## SOME NEW BOOKS.

### A Painter of Dreams.

The seven biographical sketches collected in *A Painter of Dreams*, by Mrs. A. M. STIRLING (John Lane Company), are very readable. The book has a pleasing little dedication to the writer of fiction from this collector of facts, as follows:

I write of the ghosts I hear of
You write of the ghosts you see.
But never beneath our busy pens
Or the fertile scope of our magic lens,
Doth mingle that company.

Each apart in our land of phantoms
The Dead, or the Never-Has-Been,
We follow a fitting measure,
We struggle for truth or for treasure,
Unreal as a painted dream.

So I fathom a world extinguished,
You fashion a minor host;
We live in a separate dreamland
Where never ghost meets ghost.

The book bears the title of the last sketch contained. Although the stories were written as isolated biographies, when they came to be bound together they were found to have connecting links throughout; either kinship between the subjects described, or similarity in period or locality, so that finally the author decided to place them in chronological order beginning with Diana Bosville, who died in 1795, and ending with the author's uncle, Roddam Spencer Stanhope, who died in 1908, and naming the volume after the last biography, which the author hoped and believed would linger longest in the memory of the reader.

If one discard the idea that this writer, with her deft touch for personality and personally illuminating anecdote, chose her subjects because she had access to somewhat inaccessible manuscripts, it is hard to say just why she chose the subjects herein contained. The material used for the sketch of Diana Bosville and that of her son was supplied in the form of Diana's scrap book and direct reminiscences by Lady MacDonald of the Isles. The data for William Charles Keppel, Lord Albemarle, were provided by Mr. Alfred Garnier, grandson of the subject of the biography. Those for the story of Mme. Jerome Bonaparte were supplied, it would seem, by Count de Gailatin, great-grandson of M. Pescault, at whose house the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson met her husband; and by Dr. Richard Caton of Liverpool, a collateral descendant of Mrs. Robert Patterson, nee Caton; and by Mrs. Murray, nee Patterson, whose grandfather was a brother of William Patterson, the father of Mme. Bonaparte. Richard Caton also supplied much of the material for the life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, "a favorite of destiny" whose biographical sketch is merged into the account of the social triumphs in Europe of his three beautiful granddaughters, the famous Caton sisters. Finally the details of the lives of Herring, the coachman painter of animals, and of Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the Pre-Raphaelite painter of dreams, were supplied by members of the author's own family. In reviewing all the characters contained in her book the author suggests that the real value of life lies, not necessarily in fruition or attainment, but in the singleness of purpose and the buoyant courage with which each follows after and exemplifies his dream.

The biography of Diana Bosville is practically made out of that vivacious lady's scrap book. It was the custom of those days for ladies who were pursuing culture or even wide knowledge of affairs to own a scrap book in which they kept a miscellaneous assortment of quotations, epigrams, riddles, acrostics, fragments of curious information, verses, &c. Such books were a source of endless gratification to their possessors, rendering less tedious long morning calls; less full of scandal the wet afternoons when ladies yawned over their embroidery, less exasperating the fine afternoons, when the elders of the family had appropriated the family coach and servators, and when the younger members had to forego their exercise afoot for lack of a man servant without which attendance they could not decorously walk.

Diana was the daughter of Sir William Wentworth of Bretton Park in Yorkshire and later the wife of Godfrey Bosville of Thorpe Hall and Gunthwaite. She was a friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and even the surly Dr. Johnson describes her as a "mighty intelligent lady." Her husband was a man of advanced views, the host of Wilkes and other reformers of that day. Her notebook is more devoid of fripperies and trivialities than was usual at the time and casts many sidelights upon the thought and varied research of the liberal thinkers of the time. The little book, parchment bound and much yellowed by time, gives evidence of a fairly untrammeled and independent mind, although spelling was evidently more indulgently viewed in those days than at present.

One of the early entries gives Lady Diana's views as to duelling. She writes:

Yesterday Morning early Two Men fought by two Gentlemen in a Field near Kensington in which each of them received some Wounds, before a Gentleman, who happened to be at some Distance, could intervene to part them. They had long been intimate Friends, and, one of them taking his Will from his Pocket, shewed his Antagonist the Legacy of £1,000 which he had before bequeathed to him, and which, notwithstanding their Duel, he had determined not to alter. How foolish appear these Affronts between Persons otherwise endowed with Sence!

Then with sterner morality she indites of card playing:

How shall we be able to recount this intoxicating Employment, this Murderer of Time, to the Faculties of Rational Creatures! Faculties that were bestowed for a more noble Purpose. How senseless and unmeaning the Employment of shuffling, ranging and detaching a set of Painted Pasteboards!

