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hold on the American origins of his poetry or a wider perspective of general literature.

The Puritan inspiration of Bryant's poetry has long been evident, but Mr. Bradley shows clearly how he presented the wholesomer, saner side of Puritanism, and so afforded a natural and needed relief to the immortal exhibition of its tragical side in the romances of Hawthorne. Even fresher and more satisfying to a lover of Bryant's poetry is what Mr. Bradley has to say, in a heightened passage near the close of his book, of Bryant's relation to poetic impulses older than the Puritan:

"And somehow, too, whether it is the result of his classical studies in his youth, or of a more fundamental and deep-lying kinship, Bryant seems even to summon up voices of a more ancient poetry, solemn and oracular in the deep forest shades, pensive and pastoral on the sunny slopes. The pagan strain that we have found in Bryant echoes Virgil no less than Lucretius. In his love of all things beautiful, in his religious regard for nature, as well as in the pervasive sadness for the tears of things which interpenetrates his verse, the poet of New England is not so remote from the Mantuan as from many poets of his own day. His poetical acceptance of those traditional feelings concerning nature which formed part of the inherited religion of his race, even while his mind was weaned from the orthodox dogmas of its belief, is like Virgil's also. It is not so much that he consciously employed these as poetic material, as that they were in his blood and fused inseparably with the stir of a life within him that was older than his individual life. Hence the primitiveness of piety in much of his verse, its elemental quality. The suppliancy with which he bows before those mighty powers of the universe in which the divine presence is revealed is not reasoned, but instinctive. Thus it mirrors the primal religious trend of mankind, and gives it through art a new hold upon the spirit."

It is easy enough to disagree with Mr. Bradley in matters of inference and interpretation. Massachusetts, for example, in the War of 1812, with her privateers sending hundreds of fat prizes to Salem harbor, was scarcely so unanimously absorbed in an ideal reprobation of the war as he would make her out. Nor is it possible to go all the way with him in dispraising (for the greater honoring of "Thanatopsis") so memorable a poem as Blair's "Grave," or in holding Bryant to be, "save Poe," "the most imaginative of all our poets." The author of "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl" certainly never had the deep-flashing imaginative insight of Emerson, or the gift of glamourie, of visualizing unapparent realities, that Lowell knew in his youth and never wholly lost. Yet Bryant's imaginative vision of the symbolical life of Nature was the steadier, within its range, and his poetic workmanship was firmer, of a more enduring perfection. It may very well be, as Mr. Bradley hints, but doesn't quite like to say right out, that the lapse of years will leave as many of Bryant's pieces untouched with caducity as of any American poet.

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham. With an introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by James H. Emerton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Small 8vo, pp. 311, 50 figs.

This is an altogether delightful little book, summarizing a series of observations that extended through a series of years. It is impossible to watch the action of a colony of wasps, or of even a single wasp, for any considerable period without being impressed by the energy displayed and the strictly business-like attention to the work in hand. When the observations are carried on for several seasons, and specific individuals are followed for hours, as the Peckhams have followed them, it is natural that respect for the waspish abilities should increase. The charm of the book is in the directness with which the story is told, and in the obvious sympathy manifested by the authors with the struggles and aims of the active little nest-makers. Great stress is laid on the fact that each wasp is an individual, and, as such, unlike every other even of the same species: "The one preeminent, unmistakable and ever-present fact is variability—variability in every particular"; and as to the effect of this, when strongly marked: "The others, the conservators of old usages and customs, are the majority, the crowd. Yes, but is it not always the strong-minded few that direct the destiny of a race?"

An interesting fact brought out is the remarkable power of localization possessed by wasps, and the amount of variability shown in its exercise. Some will make a thorough study of the surroundings of their nest after completion, and will go to it unerringly thereafter; others are much more careless, and find difficulty in locating their home every time they return to it. As between species, the more excitable and nervous types make a great fuss over every act in their housekeeping, and sometimes spend hours in discovering the burrows they had labored to conceal from other eyes only. The method by which these excavations or cells are closed and concealed is told in great detail. It appears that some wasps actually make use of small pebbles to firm the soil over the opening before covering it with bits of vegetation to make it undistinguishable from the surroundings.

While the book is engagingly written, it is also scientifically accurate. Every species referred to is specifically determined, and every observation is so clearly recorded that it carries conviction; the facts are stated as they appeared, and not to prove a theory. It follows quite naturally from what has been already said that the Peckhams do not believe wasps to be insect automata, whose every act is a manifestation of a blind instinct. That instinct (or inherited experience) is the guide, is admitted, of course; but the application of this guide to the special surroundings is a manifestation of intelligence. Were instinct alone involved, all specimens of a species would work equally well; as a matter of fact, some are stupid and others bright; some attend with painstaking care to every detail of their household affairs, others will make a cell, get it all ready to be stocked, and cap it in apparent forgetfulness of the purpose for which it was constructed.

