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that this tendency be hemmed in by adding to the university curriculum practical studies not in harmony with these ideals. The last sentence of this notable address is a warm appeal to raise on high "the golden sceptre of Idealism."

—The *Petersburger Zeitung*, the leading German journal of the Russian capital, reports some interesting details in connection with the autonomy recently granted to the Russian universities. The Government was anxious to have the work at these institutions resumed, and for this reason granted far-reaching concessions. Practically full self-government was given them. The beginnings of the new régime were auspicious, as the election of the new rectors by the university councils passed off smoothly. To a certain extent the student body, too, showed a proper appreciation of their unwonted liberty, and at once entered upon their duties again. Others, however, especially those of the St. Petersburg University, largely influenced by socialistic agitators, demanded further and some very radical concessions. They agreed upon the following: (1) That the attendance of Jewish students in the universities should no longer be limited to a certain percentage of the total enrollment; (2) that women should at once be admitted to all the departments of the institution; (3) that all the graduates of the secondary schools, even those of the inferior four-year course in the church seminaries, and also all persons without special preparation, but who "were seeking enlightenment," should be admitted to the universities; (4) that certain unpopular professors should be removed, and those who had suffered on account of their political views or activity, should be at once reinstated. At a meeting of the Polish students, the demand was made for the complete autonomy of Poland, for the equality of Russian and Polish in the courts, and the introduction of the Polish language in the schools of Poland. In Dorpat the members of the corps (mostly Germans) outvoted the revolutionary Russians, and work has been resumed in the entire institution. The same is true also of the Polytechnic Institute in Riga and the University of Moscow.

GOSSE'S SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne. By Edmund Gosse. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 1905. 8vo. Pp. 207.

No other English writer, unless one of the sublime few or one linguistically important, has received the lifelong devotion of two such editors as has the author of the 'Religio Medici' in the labors of Simon Wilkin and of Dr. W. A. Greenhill. You may not care for Sir Thomas Browne; it is conceivable enough that you should find his meandering stream to be tiresome; but if you do like him, you must personally love him. The warmth of affection one feels is his just due would be ill-bestowed upon Montaigne and uncalled-for toward Charles Lamb or toward Horace. How unlike one another these four writers are, and yet how strikingly set apart from others by the personal feeling they inspire! Browne tells us he never read above three pages of Montaigne; and nobody can wonder that the most extreme of believers, who held that Divine Omnipotence could

override the principle of contradiction, should not be attracted to the extremest of skeptics.

Any lover of Browne carries a pass-key to the heart of any other; and if Mr. Gosse should only display such a badge, he may be sure that any mistakes he may commit will be lightly dealt with by the present reviewer. But, after a first perusal of his volume in the kindest spirit, attention having been focussed on the questions he reviews, we re-read the whole of Browne, together with sufficient proportions of the five or six writers who seem most comparable with him—Boyle, Digby, Henry More, Charleton, Gui Patin, and Samuel Parker; and now, returning to a more deliberate study of what Mr. Gosse has to say, find our general impression to be that, instead of striving to put himself into his subject's shoes, as we, for example, conceive ourselves obliged to put ourselves into his, he rather struggles to squeeze Browne's Alcidian foot into his own pump. You will find examples of this wherever you open his volume. Here is one. Imagine, if you please, Edmund Gosse rapping the author of 'Christian Morals' over the knuckles for not bearing in mind his Vaugelas (p. 197)! The 'Remarques' of that purist did not appear until Browne had already published everything of importance that he was to publish. But the incongruity of the anachronism is nothing compared to that of tying down an English writer whose style was formed before the Great Rebellion, to the rules of French rhetoric! Expunge from Milton's epic whatever would have been out of place in Voltaire's, or even, if you will, whatever Shakespeare wrote that Racine would not have written even if he could; but do not tell Browne to write according to Vaugelas!

