

## *Caroline Lewis and Henry James*

IN 1930 when Miss Florence Bayard Kane, a professional librarian, was arranging the Owen Wister papers at the novelist's house in Bryn Mawr, she came upon a book of pen and ink sketches. Its title was "An Old Type in a New Light," and the author's name was given as Henry James. From "Notes made at Butler Place by Henry James, Jr., January 4th, 1881," the celebrated novelist was supposed to have recorded a visit paid to Mrs. Owen J. Wister at Butler Place on the Old York Road by a young lady and a young married man. James discovered that the young lady was the Daisy Miller type, of his novel *Daisy Miller*, published in 1879, but soon, seeing her in a new light, became fascinated by her. The pictures which follow tell the story.

Whoever drew these pictures and wrote their captions was clearly not Henry James. Perhaps prompted by Owen Wister, Miss Kane, in an effort to identify the artist, wrote to Miss Caroline A. Lewis who replied from York Harbor on July 2, 1930.

Your letter followed me up here and unlocked a door into my youth—so long ago!

I made that manilla paper book the year I came out. Mr. Sydney Biddle drove me out to Butler Place to see Mr. James, who was staying there. We had tea, & God knows we needed it, for the journey was cold and my grey costume trimmed with swansdown, none too warm. I felt very Daisy Millerish and on my return made the book. Jack Mitchell furnishing the horse part.

I think he showed it to Mrs. Wister, who was amused and left it for Mr. James to look at, who took it very solemnly and without comment, which amused her and Mrs. Caspar Wister and the others who were there seeing him out of the tails of their eyes. So I must have given her the book—dear Mrs. Owen, who spoiled me, as they all did, and who took with her out of my life, when she died, something that nothing can ever make up for.

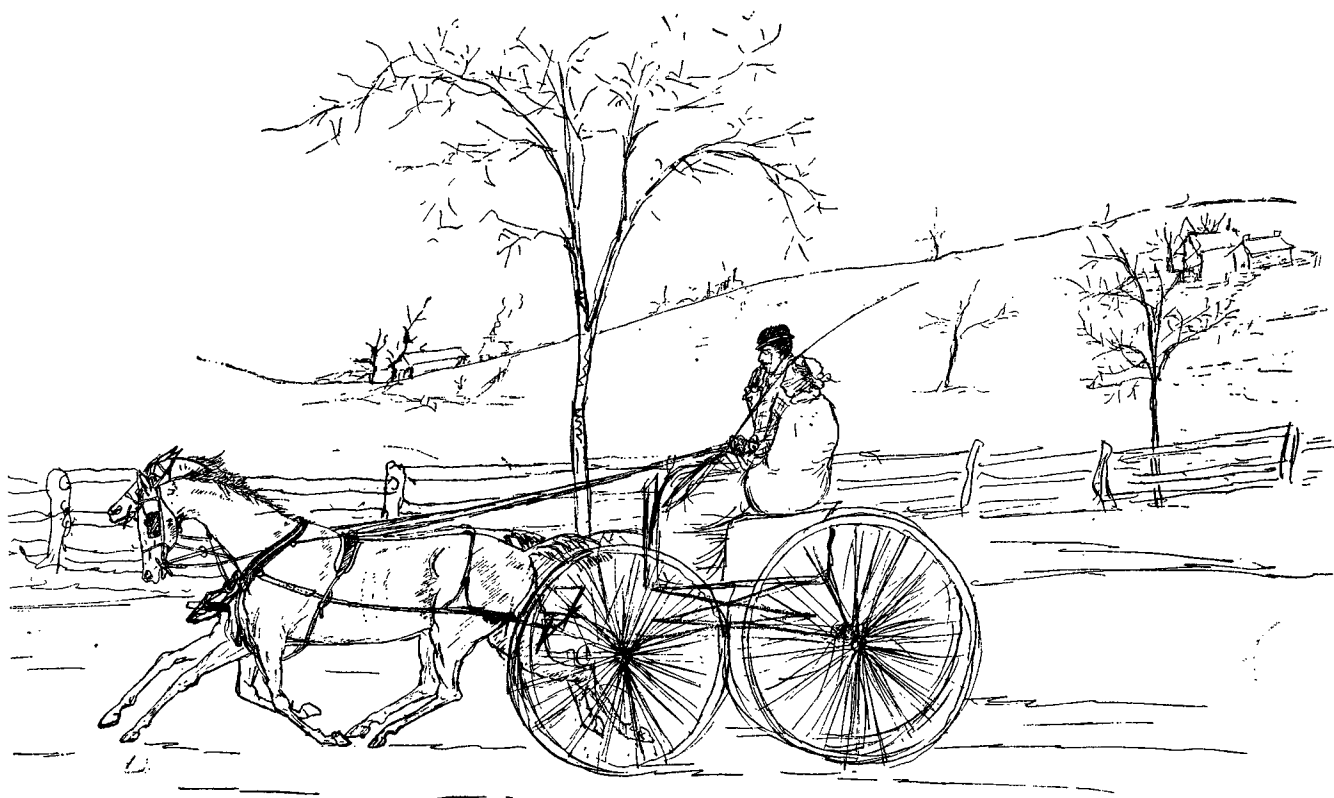
Caroline A. Lewis, who died on February 20, 1937, at the age of seventy-six, was the daughter of John A. Lewis, Cashier from 1861

