

# DALHOUSIE AND PROGRESS\*

R. H. COATS

Mr. President, My Lords and Governors, Members of the Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen:

AS a mere freshman of Dalhousie, and until the leaven of to-day's great honour really works in me (after which I have no doubt I shall speak with the tongues of men and of angels), may I use notes,—memoranda being as you know the media through which we Civil Servants, the Silent Service, are accustomed to governing the country at Ottawa?

## I

There is a saying that if you ask a Scotchman what is the most beautiful shire in Scotland, he will immediately name you his own, but if you press him as to the next most beautiful, he will say "Perthshire"—and a moral is sometimes drawn. It is so with Universities. If a Canadian of Scotch forbears, as I am, is asked from what University he would most prize an honour, he will say first his *Alma Mater*. But I think he would name Dalhousie second,—Dalhousie, swaddled as a little Edinburgh by that illustrious Scotch Soldier-Governor of yours (ours I must say now); Dalhousie, founded on the old Parade with prize-money, spent in that admixture of carefulness and high purpose which is Scotland's best legacy; Dalhousie, with her gracious tradition of name and deed, and now not only venerable but in the forefront of what we moderns airily call "modern progress". Shall I mention a fact or two pertaining to that progress of hers? You know it is a device of certain public speakers when they must visit a new place, to drop upon the Bureau of Statistics for some facts, as we usually can muster. They often then make quite a play with local colour. Shall I try this technique on you for just a moment? A new son should praise his affiliation.¶

## II

Truth to tell there is nothing blatant in the statistics of Dalhousie. Why should there be? Statistics are answers very often to such questions as how many? or how much? and education is of

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quality not quantity (though qualitative and quantitative are often more akin than many think). Still, reviewing details, it is interesting that more than a third of Dalhousie's students come from outside the Province—from Prince Edward Island, from Newfoundland, from New Brunswick (the latter sends more to Dalhousie than to any other outside University), and to the number of more than 100 a year from the United States, many of them sons or daughters of emigrated Maritimers, who though "carrying their superiority with them", as Macaulay said the Scotch did owing to their education, still find "the blood is strong". (Even Sam Slick, by the by, who said you couldn't beat Connecticut for "geese, gals and onions", wanted to marry a Bluenose). Only McGill among our Universities, and no other undenominational institution, can vie on this point. But then Dalhousie, like McGill, is not a "Provincial" University: she is not supported by public funds, though providing like McGill the whole range of university faculties.

I might remark in parenthesis,—Dalhousie linking so closely with the school system,—that this Spartan discipline goes down the line, for there is less spent on school buildings in Nova Scotia, and a good deal less on teachers, than in some other provinces, where education to be sure is financed not out of taxes but from free natural resources. Of a total expenditure on education in Canada last year of \$136 millions, Nova Scotia spent about \$5½ millions, which is rather low. Still you kept an even keel during the depression, which the others did not: while the Dominion as a whole came down from spending \$16.20 *per capita* on education to \$12.34, between 1930 and 1935, Nova Scotia stood firm around \$10.20! But you do get a lot for a little: *inter alia* you get a MacKay and a Munro in your administrative history, and what more would you or could you?

As for Dalhousie, state-unaided she has the only medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy faculties in the Maritimes, the only law school in Nova Scotia and the oldest in Canada. She was one of our first to offer a degree in Commerce. But as I said, it is in education as simply developing the personal powers that Dalhousie stands eminent. She was free and public before Oxford or Cambridge. I venture the layman's opinion that eliminating "conditions" at matriculation, and segregating the "distinction" from the "honours" course (in the Edinburgh tradition), are excellent, and they but carry on a "selective" process characteristic of Nova Scotian education from the ground up. Finally as a son of Toronto rushing in where angels fear to tread, I must acclaim the federation movement in a Province which has a greater multiplicity

of degree-conferring institutions than any other; you have 6 p.c. of the university grade enrollments for all Canada, though Nova Scotia has only 5 p. c. of the population. This at long last in 1923 brought the happy marriage with Kings, the Loyalist and Anglican and the oldest university not only in Canada but in the outer Empire. The Presbyterian and the Prelate have lain down together, and of such no doubt is the Educational Kingdom of Heaven. There *are* traces, says Augustine Birrell, of a common Christianity lurking in both Presbyterianism and Episcopacy.

