

the Catholic priest who talks about the "Christ-myth," yet remains an active and devoted priest, and whose hope for the American church is that the Irish shall take to lager beer and become in time a new type of American. There is the Catholic girl who is avowedly "Greek." There is also the man of science who declares all art to be decay, pointing to the perishing of nations in "artistic riot," and proclaiming the end of the Jews because they begin to produce painters and sculptors. The trenchant talk of all these persons is brilliantly set down, and there are curious pictures of the mechanism of Methodist worship and organization which we should think might stir up ire in high places. The story, however, leads nowhere, and the reader is advised to make the most of the panorama as it passes.

It is occasionally the reviewer's happy lot to come upon a little book with neither *if*, but, nor *perhaps* lying in ambush in its pages. Such treasure-trove is 'The Rêves of the Midi,' translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras. In old Pascal's shoemaking shop of an evening, when the neighbors are met, and a little boy who should be at home in bed is sitting in the corner on a bench with the cat, Lou Materoun queries: "I've always wanted to ask you, Pascal, how it was that you, a peasant from Malmort, happened to be in the Battalion from Marseilles that went up to Paris the year of the Revolution." Old Pascal's answer is the story, retold by the little boy on the bench, whose autobiographic reflections are Félix Gras's own, as we learn, and who makes as charming a vignette of himself as ever hung pendant to an historical picture. The story of the rousing of the peasants of the South against "the tyrant King," their private grievances, their march to Paris singing the "Marseillaise," is lifted by the peasant recital into wonderful reality. It is history made alive, not merely telling the tale of the time. Yet in the subject lies only half the charm. It is the touch of the poet, the unerring instinct of the artist, the great heart of the Provençal, that indescribably attract and make the book a thing of gladness. The quality of Mrs. Janvier's translation is admirable, and the very sympathetic and delightful introduction by Mr. Janvier affords a glimpse of the author and his works which adds the final grace to a volume teeming in graces.

Henrik Pontoppidan's story treats of an interesting period in Danish history about twenty years ago, when, to the freeing of the peasants from serfdom nearly a century before, succeeded the movement to free their minds from ignorance as well as their bodies from slavery. The establishment of "people's high schools" for the encouragement of an enthusiastic patriotism was the great work of Bishop Grundtvig in the beginning of the century, and the influence of this institution, as well as of a popular religious movement, is seen reflected in the twin villages of Pontoppidan's story. To our thinking, the facts of the case, as stated in the preface, are more interesting than the novel, which, however patriotic, moves but listlessly for the general reader. The aristocratic priest, his democratic curate, the heresies of a preaching weaver, the manners and customs of a not too interesting peasantry, lists of their clothes, food, and amusements, with the final triumph of the plebeian over the patrician idea, are the leading features of a book more significant to students of Danish progress than to seekers after an entertaining novel.

Danish progress is further set forth in the

story of 'Camilla,' an eccentric young Dane who visits Stockholm and sets society by the ears with her heresies. "Her heterodoxies, if expressed in Swedish, would have been quite too shocking," therefore the author lets her speak Danish, in which tongue, we are told, "they sound most piquant and original." Her lack of orthodoxy is mainly in the theological line, so that no well-disciplined novel-reader is surprised to have this shocking young seeker after Ibsen's "higher view of things" an angel of ministrations to the sick, visiting cholera patients, healing diphtheria by Swedish massage (full directions given in the text), and alternating these offices with abuse of the orthodox Christian's Deity and liberal flirtations with Stockholm's nobility. There are side views of Swedish family life, a Salvation Army meeting, and plentiful talk of the bringing up of sons and daughters, by a perplexed baron (who finds it "much harder to be a father nowadays than it used to be") and his wise wife (the best character in the story). When Camilla, in a delirium of fever, converses by telephone with the heavenly Powers, her theology is found to be lenient if not strictly orthodox; and of course in loving and marrying a strict Lutheran, she rouses hopes of her rehabilitation. If this is the highest point contemporary Swedish fiction has reached, it must be said to be still in the raw.

