

(Henry Frowde) differs from the third edition only in some changes in the system of transliteration designed to bring the work into accord with the modern practice. The judiciously arranged exercises, the selections from Arabic authors and newspapers, the English and Arabic letters and manuscripts, the vocabularies, and the comparative table of classical and modern Arabic forms and expressions make this volume an admirable aid to those who are beginning the study of the language.

Young Schiller is a figure still surrounded to many of us by the halo of romance, borrowed from the atmosphere of "Die Räuber." By selecting from the complete correspondence the letters of his youth and editing them separately, Max Hecker has done a meritorious work. "Briefe des jungen Schiller" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a more direct and intimate record of the development of his personality than any biography can hope to give. Typical of the high-strung emotionalism of the youth chafing under the discipline of the Karlsschule, are the letters to his friends, especially that epistle to Scharffenstein, full of the fervid sentiment and pathos, which, though undoubtedly genuine at the time, gave to his later writings, whenever it recurred, a slight tinge of insincerity. But the bulk of these letters to his sister Christophine, to his motherly guardian angel Frau von Wolzogen, to his patron Dalberg, to Schröder, Körner, and others is concerned with his plans and hopes, and is haunted with the spectre of poverty. The financial obligations which Schiller had incurred by his flight from the academy and the publication of "Die Räuber" preyed on his mind. Reiterated apology and subterfuge make them truly pathetic reading. The element of humor, however, is not absent. His frequent clamoring for a new supply of writing paper, goose quills, and snuff is rather amusing. The editor has supplied a readable introduction.

So little is really known of the celebrated Jakob M. R. Lenz, the German-Russian friend of Goethe, that the student of German literature cannot fail to welcome the first biography of the poet, a volume of 557 octavo pages from the pen of Dr. M. N. Rosanow, *Privat-docent* in the University of Moscow. Dr. Rosanow has but fulfilled the wish of Goethe that such a *Leben* should be written; although Tieck and others made various efforts to represent the poet of the storm and stress period. By careful examination of the archives at Strasburg, Berlin, and the British Museum, the Russian scholar has been able at last to picture with satisfactory certainty the various episodes of Lenz's career. There are the student days in Königsberg, the study of Shakespeare, as Goethe had undertaken, under the same Alsacian skies, the dramatic experiments contemporaneous with the American Revolution, and, not least interesting, the visit to the court of Weimar in 1776. One hundred solid pages of notes present an astounding commentary on the various chapters; but unfortunately there is no index.

Fichte's "Reden an die deutsche Nation" have been reedited by Rudolf Eucken and are published in an attractive volume (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The feature of the book is the illuminating introduction, in which the author de-

fines the importance of Fichte in that critical period of German history, when the nation needed a leader of his philosophical latitude.

A handsome volume in "Die Bücher der Rose" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is called "Die Droste" and contains letters, stories, and poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, the most gifted poet among German women in the nineteenth century.

Francis Almon Gaskill of the Massachusetts Superior Court died July 16, at the age of sixty-three. He was long a trustee of Worcester Academy and of Brown University. He published one book, "Civic History of Worcester, Mass."

John Goode, last surviving member of the Virginia secession convention, has died at Norfolk. He was the author of "Recollections of a Lifetime," and of a series of articles called "Civilian Chieftains of the Confederacy."

A dispatch from London announces the death of the Rev. George Tyrrell, for many years a member of the Society of Jesus, from which he separated on account of his sympathies with modernism. Father Tyrrell's articles on religious subjects were condemned by the Holy Office, and he was deprived by the Pope, in 1907, of the privilege of administering the sacraments. He wrote largely on the modern movement.

Rosa Nouchette Carey, the English writer of popular novels, died July 19. Her first work, "Nellie's Memories," was published in 1868; her last, "The Angel of Forgiveness," in 1907. In the intervening years she wrote a large number of stories which for the most part are now forgotten.

Dr. Henry Cazalis has died at Geneva, at the age of sixty-nine. He wrote books on many subjects, and used other pen names besides that under which he was best known, "Jean Lahor." His most popular volumes of verse are: "Les Illusions," "Cantique des Cantiques," and "Les Quatrains d'Al-Gazali." Other books are "Étude sur Henry Regnault," "La Gloire du néant," "William Morris et le mouvement nouveau de l'art décoratif," "La Pathogénie de l'arthritisme," and "Les Risques pathologiques du mariage."

FRANK SANBORN'S REMINISCENCES.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By F. B. Sanborn of Concord. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 2 vols. \$5 net.

