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BROWNING'S NEW POEMS.

A Book That Will Give the Numbers of "clubs" a Fine Opportunity for Profound Study.

"Hence, get ye homeward, ye great and renowned ones, night's children unchilled, with kindly attendance"—so, in English, run the words wherein Eschylus takes farewell of the Eumenides. Mr. Browning's Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—bid us good-by in his new poem thus:

Clotho! Bah!
Lachesis! Tra-la-lal!
Atropos! Ha-ha-ha!

It is true that words of Apollo's interrupt these laconic greetings, and yet, looking at the printed page, one feels inclined to ask, Is this poetry, or an extract from some classical extravaganza at the Savoy theater? Romanticism is indeed triumphant. Perrault and Hugo have trumped over Boileau, and Aristotle, and Eschylus, when a justly famous English poet can take those liberties with the Fates. Even in the days of Theophile, of the flamboyant waistcoat, it may be doubted whether the wildest of the generation would have made Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos drink the wine of mortals till they said "bah," "tra-la-lal," and "Ha, ha, ha" to a god. "Say boo to you, pooh-pooh to you is within measurable distance of this familiarity. Mr. Browning's new volume, in which these and other singularities occur, is styled "Parleying with certain people." It is a return, and we think a more fortunate return, to the form of art in which Mr. Browning wrought his best, his immortal poems, the poems of "Men and Women," and "Branntis, Perseus." The prologue between Apollo and the Fates is headed with references to texts in the Homeric hymn to Hermes, in the "Eumenides," and in "Alcesteis." Apollo held a dialogue on the value of mortal life, and especially on the life of Admetus, for whom Alcesteis died with the Fates. The ideas of the poem are interesting, and cast their light on the foundations of things. It is too late to presume to argue with Mr. Browning on his methods. Lord Tennyson in youth altered many of his poetic ways, as age brought the philosophic mind, and it chanced, rejected most of the things which criticism had censured. But Mr. Browning has ever taken his own way. The classical taste of the mere perruque (with which we confess a sympathy) might deferentially demur to a speech like this, which Mr. Browning assigns to Lachesis—

Woe-purpled, woe-prankt—if it speed, if it linger—
Life's substance and show are determined by me.
Who, meeting out, mixing, with sure thumb and finger,
Lead back the due length; is all smoothness and glee,
All tangle and grief; take the lot, my decree!

The speech, difficult even with the context, sufficiently displays the causes of Mr. Browning's obscurity, discovers in his style those tenebrous stars," by which Paracelsus is said to have explained the phenomena of night. Strange stars raved out darkness, Paracelsus dreamed,—here be the similar constellations (or a few of them) that make Mr. Browning's poetry obscure to the multitude. First come odd words; "Shun an unusual word like a hidden reef" is said to have been the maxim of no less a critic than Caus Julius Caesar. Now, "purpled," in the first line, is a very unusual word. Speaking from memory alone we remember no more familiar use of it than that of Maynoy in the "Mort d'Arthur." "King Ryahce would purple his mantle with twelve kings' heads." One can fancy the well-meaning student of poetry looking out "purple" in his English dictionary, and practice of that sort is chilling work. "Woe-prankt" is not so difficult. Doubtless the poet uses these archaisms and these clashing consonants purposely, to indicate the archaic character of the venerable Fates and the harshness of their dispositions. In the same stanza the words "lead back the due length" entirely baffle us. We have tried "lead" and "lock" both as substantives and verbs, but unless they are employed in some technical sense we fail to get any meaning out of them. This may be mere dullness of apprehension, but other English poets yield up their treasures of their sense more easily. The next stanza, intelligible enough, causes, like most of Chapman's poetry and a good deal of Keats', "Endymion" an uncomfortable feeling, as if rhyme had suggested the expression, rather than that the expression subduced to itself the rhyme.

The Fates, whose business it is to assign our mortal thread, weave it and cut it short, as we

Moral who dangled
The puppet grotesquely till earth's solid floor
Proved him he fell through, lost in naught as before.