I am sorry—if I may speak directly to you young ladies and gentlemen (*pueri innuplaeque puellae*) who are leaving Dalhousie to-day at the time, in Homer's phrase "when youth is most gracious":

τοῦ περ χαριστάτε ἦρη

(Homer adds

πρῶτον ὑπηνήτην

"with the first down on your lip", but Homer was not addressing co-eds)—I am sorry, I say, that I can give you only superficial analysis of the undergraduate body of which you are the flower of yet another year, though as Falstaff would say it is a question to be asked. You are a little more male in the arts course than the average, and I have heard of the avidity of the Dalhousie women for honour mathematics. But the only one who has approached this theme broadly is Professor Leacock, who affirms, for instance, that at a public dinner you can always tell a Queens crowd from a McGill crowd by the way the former stand up for grace while the latter are still asking what's the matter.

### III

But in according me this coveted honour, Mr. President, I feel sure you have in mind to recognize, through me as humble medium, the Public Service of Canada, and within that service the scientific services, which in my case embrace the social and economic services and their approach through statistics. May I be permitted a word on these subjects in turn, for I think both can be related to Dalhousie in an intimate way.

The problems of Government go on multiplying. Whether they should, or how they should, a Civil Servant will not discuss; political ideologies and policies, even the machine he operates, are not for his debate; you would not want me to be "butchered to make a Haligonian holiday". Democracy's objective, says Sir Herbert Samuel (Lord Samuel in this morning's papers) in the

*Nineteenth Century* lately, is liberty, but liberty in four categories: first, liberty from foreign rule, or national liberty; second, liberty from despot or oligarchy, which is political liberty; third, liberty of speech and action within limits, that is, personal liberty; and fourth, a chance to make a decent living, in other words, economic liberty. But, he adds,—and here is the rub—we must drive these four horses abreast. “Some job” that for Government! The vastness and intricacy of administration nowadays, and the principles it invokes, Lord Haldane’s famous “Machinery of Government” Report in 1918 sets out, or if you want something up-to-date and Continental in these moving times, the Report of the President’s “Committee on Administrative Management in the United States” of January last. For Canada we have the Murray Report of 1912 and the Senate Report of 1919. The point is, as Lord Samuel goes on to say, our state is no metaphysical entity: we proceed by individualistic, socialistic, even communistic methods, in the way we wish and no other, step by step, crossing bridges when we come to them. Of necessity, loving liberty we hate war; we thrill to reason, good will, social justice, not to violence; at the same time, having red blood, we realize with Dean Inge that “it is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism, so long as the wolf remains of a different opinion.”

Now, can we compass this our objective? Is it true that “the price we pay for liberty is inefficiency?” Mr. Lloyd George returned lately from Germany, we read, “with qualms”. “Ramshackle” was the lively word he used of the Hapsburg Empire in 1914: “ramshackle” is his epithet for democratic machinery today. On the other hand a posthumous essay of Robert Bridges, a more cloistered thinker, relates movingly his conversion from criticism to faith in democracy by British behaviour during and since the war.

It is to Dalhousie’s great credit that last year and first amongst Canadian Universities she began a course in Public Administration. Over and above, she has founded the Dalhousie Institute of Public Affairs, modelled no doubt on the British Institute of Public Administration, a body of many groups and seminal everywhere through its journal. The object is to give special training to students looking to the Civil Service as a profession, or to participation in the political life of country, province or municipality. But it embraces also extra-mural work,—and this is of great interest to a civil servant—and it envisages public lectures and the publication of special studies some of which have already very acceptably appeared. In this you are taking the only measure that will

exercise the *bête noire* of "bureaucracy." For first, you will educate the public in the technique of government, and secondly you will purge the service itself of that tendency to routine, over-caution and the fear of experiment which comes from lack of outside contacts, and which has led to Laski's desolating description of us as "a caste with a closed mind". Well, so far as the Canadian Civil Service is concerned, we are what we are, a body not needing extenuation. Like the man who voted against Aristides, I am tired of hearing the praises of the British Service. Individually we cannot best them. But in certain attributes we need not play second-fiddle: we are more flexible, we break up less into watertight and brain-tight compartments—and after all the State is an entity. Anyhow, Dalhousie's move has come at a psychological moment. For the Service that is to be, for the 41,000 present Civil Servants up and down the country—11,000 in Ottawa—I as self-elected exponent proffer warm appreciation to Dalhousie.