There are memoranda of the sale of a Titian at Talion's for £220 and just beneath an account of a banquet costing £1,900. The family budget in our days at least is likely to make a different division and to set aside a greater proportion for funds for what we are pleased to call "higher living." The active zeal of Mr. Wesley and the 43,800 sermons he preached are noted down, also a criticism of the method of treating putrid fevers by bleeding. A cluster of grapes cut at Welbeck by his Grace the Duke of Portland is reported to have weighed nineteen and one-half pounds and to have been conveyed by four laborers as a gift to the Marquis of Rockingham. There is a flavor of political innuendo in another entry: "The Lamplighters of Westminster are like the Popish clergy. Both parties profit by keeping the people in the Dark." J. J. Rousseau comes in for constant mention in the lady's diary; evidently her interest followed the naturalistic philosopher for many years:

J. J. Rousseau, as he was walking through the Streets of Paris to dine with a Friend, encountered a Dog, which, as is the Custom there, attended the Equipage of a Nobleman. The Dog ran violently betwixt his legs and carried him upon its Back, to a considerable Distance, till not being an expert Rider, the unfortunate Philosopher was thrown into the Dirt, to the great Entertainment of the Nobleman, who laughed immoderately at the excellent Joke his Dog had achieved.

The next Day this Nobleman happening to call upon Rousseau's Friend, told him the merry story of the old Gentleman and the Dog.

"Yes," replied the Friend, "that old Gentleman dined with me Yesterday, and told me the same Story, only he did not seem to enjoy the Joke quite so much as you do." "Pray," said the Nobleman more gravely, "who is that old Gentleman?" "That old Gentleman," replied the Friend, "is M. Rousseau."

The Nobleman, in some Confusion, immediately went Home, and sent a very humble Apology to the Philosopher; who returned this uncompromising answer—"Let him hang his Dog and it may save him the humiliation of many future Apologies."

And again she notes:

Poor Rousseau has escaped being murthered at Motiers Travers, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's Protection, by a Mob set on against him by an Ecclesiastick, his Antagonist. He has now obtained a most delightful island, belonging to the Hospital of Berne, situated in the Centre of the Lake of Bienne, varied with Woods, Meadows, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, for his Asylum; and there is well settled.

A very ingenious, respectable English Gentleman, a Traveller in these parts, has just bestowed on him the Picture of the Great Mr. Pitt, for whom, with every Person in Switzerland, he has infinite Veneration.

Liberated by persecution, the Gift of Priests, he shuns mankind as carefully as wild Beasts, and is become very difficult of Access.

The humorous anecdotes have some of the naive brutality of her century, but one about Dr. Young flavors of the courtly and polished epigrammatic style of the day:

The Doctor was walking in his Garden at Welwyn in Company with two Ladies (one of whom he afterward married), when the Servant came to say that a Gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my Situation." The Ladies insisted upon his showing them his Visitor, who was a Man of Rank, his Patron and Friend; and as persuasion and no Effort, one took him by the right Arm, the other by the left, and led him to the Garden Gate, when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his Hand upon his Heart, and in that expressive Manner for which he was remarkable, spoke the following Lines:

This Adam look'd when from the Garden driven,
And thus disputed Orders sent from Heaven:
Like him I go, but yet to go am loath:
Like him I go, for Angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
He Eve went with him, but mine stays behind!

The Bosvilles, if one may judge by the two sketches herein contained, were not only capable of great generosity themselves but were always delighted by tales of generosity, and Diana sets down in her diary the following anecdote of Quin, the actor:

Mr. Thompson, a Scots Gentleman, universally known by his fine Poems on The Seasons, on his Travels, when he first came to London, was in very narrow Circumstances, and before he was distinguished by his Writings, was many Times put to Shifts even for a Dinner. The Books he then contracted lay very heavy on him for a long Time afterwards, and upon the Publication of his "Seasons" one of his Creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper Opportunity to get his Money.

The Report of this Misfortune happened to reach the Ears of Mr. Quin, the Actor, who had read The Seasons, but had never seen their Author, and he promptly repaired to the Bailiff's Spunging House in Holborn, where Mr. Thompson was confined.

Quin announced Quin on entering Mr. Thompson's Chamber. "You don't know me, I believe, Sir; my Name is Quin, and I have come to sup with you. I have already ordered the Cook to supply the Supper, which I trust you will excuse."

Thompson received him civilly and during an Hour which followed they discoursed on Subjects of Literature, to Mr. Quin unseen. "It is now Time to enter my Lodgings," said Mr. Thompson, thinking that the great Actor had come about some Affair connected with the Drama, assured him that he would serve him to the best of his capacity."

Mr. Quin explained, saying that he owed the poet £100.

Mr. Thompson at once conclude that Mr. Quin was mocking him, protested with a vehemence, for the poet was a Scotch Gaelic, and he offended the Humorous Actor, so that the latter should come this to make a Jest of his Misfortune.