In too much of Mr. Browning's poetry, as here, he seems to forget that legends recorded by Pausanias, which made Aphrodite the eldest of the Fates, did Greece make beautiful, with the grace of Aphrodite, even fateful doings; but there is little of her charm in these words of Mr. Browning's. Surely it is a heresy to divorce loveliness and charm from poetry; to make "triumph" rhyme to "wine" and "reach brain must brim pulse." Would any mortal man talk of brimming a pulse, except for the sake of grotesque rhyme? So very strange and un-Hellenic in form is this remarkable poem—so admirable and valuable as a chain of thoughts, that one is driven to doubt whether, after all, deep knowledge of the class-

ics can impart grace and charm to style. Compare Keats' "Greek Iun," or "Lamia," or "Ode to Bachelus," with any of his Greek pieces with Mr. Browning's. Which is the most Hellenic in form, which poet wears a leaf of the Delphian laurel? Not Mr. Browning—a learned poet but Keats—a poet unlearned. Not vigor only, nor vigor, thought, and voluntary roughness can reproduce the Titanic strains of Eschylus. The most musical choros in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" comes nearer the note of Eschylus than the method of Mr. Browning.

Nothing can be farther from our intention than to speak as if Mr. Browning's new book were not worthy of him, and a gift of value to students of poetry. We would only note the rulelessness of that poetic form which Socrates or Rabelais might have compared to the images of Silent—rugged without, full of sweet perfume within. But extreme admirers of a poet are apt to make a fashion of admiring his least admirable qualities. As for the wisdom within, it displays what Mr. Matthew Arnold excellently calls "the moderate, gracious, amiably human instincts of the true poetic nature." He who would be convinced of this, and who knows the pictures, rich in the same qualities, of Francesco Furini, has only to read the poem on that artist. No less noble, kind, and wise is the poem on Christopher Smart, called "Kit," who said a good and rude thing about Gray, and also in a lucid interval of brain disease wrote a powerful and passionate sacred poem. In fact, this book is perhaps the most welcome of his shorter works that Mr. Browning has given us since "Dramatis Personae." It is a delightful thing to find, with the old things to protest against the old manliness, wisdom, keen sight, and subtle reason to praise in the works of so eminent and veteran a poet.—London News.

"SING WITH EASE."

A New Story in Which the Old-Time L'Enfant Terrible Figures.

"While passing a few days at the house of a very charming young lady, in London," writes a correspondent, "her little girl, five years of age, one morning in the nursery, asked me to tell her a story.
"Not Cinderella or Beauty and the Beast," she said, "but another 'tory."
"My supply not being vast in this branch of English literature, I started boldly with the tale of 'Little Golden Hair and the Three Bears.' But when I arrived at the porridge, my story forsook me, if indeed it had ever been mine; so I ventured to say to the little English lassie that Golden Hair told the bears, if they would be good, she would sing them a song.
"My small listener looked slightly incredulous, but suddenly exclaimed:
"Well, on be the bear, and I'll sing the song!"
"And forthwith began to regale me with a nursery ditty at the top of her small voice, much to the distress of my ear-drums. As soon as I could make myself heard, I told her how far from nice that was. Said I:
"You hurt my ears—
"Sing with ease,
"If you wish to please,
"Soon wear themselves out."

"Much to my astonishment, the little thing seemed highly delighted with a homely rhyme, and made me repeat it several times, she singing it softly to herself. In the afternoon of that day a tea was given for me by my hostess, and one of the ladies present, on being asked to sing, arose at once, and seating herself at the piano, gave us a piece in which her voice was more remarkable for force than beauty of tone.

"Scarcely had the singer finished the first verse, when my little 'Golden Hair,' tugging at the lady's gown, explained:
"On top, on hurts my ears—
"Sing with ease,
"If you wish to please."

"This atom of humanity was going on to explain, when she was suddenly seized by a strong pair of arms and carried out of the drawing room. But from the corridor, amidst gentle remonstrances on some one's part, and tears on that of the infant, a shrill little voice, distinctly and ble, sobbed out:
"Well, Mith Bonney—boo-hoo!—told me—boo-hoo!" (Miss Bonney told me so.)"

The Value of London Land.

It has been ascertained with regard to the Imperial institute that the site of about five acres recently secured for the new admiralty and war offices is valued at £250,000, or rather over £150,000 per acre; that now vacant in Charles street, opposite the India office, is less than an acre, and would cost at least £125,000; probably another acre might be secured by private contract, so that the value of a limited site in this position would not be less than £250,000.

It has been suggested that a single acre not far from Charing Cross might be obtained for £224,000. Two and a half acres on the Thames embankment have been offered for £400,000, and it is stated that six acres may be procured from Christ's hospital at £600,000. Another good central position has been suggested, consisting of two and a half acres, which has been valued at £668,000.