A very medical and medicinal book indeed is 'The Cruciform Mark,' by a bachelor of medicine. He knows his Edinburgh well and describes it agreeably. He knows the University well, and takes the reader into the medical student's life there, with a knowledge born of evident intimacy. So, too, the Highlands, to which we go a-shooting, and the Tweed, in which we go a-fishing. Then there is Edinburgh society, teas, dances, dinners, Royal Society lectures, functions innumerable, private and public; there is dissection, astrology, snake-venom, second-sight, hypnotism, and suggestion. We will not solve the mysteries of the book here by saying which of these agencies is the cause of the many tragedies. The reader curious in the abnormal relations of mind and matter will find here a strange and clever story, brimming with terrors, yet related in a temper both sane and sweet. There is too much in the book of everything, whether relevant or irrelevant. In his overflowing enthusiasm for his many subjects, from the black arts to trout fishing, the writer has allowed himself to put the material for three books into one, which, though nowhere dull, except in astrological moments, becomes oppressive from the too long imposed strain of mystery and suspense, as well as from an excess of the matter introduced to lighten the horrors. We shall be surprised, however, if the book does not attract attention and discussion, and if Riccardo Stephens is not heard of again.

Elements of the Theory of Functions of a Complex Variable, with especial reference to the Methods of Riemann. By Dr. H. Durège. Authorized translation from the fourth German edition by George Egbert Fisher and Isaac J. Schwatt. Philadelphia: Published by the Translators. 1896.

THREE years ago we had not a treatise in our language upon that subject to which the attention of most of the strongest mathematicians has been chiefly and increasingly devoted for now near a generation. Two admirable and extended manuals (neither of them, how-

ever, exhaustive) have since appeared; and in this publication the strictest essentials of the theory are presented in an easily comprehensible form, free from unnecessary details and subtleties. The translators may be sure that their work will find welcome from teachers. Two classes of students are likely to use the book. Even to a man who does not intend to pursue mathematics, and to whom any training in working algebraical operations or those of the calculus would be time thrown away, the theory of functions may prove interesting. It will give him a tourist's glimpse, at least, of a new world of thought. It will show him that, scattered about in the community, are men of our race, in ordinary costume, some of them transacting affairs in down-town offices, just as any man might do, who are yet filled with ideas far more foreign to the rest of us than are those of the Chinese in Mott Street. Surely, it were consonant with a generous education to gain some glimpses of the mathematician's world, even if there were no lessons to be learned from it but that of a phenomenon in anthropology. But when we consider that the very finest and most prolific deductive logic can scarcely be learned in any other quarter, and that the life-thought of these who wield that logic cannot fail to afford some useful hint towards a solution of the problem of what sentiments we ought rationally to entertain towards matters and things in general, it becomes all the more plainly worth the while, even of the *layman*, to look into the easy and pretty elements of the theory of functions. The first class of students, then, who are likely to want this book consists of those who do not mean to go deeply into mathematics.

The other class consists of those who purpose subsequently to attack the large treatises, perhaps even the memoirs, but who desire a preliminary introduction to the subject. For these last, supposing they already have some ordinary acquaintance with the calculus, it is hard to see how a book could be better suited than the treatise of Durège. It presents the leading ideas so that the student can see how they are applied; and when he has read its pages, he will feel quite confident that he understands at least the general theory of functions, if he be not even ready to handle it himself. At the same time, students who have learned their calculus out of a modern treatise have no need of a separate preliminary work upon the theory of functions. They are already in possession of its governing ideas, and might as well pass at once to more elaborate treatises. For students of all kinds the best way to teach the calculus is to make it a part of the doctrine of functions.

