

**A FEW WORDS ON
ROBERT
BROWNING. PP.1-61**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649322268

A Few Words on Robert Browning, pp.1-61 by Leon H. Vincent

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LEON H. VINCENT

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1895

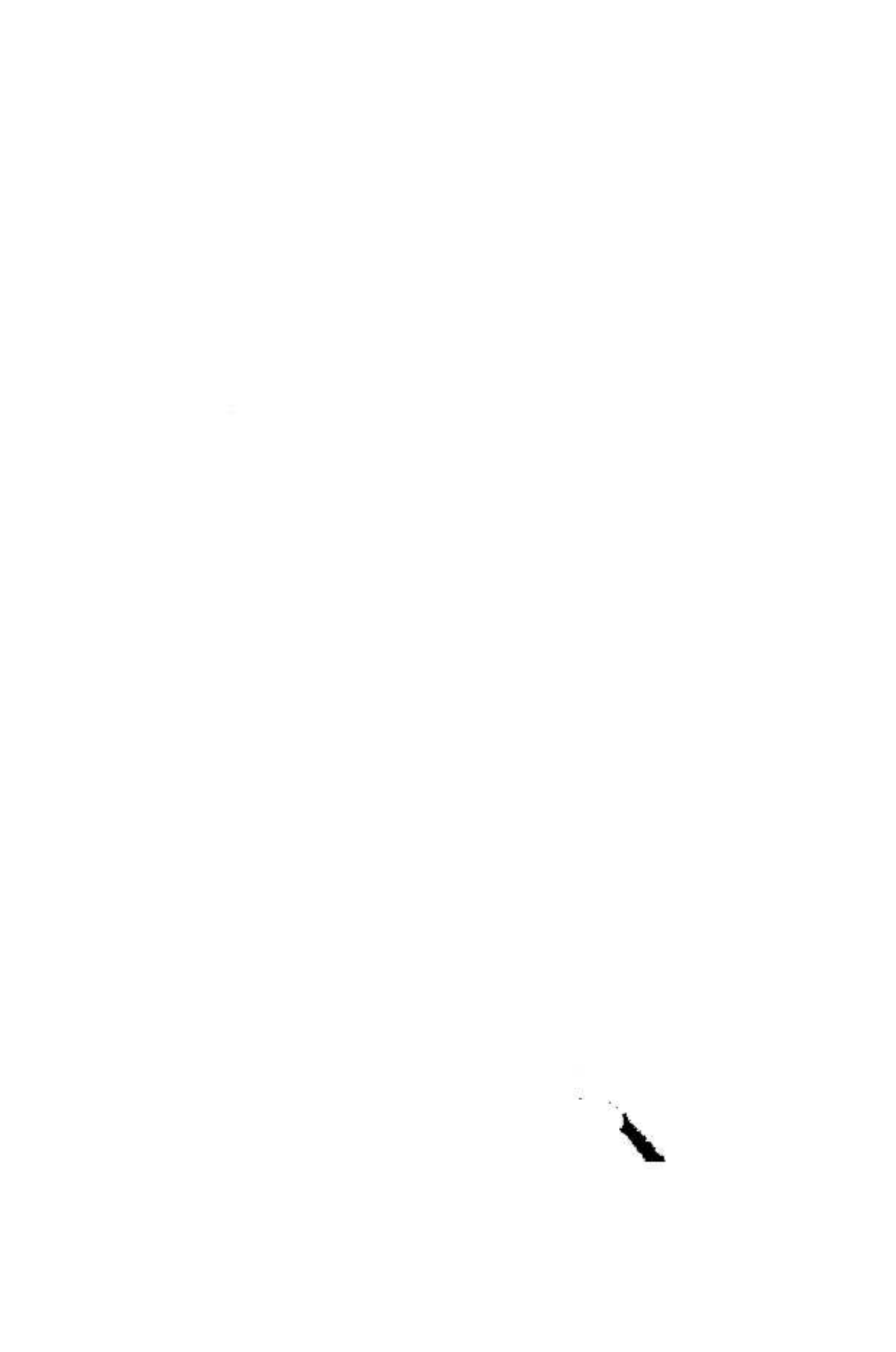
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PHILADELPHIA
ARNOLD AND COMPANY
1895

To
JESSIE THOMAS VINCENT

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I

HOW NOT TO READ BROWNING

THAT curious phenomenon of an intellectual sort commonly and irreverently known as the Browning craze reached its climax just before the death of the distinguished poet whose writings were the innocent cause of it all. It had an exceedingly grotesque side. As a man of humor, Browning must have enjoyed the oddities of what was in large degree a fashionable interest in his poetry. It is even possible that his worshippers were aware of the fact that they were contributing to his amusement. There was room for a suspicion that the genial, bluff, unpretentious man might be inwardly laughing at the extraordinary genuflections and prostrations of his devotees. He gave no outward sign of this inward laughter, but the thought of