

"As I ride" is an adaptation of the Arabian gazelle or Monorhymed poem. What a stirring ring there is in the stages:

"As I ride, as I ride,  
To our Chief and his allied,  
Who dares chide my heart's pride?  
As I ride, as I ride,  
We are witnesses denied;  
Through the desert waste and wide  
Do I glide unespied,  
As I ride, as I ride!"

We pass over the remaining lyrics of this volume, wishing that space permitted our giving extracts from that marvelous idyl of Italian country life, "The Englishman in Italy," or from the laboratory where Madame de Brinvilliers stands at work in her glass mask. One little poem—we must quote it—refutes the assertion that Browning has become so much fascinated by his Italian life to feel quite like an Englishman:

#### HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent, to the North-West died away;  
Sunset ran our glorious blood red reeking into Cadiz Bay,  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;  
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gay—  
'Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?' Say  
Who so turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa."

The other volume of lyrics, "Men and Women," opens with some poems which are like none that we have yet met with for the depth and tenderness with which they speak of Love—not love of the immature sentimental kind, but that truer feeling which is the growth of a life time. Take, for example, "A Woman's Last Word," or "Any Wife to any Husband." It also contains some minutely painted Italian scenes—an elegy chaunted by his scholars at the funeral of one of the early reviewers of classical learning—a eulogy of patient devotion to knowledge for its own sake, with no hope of reward or fame. But the most remarkable in the volume are the philosophical poems, and one lyric of singular beauty, which unites in a higher degree than any other all Browning's poetical excellencies, and to which we would therefore call our readers' special attention. Of the philosophical poems, is "Karshish, the Arab Physician," who has met an epileptic who has been healed, or, as he will have it himself, restored to life by some learned leech. The patient's name is Lazarus, and he seems to have, with his recovery or resuscitation, regained the innocence and lovingness of a little child. He regards his healer:

This man so cured regards the curer then  
As—God forgive me—Who but God Himself,  
Creator and Sustainer of the World,  
That came and dwelt in flesh awhile?