#### IV

I come now to my second heading and my own particular wheel within the wheel—Statistics, and I do so with the gusto of one to whom the future belongs and the world's his oyster. Our great public problems are economic; the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher reminded us recently that economics has something of the importance for politics to-day that theology had in the sixteenth century. And our attack on these and on politics outside of these—on the whole baffling phantasmagoria which is life—must be more and more inductive and statistical. It is a measure of our quaint insouciance that the world should have spent \$750,000,000 last year on research in the natural sciences and that no one should have bothered even toting up the sum for social research—so unimportant is it. Nevertheless the utilization of steam accelerated the divorce rate of the 19th century; and the invention of the tin can the movement for women's suffrage. The good people of Tennessee would like to legislate  $\pi$  back to its Biblical value of 3 at the building of the temple, in spite of the stirring history which has since brought it to 700 decimal points. If they succeeded we could not ride in motor cars or airplanes: Henry Ford must have a four decimal  $\pi$ ; Henry Ford smiles at Solomon. But having learned to conquer Nature through our Fords, can we master the repercussions on Human Nature? That to-day is the Research Magnificent.

Now I would not ride a tilt at *a priori*. But there is a difference between Aristotle's divination of the Great Summer and the

Great Winter—flash of genius though it was—and what we know from geology and palaeontology. We appreciate now Plato's befuddlement of mathematics. Democritus is not Rutherford. Epicurus thought the sun two feet across, but even Eratosthenes or Poseidonius could have told him better. And we all remember Hegel's advice to the astronomers just a century ago to give over sweeping for more planets, for there could only be seven. We date the natural sciences from the University of Alexandria, whose library Caesar the intuitionist burned down (to Mr. Bernard Shaw's satisfaction), and the two Bacons. And so I think we will date our ultimate grip upon the social sciences from the technique of Statistics (most of it less than 50 years old) for probing and defining human experience. About the silliest passage of many in Burke is that berating the economists and calculators—in keeping quite with his praise of rotten boroughs. Professor Pigou it is true declares that economics should have no "bag of tricks" for the politician, but one can only heave a sigh at that.

Statistics is in truth the modern oracle. I might, like Mr. Pickwick's editor on Chinese Metaphysics who read for Metaphysics under M and for China under C and combined the two—a sensible proceeding, again says Mr. Shaw,—I might combine the two concepts of government and of statistics to show that you are ruled at every turn (but you don't know just how correctly) by government statistics. The resemblance to the oracle is in fact startling. Was not Delphi, for example, the resort of all and sundry with problems to solve, and did it not often issue answers that nobody could understand? Delphi was in fact, discovered by some goats being thrown into convulsions by the vapours that issued from the cave,—which is nothing to what some statistical reports produce. And did not the Amphictyonic Council of all Greece meet just outside the temple of the Pythoness, and does not the Parliament of all Canada meet just outside the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa? Perhaps I had better not go on. I might just add, however, that when the President in conferring on me the accolade a few minutes ago, recalled the Greek saying that "God geometrises", it came into my mind again how vastly we had improved upon the Greeks. For Sir James Jeans now quite point blank calls Deity "the Great Mathematician" (thereby, says Hogben, conferring an honorary degree in mathematics upon the Almighty). On the other hand Sir Josiah Stamp inclines to the opinion that we should think of Him rather as "the Great Statistician". Let us leave it at that.

But I want to be constructive, even practical to-day, and to speak to educationists. There should be a Humane Society for

Statistics. Take the lowly arithmetic mean, for instance, and how it is abused and lured from virtue. Now, this is only ignorance, not wickedness. So are the jokes about Statistics—pure inferiority complex. It drives the statistician in revenge to bluff, the classic model of all such being Euler's bluffing of Diderot at the court of Catherine the Great with his

$$\frac{a+b^n}{n} = x, \text{ donc Dieu existe—répondez,}''$$

and Diderot who was no algebraist fled. The democratization of statistics is the need of the hour. And this brings me to my point. We have statistical courses aplenty in our Universities, but if a Canadian wants a training, rounded and complete, in statistics,—statistics, the arithmetic of social welfare, statistics the grammar of all the sciences,—he must go to the United States or Europe. Shall this be endured? Dalhousie for one has been teaching statistics these fifteen years. But excellent as is the teaching, you would admit short rations of it, though you promise more. Now my bold suggestion is that having blazed one trail in Public Administration, Dalhousie “perfect the cup as planned”, or if you prefer Omar (slightly improved), “grasp this twentieth century scheme of things entire”, by setting up *the first Canadian Chair of Statistics*.

