a chaise and started for his estate at Dayton, near Yellow Springs. And all I have done since is no use. She won't hear of me, and I'm the most unhappy fellow alive."

And so saying, he threw his feet upon the table, crossed his arms, and remained in this position for a couple of minutes, staring earnestly at the ceiling. Suddenly he brought his legs down again, started up, and gazed through the cabin window.

"Hallo!" cried he, "here are your Red River bottoms. Will have a look at them — will go on deck? You may take away, steward. Come, Monshur Tonson, come with me, come, my dear little Frenchman! Nous parlons hansamble le Fransch."

And thereupon he struck up the favourite western ditty, "Let's go to Old Kentuck," seized young De Vergennes by the arm, and dragged him through the folding-doors and out upon deck.

"He's not the man to break his heart about a woman," said I to Richards.

"Hardly," replied my friend.

Chapter III

The Stag Hunt

We had sat for some time talking over Doughby's mishaps, when we were interrupted by a noise upon deck. Hurras and hellos were resounding off on every side and corner of the steamer. We hurried out to see what was the matter, and found the cause of the tumult to be a fallow deer, that had taken the water some two hundred yards from our steamer, and was swimming steadily across from the right to the left bank of the river. The yawl had already been lowered, and was pushing off from the side with five men in it, amongst whom Doughby of course took the lead.

"There he is again," cited Richards. "Of a certainty the man is possessed by a devil."

"Hurra, boys! Give way!" shouted Doughby, flourishing a rifle full six feet in length. The four oars clipped into the water, and the boat flew to the encounter of the deer, who was tranquilly pursuing his liquid path.

We were about entering one of those picturesque *spreads*, or bays of the Red River, which perhaps no other stream can boast of in such abundance, and on so magnificent a scale. The lofty trees and huge masses of foliage of the dense forest that covered

the left bank, bent forward over the water, the dark green of the cypresses, and the silver white of the gigantic cotton-trees, casting a bronze-tinted shadow upon the dusky red stream, which at that point is full fifteen hundred feet broad; the right bank offering a succession of the most luxuriant palmetto grounds, with here and there a bean or tulip tree, amongst the branches of which innumerable parroquets were chattering and bickering. A pleasant breeze swept across from the palmetto fields, scarcely sufficient, however, to ruffle the water, which flowed tranquilly along, undisturbed save by the paddle of our steamer, that caused the huge black logs and tree-trunks floating upon the surface, to knock against each other, and heave up their extremities like so many porpoises. The steamer had just entered the bay when a boat shot out from under the wood on the left bank, and greatly increased the romantic character of the scene.

It was a long Indian canoe made out of the hollowed trunk of a cotton tree; a many-tined antler was stuck in the prow, and dried legs and haunches of venison lay in the fore part of the boat; towards the stern sat a young girl, partially enveloped in a striped blanket, but naked from the waist upwards, impelling the boat in the direction of the deer by long graceful sweeps of her oar; in front of her was a squaw of maturer age, performing a like labour. In the centre of the canoe were two children, queer guinea-pig-looking little devils, and near these lay a man in all the lazy apathy of a redskin on his return from on the hunting ground; but towards the stern stood a splendid Antinous-like

young savage, leaning in an attitude of graceful negligence on his rifle, and evidently waiting an opportunity to get a blow or a shot at the stag. As soon as these children of the forest caught sight of the steamer and of Doughby's boat, they ceased rowing, only recommencing when encouraged by some loud hurras, and even then visibly taking care to keep as far as possible from the fire-ship. It was a picturesque and interesting sight to observe the two boats describing a sort of circle on the broad ruddy stream, while the steamer rounding to, formed in a manner the base of the operation, and cut off the stag's retreat. Presently a shot fired without effect from Doughby's boat, drove the beast over towards the canoe. The long slender bark darted across the animal's track with the swiftness of an arrow, and as it did so, the Indian who was standing up dealt the stag a blow that caused it to reel and spin round in the water, and change its course for the second time. When I again glanced at the canoe, the young Indian had disappeared.

"Here he comes" shouted Doughby, pointing to the deer, which was now swimming towards his boat. "Give way, boys! the Indians must learn of a Kentucky man how to strike a stag. Give way, I say!"

The noble beast had recovered from the severe blow it had received, and had now approached the steamer towards which it cast such a supplicating tearful look, that the hearts of the ladies were touched with compassion.

"Mr Doughby," cried half a score feminine voices, "spare the

poor beast! Pray, pray let it go!"

