

dressing room in the Broadway Theatre, and of numerous articles belonging to him.

tial relations between father and daughter are plainly indicated, as well as Booth's tenderness, generosity, and simple manliness; but we are told no more of his boyhood and early life or of the influences which shaped his character than was given in Mr. Winter's book of a year ago, and that volume, it will be remembered, took higher rank as an enthusiastic critical review than as a biography. Nothing is said of the later marriage, in which many people were interested on account of the position of both husband and wife, except in allusions in his London letters of 1881 referring to his "intense anxiety" during her illness and the dread of her approaching death. One often hears in Chicago reminiscences of the days when Booth and Mary McVickar played in the old Madison Street Theatre together, and seldom has there been a marriage in which the outside public took a more genuine, kindly interest. However, we have no desire to quarrel with what we have for the sake of what we have not, and we are not of those who think that a great man's death should be the signal for letting loose upon the world a flood of reminiscence and comment on his affairs kept in reserve during his life. The time may come in the future when some friend may think it still due to Booth's memory to give us an all-round biography, in which the noble nature of the man will be shown even greater and loftier than has yet appeared.

The letters to Mrs. Grossman are very bright and affectionate. Booth was one of the blessed fathers who "think it jollier to receive silly letters sometimes than to get a repetition of sermons on good behavior," and his puns and jests show him as the dear companion as well as the careful guide. Among the more serious letters is one rebuking his daughter tenderly for her concern over a newspaper article in which he was criticised and slandered. "I have long ceased," he says, "to read 'theatrical news,' and have succeeded in letting my 'dear friends' know that I avoid such rot and that it is brutal to mention it to me. I repeat to them the remark Howells made to Aldrich when Aldrich asked him if he had heard of some abuse of his (Howells') writings—'Do you suppose that I have no bosom friends?'"

The remaining letters are somewhat more varied in tone. The self-revelations to the two Carys—Richard, who was killed in the war, and his sister Emma—are delightful. Booth's dread of meeting such men as Agassiz and Felton, his devotion to the memory of his wife and to his little girl, and his simple religious faith, all find freest expression here. The epistles to David C. Anderson are most *ausgelassen* in their jollity and their allusions to good times past, present, or to come. There are nine pictures of Booth included among the illustrations, and others of his first wife, of his

EDWIN BOOTH.*

THIS new volume about the great actor is divided into three unequal parts. The first and briefest gives us the recollections of his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman, the second consists of letters written to her, and the third includes letters to various friends, extending from June 30, 1860, just one week before his marriage to Mary Devlin, up to 1892. The recollections are far less of events than of characteristics, and they add practically little to the knowledge we previously had of the private life of Edwin Booth. The affectionate, confiden-

* Edwin Booth. Recollections by His Daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman. The Century Company. \$3.00.