

political conditions. We may as well leave Dr. Branson in Denmark. He studied French rural life afterwards, but it was for me an anti-climax. French and German farm-dwellers are better off economically than they ever were. The Danish farmers, like the Americans, are finding themselves in a depression after the war; but even so, they are a millennium (one is tempted pessimistically to say) ahead of us, or the French or the Germans.

I hope the book will do North Carolina much good. She needs good done to her. The percentage of tenant-farmers in North Carolina is twenty or more times as large as in Denmark; but North Carolina is in this no worse than most of our farming states—and they are all getting worse every year—in spite of the somewhat deceptive statistics of the Census Bureau. Therefore, Dr. Branson's excellent book ought to do good everywhere, if its truths fall on fertile soil as seed for thought. That is the trouble—to find the fertile soil.

I have two criticisms to make of it. A book written by an economist ought not to leave us utterly in the dark as to the basis of all rural (and other) life, the land system. Here we have in Denmark a race of farmers who have in some seventy-five years become the owners of the soil on which they were serfs. How have they done this? One author takes an attitude towards this most vital question which an uncharitable critic would term evasion. We do get a mere statement of the seizing by the state of the church lands and of portions of the great estates of the nobles, but that is all. At what price does the Danish farmer get his land? On what terms? Are lands going up in price? If not, why not? What was that change in the taxation system to which he refers where he says: "The recent reform in the taxation of land values was a farmer reform." It seems that the University of North Carolina ought to ask Dr. Branson to write a monograph on the subject.

I wish, too, that he had given us a chapter on the education of the farmers' children, from the time they enter school until they are ready for the Folk life should be a new and different kind of rural school—the kind which Superintendent Tobin of the Cook County, Illinois, schools is struggling to attain in his rural districts. If he will go back and study what the Danes are doing in primary and secondary instruction (for I assume it is something worth while) I shall read it as eagerly as I did the book under review.

Cloven Foot and Horns

GUI PATIN AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN PARIS IN THE XVIITH CENTURY. By FRANCIS R. PACKARD, M.D. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER, M. D.
Associate Editor, *Annals of Medical History*

IT is a lapse from Hyperion to a shockingly inferior character to turn from Dr. Packard's recent "Life of Paré" to the contemplation of his new hero Patin. We find the redoubtable Dean of these present chapters a very pervasive, petulant, hot little Sir who thunders his cavillations as though he were a second St. Bernard; he is a querulous obstructionist and on the whole rather a puny type of being. Patin, however, cannot be lightly passed over, for all his lack of human excellencies. His influence upon medicine was potent for a time, and in some respects bracing. His famous letters to the Belins, the Spons, and to Falconet hold an accredited place in the capital literature of Europe of the seventeenth century. The range of his intellectual interests was wide indeed for a drabble-tail bigot. His acquaintance with the basic human situation was uncanny for a bibliomaniac; he did some measure of service in deferring the ancient privileges of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, in restoring Greek traditions, in exposing incompetence within the profession. When you have said that, you have said all, however. The rest is demerit and woe.

The essential wrong-mindedness, malice, and obduracy of Patin are faults which would sorely try the patience of a biographer less genial than Dr. Packard. Patin was self-appointed thongman of his kind; as choice a specimen of the *genus irritabile* as can be found in the entire gallery of the little masters of satire. He was satiric from his head to his feet. His coevals put it mildly when they said

of him that his hat, collar, cloak, his doublet, stockings, and boots all shouted defiance to the world. Even Voltaire admitted that the man's writings were "disfigured by malignity," that he was an "unfaithful guide to history." He was a crafty controversialist, but with such an envenomed tongue that men would not allow the good he had done to live after him. An improvident prince of slanderers, he slandered his well-dowered wife, his father-in-law, his friends, and benefactors.