"Spare a stag, ladies! Where did you ever hear of such a thing? Hurra, boys!" shouted he, as the boat came up with the deer, and clubbing his rifle, he delivered a blow with the but-end that split the stock in two, and threw the stunned animal upon the gunwale of the boat. Quick as thought, Doughty clutched the antlers with one hand, while with the other he reached for the knife which one of his companions held out to him. At that moment the deer threw itself on one side with a convulsive movement, the boat rocked, Doughby lost his balance, the stag, which was now recovering its strength, drew itself violently back, and in an instant the Kentuckian was floundering in the water, struggling with the deer, to whose horns he held on with the gripe of a tiger.

"Hallo, Mister Doughby in the Red River!"

The whole ship was now in an uproar, the ladies screaming, the men shouting directions and advice to those in the boat. We began to be somewhat anxious as to the result; for although these water hunts are by no means uncommon occurrences, they are often dangerous and sometimes fatal to the hunter. The deer had been severely stunned and hurt, but not killed, by the blow it had received, and it now strove fiercely against its powerful opponent, throwing him from side to side by violent tossess of its head. Doughby still held on like grim death, but his eyes began to roll and stare wildly, his strength was evidently diminishing, and he had each moment more difficulty in partially controlling the stag's movements, and preventing the furious beast from running

its antlers into his body. It was in vain that the four men in the boat endeavoured to render assistance. Man and beast were rolling and twisting about in the river like two water snakes. The scene that had at first been interesting had now become painful to behold.

"Fire, Parker! Fire, Rolby!" shouted several voices from the steamer to the men in the boat.

"Knock the cussed redskin on the head!" was the unintelligible rejoinder of one of the latter.

The stag had now got Doughby close to a tree-trunk, against which it was making violent efforts to crush him. His life was in imminent peril, and a universal cry of horror and alarm burst from the spectators. Just then the head of the deer fell on its breast, the eyes glazing and the legs flinging out convulsively in the agony of death; at the same time, however, Doughby began to sink, and a bright streak of blood that rose to the surface of the water, and spread in a circle round the combatants, gave reason to fear that the mad Kentuckian had received some deadly hurt. At last the men in the boat succeeded in getting hold of Doughby and the stag, the former being seized by the hair of the head, while his hands still clung to the deer's antlers with the desperate grasp of a drowning man. A shout of triumph echoed from one end of the steam-boat to the other, and we all felt a sensation of relief proportionate to the painful state of suspense in which we had been kept.

Doughby sat for a short space doubled up in the bottom of the

boat, gazing straight before him with a fixed unconscious sort of look. The grating of the boat against the side of the steamer seemed to rouse him from his apathy, and he slowly ascended the ladder.

"For heaven's sake, Doughby," cried Richards, as the Kentuckian set his foot upon deck, "what demon is it that possesses you, and drives you to risk your neck at every turn?"

"The devil take you," retorted Doughby, "and your Red River water to boot! Brr, brr! d — d bad water your Red River water, say I! No, no, talk to me of Mississippi water.[5] If I am to be drowned, it sha'n't be in the stinking Red River. I've a taste in my mouth as if I had swallowed saltpetre and sulphur, with a dash of prussic acid. But tell me," cried he to the passengers and sailors by whom he was surrounded, "who gave him his settler? The deer, I mean. Who finished him?"

"Who?" repeated every body, "why, who but yourself, Mister Doughby?"

"I!" replied Doughby, shaking his head, "I had something else to do besides knifing the stag. No, no, I had plenty to think of to keep away from the tree-trunk. Besides, I let the knife fall at the very moment the beast dragged me out of the boat. But see there, boys!" added he, pointing to the deer, which was at this moment hoisted upon deck.

The animal had a deep knife wound in the belly, and the

[5] The Mississippi water, although slimy, becomes clear after it has stood few hours, and is then excellent to drink.

tendons of the hind legs were cut right across.

"That's the Indian's handiwork," said Doughby.

"What Indian?" cried we all.

"The Indian whom Rolby was going to knock on the head."