Decidedly, for mere tourists into the world of mathematics, a minuter guide-book than the present work would be preferable, were there one that was not too difficult. One of the chief uses of the study for such a student lies in the accurate yet productive logic it inculcates. Of late years a great deal of research has been devoted to the exact analysis of the conceptions of the theory of functions, such as infinity, continuity, differentiability, etc. The science of logic has been advanced, in no small measure, by those studies. They ought not to be neglected by any close thinker, nor does their exposition necessarily involve difficult technicalities; but of all these recent investigations Durège might, for all his book shows, have heard nothing. His aim, not to say his boast, seems to be that he shall present the theory just as it appeared to the thought of Riemann, sixty years ago. He

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discourses at great length of the topological characters of Riemann's surfaces; but he never points out, perhaps is scarcely aware, that the connectivity of space, as it is imagined to be in the theory of functions (and as Listing also conceives it), is essentially different from that which is attributed to it in modern geometry. For example, according to the theory of functions, upon a plane surface four colors suffice to paint a map, while, according to projective geometry, six colors are requisite. For the student of ideas, the development side by side in mathematics of two disparate notions of space, and that, too, without giving rise to any dispute, is surely of sufficient interest to be noticed. Again, the logic of the interchange of roots in making a circuit round a branch-point is passed over with all the naïveté of Cauchy, who first remarked the phenomenon. Cauchy was a miraculous algebraist and a great logician, but it is notorious that the feet of his agile logic are rather apt to trip. In this matter he skips over a cañon so easily and so lightly that one can hardly make out how he does it, even if one remarks that any cañon is skipped.

The publication will be well received, as it deserves to be. Yet the translation appears to be of the most rudimentary literalness. We say "appears," because we have not made comparison with the original, and also because in sundry places we have been puzzled to guess what the German words could be. Thus, on p. 46, in an italicized sentence, "other" is used where "second" or "additional" would be much clearer; one cannot think the original reads "andere." "This" is frequently used where the English idiom calls for "that." In perusing the pages we are continually coming across such sentences as the following: "By this also the name *modulus of periodicity* is justified, since we can say, analogously to the language of the theory of numbers, that x acquires equal values for such values of w as are congruent to one another to a modulus of periodicity." Such language is not English. In many passages it is not even good German, unless logically confused expression can be said to be supported by such a weight of usage in Germany as to make good sense kick the beam.

Life and Speeches of Thomas Corwin, Orator, Lawyer, and Statesman. Edited by Josiah Morrow. Cincinnati: W. H. Anderson & Co. 1896.

THE career described in Mr. Morrow's pages belongs to a period not very distant from us in time, but in fact completely bygone. Corwin was born in 1794, and the stage on which he played a conspicuous part was that on which the curtain rang down with the outbreak of the war; the part could no more be repeated now than that of Webster or Calhoun. In the United States of to-day the chief interest of life centres in cities, in which the ends of the earth are daily brought together by steam and electricity. In Corwin's prime, life in this country had a local, bucolic, and primitive flavor, which in politics was grotesquely exaggerated. Clay is commended to the people by the fact that he is the "mill-boy of the slashes"; in the campaign of 1840 the Whigs show their love of the people and their sympathy with simplicity of life in public men, by putting up log cabins and serving out hard cider from them; Corwin, having had to find employment in early life by driving a wagon-load of provisions for the army in the war of 1812, is, later on, favorably

known in politics as "the Wagon-boy," and his friends and supporters, while singing "Van, Van's a used-up man," and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," do not forget to unite with these inspiring strains the manly stave:

"Then let us cheer that wagon-boy
Who drove that noble team, wo-hoy!"

This was the tribute which politics paid to a genuine simplicity of social condition, reflected in all walks and professions.

The Ohio community of Corwin's boyhood was a community of pioneers—their dwellings were actually of logs; so, for that matter, were their first schoolhouse and their first church. They prided themselves on their simplicity, which was considered to recall and improve upon that of the best and purest days of Rome, when matrons still counted their children for their jewels, and Cincinnatus preferred the plough to public office. The presiding justice first selected for the southwestern circuit of Ohio was not a lawyer, but qualified himself for admission to the bar by practice in his judicial capacity. The salary attached to the office was \$750; at the bar the highest professional income was \$1,000. The common dress was of homespun or buckskin; a professional man wore black and shaved himself. Corwin was throughout his life "Tom" Corwin. In 1828 one James Shields, a Jacksonian, was nominated for Congress against Corwin. In order to damage him irretrievably, a certificate was published to the effect that prominent men of his own party had declared, among other things, that it was his habit, on going to bed, to exchange his cambric shirt for a nightshirt, and Corwin afterwards confessed that it was this charge that gave him his first hope of an election, as he felt confident that Jacksonian Democrats would never unite in support of a man who was too good to sleep in the same shirt he wore during the day.