"Sir," replied Quin, raising his Voice, "I'll be damned before I would do that!" Long I owe you a Hundred Pounds, and here is—(taking a Bank-Note of that Value out of the Table)—I will tell you Sons after I read your Seasons I took it into my head that as I had Something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my Will, and as you had afforded me much Pleasure, among the Rest of my Legatees I set down the Author of The Seasons a Hundred Pounds. This Day hearing that you was in this House, I thought that I might have the Convenience of paying my Money myself instead of the Expence of getting my Executors to do it, when perhaps you might be in less Need of it, and take Mr. Thompson to the Business I came about."

I cannot express Mr. Thompson's grateful Acknowledgments."

In lighter vein we find Diana inscribing, evidently with smiles, the two following epigrams:

TO SAMSON DOGKINS, THE WHITE-HAIRED DANDY.

The Philistines of old, by Samson, 'tis said,
With the Jaw of an Ass were malcontent;
But the White-haired Samson his Fortune has made
With the Jaw of more Asses than one.

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

In ancient Poets A-gri-pina prize
Who boasted of a Hundred eyes
Sure greater Praise to her is due
Who looks a Hundred ways with two.

One of the most vivid pictures of the time, however, is to be found in her transcript of an event during the season of 1769 at Bath:

A Gentleman from Bath (nothing the Name of the Bird) among the Beaux and Belles, and a Wag upon Mr. Thomas's occasion, [illegible] in a particular [illegible] upon Mr. Thomas's occasion. [illegible] a Gentleman of Bath, [illegible] before another who [illegible] the Hon. Mr. [illegible] a Gentleman of Mr. Bressenden, to [illegible] if was not before he [illegible] all upon the Subject of the Ladies, for whom it was [illegible] pushed her off, and [illegible] Mr. [illegible] the Hand the Bouquet he [illegible] the Floor.

And [illegible] the Gentleman [illegible] Bath, fell to [illegible] offer [illegible] pulling one [illegible] tops, tumpers, &c. Many Ladies fainted away; in short, such a Scene of Confusion is never remembered to have been exhibited by so Genteel a Company before. The Magistrates were engaged at the Town Hall for some Hours afterwards in taking Information of Assault and Battery.

No less than eight Writs were issued Yesterday, and a Subscription it is said is open to support the suits. The Magistrates have suppressed both the Publick and Private Balls for a Time.

Later. We hear that in the late Riot in Bath a Lady of Distinction struck another lady violently in one of the Assembly Rooms.

A Letter from a Lady in the same town says—Some of our Sex have acquired immortal Reputation by their Courage and Skill in boxing, while a few other pony Females have disgraced the very name of Woman by their fainting and trembling."

The second biography in the book is that of Col. "Billy" Bosville, the son of Diana and Godfrey. His is a pleasant record to read because it differs so entirely from the average life of to-day. Inheriting great means, "Billy" Bosville, as he was called, seems to have served his generation chiefly as an agreeable and happy man about town. He was an excellent raconteur and exercised continuous, if narrow, hospitality. In his later years he served dinner at 5 o'clock promptly each afternoon to twelve of his friends. A slate hung in the front hall and it was customary for those who desired to be entertained to inscribe their names on the slate for the day. The unpardonable sin, however, was to be late, the host's motto being "Better never than late." Bosville was liberal in his views and was a stanch supporter all his life of William Cobbett and Horne Tooke. In the latter's failing fortune Sir Francis Burdette and Col. Bosville bought his house in Wimbledon for him and gave him an adequate annuity for life.

During William Bosville's last illness the dinners for which he was justly famed were continued as usual, while the host, lying above in his sick chamber, eagerly listened for signs of the mirth he could no longer promote; when it occasionally assailed his ear he would send his attendant down quickly to learn what jests had provoked it. Finally there came a day when the feast as usual was in readiness and the list of guests submitted to the sick man. When they arrived punctually at the hour, however, he had passed from the scene of earthly merriment. "And though," writes the biographer, "in such a death the sententious may find occasion to moralize, is there not something invigorating in the spectacle of a man who could thus prize existence to its latest moment and who went down to the very gates of death still warm with the throb of a joyous life?"

It may be said that the silhouette of William Bosville which follows the sketch is very ingratiating, so reminiscent is it of the very best type of solid English gentleman and statesman; and very representative of the style of his period is the epitaph which follows:

Lov'd by his friends and by his foes esteem'd
For even foes by goodness are redeem'd.
Above all meanness, for he knew no pride,
Unawed by Death, unblemish'd Bosville died.
With sense which only nature could impart,
The smoothest temper and the kindest heart.
Through various scenes of chequer'd life he went
His views unspoiled and his end content;
Equal to him the child of low degree
So honour grac'd him, and his mind was free—
Or one that glitter'd in the pomp of birth—
For all he valued was unshaken worth.
Mild to the last, though tortured by disease
His only comfort was his friends to please.
* * *
No vain fantastic terrors cast his soul
For some one virtue occupied the whole.
Over worlds to come no vague reflection roved,
His life was guiltless and his end unmoved.
* * *
By slow degrees to dissolution led
The good man sunk and mingled with the dead.