Mr. Sanborn's memoirs will surprise those of his readers who, knowing him only by the caustic journalism of his later years, suppose him to be wholly devoted to that sort of self-expression. These two volumes cover, roughly, his life down to the civil war, although in several cases they reach a later date. There is, for instance, a chapter on the Concord School of Philosophy. On the whole, we think Mr. Sanborn well-advised in stopping where he did: because the real interest of his recollections lies not so much in his own achievements as in his contact with one tremendous historic episode and in his intimacy with two or three great American writ-

ers. The work of his later life in various practical reforms may have been useful, but it could not well furnish the staple of an important autobiography. It is when he is Boswellizing about Concord that we listen to him most gladly.

For its intrinsic importance, however, the John Brown story, which fills nearly all of the first volume, outranks the other topics. Mr. Sanborn has written and spoken so often about Brown that one might wonder that he had anything more to say. In fact, however, he gives here an account of the martyr-fanatic from the opening of the Kansas campaign, furnishing a good many unpublished letters, and inserting others that have been scattered through various publications. The reader will not get from him a final, symmetrical chronicle—for Mr. Sanborn's mind is too miscellaneous to produce a finished work of art—but he will learn many indispensable facts. Considering the acrimony with which every detail has been fought over hitherto, Mr. Sanborn's uncontroversial spirit is as refreshing as it is unexpected. He has exchanged gall for rosewater. The result is greatly to John Brown's advantage. So far as we see him in these pages, he might be one of Cromwell's men in zeal and in his conviction that he was doing the Lord's work; as simple as a child in most of his dealings, as unshaken as Abdiel in the face of danger and death. We wish, however, that Mr. Sanborn had been, in some cases, more explicit. The Potawatamie execution, for example, he refers to several times, but beyond saying that whatever Brown did he unquestionably believed he was right in doing, Mr. Sanborn hardly supplies us the necessary facts for forming our own opinion. Servants of the Lord, as the Old Testament historians abundantly teach us, are not always free from guile; and we should like to know how far John Brown resembled, in this respect, his Hebrew models.

But Mr. Sanborn may reasonably rejoin that he is writing his own recollections, which deal with Brown only as he was personally concerned in Brown's affairs. The vividness of Mr. Sanborn's impressions, and the clearness with which he describes them are as valuable, in their way, as the documents. We have real bits of the anti-slavery sentiment which, in the late fifties, was becoming a religion to many earnest souls in the North. Nothing is more characteristic than the matter-of-fact tone in which Mr. Sanborn tells how he and his friends engaged in treasonable plots against the government; and certainly there have been few stranger meetings in America than that at the Revere House, Boston, at which Sanborn, the young schoolmaster; Theodore Parker, the eloquent minister; Dr. S. G. Howe; G. M. Stearns, the Medford philanthropist, and Gerrit Smith discussed whether

or not to give John Brown the signal to go ahead. When such men turn conspirators, either a revolution or the madhouse is near.

In the second volume Mr. Sanborn devotes himself to Concord, prefacing his account of its authors and customs with reminiscences of his first love affair and of his formative years at Exeter and at Harvard. We should be glad to have a more consecutive story, but that is beyond his purpose. He gives us instead a multitude of miscellaneous facts and impressions, some vital, others trivial, nearly all interesting. Considering the number of times that he has raked and reraked this field, it is surprising that he has still some fresh gleanings to offer. Read these chapters, and you will see, better perhaps than anywhere else, the daily humdrum of village life in Concord, if that may be called humdrum in which so many queer, and a few remarkable, persons were concerned. Mr. Sanborn says somewhere that he had a passion for knowing men; that he gratified this passion appears on every page. His interest in his fellow-beings is as insatiate as a savant's curiosity. He knows all about the humblest dweller in Concord—be he the butcher, the baker, or the hogreeve—not less than about the celebrities. And he knows equally well what flowers or birds are to be found in the Carlisle woods or on Nashawtuc, by the Assabet, or along the shores of Walden Pond.

He produces the effect of a glorified gossip, or garrulous town-pump. To him no item comes amiss; by him nothing is forgotten. There is a lack of perspective, a temperamental inability to coördinate and to generalize. Mention the name Hosmer, or Bartlett, or Barrett or Buttrick, and he reels off the proper genealogy, with some anecdote of every member of the family whom he mentions. This results in a sort of Pepysian disconnectedness, but it has also the Pepysian charm of real life.