On the page opposite to this, a sentence from the metaphysical part of the 'Religio Medici' is brought up for censure. This portion of Browne's masterpiece which, be it not forgotten, was written before the publication of any work in historical continuity with modern philosophy, is not a little curious—curious, and something more than that—but has never received the attention it deserves. More than one passage sounds almost like an anticipation of Hegel, but was really inspired, we must surmise, by dialogues of Giordano Bruno (which were published in England), whether Browne read them in Oxford, or, perhaps more probably, caught some reverberation of them in Padua. The sentence in question is this: "God, being all things, is contrary unto Nothing, out of which were made all things; and so Nothing became Something, and Omneity informed Nullity into Essence." Mr. Gosse's blame falls upon the word "omneity," which is somewhat rare, it is true, yet too clear to arrest attention. But when Gosse says that "omneity would have been better and simpler," the nonsense this proposes at once convinces us that no better word than "omneity" could be found to take its place. Besides, it had, after all, been long in use, and nothing short of an English Vaugelas (which, thank Heaven, never existed) could make it taboo. There is a school résumé of the 26th chapter of Metaphysics Δ in the form of an equation: "Unity+Omneity=Totality." Mr. Gosse would naturally first try substituting "totality," and it was per-

haps on finding that that word would not do at all, that he inconsiderately set down "omneity."

Yet we must acknowledge that "omneity" would indeed have been "better and simpler" if Mr. Gosse's apparent theory of Browne's prose had been correct, namely, that it consists in "wrapping the trite in the coronation robes of fine language" (p. 197). In another place, he finds its secret in the use of "extraordinary words to heighten the effect" of "ordinary thought" (p. 180), or, as we may probably add, to conceal its vacuity. In short, he makes the last section of the 'Garden of Cyrus' the type of Browne's style. Unquestionably, it was a habit of Browne's to throw out now and then a somewhat unusual word. The infallible effect of such a word is to stimulate the reader's attention; but, whether it be desirable or not for a writer to employ this device, depends upon what he has to say. If the expenditure of energy will be repaid to the reader, and the word be not in itself distasteful to him, which would seldom happen in the generation of Browne, the unusual word will serve its purpose. But there are writers whose unerring instinct counsels them to shun a word whose effect would be the last they ought to desire. These writers wish others would do as they do. Browne's device, as he handles it, is of excellent effect with a reader who has acquaintance with pre-Rebellion English; for Browne, living in remote Norwich, continued all his life to write very nearly the language of his youth. Moreover, he has, more than most writers, a vocabulary peculiar to himself.

Mr. Gosse, as a student of our older literature, must know better than the rest of us how greatly the current vocabulary of books has changed since 1635, when the 'Religio Medici' was written. He certainly knows, too, that, so far as good usage can sanction any peculiarity of style, the usage of that day justified the filling out of the English vocabulary with new words drawn from the Latin. We are therefore puzzled to understand most of his verbal criticisms. Thus, he finds fault with the following from the second paragraph of the 'Christian Morals':

"Consider whereabout thou art in Cebes's Table, or that old Philosophical Pinax of the Life of Man; whether thou art yet in the Road of uncertainties; whether thou hast yet entered the narrow gate, got up the Hill and asperous way, which leadeth unto the House of Sanity, or taken that purifying Potion from the hand of sincere Erudition, which may send thee clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy Life."

He pitches upon the use of the word "asperous" instead of what he does not tell us, but it meant rough, and harsh, or severe; and seems to reckon it as "one of Browne's clumsy audacities." But it was a common enough word. Dr. John Fitch asked a blind man who could distinguish colors how he did it. Boyle gives the answer "in the doctor's own [oral] words," beginning: "Black and white are the most asperous and uneven of all colors." Archbishop Parker, whose English enters into the Book of Common Prayer, employs the word in his psalter. The Oxford Dictionary, among nine examples of it ranging from 1547 to 1880, has one dated a year or two before Browne wrote, in the phrase "a craggy and asperous ascent"; and

an elder contemporary of our doctor, Montaigne by name (but whether that one whom Mr. Gosse deems a far better writer than Browne, we do not know), has "the asperous and narrow way of the cross." In short, "asperous" applied to a road or path seems to have been as familiar a phrase in Browne's day as "asper" in the same connection had been a century earlier. The majority of Mr. Gosse's strictures upon single words used by Browne are as unlucky as this.