The finest letter Florence Nightingale ever wrote, says Karl Pearson, was one to Francis Galton in 1891 on the need of the study of social problems in the universities. What she asked was an Oxford Professorship in Statistics. Well, she got it in short order; Florence Nightingale had a way of getting what she wanted, though she was then in her seventies and her natural disagreeableness somewhat abated. She was not an emotional person; she was a great administrator who had sat at Quetelet's feet: “the passionate statistician” she was called. And Pearson, the biographer of Galton, adds: “The time has yet to come when the want of a chair of statistical theory and practice in any great university will be considered as much of an anomaly as the absence of a chair of mathematics. The logic of the former is as fundamental in all branches of scientific inquiry as the symbolic analysis of the latter”. Oxford, by the way, has an “Institute of Statistics” now.

I venture to press this upon you at Dalhousie for two reasons. First you are adapted for it. I do not think there is naturally a more statistically-minded person than the Nova Scotian anywhere, and I could give the evidence. Further the essence of statistics is *universality in synthesis*,—“the altogetherness of everything” Sir Josiah Stamp calls it. Now I have read of one of your never-to-be-

forgotten worthies that he was a man who in addition to brilliantly teaching his subject, preached in the Kirk Sundays, performed upon the flute, and went fishing with a play of Sophocles in his pocket. His shade and many a Dalhousian of like amplitude would be kindly to my suggestion, though they would recognize, as statisticians do, the dichotomy that is in all things. But why not attain spiritual perfection and enjoy ourselves at the same time?

And secondly I am told that Dalhousie has benefactors—even anonymous benefactors. A paltry \$100,000 would satisfy, Mr. President. But first you must have the inclination. My plea may remind you of the blackmailer who wrote to a man of wealth demanding \$100,000 or his wife would be kidnapped. By a mistake of the mails the letter came to a poor man of the same name who replied: "I have no money but I am interested in your proposition". Well, that was a "rise". I hope you *are* interested.

## V

But these, Mr. President, be worldly thoughts. I come back in conclusion to the things of the spirit: to the Dalhousian motto of "praying to God and working away", and to its happy practitioners: to the teachers whose names are household not I assure you in Nova Scotia alone; to the seven Presidents you have given to other Universities; to the many you have sent out to great place in the land—Jurists, Governors, Prime Ministers, Ministers, leaders manifold. As certain also of your own poets have said (I mean MacMechan of the "Lyttil College"), these are the glory of Dalhousie. To be admitted to communion with these by your gracious act—to be "a portion of the loveliness" which is Dalhousie—for this I can only thank you, feebly but from the heart,—and so close my oblation.



# FATHER PROUT AND THE BROWNING

CYRIL CLEMENS

FATHER Prout is a household word as the author of *The Bells of Shandon*. Francis Sylvester Mahony (the poet's real name), born in Cork, 1804, and died in Paris, 1866, was educated in the local Cork schools until his sixteenth year, then was sent to France, where he first studied under, and then joined, the Jesuits. In his twenty-sixth year he returned to Ireland where, in 1835, he became prefect of discipline at Clongowes College, near Maynooth. Finding, however, that his temperament wasn't fitted for the monastic life, he left the Jesuits before long. Still feeling a call to the priesthood he had himself ordained at Lucca in 1838. Within a few years he realized he had made a grave mistake and ceased to exercise his priestly functions except the daily reading of his breviary.

Mahony took up residence in London and soon began to mingle with its literary life. The early thirties of last century saw all the periodicals, such as *Blackwood's*, *The Edinburgh Review*, and *Fraser's Magazine* at their heyday. The editor of the last mentioned was William Maginn, a fellow townsman of Mahony's, and one of the century's most brilliant Irishmen. His life, however, was destined to be cut short in mid-career by an over fondness for liquor. At this time, however, he was at the acme of his powers, and his brilliant, scintillating wit caused his reviews to be widely feared.