"I thought he wanted to chouse us out of the deer," said Rolby; "I saw his bacon-face appear for a minute from behind the tree-trunk, and at first I took it for a log, but I soon saw it was a redskin. It wouldn't have been a great harm if I had sent a bit of lead through him. What business has an Injun to meddle, when gentlemen" —

"No great harm!" interrupted Doughby impatiently. "The Indian, I can tell you — d'ye hear? Ralph Doughby tells you — has more real blood in his little finger than ten such leather-chopped fellows as yourself in their whole bodies, making all allowance for your white hide and your citizenship, neither of which, by the way, are much better than they should be. Ten times more, I tell you, and, if you don't believe it, I'll let you know it. A fine fellow he is, that redskin. He saw that I was at a pinch, and he came to help me when none of my own friends were able. And now, see yonder, there he stands in his canoe again, just as if he had done nothing but the most natural thing in the world. Chouse us out of the deer, say ye; and who had a right to hinder him if he had? The beast was bred in his woods as well as ours; a fair field and no favour is our motto in old Kentuck. I tell you the Indian is a brave redskin, and the stag is his; but I'll buy it of him. Hallo, captain! a dozen bottles of rum into the

boat! Howard, Richards, let me have half a dozen dollars, silver dollars, d'ye hear? I'll pay the Indian a visit on board his canoe, and thank him as he ought to be thanked."

No sooner said than done. The captain, however unwilling to lose any more time, could not resist the impetuosity of the good-natured scatterbrain, who sprang, dripping wet as he was, into the boat, a bottle in each hand, and a friendly hurra upon his lips. The Indians at first seemed alarmed and doubtful as to his intentions; but the signs and words of peace and encouragement that were given, and shouted to them from all sides, and above all, the sight of the bottles, soon removed their fears. In another minute or two we saw Doughby in their canoe, shaking hands with them, and putting one of the bottles to his mouth. A little more, and I believe they would all, men, women, and children, have begun the war-dance in the canoe, so delighted were they with the magnificent present of the rum and dollars. As it was, they shook and mauled Doughby till he was fain to jump back into his boat, and escape as well as he could from their wild caresses and demonstrative gratitude.

But we have been nearly twelve hours on the water, and the Alexandria is a noted fast steamer. Our course has lain for some time between banks covered with gigantic forests of live oak, cotton, bean, and cypress trees, with here and there a palmetto field, and on the north shore an occasional plantation, for the most part a mere log-hut, with a strip of tobacco, cotton, or Indian corn. We have seen numerous deer, who, on the

appearance of our steamer, gallop back into the woods — swans, cranes, geese, and ducks, wild pigeons, turkeys, and alligators, are there by thousands. We now enter a broad part of the river, and are gliding along in front of a wide clearing, some half mile long, and surrounded by colossal evergreen oaks; a snug-looking house of greenish-white colour stands in the middle of the plantation, with orange gardens — that are to be — laid out and enclosed in front of it; one enormous live oak, that looks as if it had stood there since the flood, spreading its knotty limbs over the eastern side of the habitation. The windows on the balconies are open, the Venetian blinds drawn up, the sinking sun throws its mellow rays over the whole peaceful and pleasant scene. And see there! We are expected: a small variegated ball flies up to the top of the lightning conductor, and the banner of our Union flutters out, displaying its thirteen stripes and twenty-four stars, and the white American eagle, the thunder of Jupiter and the symbols of peace in his talons. At the same moment, Plato and Tully, two of my negroes, come rushing like demented creatures out of the house, one with a stick in his hand, the other bearing a pan of hot coals. They are closely pursued by Bangor, who seems disposed to dispute Tully's title to the embers. In the struggle the coals fly in every direction; of a surety, the dingy rascals will burn my house before my eyes. Now comes Philip, a fourth negro, and tries to snatch the stick from Plato's hand; but the latter is on his guard, and fetches his adversary a wipe over the pate, that snaps the stick — a tolerably thick one, by the way —

in two. Both retreat a short distance, and lowering their heads like a couple of angry steers, run full tilt against each other, with force that would fracture any skulls except African ones. Once, twice, three times — at the third encounter, Plato the sage bites the dust before the hero of Macedon. Confound the fellows! My companions are laughing fit to split themselves, but I see nothing to laugh at. I shall have them in hospital for the next ten days. Tully, however, has picked up the pan and the embers, and is rushing towards a flag-staff near the shore, from which the Louisianian flag is waving. I see now what they are all at. They have brought down the Wasp and the Scorpion from on Menou's plantation, two four-pounders so named, which were taken last year on board a Porto Rico pirate, and which my father-in-law bought. Boum — boum — and at the sound the whole black population of the plantation comes flocking to the shore, capering and jumping like so many opera-dancers, only not quite so gracefully, and shouting out — "Massa come; hurra, massa come! Massa maum bring; hurra, massa!" and manifesting a joy that is probably rendered more lively by the hopes of an extra ration of rum and salt-fish. And now Monsieur Menou and his son hurry down to receive us; the steamer stops, the plank is thrown across, and amidst shaking of hands, and farewells, and good wishes, our party hurries on shore. Thank heaven! we are home, and settled at last.