Mistaken as such criticisms are, they contain nothing at which any lover of Browne need take offence; for we are bound to say that each rude expression is accompanied by some indication that it is meant to be understood as somewhat exaggerated. For example, Mr. Gosse does not flatly assert that Browne does wrap commonplace in coronation robes. He says that that is his "rock ahead"—which is the phrase of a teacher of rhetoric correcting his pupil. Such qualifications bring odious comparison within bounds. To our mind their effect remains substantially as strong as if the qualifications had not been appended.

But remarks there are in the book, and many of them, which inflict a sensible wound upon the heart of a lover of Browne. Such a person believes in him so unreservedly that the good doctor's belief in his religion alone outdoes it. He knows the learned knight, just as one might know a neighbor, for a gentleman in whom was no trace of snobbery, and who, with an innocent satisfaction in his own acquirements, never showed any concern as to what strangers might think of them, and was quite untempted to bolster up pretension with deceit:

"Not tied unto the world with care
Of publick fame or private breath."

Here again Mr. Gosse fails to stand in Browne's shoes. He seems to belong to that numerous class of persons, many of them active church members, who no sooner learn that a man is devoted to physical science or to modern learning, or has a trained reason, than they straightway become immotably rooted in the conviction that, whatever he may profess, that man is not a Christian. As long as theologians had the whiphand, a certain weak presumption to that effect there was. Browne, however, was not a genuine scientific man; for though he admitted the circulation of the blood, but not the *unguentum armarium* and the like, and was neither a medical obscurantist, like Gui Patin, nor a medical phantast, like Charleton, yet he was an anti-Copernican, which, in regard to his relations to the world of science, meant everything. Of modern learning he had little or no conception. Nor was he by any means a dialectician. He probably relied in his practice of medicine, as in that of religion, upon what in the latter field he termed "faith"—that is, an intellectual habit which it seemed to him absurd to call upon to justify itself, which seemed to him an evident cognition of things not seen; and experience shows that, in practical matters, men in whom such instincts are robust can lean on nothing less likely to betray their trust.

Of all innuendoes, none are so hard to meet as those of insincerity in religious faith. None are more relished by lovers

of innuendo, none more detested by haters thereof. A man so simple and straightforward in all his life and dealings, so universally beloved by his fellow-citizens, the ransacking of whose papers has brought not the smallest double-dealing to light, would be secure against this species of attack if any man were secure; but no man is. Mr. Gosse simply interchanges Browne's chief characteristic with one we can but seem to discover in himself, when he says (p. 28): "We detect a cunning in his apparent Innocency," and when he says (p. 31): "Whenever Browne is particularly chatty, we shall find that he is concealing something," and "in other passages to similar effect. When he asserts (p. 25) that "the mind of [Browne] had a curious mixture of directness and tortuousness, which disguises" no matter what "from all but the most careful reader," the directness alone is a real character of Browne; the tortuousness and mixed nature seem to be accounted for only as reflections of Mr. Gosse's own mental physiognomy. Although he has admitted that the 'Religio Medici' was written by Browne for his own eye alone, as he was obliged to admit it, this does not prevent him from saying (p. 27) that Browne opens the book "with series of statements which are intended to ward off discussion and to rout suspicion"; and (p. 29) "he makes his confession rather glibly in order that, under the shelter of it, he may insinuate some more subtle reservations," and (p. 31) "under cover of . . . he now insinuates . . ."—with a dozen more such innuendoes. In short, Mr. Gosse intimates that the 'Religio Medici' is one long and cunning lie—not a very heinous lie in his own eyes, but one that should have been seen by Browne to be ignoble and contaminating.