Patin's encounters with the apothecaries, barbers, arabians, spagyrics, empirics, and charlatans of his time furnish amazingly good copy for a biographer. In some of his tilts with his contemporaries the Dean was sore bested and came out of the fray woefully *épidermée*. He stood with the younger Riolan against William Harcey and Jean Pecquet, against Montpellier and the provincial schools of medicine, against the use of antimony and the introduction of Cinchona. He had a prime instinct for disaster, like the "farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty." He was no lover of novelty in any guise whatsoever. The illiberal Faculty of which he was titular head out-heroded Herod in opinionative absurdity and fatuity. Fighting became the breath of the nostrils of the Dean. "It is necessary in this world to be either the hammer or the anvil," he said.



From a woodcut by Allen Lewis for "Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens (Knopf)

Our man did not entirely isolate himself from the good. He retained a few friends—Gabriel Naudé, Pierre Gassendi—for an occasional "philosophic debauch." Above the groaning shelves of his great study ran an admired gallery of living and dead worthies, a score of well-considered portraits of heroes (whom, however, he maligned on occasion). Patin appears to have been kindly affected toward his exiled son Charles, toward Fernel's writings and Bacon's. In the presence of a few men—but only a few, the Riolans, the Pietres, Moreau—he checked his scurrility, abated the furious spirit of mockery which was in him. Censoriousness did not stifle his initiative, for Patin took an active hand in the reissuing of several approved and classical works on medicine.

"Such as divide the hoof, do also double the horn," said Aristotle. The cloven hoof and duplicate horns, bearing "old dints of deepe woundes," are obvious enough in the case of Gui Patin. Perhaps we have given undue place and effect to these excrescences. The spirited account of the man and his age which Dr. Packard has given us, based and established upon the correspondence of the Dean, may offer a proper corrective to our view. At any rate in this anecdotal memoir and history will be found rare entertainment, and it will profit anyone who has only come to apprehend the curious figure of Patin through the work by Pierre Pic to take this fresh level of the scale of his parts and to study the fierce contentious hierophant of the Faculty of Paris from an American angle.

A Minister's Diary

AROUND THE HORN TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA, 1845-1850. Being a Personal Record kept by CHESTER S. LYMAN. Edited by FREDERICK J. TEGGART. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

PROFESSOR LYMAN, well known to the older graduates of the Sheffield Scientific School through a connection of thirty-two years with that institution, sailed from New York in October, 1845, primarily in search of health and incidentally of such scientific or other knowledge as a journey to the then remote regions of the Hawaiian Islands and California might bring. Like many men of his generation he kept a diary, in which he noted from day to day most of the things he did and pretty much everything that he saw, together with reflections on manners and morals, particularly morals, and speculations regarding the future of the societies which he encountered. The voyage took him around Cape Horn, gave him glimpses of Valparaiso, Callao, and Lima, and landed him at Honolulu in May, 1846. After some thirteen months in the Islands, part of the time as head of the School for Young Chiefs which had been established there in 1839, he went to San Francisco, where he remained, with frequent expeditions into the nearby country, for about three years, returning to New York by way of Panama in June, 1850.

Lyman had studied for the ministry, and for a short time had served a Congregational parish at New Britain, Connecticut. His tastes, however, were predominantly scientific, and although he continued during his travels to officiate in various clerical capacities as occasion offered, and wrote with satisfaction of what he did in this direction, he was not without a sense of humor, and from time to time exhibits intimations of an open mind towards matters of faith and moral practice. At Valparaiso, for example, he makes the following entry in his diary:

Case of casuistry Mr. Robinson (Eng.) had married under Catholic form a native woman who proved unfaithful to him. By law here there is no divorce (marriage being a sacrament). Afterward he finds a woman with whom he lives as his wife happily and has a large family, tho' not legally married. Query?

The missionary work in the Islands, to which he paid special attention, appeared to him at first to be in a flourishing state, notwithstanding that the edge of a religious revival which had swept the region a few years before had a good deal worn off. Candor, however, compels him to record that hard drinking was rife and the moral level low. After some months of travel he could only conclude that "the whole nation is rotten with licentiousness," and the many instances of moral lapse which he industriously collects, and for which his Puritan conscience gives him an unerring scent, certainly indicate that the life of the Christian natives was not yet one of self-denial. What is to be said, however, for missionary methods which furnish the following incident, recorded by Lyman with all due gravity?