When it comes to the portraits of Concord celebrities, we do not observe that Mr. Sanborn brings much that will cause a revision of the opinions which the well-informed already hold; but we note, with satisfaction, that his former extravagant admiration of Alcott and Thoreau has considerably abated. Thoreau was certainly a striking figure in American literature, but it is plain now to everybody, as it has always been to the judicious, that he does not belong in the same class with Emerson. Even Mr. Sanborn permits us to suspect that Thoreau consciously imitated his master, and he admits that both Thoreau and Ellery Channing were rasped by Emerson's Olympian aloofness. Mr. Sanborn strives, as usual, to make a hero out of Ellery Channing; as a friend's zeal for a friend, it is a pious

task. But has friendly piety no-allegiance to truth? Is it desirable that a man who shirked every obligation and evaded every duty, who abandoned his children and family, in order to give himself up to a life of perfectly selfish irresponsibility—gormandizing books, playing at verse-making, dallying with ideas—should go down to posterity with implied commendation, as one in whom "imagination and conscience were strangely intermixed and transfused"? If friends will write biography, let them remember that the claims of truth transcend even those of friendship.

But we cannot close our notice of these recollections in a tone less genial than that which Mr. Sanborn maintains, almost without a break, to the end. Despite its formlessness, and the rather too frequent resort to scissors and paste, the book is very readable. It will be one of the permanent sources of information for those who study John Brown and the Concord Group. To the student of social manners and customs, it will be scarcely less valuable, because it gives a hundred short-range glimpses of Yankee village life during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century—that life which is as obsolete to-day as is the Boston of Cotton Mathew. It is plain enough that some of the Concord egoists, who thought themselves geniuses, and absolved from the duties common to civilized men, were thinly disguised, or undisguised, cranks. Their verses and their lucubrations, and their diaries filled with anæmic introspection, will impose on nobody to-day. But the true Concord community—with Emerson, and Hawthorne, and with Thoreau, too—can no more lose its significance for Americans than Weimar can for Germans. These recollections by Mr. Sanborn contain much authentic news of it.

We must call particular attention to the illustrations, which include many rare portraits.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Mice. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis here makes another excursion into those fields of South American adventure, or quasi-adventure, which he has hitherto found profitable. "The White Mice" is a fantastic society formed in a convivial moment for the nominal purpose of saving deserving lives. The founding of the order takes place in the Far East, which should be sufficient preparation for the fact that the incidents with which we are concerned occur on our own side of the globe. Not without precedent, an ex-college athlete is the hero. He has pitched at Yale; hence we may expect anything of him in South America. Piquancy is given to the present situa-

tion by the fact that, very early in the game, he finds himself at odds with his father, who is at the head of a great American firm of lighthouse builders. The son has been dispatched to Porto Cabello to be kept out of mischief by a minor engineering job, at a few dollars a week.

But it does not really matter how few dollars a week are his portion, how much he may find himself at odds with paternal authority, for he is destined to marry "the richest girl in Venezuela." Her father is immured in an island fortress, and she herself, with her mother and sister, has been banished to an island yet more remote. The ex-Yale pitcher and other "White Mice" take up the liberation of the father at first as an amusement, but presently (the pitcher having become informally acquainted with the girl) as a religion. A native popinjay who wishes to marry her, in part for political reasons, adds to the merriment of the game. There follow plots and counter-plots, veiled messages, lively brolls by day, sensational, but for the principal parties safe, encounters by night. An ancient tunnel, sealed, but not guarded, leads to the dungeon where languishes the people's hero—that is, the girl's father. The ex-pitcher finds out about it, penetrates it, blows up the walls of the deadly dungeon, and, after some further adventure (the outcome whereof is a foregone conclusion), rescues the paternal patriot, and escorts him to the arms of his fellow-patriots, who, by a not too odd coincidence, have at that moment triumphed over his foes, and need but him to make their joy complete. When we say that the girl had a hand in this timely rescue (for the enemy would have fatally pinked the prisoner if his rescue had been delayed by a few seconds), we say all that need be said in favor of a rattling "romance" which has, admit the publishers, already gone into numerous editions.

Wallace Rhodes. By Norah Davis. New York: Harper & Bros.

Of standard themes in fiction none wears better than that of a married pair learning to fall in love with each other. The situations are so made to the hand! Those elegant summer breakfasts on terraces, where the bride longs, yet fears, to give her husband a flower! Those drives, with coy, piquant conversation, and burning blushes if the word "wife" or "husband" be uttered! What zest may be lent to the book by its romantic solution of the enigma, "How to be proper though unchaperoned"! It is all familiar ground, and from "The Taming of the Shrew" to Miss Mühlbach it holds its own.

The case of "Wallace Rhodes" of the Mississippi cotton lands has, of course, special features. A father sets himself