Such were the times and the community which produced Corwin, and early recognized in him a spokesman. To those among whom he grew up, he was, and to them he remained throughout life, a great advocate, orator, and statesman. More than this, he was, what few statesmen are, a born humorist. When we read of audiences first moved to tears and then convulsed with laughter we feel that it is not a figure of speech. His hearers hung upon his words; his jokes and stories became by-words, until he himself began to feel that he did not produce a sufficiently serious impression, and confided to some young man who asked what course he ought to pursue to achieve success in public life, "Be as solemn as an ass." On this profound truth he did not act.

Corwin's political career was not as remarkable as might have been expected from his powers, partly because his energies tended to speech rather than to definite action. He did not lack boldness, as his speech in favor of refusing further supplies for the prosecution of the Mexican war shows, but even this speech does not seem to have been anything more than the expression of strong feeling. As a prophecy of the "irrepressible conflict" between North and South and an analysis of the causes which were tending to produce it, this oration was remarkable, and is said to have made a profound impression; but it led to nothing, and, down to the very outbreak of the war, he thought that a compromise of some sort could be devised by means of which the South might be reconciled to the Union, and the further extension of slavery be at the

same time restricted. Like so many lawyers, he could be contentious enough if he had a definitely marked-out cause to win or defend; but when it came to striking out an initiative in public affairs and making himself the leader of a campaign of any sort, that was not in his line. As Minister to Mexico he displayed the same trait, evidently not caring to make an avenue to fame out of the unusual diplomatic difficulties with which he was confronted. His name is connected with no positive measure of legislation, and his oratory was great on the stump rather than in the Senate.

He was always careless about money matters, and generally involved in pecuniary difficulties; but there was nothing against his honor, though in the case of a Government claim in which he had been interested an investigation was necessary to show that there was no ground for accusing him of wrongdoing. He is reported to have said that he wondered whether any other man ever hid from the constable to read letters proposing him for the Presidency.

The reputation of a great stump speaker must be evanescent. Corwin's declaration in the Senate that were he a Mexican he would offer his own countrymen a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves, has become an oratorical commonplace. His translation of the impression produced by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency, "After that—who is safe?" is one of those jokes which are sure of a long life. But his set speeches are not likely to be studied, for either their statesmanship or their oratory. His life was centred in the expression of the thought or sentiment or humor of the hour, and one cannot but feel gratified to remember that his consciousness did not survive the shock which deprived him of the power of speech, and that his last conversation was addressed, as everything said by him had always been, to an audience of friends, crowding about him, and eager for more.

Ulster as It Is; or, Twenty-eight Years' Experience as an Irish Editor. By Thomas MacKnight. 2 vols. Macmillan, 1896.

THE editor of a daily paper is not always the best historian of his own times. His vision is likely to be limited, and his training too often has been to bring into prominence small daily points as against his opponents. We can recommend these volumes as an antidote to the exaggerations of the *Irish World* or *United Ireland*. They will prove of little assistance to those anxious for enlightenment as to the causes of states of feeling and popular outbursts. In the main, Protestant Ulster did her fighting and "outraging" a century ago. She then gained certain rights and privileges regarding the occupation of land which have since staved off the worst results of landlord exaction and agricultural depression. The people of the rest of Ireland, of a more compliant type, bent until they could bend no longer. Protestant education was in the past encouraged; Catholic education was banned. At the period in the last century when, as has since been proved, it was all-important regarding the future of manufactures where the discovery of steam should find them established, the industry of the north of Ireland, for which the soil was suited, was in every way encouraged; the industries of the rest of Ireland were all but extinguished.

It is therefore misleading to expatiate upon the peacefulness, the education, the industry

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