One of the pleasantest biographies in the volume is that of the fourth Lord Albemarle, under the title "The Autocrat." It is most interesting to learn in this sketch the history of the popular Scotch ballad "Robin Adair." Lady Caroline, sister of Viscount Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty, was the author of this song, and its story is almost too romantic to be true:

Robin Adair was a young medical student in Dublin. He got into a scrape and had to leave the city. He decided to go to London, but arriving at Holyhead found that he had not money enough to pay for his seat in a coach, so he set off on foot. He had not gone far on his way when he came to an overturned carriage. The owner was a lady of fashion who had received some slight injury, and glad of the opportunity of exercising his skill, Robin Adair promptly attended to her. His patient proved to be journeying to London, and finding that the languishing medical student was also thither bound she offered him a seat in her carriage which was gladly accepted. On his arrival at his destination he was handed a cheque for a hundred guineas and received an invitation to visit his fellow traveller as often as he liked. With the money thus acquired he completed his medical studies and soon secured a good practice. Finally, at a dance at his benefactor's he met Lady Caroline Keppel.

It was a case of love at first sight between the beautiful girl and the clever and attractive youth. The lady's family, however, firmly refused their consent to such a mesalliance and all means were tried to banish this attachment from Lady Caroline's thoughts. She was sent abroad, but fell ill and had to be brought home. She was then despatched to Bath, ostensibly for her health, but with a like result—she remained unalterably faithful to the memory of her absent lover. The story continues:

It is said to have been during her stay at the latter place that she wrote the words of the little song "Robin Adair" so touching in its very simplicity, "What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near!" Although the authorship of the plaintive ditty has been disputed, fancy is loath to discard so attractive and probable a story of its origin, and when set to the tune of Eileen Aroon which Tenducci, the Italian singer, brought back from Ireland and sang at Ranelagh, the song found its echo in many a faithful heart. Even Robert Burns, on being asked to write new words to the old tune, found no fault with the simple verses, although their setting he condemned roundly as "a cursed, cramped out of tune air, measure, a crinkum-crankum tune."

Admiral Keppel's nephew, William Charles, fourth Earl of Albemarle, inherited the Keppel estate when he was but five months old. When he was under twenty he married Elizabeth Southwell, daughter of the twentieth Baron Clifford, herself under sixteen. It is a curious coincidence that while the bridegroom on the distaff side was descended from Charles II., the bride was descended from Walter de Clifford, father of Fair Rosamond. Not so awe inspiring, but humorous is the account of the first exploit of the bride, who sliding down the banisters at Quidenham fell and had to have her head trepanned. At the birth of two sons, William, Viscount of Bury, and Augustus Frederick, afterward fifth Earl of Albemarle, dreading the responsibilities of motherhood, the bride left home suddenly and returned to her mother, where she remained four years. In 1817 she signified her willingness to return to her husband, who drove his coach half way to meet her. The pathetic entry is made, "After her return to him she bore him thirteen more children and expired in her fifty-first year at the premature birth of her sixteenth child." Of Lord Albemarle's old time autocratic methods with these vivacious children amusing account is given, perhaps the most delightful being the case of Lady Caroline when a stepmother was introduced into the family:

Lady Caroline, for one, having sampled the fresh rule and swiftly decided that it was undesirable, came to the conclusion that she had only to represent this fact to her father for the intruder to be ignominiously expelled. She therefore wrote to Lord Albemarle a lengthy letter putting her point of view before him and emphasizing in unmeasured terms the extremely unprepossessing character of the newcomer. These trenchant arguments she summed up with the request, "I beg of you, dear father, that you will turn Jane out." But the result was far other than she had anticipated and is a curious illustration of the discipline to which children were subjected in those days. For her lack of respect to her stepmother she was made to walk backwards round and round the dinner table during the time when the rest of the family were dining, while from her neck was suspended a slate with the offending sentence written for all to read. The fact that the footmen should also be cognizant of her disgrace and aware of her bad spelling added torture to the punishment of the sensitive child, so that to the end of her life it is said she always had a dislike to the presence of menservants.

Lord Albemarle was deeply interested in agriculture, and his appearance seems not always to have been what was expected of a nobleman:

In 1821 Lord Albemarle decided that Lady Caroline was likewise of an age to be sent to school. Hearing of a suitable establishment for the education of young ladies in Norwich, he therefore took the occasion of the next market day to call at this seminary.

The servant who admitted him failed to catch his name and he was shown unannounced into the severe presence of the two ladies who ruled and instructed the establishment. He stated the reason of his visit, and having listened in ominous silence to his proposition, the elder of the ladies addressed him thus, with frigid sarcasm:

"We think it only right you should know, Sir, that this institution is entirely confined to the education of the daughters of the nobility and landed gentry of the County of Norfolk. Moreover, we have made a hard and fast rule—a rule which we have never consented to relax—and that is never to accept the daughters of farmers."