Mr. Lyons suspecting that many of his flock were guilty of smoking, which was an excommunicable offense, made enquiry of persons out of the Church and thus got a list of the delinquents. Calling a church meeting he read off the list of offending members when they one after another rose in indignation and left the house, full of hatred against the minister. A thousand members in the vicinity of the station immediately became only about a hundred. . . . In a similar manner a large portion of the Church at Kealakekua were cut off.

One is not surprised, after this exploit, to find the prediction that "in fact the prospect of the native Hawaiian for the future is extremely dark."

Fortunately, Lyman's concern about morals and missions did not prevent him from attending to other things at least equally interesting and on the whole more profitable. He made detailed observations of Mauna Loa and its great crater Kilauea, compiled material for maps, and sent to scientific journals in the east veritable accounts of the condition of the volcano at the time which enhanced his reputation. Arriving in San Francisco, then only an unkempt and disorderly village, in July, 1847, he took the job of surveying San José, and upon the news of the discovery of gold went for two months to the diggings. A long letter contributed to the *American Journal of Science* is noted by the editor as "probably the first authentic account which reached the east" of the gold fever. Enriched by some \$1,600 in profits from mining and surveying, he re-

turned to San Francisco, went back once more to the diggings as a trader, and thereafter busied himself about the Bay with surveying and clerical service until his return to New York.

Professor Teggert, who has edited the journal with scholarly painstaking, has reduced the original bulk of the manuscript about one-half by the omission of unimportant matter, and supplied names in place of Lyman's abbreviations. The work was well worth doing, for the diary, in addition to being entertaining reading, is an historical source of real value.

A Gladiator of Our Time

JOHN L. SULLIVAN. By R. F. DIBBLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

THE greatest test of a book dealing with a certain phase of life is whether or not sophisticated livers of that phase can call it the real thing.

I remember writing to H. L. Mencken after a chapter of this book had appeared in his magazine "It has everything but life," and after reading the entire book I have nothing to retract.

No man save Borrow has written sympathetically or knowingly about bruisers. And Borrow was liable at any time to pause in the middle of an interesting description to jabber about his pet ruin of the world called popery.

It seems that I have read somewhere that Mr. Dibble is a college professor. As such I hope he is a success. He is to be congratulated for his interest in an interesting phase of life as is evidenced by his writing of John L. Sullivan. That he did not scratch the veneer on this granite figure can be laid to his academic training. In a world that is hungry for reality, when whole patches of life forever pass into oblivion for the lack of recorders, one should not be too harsh with one who really attempted to catch a glimmer of pugilism.

The fault with this book is its lack of human interest. Mr. Dibble tells anecdotes about the obvious. We know that John L. was more or less illiterate. But he did know his stuff . . . and would that all editors and professors knew as much. Nowhere in this book could I meet the great mad blustering Falstaffian bruiser who had liquor stains on his badly fitting dress suit and who used to say to me, "Jimmy, the damned things are made for waiters to wear."

I first met John L. when I was fifteen. I was a hero worshipper then, but I had a strange gathering of heroes on my pedestals. John L. was next to Percy Shelley.

It is true that Sullivan was much of a moron. But then . . . there are delightful morons. I read books by them every day, and many of them have reviewed those that I have written. For instance, one reviewer in a western town, quarreled with me because I wrote about men who robbed potato patches and so forth.

Nowhere in the book does Mr. Dibble catch the mighty pot-bellied ex-gliadiator that I knew. The moron who could knock a mule down and who lived through mud-bespattered and blood-soaked epics is certainly worthy of a Borrow—to say the least. In the first chapter we are told many sayings of John's and Mr. Dibble uses, after describing his parents, some words by Dr. D. A. Sargent.