Even if a reduced price were accepted, no site in that direction is to be had for less than a quarter of a million. This explanation is offered for falling back on the site which belongs to the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851.—Court Journal.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

Sweet violet, starred with the dew,
What wondrous pains I took
To hunt its pretty eyes of blue,
Along the babbling brook;
Sweet violet that bloomed for you
Within that sunny nook.

The living warmth of southern skies
Shone on its mossy bed,
And soon it opened its sleepy eyes,
And raised its drooping head,
And gazed about in wild surprise
To find the snow had fled.

Blue as the waters of the bay,
Sweet herald of the spring;
To him whose skies are cold and gray,
I said, perchance 'twill bring
A dream of bird-sing birds to-day
And whir of robin's wing.

—Belle Browne, in The Current.

A CONVICT'S ROMANCE.

A Refugee from a Northern Prison Wins Fame and Fortune in the South.

A romance that has long been hidden has just come to light, writes a Jeffersonville, Ind., correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Thirty-eight years ago Calvin Lyons was a young mechanic of Posey county, Indiana. He had but one fault, and that was excessive indulgence in intoxicants. One night he quarreled with a bosom friend with whom he was drinking, in a saloon, and shot him through the heart. The young man, called "Kit," who said a good and rude thing about Gray, and also in a lucid interval of brain disease wrote a powerful and passionate sacred poem. In fact, this book is perhaps the most welcome of his shorter works that Mr. Browning has given us since "Dramatis Personae." It is a delightful thing to find, with the old things to protest against the old manliness, wisdom, keen sight, and subtle reason to praise in the works of so eminent and veteran a poet.—London News.

When the great bell began tolling the hour at 9 o'clock he commenced the work of cutting a hole in the wall. He worked industriously and soon had one cut through, and was in the corridor. Here another wall three feet thick confronted him. Nothing daunted, he went to work, and in a couple of hours had cut a hole big enough to crawl through. He then made the startling discovery that the hole was at least forty feet from the ground. While he was considering what had best be done, the guard came along and discovered him. Before the later could make an out cry, Lyons sprang upon him, and being a powerful man, soon had the official insensible upon the floor. It required but a few minutes to bind, gag, and strip the man of his clothes, which Lyons hastily donned. Lyons then tore his bed-clothes into strips, with which he made a rope and lowered himself to the ground.

The steamer Sunflower was anchored at the falls, and, being short of hands, when Lyons volunteered to go to work they accepted the offer. The boat left for southern waters. The prison officials searched high and low for him, but he could not be found. In the meantime the steamer Sunflower changed hands, and in two years Lyons had become her captain. He saved money and ran in the Red river trade. One time while on a visit to some new friends at Deer Creek, Miss., he conceived the idea of building a mammoth cotton gin. Not having enough money of his own, he interested a wealthy planter in his scheme, and the gin was built. Time brought them prosperity, and Dame Fortune smiled her sweetest upon them.

His partner had a daughter, and she and Lyons fell deeply in love. The latter did not wish to wed the young lady without telling them of his former life, of which, prior to this time, he had been mysteriously reticent. Calling the young lady and her father into the office one day, he made a clean breast of the affair. At its conclusion he told the father that he was in love with his daughter, and asked if he would give her to an escaped convict. The old man considered the matter, and finally gave his consent. They were married and children grew up to bless the household. His wife's father died and made over his property to his son-in-law, who was then worth in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

When the war broke out he joined the confederate army to battle for the south. He made a gallant soldier and won distinction for himself on many a gray field. After peace again overspread the land he resumed business, and is now a wealthy and honored resident of Deer Creek. His hair is silvered and his face is wrinkled, but he is still hale and hearty, and he has nearly reached three score of years.

Some eight or nine years ago a gentleman passed through Deer Creek and stopped over night with Mr. Lyons. He mentioned that he was from Jeffersonville, and the host proceeded to tell him his history.
"Are you not afraid to tell me this, Mr. Lyons?" said the gentleman.
"No," said the host. "The people here wouldn't see me arrested and taken back to prison, and I defy the officers to try it."

The gentleman has since corresponded regularly with his southern host, and a few days ago, for the first time, related the incident. The hole Lyons cut through the front of the prison is still visible, although it has been patched, and on the books is marked: "Calvin Lyons escaped March, 1850." It is probable no attempt will be made to bring him back and that the man will spend the few remaining days of his life in the southern town in which his industry won him a fortune.