Up rose Lord Albemarle, kept the ladies a profound one, and departed without comment. On the hall table downstairs he deposited his card for their future enlightenment and promptly took his way to the rival seminary "for the education of young ladies" where he was recognized and came to terms for the instruction of Lady Caroline.

Lady Caroline seems to have inherited no little of her father's independence of character:

While at Windsor with her father about 1822 Lady Caroline, with ladies of the Court, used to attend the Queen on horseback when her Majesty went out driving. The steed horses were admirably broken in, and their carriage resembled those of rocking horses. This, however, was apt to become monotonous to the one day Lady Caroline and a lady in waiting, when riding behind the royal carriage with the country thinking of her Majesty would see surreptitiously to canter a gate and giving to their steeds a proper smart start, fled over the country. But to their dismay the Queen, happening to look round, espied their free escapade and expressed herself as much annoyed at such a breach of etiquette.

She later married her cousin, the Rev. Thomas Garnier, at St. George's, Hanover Square, King William supplying the coaches and servants, all in royal livery. Deservedly popular throughout her existence she was noted for her complete unworldliness, her unstinting liberality and her sympathy in all in distress.

An amusing anecdote of Lord Albemarle when he was Master of the Horse at court relates to the coronation of Queen Victoria. The first public act of the young Queen was to go in state to St. James's Palace to be proclaimed, and it is said that she particularly wished on this occasion to be accompanied in her state coach by the Duchess of Kent and one of the ladies of the household. Lord Albemarle, however, being Master of the Horse, considered that he had a right to travel in the royal coach as he had done at the previous coronation. "The point," relates Mr. George Russell, "was submitted to the Duke of Wellington as a kind of universal referee in matters of precedence and usage. His judgment was delightfully unflattering to the outraged magnate. 'The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind it like a d—d tinker's dog!' The Queen, however, did not exercise this questionable prerogative, for she records in her diary that the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle accompanied her on the historical occasion.

William Charles, Lord Albemarle, died in 1849.

The next biography, "A Dupe of Destiny," is the story of the ill fated and not very lovable Mme. Jerome Bonaparte. The tales of her extraordinary beauty are hardly borne out by the Gilbert Stuart portraits. The sad story of Elizabeth Patterson is too well known to admit of repetition, but the extracts from the diary of Mme. Jerome Bonaparte are amusing if ill natured and her quickness at repartee was famous:

For the man who had won her love and then cast it aside she felt only the most profound contempt, which, however, she had the dignity to perish in silence. On few occasions is she known to have given public expression to it. When later in life Jerome offered her the title of Princess of Smalkalden with an income [illegible] she declined the offer and accepted instead a yearly pension of 60,000 francs from Napoleon. Jerome expressed his indignation in such conduct. "I prefer," she explained, "to be sheltered under the wing of an eagle than to be suspended from the bill of a goose." When Jerome offered her a residence in Westphalia she answered that it is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to be two Queens." Napoleon, it is said, was so pleased with the spirit of this answer that he caused it to be conveyed to her his willingness to do for her whatever she could prefer with his own income. "Tell him," she said, "for the second time in her life, I am ambitious. I desire to be a Duchess." But while the promise to compensate with this request, though given, was never fulfilled, this might well have change her opinion of the relative merits of the two brothers. When in her old age her devoted friend asked her today which was her opinion of Jerome, she pointed to a [illegible] of the finest French coins, to spendid white Jerome contrast on that gold, and [illegible] entre deux Napoleons."

On another occasion she wrote to her father:

It was impossible with such tastes and my ambition to be one of the dreary of a Baltimore boarding-keeper, and I was about to attempt it after I had married the brother of an Emperor. I often tried to reason myself into the courage necessary to commit suicide when I contemplated a long life to be passed in a trading town where everything was so disgusting to my tastes and where everything so contradicted my wishes. I never could have degraded myself by marriage with people who, after I had married a Prince, became my inferiors.

Mme. Bonaparte always insisted that to the end her husband loved her:

Was she right? To-day Elizabeth rests in a quiet tomb above which are graven the significant words: "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." And all that is known to posterity is that Jerome bore the name of a libertine and a betrayer, while the woman who was his wife at the age of 94 dies as she had lived, placid, nameless, picturesque, pathetic, a mysterious figure in a romantic setting, solitary in death as in life, to the last a dupe of destiny.