The bookmaker has done his work well, and the index is adequate. The drawings are mostly suggestive, but in some cases dreadfully out of proportion, the wasps appearing to equal in length trees that look from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter!

Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality. By Robert Brandon Arnold. Macmillan. 1904.

Perhaps the less one knows of philosophy, the more one will find in this book. In reading it one is now and then reminded that the author is an adherent of Bradley. The volume is about the size of 'Appearance and Reality,' and its page has somewhat the appearance of that famous essay. It further reminds one of Bradley by the many things it pronounces "obvious" which few would discover to be so of themselves. The work has a method, too; or so it informs us. The author is so thoroughly acquainted with the Absolute that we cannot think of questioning what he has to say of Metaphysical Reality, but he is by no means at home with Scientific Fact. His misunderstandings of the many scientific books he seems to have read or dipped into, are surprising.

We have carefully selected for examination a single paragraph, to be treated indulgently, if so we may convey a sufficient idea of what the whole is like. It fills two pages and a half. The subject under consideration is immortality, which may be taken as indicating the relation of the work to "Scientific Fact." The writer begins by telling his reader that "a small cyclonic eddy sweeping along a road"—in short, a whirlwind—may, after the lapse of "a few minutes," "not contain a single material particle which was present in it" before; and he suggests that the identity of a "human personality" ought to be conceived as analogous to that of the whirlwind. To support this, he remarks that "it is decidedly inaccurate to describe" "conscious manifestations" "as dependent on a particular formation of molecules in the brain," since the true "correlation" is between "mental phenomena" and "cerebral changes in form and activities." For the "stream of consciousness observed in introspection should be regarded as the energy aspect of our being and of the universe," provided energy be understood in a generalized sense in which it covers more than mere physical energy—a generalization which is at all events indispensable to save the physicist from falling into contradictions. In short, "our view may be put thus: all evidence tends to show that the organism is one. Yet we have the clear distinction of body and mind giving rise to different sciences, physiology and psychology. The solution seems to lie in the inevitable inadequacy due to our evolutionary and limited point of view, for which certain aspects of the universe must become apparent before others, and hence all the possible ground of our apprehension is prematurely occupied. Psychology is barely fifty years old, but already is becoming psychophysics. We stated earlier that mind is matter in certain combinations transcended. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that in proportion as the universe is apprehended from a more comprehensive standpoint, it displays what is to us the mental aspect more plainly."

Since accuracy is here in question, what accuracy is there in saying that "all evidence tends to show that the organism is one"? It is difficult to understand what is meant by saying that psychology is barely fifty years old (which would mean either that Lotze, Bain, or Spencer originated it, for it would be too absurd to attribute its paternity to Volkmann von Volkmar or even to George), while in the same breath saying it is now becoming psychophysics; for surely there has been no work on psychology more purely psychophysical than Wundt's 'Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseelen,' which appeared in 1863, therefore almost at the birth of the science, according to Arnold. If we remember rightly, Tyndall likened thought to a wave, as a form that is propagated and has a sort of identity, and yet is not matter. It was probably that comparison which has suggested to Mr. Arnold that a person is something like a vortex. But anybody who is competent to draw a simple inference from the testimony of his two eyes can see that a vortex is entirely different from a wave, being a portion of fluid matter, and not a mere form like a wave, which leaves a floating chip behind and does not carry everything along as a whirlwind does. It is not true that its particles are constantly being exchanged for others like the particles of a wave. But such is the representation of 'Scientific Fact' throughout the book.

Mediæval Civilization: Selected Studies from European Authors. Translated and Edited by Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery. The Century Co. 1904.

This little volume, which two professors of the University of Wisconsin have prepared with praiseworthy care and good judgment, adds another to the increasing number of aids to historical instruction. It contains selections, not from contemporary authors, but from the writings of reputable moderns, whose work may be assumed to rest upon a thorough knowledge of original material. They have been translated and edited with considerable freedom to illustrate specific points of interest in the whole field of mediæval study, from the fall of the Roman culture to the beginnings of modern times. So far as the choice of the selections goes, there is little room for fair criticism. Every teacher would make his own choice, and his own is the best for him. The claim of such a book as this on the teaching world is that it offers something useful to a great variety of schools and a wide range of capacity in teachers, and this claim is well sustained by the present volume. It may fairly be said that a pupil who should read understandingly all the selections here contained, would gain no inconsiderable hold upon many of the most striking aspects of mediæval life. The real question is: How far is it to be expected that a young pupil should read the book with understanding? He could do this only under the direction of a teacher who could explain to him the thousand allusions to things he could not of himself comprehend; and this raises the further question whether such a teacher would be satisfied with the scraps here offered when he might lead his pupil to the full table of contemporary writings, or at all events to the abundant dessert of the secondary writers here carved for his handier service.