Maginn urged Mahony to write for *Fraser's* and the latter consented with the stipulation that his articles appear under a pen name. The editor gladly agreed and had the honor of publishing in his magazine those inimitable essays, *An Apology for Lent*, *A Plea for Pilgrimages*, *The Rogueries of Tom Moore*, and *The Watergrasshill Carousal*. The author showed himself witty and learned in many languages. One form which his humor took was the professed discovery of the originals in Latin, Greek, or medieval French of popular modern poems and songs. Through his association with *Fraser's*, Father Prout (as we may now call him) became friends with all the prominent literary figures who were his fellow-contributors, Carlyle, Thackeray, Lockhart, Hood, Barry, Cornwall,

Southey, and a host of others. Each year Fraser gave a banquet to his contributors, who on such an occasion sat around an enormous circular table and had a spirited, spiritual, and spiritous time. The wit and jollity of Father Prout shone brightly on such occasions.

Every house in London that made any claims to intellectuality was anxious to have the inimitable humorist, and, unlike what Oscar Wilde said of Frank Harris, he was not invited to every house *once*—but many times. At a dinner given by Emerson Tennant, Maecenas of the day, Father Prout sat next a young poet practically unknown save as the author of a still-born poem, "Paracelsus", which did, however, secure some commendation from Carlyle and Wordsworth. Although Prout and his young acquaintance (none other, of course, than Robert Browning) met fairly frequently during the next few years, they did not really begin to know each other until both had moved to Italy.

In 1846 Father Prout was appointed by his friend Charles Dickens Roman representative of the *London Daily Mail*, which was then being edited by the latter. And all the world knows how after their marriage in the same year of 1846, Robert and Elizabeth Browning took up their residence in Florence so as to put a fair distance between themselves and the paternal wrath of Mr. Barrett. It seems that while they were traveling around Italy before settling down, the Brownings had just missed meeting Father Prout several times and had run into a number of people who were his friends. While on a ship bound for Leghorn they met a mutual friend who told them that only a week previously he had left Prout in Poland. This caused the poet to remark that they probably would not see the Father for a while. As they were being rowed ashore at Leghorn, however, they espied a man standing on a rock that lay near the course of their boat. As they came closer Browning recognized his old friend and cried out:

"Good heavens, it is Father Prout!"

Imagine the scene: the medium sized, thickset humorist standing there with his longish hair and clerical cape being ruffled by the breeze, and in the boat rowed by two swarthy Italians sat Robert Browning, a strong, bluff, intellectual looking man of some thirty-three years with the eyes of a seer. To his side clung his bride of a few months with her wan pale face, luminous eyes, and wavy abundant hair, looking young for almost forty—six years her husband's senior. "A slight delicate figure," Miss Mitford described her, "with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes."

The "Reverend Lion" as Browning called his friend, was introduced to Mrs. Browning. But it was not "a thorough introduction" as Prout remarked. For he could not see Mrs. Browning's face on account of a heavy veil, and she told Prout later that due to her delicate health she was really too fatigued after the journey to notice anyone, even the celebrated Father Prout. The lady, however, was going to get plenty of opportunity to see the famous priest!

Some months later when the Brownings had become comfortably settled in Casa Guidi, Florence, Robert came home after a walk along the Arno and exclaimed:

"Ba, someone kissed me today."

Mrs. Browning said later that she immediately thought it must be her sister who was visiting Florence at that time, but she pretended to be extremely jealous and, making believe she thought it was a rival, gasped for breath. After a few moments of banter Browning ended Elizabeth's suspense:

"Father Prout is here again. I met him out on the street and much to my surprise and embarrassment he insisted upon kissing me, mouth to mouth. He asked me all about you, calling you his 'veiled prophetess.'" It seems that Father Prout could not come to see his 'prophetess' this time as he had to catch the diligence. But the two men had had something to drink in a tavern and then the poet helped his friend on the coach bound for Milan. While they were talking through the coach window as the coach was pulling out, Father Prout had shouted:

"From Rome I shall send you a letter of introduction to the librarian of the Pitti Palace so that you can both have all the books you want."

