

an' Jeem, he shout : " You don' mean say dat Geepsie fell' run hoff wid your hol' Beelie, halread' ? " An' I say : "*Mais oui*, yase ! "

An' Neek, he say : " Dat man he mek such fine bargain, he tink I'll want get Beelie for me 'gain. " An' den dey bot' laugh like for bust deirself. An' I laugh, too ; but I don' know for w'y, me.

Jeem, he mek us remain to supper, an' w'en we come at home it mek ver' dark. W'en we come near de stable, by gare dere's de mos' gret noise in dere I'll ever hear. Neek, he holl' hout : " Dere's dat colt ! You leave heem ontie' 'gain. Bagosh, Ceeprien Dorval, dees mus' got to end ! " An' he run w'ere de colt' haid rest'. An' it be tie' hall right ; but hees feet dey don' be tie' ! An' bagosh, w'en I feel for de haid to de new horse, der ain' not'in' but de strap of de halter, an' dat's break'. Hall de time de rack' get more worse. Bang, bouf ! Dose horse' keek de light'-an'-leeever hout each odder, an' jomp an' squeal like de boar-pegg w'en he get de knife in de t'roat. An' hall de harness, an' de bottle of horse maid'cine fall, an' be break' an' smash'. Neek, he swear like hun'ed *diablos*, an' I'll swear too, but dat don' mek not'in', for I don' know to swear ver' wail in Eenglish.

Prett' soon Neek shout : " W'y don' you get de lantern, you good-for-not'in' Frainchee ? " An' w'en I come back wid de light, he arrest heemself from dance hall hover de stable, an' mek grab for it, an' t'row heemself at de horse.

Bagosh, I tink dat new horse be de devil. He jomp 'roun', and chess Neek in de corner, an' mek for heat heem. An' if Neek ain' hit heem wid de lantern he'll be daid so quick he don' know not'in'.

W'en Neek get houtside w'ere I rest, hees han' shek, so dat he can' hol' wat remain of de lantern, an' de horse dey *fracassent* worse dan b'fore. Prett' soon Neek get mad some more, but he's scare' to go in yet one time. He regard in de stable an' swear more hard dan de horse' keek. I'll say : " Can I do not'in' ? " An' he regard some more, an' den he say : " You tek de wheepstock an' catch hees mane ; an' w'en he bite you hit heem ; an' I'll put de halter on. "

But I say : " How I know w'ere de mane fin' itself, it mek so dark ? "

An' Neek say : " You be know by de feel of de hair ; dat's hall right. "

But I say : " Bagosh, Neek, if it's de *tail* ! *Mon dieu*, dat *ain*' hall right ! " All de same I open de beeg door for see de mos' bes' I can, w'en *tout de suite* Neek shout : " Look hout ! " An' by gare, dere's de new horse near to jomp hover me ; an' hoff down de road ! "

We're ver' content, an' let heem go w'ere he want ; an' prett' soon we're in de house, an' be ondress ourself for go in bed. But neek begin to be mad some more, an' he say : " What get into dat horse ? " an' he t'row one boot by de bed. An' den he swear, an' demand dat me if he's hall right in de morn'. An' I say : " Yase, " an' he scratch de haid prett' feroce' an' pool hoff hees odder boot, an' say : " Ver' wail, w'at arrive on heem ? " He t'row de odder boot by de door, an' walk heemself hup an' down, an' mek like he want to keek de stove ; but dat's too hard. An' he say yet one time : " By dam, I'm goin' for un'erstan' dees ! "

An' den, *tout de suite*, I see dat hall ver' facile, an' I shout hout : " I got heem ! " An' he say " W'at ? "

I smile, an' say " I think dat Geepsie feex heem hup. "

Bagosh, dat's hall I say, but Neek he be grab me on de naik, and he t'row me at de door, an' I fall houtside hover de step. I peench myself w'ere I rest for it appear I'll be daid ; an' den I run on de barn, an' sleep dere dat night.

A. E. McFARLANE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is with peculiar diffidence that one enters the presence of this mighty poet-thinker, who has had so many merciless critics, so many nominal worshippers, and a few sincere admirers among those who have dabbled in the ocean of the thousand pages that have come from his prolific pen. That he was a great man none deny. His personality looms up among his brother-poets like some lone, rugged, mountain peak, whose summit, rising far above the surrounding children of the skies, is for the most part lost in obscuring clouds, but now and then flashes forth in undreamed-of beauty.

Let us first consider this keen and lofty minded poet, as mighty, mist-enshrouded, he rises before our vision ; then pass on to the sunbursts of beauty, and lastly, to the secret of the power he has won over many minds and hearts.

Many have been the attempts to prove or disprove Browning's claim to the rank of poet, and doubtless there has been ample room for such discussion. Indeed, were we to turn for a definition of poetry to Coleridge, Lowell, Arnold, Stoddart, Stedman, or any of the other great expositors of the art, and arraign Browning's sixteen volumes before this supreme bar, we should find that only a part, much the smaller part, could be called " just legitimate " poetry.

There is this fundamental error with the bulk of what he has produced : " His favorite kind of truth is not the poet's kind, and his processes with it are not the poet's process. Both belong rather to the prose of philosophy and science. " His intellect delights in threading its way through labyrinthine mazes and over unexplored seas in a way calculated to bewilder, confuse and dishearten the ordinary mind ; he is a lover of the grotesque and ugly as well as the beautiful ; his style is often " eccentric, abrupt, harsh, disjointed, parenthetical and metaphysical. "

No poet of this age has surpassed Browning in originality of conception. Take, for instance, " The Ring and the Book, " tantalizing and wearisome as it is finely wrought and fascinating. Think of a single story, " told as many times as there are cantos by every character in the hideous tale, each bringing out some new or contradicting phase or sequence to found the whole. " And which of all was right ? The Pope ? Perhaps. Who knows what " Sordello " means ? or did the poet himself ? Such was the favorite analytic style of Browning, often elaborated or attenuated far beyond the understanding of any reader.

In reply to the charge of being " wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless and perversely harsh, " Mr. Browning once said, " I can have little doubt that my writing in the main has been too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with ; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as would be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts, and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more. "

A friend and admirer said to him on one occasion : " I have studied long upon this passage in your poem and am unable to comprehend it. Pray, tell me what is the idea embodied in it ? " Mr. Browning read the passage over, and replied : " Really, I cannot tell ; but I believe it will be worth your while to keep on studying it. "

Thus far only the more displeasing phases of Browning's genius have been brought under consideration—the mists that so long have hidden from many the true grandeur, wealth and beauty of his poetic soul.

Professor Carson says that Browning " has the very highest faculty of word and verse music, and it can be shown he always exercises the faculty whenever there is a