Somehow after these rich and highly flavored biographies that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton seems a little thin and uninteresting. He was rich, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and yet inordinately proud of the social recognition his three granddaughters, the three Caton sisters, received at foreign courts. It is odd to read, too, that his daughter, Mrs. Caton, fairly starved herself to give these handsome daughters their European chance! Mary, Elizabeth and Louisa Caton all made good foreign marriages, much to the envy of poor Madame Bonaparte, who complained that every one could marry the children well except herself. Mary was famous for the attentions showered upon her by the Duke of Wellington, whose younger brother, Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, she married. Her sister Louisa married Sir Felton Bathhurst Hervey, grandson of the Marquis of Bristol, while Elizabeth later married George William, eighth Baron Stafford, whose family is one of the oldest in England. The last days of Mary Patterson were spent at Hampton Court and toward the end there was but little sign of her once regal beauty.

To turn from these court annals to the life of Herring, the young coachman who turned out to be an animal painter only second to Landseer, and to Roddam Stanhope, one of the blithest and most charming of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, is to turn from the past to the present, from the old regime of aristocracy to modern democracy and to get the feeling of the flight of time and the inevitable changes wrought by the wheeling centuries. Neither of these last two characters is great or arresting in himself, but they serve to illustrate the age in which they lived. These slight, entertaining, veracious sketches give one a more real sense of the passage of time, of manners and customs and modes of thought in other days than many a ponderous volume of history.

### A Belgian Missionary to the American Indians.

The brave story of the early missionary explorers in this land is carried down to times less remote but not less filled with adventure in *The Life of Father de Smet*, by E. LAVELLE, translated from the French by MARIAN LINDSAY (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York). Pierre Jean de Smet was born January 30, 1801, and died May 23, 1873. The dates are surprisingly modern, for of persons not expert in the history of missionary enterprise among the American Indians, most would probably guessing at the period of the good Peter's labors, have placed him a century or so farther back than he belongs. We are not so far removed in time as in the accumulations of progressive achievement from pioneer life.

This is a very complete and entirely authoritative account of the life and labors of Father de Smet. The narrative is varied, with voyages overseas and adventures in the West, and though long is never tedious. It is altogether a fine portrait of a devoted laborer for the welfare of his fellowmen that we have here, a chronicle the more valuable because it is not exceptional but typically representative, and noteworthily a chapter in the brighter side of the white man's relations with the red man.

The Snake Indians, in a bad season, are living on roots; the Ampajoots, probably Yampich Utes, are in a still worse way. The country they inhabit is a veritable moor. They live in crevices in the rocks and in holes dug in the earth. These Indians wear no clothing, and their weapons consist of bow and arrow and a sharp stick. They wander over the barren plains searching for ants and grasshoppers which they eat; insipid roots and nauseous berries are regarded as a feast." Travelers in their lands reported occasional cannibalism among them. The Nez Perces, Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes were more prosperous and had habits pleasanter to contemplate. Their lands were fertile, and they had large tribal herds of horses. In those days the redmen welcomed the advent of the Black Robes (priests); the days of the whiskey sellers were near, but not yet arrived with their train of misery.

While conversing with the Indians, Father de Smet took occasion to lecture some Canadian hunters. To his surprise he found in one of them a compatriot, a Fleming of Ghent. This man, Jean Baptiste de Ochler, had been a grenadier in Napoleon's army. He had been captured in Spain, was sent to an English colony, escaped in an American ship, and had for years trapped beaver in the Rocky Mountains. He was so pleased to find a fellow countryman so far from home that he threw in his lot with the priest and accompanied him on his travels.

In 1840, when Father de Smet made his first journey into the Rockies, the population of the United States had grown from the 3,000,000 of 1780 to 17,000,000, new cities and new States were forming fast, the West was being opened up. So far as such a measure of advance can be satisfactorily established, it may be said that the line of settlement progressed westward some twenty-five or thirty miles a year. In Indian Territory the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Kickapoos and other tribes were more or less settled. Tribes from the East were seeking a place in the Western sun, some middle Western tribes, like the Potawatomies of Council Bluffs, had abandoned the greater part of their lands and retained only a small part as a reservation, where the Government undertook to provide for their needs for a term of years. But in those days the greater number of the redskins were roaming the more or less desert regions beyond the fertile prairies. The Sioux nation was the greatest and most powerful. On the northern frontier were the Blackfeet and Crows, and in the Northwest were smaller, scattered tribes. It was among these that Father de Smet labored; and of them is found the Flathead the most interesting. Their morals were purer than those of the other tribes, they were well disciplined in their tribal government, and gave the Black Robes earnest attention.

Father de Smet, with an Indian guide, went west with an American Fur Company caravan of about thirty men. The route crossed arid plains whose monotony was broken only by deep gorges. Father de Smet describes his experience:

When only ten days out I was seized with an attack of intermittent fever with the chills which usually precede such an attack. My friends urged me to return, but my longing to see the mountain tribes was stronger than any argument they could offer to deter me from going.

I followed the caravan as best I could, holding myself on my horse until my strength was exhausted. (He was a tall, well built, heavy man.) They then laid me upon a cart, where I was jolted about like a bale of goods. Often in crossing deep and steep ravines I was thrown into extraordinary positions; sometimes my feet shot up in the air, and again I fell between packing cases. I would shiver with cold one minute and the next be dripping with perspiration, and crimson from the raging fever. For three days, when my fever was at its height, I had only stale, salt water to quench my thirst.