BORODINO. — AN ODE

Strophe

Weep for the *living*! mourn no more
Thy children slain on Moskwa's shore,
Cut off from evil! want, and anguish,
And care, for ever brooding and in vain;
No more to be beguiled! no more to languish
Under the yoke of labour and of pain!
Their doom of future joy or woe
For good or evil done below,
The Judge of all the earth will order rightly!
Flee winding error through the flowery way,
To daily follow truth! to ponder nightly
On time, and death, and judgment, nearer day by day!
Bewail thy bane, deluded France,
Vain-glory, overweening pride,
And harrying earth with eagle glance,
Ambition, frantic homicide!
Lament, of all that armed throng
How few may reach their native land!
By war and tempest to be borne along,
To strew, like leaves, the Scythian strand?
Before Jehovah who can stand?

His path in evil hour the dragon cross'd!
He casteth forth his ice! at his command
The deep is frozen! — all is lost!
For who, great God, is able to abide thy frost?

Epode

Elate of heart, and wild of eye,
Crested horror hurtles by;
Myriads, hurrying north and east,
Gather round the funeral feast!
From lands remote, beyond the Rhine,
Running o'er with oil and wine,
Wide-waving over hill and plain,
Herbage green, and yellow grain;
From Touraine's smooth irriguous strand,
Garden of a fruitful land,
To thy dominion, haughty Rhone,
Leaping from thy craggy throne;
From Alp and Apennine to where
Gleam the Pyrenees in air;
From pastoral vales and piny woods,
Rocks and lakes and mountain-floods,
The warriors come, in armed might
Careering, careless of the right!
Their leader he who sternly bade

Freedom fall; and glory fade,
The scourge of nations ripe for ruin,
Planning oft their own undoing!
But who in yonder swarming host
Locust-like from coast to coast,
Reluctant move, an alien few,
Sullen, fierce, of sombre hue,
Who, forced unhallow'd arms to bear,
Mutter to the moaning air,
Whose curses on the welkin cast
Edge the keen and icy blast!
Iberia, sorrow bade thee nurse
Those who now the tyrant curse,
Whose wrongs for vengeance cry aloud!
Lo, the coming of a cloud!
To burst in wrath, and sweep away
Light as chaff the firm array!
To rack with pain, or lull to rest
Both oppressor and oppress'd.

Antistrophe

Is it the wind from tower to tower
Low-murmuring at midnight hour?
Athwart the darkness light is stealing,
Portentous, red with unrelenting ire,

Inhuman deeds, and secrets dark revealing!
Ye guilty, who may quench the kindled fire!
Fall, city of the Czars, to rise
Ennobled by self-sacrifice,
Than tower and temple higher and more holy!
The wilful king appointed o'er mankind
To plague the lofty heart, and prove the lowly,
Is fled! — Avenger, mount the chariot of the wind!
Be thine, to guide the rapid scythe,
To blind with snow the frozen sun,
Against th' invader doomed to writhe,
To rouse the Tartar, Russ, and Hun!
Bid terror to the battle ride!
Indignant honour, burning shame,
Revenge, and hate, and patriotic pride!
But not the quick unerring aim
Of volley'd thunder winged with flame,
Nor famine keener than the bird of prey,
Nor death — avail the hard of heart to tame!
Blow wind, and pierce the dire array,
Flung, drifted by thy breath, athwart the frozen way!

Epode

Before the blast as flakes of snow
Drive blindly, reeling to and fro,

Or down the river black and deep
Melt — so the mighty sink to sleep!
Like Asshur, never more to boast!
Or Pharaoh, sunk with all his host!
So perish who would trample down
The rights of freedom, for renown!
So fall, who born and nurtured free
Adore the proud on bended knee!
Roll, Beresina, 'neath the bridge
Of death! rise Belgium's fatal ridge!
Rise, lonely rock in a wide ocean,
To curb each haughty mad emotion!
To prove, while force and genius fail,
That truth is great, and will prevail!

The hour is coming — seize the hour!
Divide the spoil, the prey devour!
Howl o'er the dead and dying, cry
All ye that raven earth and sky!
With beak and talon rend the prey,
Track carnage on her gory way,
To chide o'er many a gleamy bone
The moon, or with the wind to moan!
Benumb'd with cold, by torture wrung,
To winter leave the famine-clung,
O thou for whom they toil and bleed,
Deserted in their utmost need!
Hear, hear them faithful unto death

Invoke thee with the fleeting breath,
And feel (for human still thou art)
Ruth touch that adamantine heart!
Survive the storm and battle-shock,
To linger on th' Atlantic rock!