A month or so later Father Prout returned to Florence and established himself in a Pension not far from his friends, whom he commenced calling upon every night right after supper. At first they were delighted at such a visitor and rejoiced in the bubble and sparkle of his conversation. A week passed and he continued coming nightly; two weeks and he still came; three weeks elapsed and he had not missed a single evening. There is such a thing, however, as having too much even of Homer. The nightly procedure never varied. As soon as Father Prout seated himself in his favourite chair, Mrs. Browning would ring for wine, tobacco and "an apparatus for spitting." It was difficult at first for the poor lady to get used to the latter article, but with characteristic will power she finally schooled herself not to notice it. Thus ensconced with plenty of fortifier at his elbow, the reverend visitor would

begin a conversation that never lasted less than three hours. A monologist like Dr. Johnson or Coleridge, (the latter, by the way, had been a fellow contributor to *Fraser's*) Prout would become at times a trifle moody and Browning had to be ready to jump into the breach, and make conversation on the spur of the moment. For Father Prout had the habit of halting a long monologue with startling abruptness.

Although both men were exceptionally brilliant, they had few essential things in common. The Englishman, born and raised a Cockney, had been privately tutored, and was the personification of upper middle class John Bullism; whereas the Irishman had been educated in the rough and tumble of the Cork schools and had spent most of his early years leading a strict and studious monastic life. The inevitable result was to make their fundamental outlook upon life at variance. Excellent for such men to meet occasionally at the club, but every night—*No!*

At first Mrs. Browning tried to be a third in the game of conversational ball but she gave up the attempt and reclining on her sofa would occupy her hands, and most of her mind, with her knitting, and let herself be called "Ba" by the visitor, "For it has come to that," she wrote in a letter.

No sooner had the door closed after Prout's retreating steps than Browning flung open the windows to let the profuse tobacco smoke escape. Although frightfully vexed at the frequency and length of the visits and given to fuming privately with his wife, to his eternal credit Robert was too good natured and polite even to hint to the Father himself that his visits would be more acceptable if made at less frequent intervals.

One day Father Prout caused his much tried friend to heave a sigh of relief by announcing:

"I shall be forced to go to Rome on ecclesiastical business."

Trying not to look pleased, Browning probably made a wry face which the cleric misinterpreted as being caused by grief, for he quickly added:

"But Florence agrees with me; I like the bread, and the excellent beef (good meat was not so easily procurable on the Continent in the forties and fifties) and I especially enjoy the Attic evenings with you and 'Ba'. So it will have to be extraordinary business, indeed, that will keep me in Rome long."

The Brownings were to be pitied. They had looked forward to some quiet, peaceful evenings but the "Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt," as Prout once described himself, was to come back and shatter them. Despite all this trying of her patience it is to her

credit that she could still render a dispassionate appraisal of the man:

"I believe him to be kind hearted and feeling—and his agreeableness when he pleases and his cleverness in every way, are quite undeniable."

In the *Athenaeum* for December 22, 1849, Mrs. Browning published a poem, *A Child's Grave in Florence*. No sooner did the Reverend gentleman's eye light upon this piece as he was sipping his morning coffee than he shoved everything aside and penned a consolatory letter to, as he thought, the bereaved mother. 'Ba' answered with a certain excusable tartness that her son had not died and that if he had she would not have been capable of sitting down immediately to write an elegy on her little Barrett and with the ink scarcely dry sending it off to be published in a magazine!

Another story and we have done—for in 1856 Father Prout was made Paris correspondent of the *London Globe*, and thereafter he and the Brownings saw little of each other. Once Browning was abed in Florence suffering not a little from insomnia. On a certain morning Father Prout appeared in the sick chamber unannounced. While he cracked jokes to cheer up his friends, the reverend visitor carefully considered the symptoms and then said authoritatively:

"Look here, your doctors are not ordering the right thing for you."

With this he commanded the servant in Italian to fetch him a large bowl, some wine, and a couple of eggs. He broke the eggs in the bowl, poured in the wine, and beating the mixture with a large spoon, handed it to Browning to drink. The servant was horrified and feeling certain that his master was about to be poisoned kept shouting at frequent intervals: "O, the Englishman, O, the Englishman!" But the prescription proved most efficacious and soon after taking it Browning obtained some much needed sleep.