

In this case it is plain that the poet's sympathies are not, as indeed how could they be, with the enemies of the Church, of learning and of art. These songs are not only good poetry, but they have smack of the Great Rebellion times which is wanting to the regulation "historical ballads" of the Aytown-Macaulay School. "My last Dutchess" and "Count Gismund" are studies from Mediæval Italian Chivalrie life. In the former, a Duke of Ferrara is showing the envoy of an Italian noble (whose daughter he is about to wed,) his picture gallery, and notably the portrait veiled to other visitors, of his late Dutchess, who was put to death he hints rather than tells us, for infidelity. The mixture of pride and Italian jealousy with the art dilettantism of the renaissance, is striking. In Count Gismund is a noble picture of a high souled warm hearted lady.

The next scene is from the wars of Napoleon, and which of the songs of Béranger have placed before us so striking a pose of the French military idol?

"You know the French stormed Ratisbon
A mile or two away;
On a green mound Napoleon
Stood on our storming day.
With neck out thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind."

Again a new atmosphere in the poem which follows this! We are introduced to the garden of a Spanish convent, and the soliloquy of one of the monks reveals to us the full ugliness of his hatred, the hatred of a strong coarse nature, intensified by solitude, against one of the brethren. We seem to recognize the obnoxious brother as we read; a pedantic man, of formal methodical habits, he will have his cup "raised like something sacrificial;" he will talk his small nothings at the daily meal;

"At the meal we sit together,
"Salve tibi," I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year;
"Not a plenteous cork crop"; "scarcely
Dare we hope oak galls, I doubt";
"What's the Latin name for parsley,
What the Greek name for Swine's snout."

"In a Gondola," is a purely Italian scene—a youth is stabbed by order of the three, while talking to his love. "Artemis' Prologizes," is a poem which by those who would make Browning a kind of secondary Tennyson, may not disadvantageously be compared with the *Ænëone*. It has not so much elaboration, but we think more of Greek vigour. Artemis speaks a prologue to the Hippolytus. If this poem reminded us of any English writer, it would be of one who above