A gardener who married an extremely homely widow gave as a reason for his action that he had an aversion to weeds and never saw them without using means to destroy them.—Boston Courier.

MIDSUMMER IN FLORIDA.

Northern People Advised to Visit the State at That Time of Year.

There are thousands of people in the north who have "spent the winter in Florida, and can tell you all about the state. There are others who have "made the Florida trip," into and out of the state on the fly, as it were, who also profess to know all there is to be known about the soil, climate, productions, and people. Hardly any two of these tourists will agree in all the particulars of the story, having looked on us from different standpoints, and through vari-colored spectacles, and none of them give anything like a correct idea of the scenery, crop outlook, and general aspect of things the year round.

Take, for instance, the midsummer in Florida. Comparatively few of the northern people know anything about it. They have a vague idea of bare fields and drooping foliage, all scorched and withered beneath the rays of a burning equatorial sun, and of listless people panting and fanning in the shade or tossing with fevers and longing for the cool breath from far northern ice fields that comes with the late fall months and makes the country endurable. How different is the reality. Look about you and you shall see from your open doors and windows, through which cool and refreshing breezes are blowing, a scene that might delight the veriest sybarite. The room where we sit writing has windows opening to the north, south, and east, a door which stands open to the west wind that is breathing it in a gentle current freighted with an odor of blossoms. Looking out of the window in front, a tall oleander flaunts its beautiful double pink blossoms tantalizingly near; beyond a grape myrtle hangs out its flame like plumes amid its foliage of dark green, and away beyond rises the towering forms of the water oaks in which the mocking birds delight to sit and away and sing, and from which the really blue jays dart and chatter. Out of the north window we look over low house-roofs to the gable of a stately brick residence where a vigorous trumpet flower has climbed up and fastened itself, covering out its reddish-yellow blossoms in bunches that look like gouts of flame.

Not far off is the broad-bosomed St. John's, on which it is like an hour's dream to float in your cushioned boat these glorious moonlight nights—nights which seem especially made for love and song, and the sweet dalliances of friendly intercourse, as well as for most refreshing sleep. The live oaks that come down to the river's brink and here and there droop their branches till the long gray moss almost touches the water, look like gray ghosts in the weird moonlight, while the somber pines, outlined against the blue and gold, and silver of sky, moon, and stars, make a picture that will hang in the halls of memory as long as life lasts.

Leaving the night with its faintly-described witcheries and coming out into the garish light of day again, push your boat up some creek or estuary of the river back into the country. Here you shall see, lying the marshes and the low-lying shore, the sentinel bybiscus, with his flashing red helmet, the purple-hearted white water-lily, the yellow nuphar, and the blue sagittaria, while on the bank the fragrant butter-ball and pure white Bermuda lilies contrast with the phlox of various hues, backed by the dark green of the vines and shrubbery everywhere rankly growing. If the day be hot and clear look out for the specks of clouds you see in glimpses through the avenues of the pine woods and if you hear a muttering of thunder make for shelter, for within an hour or so those clouds will concentrate and, obscuring the sun, precipitate their cooling contents through the air upon the earth, and upon you if you are not well covered. It is these daily showers which make the air so pure and keep the vegetation so green and succulent.

If you drive out into the country you will see fields of corn of giant stature, a single stalk in a "hill," graceful clumps of sugar cane; patches it may be, of broad-leaved tobacco; great stretches of cotton in blossom—a most magnificent sight, and groves of the orange and peach, with the fruit in different stages of advancement. As you ride along you may hear the songs of the dusky laborer, and as you see the old "aunts" sitting at her kitchen door comfortably smoking her corn-cob pipe, while the dogs, too lazy to bark, lie idly sleeping in the shade.

This is a midsummer picture of Florida that our northern visitors never see, and never will see until they divest themselves of the notion that this part of the union is uninhabitable except in the winter time.—Florida Times Union.

A Plucky Britisher.

An English sportsman, while partridge shooting, had his left hand badly shattered through the bursting of the gun. On arrival the doctor exclaimed: "Well, you have made a mess of it. I must amputate it!"

The patient readily submitted to the operation without anesthetic, and on the doctor leaving the room with the severed hand, he was astonished at the unfortunate calling after him:
"Doctor, I forgot to say how proud I always was of that little finger, so please save it for me for a tobacco stopper!"

Mahomet must have been suffering from a time with the boys when he wrote in the Koran, "There is a devil in every berry of the grape."—Alta California.