Mr. Gosse penetrates very little into Sir Thomas's works, or we may as well say into the 'Religio Medici,' his one immortal procreation; for we should not very warmly protest against his other works being described, in the phrase of Mr. Gosse, as "pellets of sun-dried pedantry," having carbuncles sparsely scattered among them. But when we think of Browne as a writer, it is the author of the 'Religio Medici' we mean. At the time he put pen to paper, the 'Consolations of Philosophy' was a popular book; and doubtless the heart-bleedings of Boethius helped to suggest the 'Religio Medici.' But Browne, being moderately wealthy at that time, thought of religion, in its consolatory aspect, less as a buckler against the adversity of which he never had any experience, than as unveiling the sweetness of Death. He is the poet of Death; and the melody of his minor-key prose is adapted to expressing the secret to which he continually recurs, as the jig of verse and rhyme never could be bent to doing. To him religion meant, above all, the gospel of a future life. Of those three topics which Kant says most concern us, God, Liberty, and Immortality mere philosophy, to Browne's mind, guaranteed the first, while ethics postulated the second. His profession incessantly pressed the third problem upon him; and hence, as Mr. Gosse well notes, he seldom smiles and never laughs. The phenomena of death-beds suggested that the great change was as accidental as any other

stupor; the anatomy of the cerebrum, even before the days of microscopes, seemed to put before him an amazing multitude of similar elements, ungrouped into differentiated organs, and thus suggested that the soul was "inorganical." That was as far as his controlled and critical reasoning could carry him. But the iatric profession, as exercised by the country practitioner, who has time, like Dr. Browne, to breathe a prayer for all in the sick house when first he crosses its threshold, is calculated to make him aware of the irresistible force of the instinctive belief that seems to give him the grand entry to the presence of the truth that binds human life to eternity. Thus we have proposed a different solution of the problem of the 'Religio Medici' from that proposed by Mr. Gosse, which it would be a shame to allow to go untraversed.

The first chapter of Mr. Gosse's book, concerning "Early Years," sheds some light upon the subject. We will jot down a few points. As to the enigma of how Browne could have spent three years in Continental travel if his fortune was only the lesser part of £1,500, the bearing of the opening sentence of § 77 of Part II. of the 'Religio Medici' has been overlooked in this connection. It is plain that money came to him in some wholly unexpected way; possibly, for example, in a legacy from an Oxfordshire patient. Such a fact may yet be discovered. When Browne says he was born in the eighth climate, Gosse explains (p. 80) that this means in 8° of latitude. But it is the first climate added to Ptolemy's seven, called *ultra Maotida paludes*, extending from 50° N. to 56° N., and therefore covering England. The general tone of the account of Montpellier is somewhat too favorable, and Gosse's laudation of the severity of the examinations for the doctorate should be confronted with the third *intermède* of the "Malade Imaginaire," where the bit of examination given must be supposed to have the degree of resemblance required in a burlesque. That it really had far more truth than that, is shown by its agreement with Locke's account of his visit to Montpellier. Sir Kenneth Digby's sympathetic powder is called an anodyne. It consisted of calcined blue vitriol. It was specified that it should be *Romans vitriol*; but Boyle, in his 'History of Mineral Waters' (sect. iv., art. 9), says that this was pure or nearly pure sulphate of copper, or, in his own terms, vitriol of copper.

Although it is the melody of Browne's prose which constitutes his entire value in Mr. Gosse's judgment, yet he makes no attempt to analyze its mechanism; and perhaps he may be excused, seeing that we are not yet so much as agreed upon the nature of the accent of English words, though it is easy to see that this is not a mere affair of stress. The somewhat nonsensical ending of the 'Garden of Cyrus' it is easy to see is composed of irregular quantitative verses; but this is not the whole story.

Though Somnus in Homer || be sent to rouse up
Agamemnon,
I find no such effects || in those drowsy approaches
of sleep.
To keep our eyes open longer || were but to act
our Antipodes.
The huntsmen are up in America!
And they are already past their first sleep in
Ferals.

But who can be crowy at that hour, that freed
us from everlasting sleep?

And so on. In the 'Christian Morals,' the
imitation of the balance of the Psalms is
obvious.

MORE NOVELS.

The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah
Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company.

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. A. S.
Barnes & Co.

Paradise. By Alice Brown. Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

The Debtor. By Mary E. Wilkins Free-
man. Harper & Brothers.

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the
author of 'Elizabeth and her German
Garden.' Scribners.