In making these queries we are not criticising the merit of this Wisconsin volume; we are only speaking of it as representative of a tendency in modern education to get along with bits instead of requiring that long and patient "reading" in books of real importance whereby alone a permanent and definite impression can be made on the young student's mind. The editors frankly defend their work on the ground of insufficient library supply and the ignorance of students in the languages of modern Europe. These are sad confessions, especially when we note that of the thirty-two selections here given all but three seem to be from French originals, and when we consider how very little time rationally spent would enable any student to read enough French to handle the books from which these bits are taken. The danger is, and every teacher knows how real a danger it is, that we shall become satisfied with these apologies for books, and relax our zeal in securing adequate supplies of valuable originals and adequate instruction in the means of reading them. In the haze of our pedagogic atmosphere two great truths remain fixed: that very few students will do anything they are not expected to do, and that the great majority of them can be led to immensely greater achievement simply by expecting it of them. Meanwhile, let us be glad that as good men as our editors are willing to lend a hand in supplying crutches to the lame, and join them in what we are sure is their hope, that the time will come when their patients shall learn to walk alone.

The Forms of Public Address. Edited by George P. Baker. Henry Holt & Co.

This is a novel venture in the field of rhetoric, or English composition. The author is assistant professor of English at Harvard, and calls himself editor because the body of the book consists of a mass of reprinted letters, editorial articles, speeches, addresses, etc., given as illustrations of different "forms of public address." The original part of the book is an introduction in the form of an open letter to teachers. This we have found interesting, and it seems to be indicative of a tendency at Harvard away from the cultivation of the pure art of debate, and more in the direction of a return to the study of English composition as such.

The sum and substance of Mr. Baker's argument we take to be that the mastery of the art of formal debate is of less importance than it has been generally supposed to be, because in actual life the occasions for formal debate are few; what we need to learn is mainly how to write a letter, how to make a report, how to write an editorial, how, in short, to take some idea which we wish to enforce, advance, or express, and put it in a simple and effective shape, adapted to the comprehension of those to whom it is addressed. Evidently this is English composition as we used to study it, with modifications. First be sure that you have something to say, and then devote yourself to the expression of it.

Mr. Baker thinks that, at present, teachers of rhetoric are altogether too fond of paying attention to *phrase*, which is highly probable. He seems to us to be at fault in supposing that students can be profitably taught to mould and adapt what they have to say to particular audiences. A young man of twenty can hardly write an inaugural address in the character of a person about to take the oath as President of the United States in the midst of civil war. Mr. Baker himself says that he has found it almost impossible to get a student to write a good letter to an imaginary friend urging him in the summer vacation to "room with him" during the coming year. "Most students merely stated why they liked their rooms; hardly one looked at the plan through the eyes of his friend." There is, of course, no end to the different species of exercises in composition which may be taught—the Greeks and Romans spent years over rhetoric where we spend months; but we are inclined to think that in the long run the simplest are the best. *Précis* or abstract writing is not referred to here, perhaps because it is regarded as too elementary; in our experience, however, it is one of the most valuable sorts of training in expression which a young man or woman can acquire, and one most persistently neglected.

Garden Colour: Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; Summer, by E. V. B.; Autumn, by Rose Kingsley; Winter, by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. With coloured sketches and notes by Margaret Waterfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The recent marvellous advance in photographic processes for reproducing colors has rendered it certain that a sumptuous book like 'Garden Colour' must sooner or later be made for lovers of fine gardens, but the present exquisite treatise comes with somewhat of a surprise. It was hardly to be expected that the first essays in this direction would be so nearly free from blemish as are almost all of the colored plates here. Undoubtedly, the photographer had at his service water-color drawings of more than ordinary quality. In fact, this is shown by the touching introduction by the editress, which indicates that she has a very deep love for gardens and for all things beautiful. She has thrown a great deal of herself into the paintings which make the basis of these studies in chromohorticulture. A few of them are decidedly impressionistic (to use a poor word), but they are, nevertheless, exceedingly effective.

The contributed text is not so uniformly good as the plates. This is perhaps to be looked for. Some of the "practical" directions are not wholly practical, but they cannot lead anybody astray. The book does not profess to be a handbook of gardening: it is simply a guide to the proper management of color in foliage and blossom. Even in our own country the suggestions will be found useful, since the lists given for England can with a few changes be employed in the selection of effective groups here. The differences are not much greater, in fact, than between color and colour. Although the volume is best adapted to use on grand estates, where great masses of plants can be employed, it is also a sound adviser as to tiny plots around small houses. Its judicious counsel, honestly followed in our suburban homes, would spare us the dreadful color-tragedies which shock us on every hand. Our excellent horticultural journals are now doing much towards abating the nuisance of mismated garden plants, and this volume, rightly used, will be of much service in the same direction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Frederick Upham. John Henry Smith. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Bain, R. Nisbet. The First Romanovs. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Chambers, Robert W. Iole. Appleton. $1.25.
Dixon, Thomas, jr. The Life Worth Living. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.
Emerson, Oliver Farrar. A Middle English Reader. Macmillan Co. $1.90.
Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. A Mother of Czars. Dutton. $3.50 net.