All men, though the product of two beings are born of women, but that a woman, usually considered the weaker vessel physically should be able to impress her progeny with the strong points of her own physique, and as to enable him to meet all comers in tests of strength, skill and endurance for a term of a dozen years is, to my mind, the most valuable lesson of this man's life. If the women of the land can learn from this man's physical development how potent the influence of the mother is in fashioning and transmitting not only the refined and delicate parts of her organism but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race, John L. Sullivan will have served to illustrate a very important fact.

When I cross over the great river I'll take Dr. Sargent's words to John L. Sullivan's mother, to see if she can make anything out of them. We are also told that John could "walk at ten months and talk at fourteen." According to this logic, Aristotle must have talked when he was an hour old.

Only last week I talked over James J. Corbett's "The Roar of the Crowd" with one of the three greatest pugilists in this milk-and-water world. The great bruiser said to me: "That stuff's all right, Jim, for a Sunday-school magazine, but Corbett don't tell anything." I have used hundreds of

words and have said no more about Corbett's work than this great pugilist said.

Later on in the book Mr. Sullivan meets Cardinal Gibbons, lately of Baltimore, who says to him: "What broad shoulders you have!" "John then asked His Reverence what he thought about the art of prize fighting, and was highly pleased to receive the welcome information that 'the art of self-defense is a very manly and healthful exercise.' On parting, both men exchanged mutual compliments."

I longed in reading this book to come across one mighty tussle of great Sullivan's with Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, who had a streak of yellow that only the redoubtable Sullivan could bring out. I longed to read about Paddy Ryan and ever so many others, and their tussles with this giant. A bad poet in a poetaster age may be considered a great poet if there is no one else to compare him with. The present Jack Dempsey would have battered John L. Sullivan to the canvas any time they ever started. But yet, Sullivan is going down in history as a bruiser possibly greater than Dempsey.

I wish Mr. Dibble would have told us more about the colored Peter Jackson, one of the very greatest pugilists who ever crashed black knuckles against white mugs.

John L. Sullivan, with all his bluster, had the diplomatic gift born of the blarneyed Irish. He boastfully drew "the color line" and got away with it. Peter Jackson fought Jim Corbett a draw that lasted over sixty rounds. Jackson was a pugilist as far down the ladder then, as John L. Sullivan when Corbett beat him in twenty-one rounds. And, long having talked with old-timers who witnessed both fights, they have all told me that had Peter Jackson fought Corbett in a country ruled by black men, he would have whipped him.

Sullivan's business was fighting. A character study is only interesting according to its complexity. Mr. Sullivan was about as complex as a mule in a meadow—and Mr. Dibble wastes thousands of words in telling the perfectly obvious.

Sullivan's battle with Kilrain in the backwoods of Mississippi described in two thousand words by a writer who saw clearly and wrote vividly, would have been worth the whole book. Mr. Dibble lacked the psychology of his subject—and lacking that, he lacked all.

But the book is worth reading. It catches a faint glimmer of a phase.

James J. Corbett could have done much better in "The Roar of the Crowd." . . . he was either too cowardly or too financially shrewd to do it. He does know the psychology of his subject. Mr. Dibble did the best he could with the knowledge at hand. Some day I hope to induce Jack Dempsey to write the history of Harvard University. It will be no harder for Jack, than it was for Mr. Dibble to write of Mr. Sullivan.

Several friends of Russell Loines have thought that an appropriate way to preserve his memory would be to establish a fund, the income from which should be given from time to time to an American or English poet. The National Institute of Arts and Letters has agreed to assume charge of both the fund and the awards. All subscriptions, whether large or small, will be welcome. The plan will become effective as soon as \$5,000 has been received. A fund of \$10,000 would make possible an award of \$1,000 every two years, the committee thinking this should be the minimum award, and that the interest on the fund should be accumulated until such an award can be made. Subscriptions may be sent to The Russell Loines Memorial Fund, Jocelyn H. De G. Evans, Treasurer, care of Johnson & Higgins, 3 South William Street, New York.