To tell the story of Jock Hetherington,
Mistress Dix has compounded a little his-
tory, a spice of mystery, mistaken identity,
and a lost will; much adventure and foray,
budding, buffeting, wall-climbing, skull-
cracking, pistol-shooting, torrent-swim-
ming, glimpses of old-fashioned gardens,
old Puritan house-keeping, figures of a
Puritan family and its Roundhead foes; of
a bold beauty and a poor relation, who
carries off the honors of the game. It is
not betraying confidence to say this, for,
from the moment Althea appears upon the
staircase with "a mop of brown hair fall-
ing about her shoulders," and is called by
her aunt "a shameless hussy," one is sure
of her. Into all this bravery of accessory
comes tumbling Master Jock, bringing fire-
brands and stratagems in his wake, yet
maintaining always his position as a per-
son, not a mere vehicle for the slings and
arrows of fiction. The interest of these is
subordinated to the portraits of Jock and
Althea; a spice-pink she, a bundle of very
human contradictions he. Well presented
are his mingled boyishness and capacity.
He is a soldier, yet he can be afraid.
He likes his own life mightily, yet he can
risk it with no self-admiration. He bristles
with pugnacity, yet he can think and re-
solve with the steadfastness of a parson.
He is boyish, manly, and mannish—a strong
figure for a young woman to have delin-
eated. The story reads agreeably, and adds
another leaf to its author's wreath of
laurel.

'Rose o' the River' is as slender a tale
as ever walked into print on the merits of
an author's name. The heroine, as might
be predicted from her poetical label, has
stepped forth from a valentine. She had
neither brooch nor earrings, "but any or-
dinary gems would have looked rather dull
and trivial when compelled to undergo
comparison with her bright eyes." Out
of the mouths of a "fool-family" and a pro-
fessional braggart comes a certain amount
of substance, and in the vivid scenes of log-
jamming on the Saco there is balm. It
is worthy of notice that in York County
hepatitis and partridge-berries come to-
gether as—yes, of course—"sweet harbinger-
ers of spring."

Yet another story of Maine is 'Squire
Phin.' His office was over Asa Brickett's
village store, and there—~~and~~ thereunder
goes forward the chorus in this rustic melo-

drama. The protagonists, meanwhile, are
variously occupied in practising law, mak-
ing love, adjusting quarrels, and prevent-
ing scandals, while over all is
cast the limelight of burlesque by
the return to his native town of
the showman. With charlots, a parrot and
an elephant, he makes a bulky and a sound-
ing entrance, and with charlots, parrot
and elephant he shrieks and plunges and
crashes through the story till, tired of his
unchartered freedom, he sinks into the re-
pose of wedlock. Squire Phin is a variant
upon the lawyer of bucolic fiction. He re-
mains, equally with his prototyped, the
deus ex machina who disentangles the
threads of the Fates, but he differs interest-
ingly from them. He has all their benevo-
lence, and rather more than their high-tem-
per; their hard-headedness and his own
soft-heartedness, not to say sentimentality.
He is a lovable old fellow, in spite of rough
manners and a dubious rectitude which led
him to compound a felony in order to shield
a fellow-citizen and safeguard the ideals of
a town. The dialect of this book touches deeper
depths than even the usual New England
coast story. The incidents bear the same
enlarged relation as the dialect to the aver-
age village chronicle, as may be proved by
the mere mention of a plotted elopement,
an ambezzling town treasurer, a packed po-
litical meeting, a scheming circus widow
whose specialties were bareback riding and
the paper hoop. Surveying the whole pic-
ture and its dashing whitewash-brush work,
a creepy suspicion arises that it is destin-
ed to be turned loose upon the stage, with
a practicable balcony and a real ele-
phant.