In the middle of May the travellers came to the Platte River, "the most marvellous and useless of rivers," two miles wide and in long stretches only from three to six feet deep. Father de Smet rejoiced in the beauties of the river with its clusters of islands, the prairies where vast herds of buffalo ranged, "recalling to mind the flocks of the patriarchs that once covered the mountains in the East." And then the desert, wide, arid, desolate plains, parched grass and dry stream beds; here and there an oasis to which deer and buffalo resorted; rocky ravines, and barriers of stone. In this country the Indians were finding their last refuge. The missionary wrote: "Some day this country may be the cradle of a new people, composed of the original savage races and of adventurers, fugitives, and the outcasts of society; a heterogeneous and dangerous population, that the American Union gathers like a sinister cloud upon its frontiers. The Indian tribes that are being transported from the country east of the Mississippi to the solitudes of the West carry with them an implacable hatred of the white man, who has unjustly driven them from the tombs of their fathers and robbed them of their heritage. Hence their numbers are augmented, and resentment is rife. In time, will not these tribes assemble in bands to pillage and massacre—mounted upon the fleet footed horses of the prairie—the desert for the theatre of their brigandage, their lives and spoils sheltered behind inaccessible rocks?" The good missionary knew men, red or white.

In the autumn of 1841 Father de Smet arrived at Fort Colville, a Hudson's Bay Company fur station. On his return to the Bitter Root he brought back several bushels of oats, wheat and potatoes for planting. A bit of land was ploughed in the spring, and the seed was put in. It is almost incredible, the report of the amazement and doubt with which the Indians watched the work. They thought it folly to plough and destroy grass that fed their horses and to bury good food in the ground. They did not believe the missionaries who told them the seed would rot and sprout and bring forth a hundredfold. When things began to sprout in the spring Indians would perch on the fence about the field, watching the ground and when the first green blades appeared there was general jubilation. The season was good, the crop did well and the Indians had very substantial evidence of the correctness of the white men's assurances. The missionaries, of course, made good use of this experience in preaching to the red men the mystery of the resurrection.

Father de Smet was a big man, a strong one and a brave one. His manner was dignified and sweet, and his calm assurance, unwavering loyalty to his charges, his constant kindness and perfect justice won him the firm friendship of the Indians. They called him "the white man of gentle speech." Once an overbearing, sullen Indian, feared for his great strength, swore to kill the missionary. One day Father de Smet started off on horseback to visit a neighboring post, carrying only his breviary and riding whip. The bad Indian rushed at him, waving his tomahawk and whooping. Flight would have been easy, but would have discredited the missionary. Dismounting, he struck the Indian with his fist, and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. When he stooped to pick it up Father de Smet seized him and threw him, and then used the whip on him. The Indian struggled furiously, but could not break the priest's powerful grip. Finally, on condition that he report to the whole tribe that he had been beaten by the Black Robe, Father de Smet let him go—but without his hatchet. He told the Indian he must come to the mission for it.

A few days later the Indian came to the mission asking for Father de Smet. The missionary received him most kindly, fed him, and talked with him about his tigers and his collection of scalps. It all ended with the Indian's conversion, baptism and abandonment of his wild ways.

In 1863 Father de Smet went to Washington and saw Lincoln in behalf of the Indian missionaries.

## KEEPING UP WITH THE LITERARY GAME.

Eleanor H. Porter knows how to write books which refuse to toe the hundred thousand copies mark. Each of her "Pollyanna" books went far beyond and advance orders for her new book, "Just David," have necessitated a printing of 100,000 copies, though it will not be published until March 25.

Word comes from the fighting line that Capt. Ian Hay Beith has just received the military cross. His new war book, "The First Hundred Thousand," has been announced to appear in March. At the same time with Capt. Beith the cross was awarded also to George Meredith, grandson of George Meredith, the novelist.

Henry Kitchell Webster has considered Evanston his home ever since he made his first utterance outside not publicly there, in 1875. He's one of the pillars of Chicago's Greek temple of culture, and he lights logs in the cliff dwellers' fireplace.

"I've been writing exclusively about Chicago for years," he said. "I suppose the reason why more writers choose New York for their stories is because you can write about New York and no one expects you to paint the tale with local colors. You write about Chicago and your readers demand landmarks."

Mr. Webster's new novel, "The Real Adventure," is all about Chicago. He divulges his method of writing it:

"I go to my office, a regular business office, at 9 every morning except Sunday. I have a stenographer and I dictate everything to her. Sometimes I will spend three or four hours thinking things over before I begin to dictate, but when I once get started I don't stop. I figure out the way my story is going before I say a word. I don't let conversation or my own incidental interest in the subject lure me from the main path. The story has to move, and when I feel that it isn't moving I can't go on with it. Writing is hard work for me; it's a job that takes everything I have to put into it. After I once decide on how things ought to go, though, and after I've dictated it as I think it ought to be, I don't revise and I don't change anything. A first draft of a story probably has no more than two or three corrections or revisions on a page.