The Oxford University Press announces for early publication, uniform with "Sandition" recently published, an edition of "Lady Susan," from the original manuscript. This short sketch, in the form of letters, seems to have been written by Jane Austen at about the same time as "The Watsons," the paper having the water-mark of 1805. It was first published in 1871 in the second edition of the "Memoir" by J. E. Austen Leigh. The text of 1871 contains a good many errors and omissions, and was to some extent modernized. The true text as Miss Austen wrote it is now to be for the first time published by courtesy of the owner of the manuscript, Lord Rosebery.



The Green Hat

CHAPTER ONE: CRYSTAL PALACE

IT was late, after midnight, when this tale begins. I had been to a party. Oh! a most salubrious party. Now hardly had my boots touched the pillow, when there was a tapping at the window. It seemed impossible to go to the window for the walls and the ceiling were full of windows, thousands of windows. That shabby little room had become a Crystal Palace.

And then of a sudden I knew there was only one window. But it went around and around most fast. That was a rapid window. I could never hope to catch it. That was a speed-window.

Then I saw it, that green hat. And there were small red elephants dancing a small red formal dance upon the brim of that hat. But, also, I saw the face under it. That was a small face, no larger than a small size in ladies' faces. And her eyes were black, blazing black, like two platefuls of that black-bean soup in the early afternoon of the second Tuesday after Quinquagesima.

She smiled at me faintly, as she rested her chin on the window-sill. For that was a most tall lady, not too tall, but just tall enough to rest her chin on the sill of that second-story window of that grubby little house in that mean lane in that place called Shepherd's Market, by the grace of God.

CHAPTER TWO: POUR LE SPORT

"Irish," she said. "That's my name. Vaguely." "Yes, of course, vaguely," I said. "Most vaguely."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I want a word in six letters," she whispered "Next to last letter is e, meaning futile."

"Machen," I suggested.

"Yes." Her cool sensible eyes narrowed. "Or Huxley. Why not? These writers! Just because they have the technic of the pen, they are the sooth-sayers, the truth-tellers! What nonsense! Suppose one paints divinely or sings like an angel? Do we expect from him a philosophy of life? But give a writer style, let him have a faultless how and we acclaim a priceless what."

She closed her eyes. Her slightly husky voice came dimly. "But it is mostly piffle, mostly beautiful piffle. These writers." Her voice trailed to a lovely murmur.

Suddenly she stared round-eyed over my shoulder. "There is Hergesheimer" she said in a strong clear voice, a most surprising voice. I jumped backwards. "Where?" said I, for my nerves were bad, but could see no intruder. "Where is it?" I asked trembling. "What is it?"

"Nowhere. Nothing" she said dimly, closing her eyes. "But haven't you noticed that when people discuss authors someone always says, There is Hergesheimer. That's all they say. Just, There is Hergesheimer. I don't know why they say it, nor what it means. No one follows it up. It seems to be the last word."

She roused herself. "Come with me," she said gravely. For that was a most grave lady.

"Whaff—what for?" said I with some effort.

"Pour le sport," said she. "We go into the country."

"All ri-i-te, lady" said I most meticulously.

There stood a long low grey car, gallant and suave, in the lowly silence of the Shepherd's Market night, by the grace of God. That was a brave seeming car, with a great grey bonnet with a silver stork upon it.

Maybe we hit a policeman, tossing him hundreds of miles, and the stork screamed, towns away, before he fell. Maybe a cow stared at us thoughtfully and then there was no cow, but only mince-meat. Maybe not. I cannot say.

"Can do hundred and five. Must hurry. Off to Rio Janeiro tomorrow, Napier Harpoon and I."

I thought of dark handsome shy Napier Harpoon and Venice, his wife; that Venice. On her lion's-cub head a tumult of short dusty-gold hair; on her lion's-cub face a tumultitude of broad dusty-gold freckles. Salute to Venice!