There is something about portions of
'Paradise' that recalls George Eliot's
'Scenes from Clerical Life.' It is assuredly
not the New England setting, nor the
Yankee twang, nor the conjurer, nor the
girl palmist. It is the touch and the out-
look upon the attitude with which human
souls confront their problems and each
other—the touch of an artist, that is to
say, and the outlook of deep feeling and
wide understanding; as in the immortal
'Scenes,' so here there is no evasion of
tragedy, but the alleviations are as natural
as the pain. Kindness, mercy, and duty
lighten the loads and heal the scars—and
all without a sermon! Barbara is an ex-
quisite creation; her kindness keeps her
thoughts far away from herself; her ten-
der fancifulness teaches her constantly new
ways of being serviceable. A good figure
is Malory, generous and obtuse, finding
yesterday's rapture converted into to-day's
burden, and accepting it with matter-of-
fact contentedness. The dying Clary lights
her pages with her own radiant vitality.
Nick, a woodland creature, is touched to
fine issues by fine feeling. Uncle Timmie,
persisting in an unwilling righteousness for
forty years to avoid meeting his undesir-
able wife in the place of punishment, is
unique yet life-like. Jotham, the *malade*
imaginaire transformed into a troublesomely
officious watchdog to his patient wife by
her illness, is another well-sketchd minor
character. The drunkenness of the doctor
seems purposeless, and certainly is not his
own excuse for being. In the middle of
the book there falls upon the story a cer-
tain lassitude of motive and a correspond-
ing fidgetiness of action. The end rallies
to a justification of the beginning, and

stamps the whole as a little human docu-
ment of fine quality.

It is difficult not to prepare one's self for
a village tale on opening a book by Mrs.
Freeman; and indeed it is probable—at
least it is to be hoped—that her villaginous
manner will always hang about her work
whether she be describing a New England
town or, as in 'The Debtor,' a New Jer-
sey suburb of New York. If mute, inglor-
ious Miltons and bloodgulltless Hampdens
flourish in obscure hamlets, why should not
the reverse be true? A special gift is re-
quired to deal with all sorts and conditions
of men and yet to disclose the village trait
that lies at the back of the brain of each
—his little ways, his little interests; her
bonnets and lace frills; their gossip, their
curiosity, their ham and eggs.

'The Debtor' is the story of a man who
lost his moral poise through being ruined
at the hands of a friend, and who regained
it in ways more harrowing to his proud
Southern temperament than fire and the
stake would have been. The first interest
of the book lies in its fidelity to the small
things that make up manners and customs.
From enjoyment of the fine, miniature-like
technique of the opening chapters one
mounts to absorption in a broad canvas
full of human portraits, and one ends by
gazing at a great fresco depicting moral
conflict, the deep issues of life, the exalta-
tion of character by self-abasement. Or, to
put it differently, one starts on a walk in
a commonplace country with commonplace
companions, content with sweet air and
homely surroundings, but in no wise ex-
hilarated. Wider, greener open the pas-
tures, as the road goes always mounting,
till at last one stands on a noble height
looking over a noble landscape by a golden
light, and the heart stirs within. If, as Mr.
Henry James has said, the view from Val-
lombrosa is "a warm shimmer of history,"
this view may be called a warm shimmer of
human nature—the trivial and even the
dusty touched to radiance.

There is a great variety of portraits in
'The Debtor,' from fine, sharp pen-pictures
of the rank and file, foreign and domestic,
to richly colored paintings of the principals.
Delicious in their solemnly humorous
irresponsibility is the Kentucky family to
whom belong the beguiling little heroine
and her father, the charming man of
"wrong courses, but right instincts." Their
fascination and their weakness are wonder-
fully conveyed. The barber shop congrega-
tion is a group well painted in, as one
might see it in a Flemish picture. The
tollers in the city, though only sketches,
are exceedingly vivid, minute to the last
feather and the sly roll of the eye. It
would be easy, if it were worth while, to
point out little flaws. It is a better use of
space to hope that Mrs. Freeman may give
us many volumes of State differences and
American likenesses with human effort and
victory crowning all. "When comedy be-
comes tragedy," she says, "when the
ignominious becomes victorious, he who
brings it about becomes majestic in spite
of fate itself."

The authoress of 'Elizabeth and her Ger-
man Garden' is a philosopher who believes
in the Right Man as the solution of every
feminine problem. He is to be found in
all her books, though he does not always
play *deus ex machina* so conveniently as in
her new story, 'The Princess Priscilla's Fort-

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