From ghastly dream, from death-like trance
Awake to woe, devoted France!
To care and trouble, toil and pain,
Till glory be acknowledged vain,
And martial pomp a mere parade,
And war, the bravo's bloody trade!
A beacon o'er the tide of time
Be thou, to point the wreck of crime!
The spoiler spoil'd, from empire hurl'd,
The dread and pity of the world!

O then, by tribulation tried,
Abjuring envy, hate, and pride,
Warn'd of the dying hour foretold
Of earth and heaven together roll'd,
Revering each prophetic sign
Of judgment and of love divine,
Bow down, and hide thee in the dust,
And own the retribution just;
So may contrition, prayer, and praise,
Preserve thee in the latter days!

E. Peel.

A RAMBLE IN MONTENEGRO

Few nations of Europe have been less known than the Montenegrians, and the name even of their country is seldom found on maps.[6] Surrounded by great empires, they have always preserved the independence of their rugged mountains, and have even succeeded in wresting several rich plains from the sway of Turkey. With this power hostilities seldom cease; but such is the system with which her resources are managed, that while the Montenegrians are at peace with one pasha, they are enabled to concentrate their force against another — and all the while the Sublime Porte does not condescend to interfere. Not many years ago, they possessed the reputation of being a horde of robbers; and, in all probability, the pilgrim who ventured among them would have returned, if at all, as shirtless as themselves. But the breath of the spirit of the age, though faintly wafted to their mountains, has softened something of their character, without destroying in the least their independence or nationality. Bold, hardy, and free, ready and eager for the foray and the fray, a stranger is now as safe among them as in any part of her Majesty's

[6] An excellent map of Montenegro has been made by an Austrian officer of engineers, who resided there for the purpose — but I have not now the advantage of referring to it. This country is divided into twelve military departments; the natives reckon its extent about three days' journey in the longest, by two in the widest part. Those, of course, are foot or mule journeys.

kingdom.

Whoever wishes to make the acquaintance of this primitive people, will do well to embark on board the Austrian Lloyd's Company's steamer from Trieste to Cattaro. They will be well accommodated, at reasonable charges, and have an opportunity of seeing the principal towns of Dalmatia, a country little frequented by travellers. Such was the case with ourselves, (an English lady and gentleman,) who quitted Trieste on the 5th of November 1843. The voyage commenced pleasantly, and we had the good-luck to have the ladies' cabin to ourselves. The captain was a very gentlemanlike person, the steward attentive, and the passengers full of politeness. Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, where we stopped a day and a night, is a walled town of moderate extent, said to contain 8000 inhabitants. It possesses some antiquities. Over the gates of this, and all other of the Dalmatian seaports, the Lions of Saint Mark yet remain. It is best known for the excellence of its *rosoglio*. The next town we arrived at was Sebenico, now much decayed, and Spalatro, the most interesting of all, where the badness of the weather, during the short time we stayed, prevented our landing to see the extensive Roman remains. After anchoring off Curzola for a night, we came to Ragusa, where we stopped two days. At Zara and Sebenico we had opportunities of seeing the Morlaccian race. These are the rural inhabitants of Dalmatia, speaking a Sclavonic dialect, while in the towns they pride themselves on their Venetian origin and language. Amongst these peasants were the noblest specimens

of the human kind I have ever seen. Of stature almost gigantic, and of the amplest development of chest, their symmetry of limb and elasticity of step would have called forth notice in a Scottish Highlander. Nor could a somewhat manifest omission to cares of the toilet disguise complexion and features almost faultless, and in which an expression of frankness and good-nature left one nothing to fear from their armed numbers. I speak not of a few among a crowd, but of nearly all I saw. It was from amongst these that the French, during their occupation, chose their finest grenadiers; but at present, in consequence of the scantiness of the population, the humanity of the Austrian government has suspended all conscription. Still it is possible, that, in the hour of danger, Austria might profit more from the devoted loyalty of this armed and stalwart peasantry, than if her ranks were filled with its forced recruits. Their dress consists of a coarse brown jacket, and a waistcoat of red cloth, both ornamented on the edges, and made to sit close on the shoulders, without any collar, and which advantageously display their well put on head and neck. They wear a small red skull-cap, round at top; but, when married, they usually surround this with a white turban. Their pantaloons are of blue, and fit close from the knee to the ankle, and below they wear the *opunka*

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