"When I can't write I can't, and there's no good trying. I wrote on this novel from February to November, and I didn't do anything else. Sometimes for three days at a time I couldn't do anything; I'd walk the floor thinking, but things didn't seem to come right; then all of a sudden I'd start to getting down the result of those days of work. Normally I should do a thousand words a day, but with two or three days of silence I would have to dictate sometimes as much as 3,000 or 4,000 words a day.

"That doesn't seem like a great deal; but as I said, I am a slow and hard worker."

Sir Gilbert Parker was lately forced by ill health to take a rest and recuperate at Brighton. His health has now improved, and he has returned to his duties in Parliament.

The woman suffrage comic opera "Melinda and Her Sisters," by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Miss Elsa Maxwell, is announced for publication in book form by Robert J. Shores. The book will contain the dialogue, action and selected lyrics from the opera, which is to be presented at the Waldorf-Astoria February 18.

A man with a double personality is William Hamilton Osborne. Five days and a half in the week he is a lawyer; for a day and a half he is an author of novels, short stories and motion picture scenarios.

"I try," he says, "to keep my vocation and avocation from getting tangled up, but recently I got reckless and wrote an article that was not fiction, but law. It was called 'Making Your Will.' I wrote it at the suggestion of a magazine editor, who said he was a little tired of articles on how to take care of your teeth and what young mothers shouldn't know.

"Now making wills is a hobby of mine, and in this article I pointed out just why every poor man should make his will. I told the man in the street just how to make a simple will himself—gave him a form. I warned him against any variation of the language in this form (which made sole provision for his wife), and against varying the directions.

"Well, it so happened that another lawyer was ahead of me and had sent in an article involving the same subject of wills to that magazine. They returned my article, but not before three or four people in the magazine office had copied all my directions and made their own wills accordingly. So far so good. A weekly magazine finally published my article.

"Then the fat was in the fire. You remember I told my readers not to vary the form nor part from the directions. I don't know how many readers of that weekly followed my directions and made their own wills—but I do know that some eight or ten of my appreciative public wrote me from all points of the compass stating that they desired to make a will a little different, having no wife, but having an Uncle James or an Aunt Sarah, and some nephews or nieces to whose favor they would like to create bits, that on the other trust.

"I was game. I had made my bed and I proposed to lie in it. So I fixed 'em all up. The climax was reached, however, when an old client of mine came in last week and told me he had been intending for a year to have me draw up his will, but that he had read my article and had attempted to it himself. I suppose I ought to be disbarred. What do you think?"

A collection of the favorite recipes of actors this is one of the scheduled entrants in the literary field. A young army nation, Mrs. Robert E. M. Goodrich, has "Celebrated Actor Folks' Cookeries" in course of preparation. It is to be a pretentious volume of several hundred recipes, each of which is the especial pet of some prominent player, bearing his or her signature and portrait. Some of the contributions to this interesting symposium come from the pens of Donald Brian, Robert Hillard, Julia Dean, Mary Ryan, Trixie Friganza, Beverly Sitgreaves, James J. Corbett and Conway Tearle.

An interesting issue with the American literary and dramatic standpoint is taken by the Interpreters Theatre in an editorial defence of Bleasdale's "When the Young Vine Blooms":

"Northern plays are written for leisurely audiences who have time to enjoy the psychological unfolding of character. With their habit of probing more deeply into human life, they are not content to leave the hero and heroine at the altar, and they do not look upon all stirring of the blood beneath a wrinkled skin as absurd or indecorous.

"Bleasdale's play deals with the middle aged, whose loves and longings always appear to the young like unseemly antics or at best uninteresting. The American stage seems to have standardized this youthful point of view. The situation gains humor from the fact that Scandinavians have as little comprehension of the American stage. They regard our taste for melodrama as the mark of an immature culture, and believe our national drama to be symbolized by that ancient classic 'The James Boys of Missouri.'"

Down in Savannah, Ga., Theodore Dreiser is spending the midwinter at work on his new novel. Mr. Dreiser's collection of one act plays, "Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural," will be published next week.

A guide book for office assistants, stenographers, business men and women called "The Efficient Secretary" is the work of a young woman, Ellen Lane Spencer, whose experience should amply qualify her for giving advice.

Although still in her twenties, Miss Spencer has had various times positions as telephone operator, stenographer, "all" writer, secretary, travelling saleswoman, newspaper reporter, editor and department head. At the present this versatile lady is getting Wall Street experience.

Miss Marie Van Vorst has just returned to France to continue her hospital work. She has spent the past two months in this country working in the interests of the American Ambul