to 1900 of the National Bank of Commerce, during which period the Lewis family lived at 250 South 16th Street in Philadelphia. Miss Lewis was connected for some years with Miss Baldwin's School. "Mr. Sydney Biddle," so referred to by her as he was somewhat older, was Algernon Sydney Biddle (1847-1891), and he was indeed a married man having married Frances Robinson eighteen months before the episode described in the pictures. "Jack Mitchell," who drew some incidental sketches of horses, which he initialed, was Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell (1859-1917), a well-known physician, author of several standard medical works, and the son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

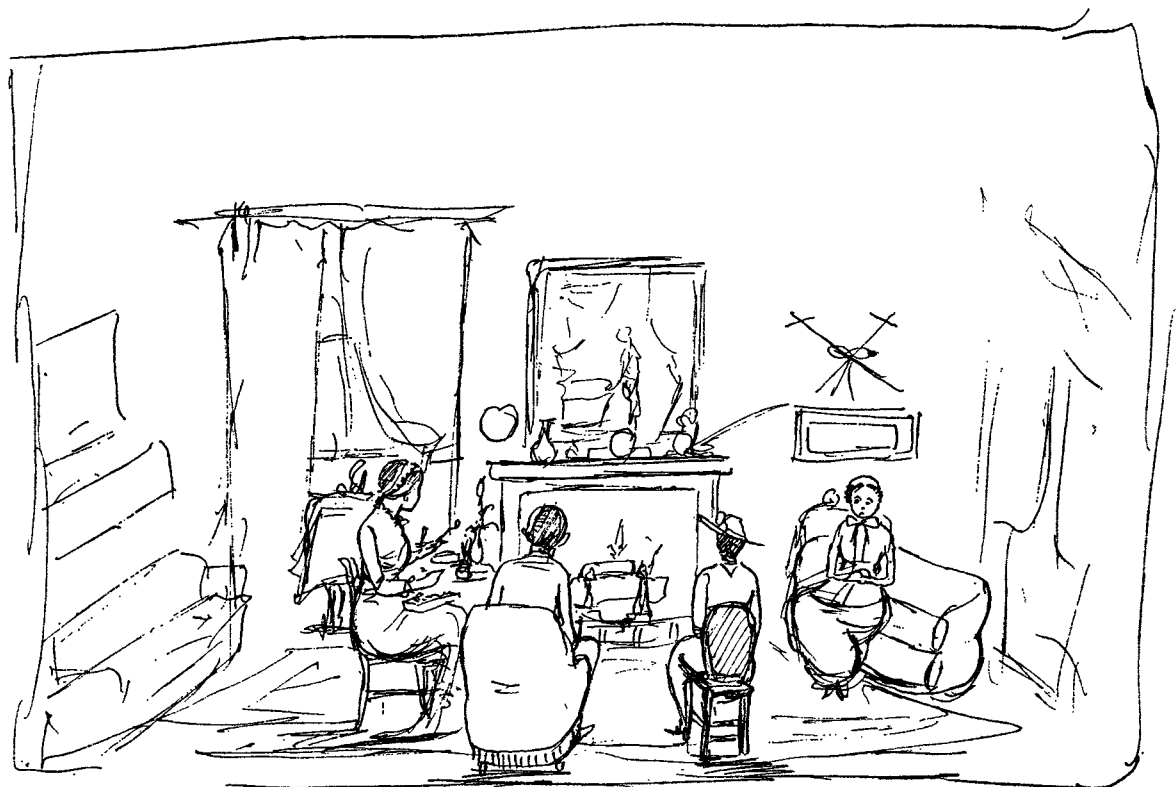
The sketches and Miss Lewis' letter to Miss Kane were in a collection of papers recently given by members of the Wister family to The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

*St. David's, Pa.*

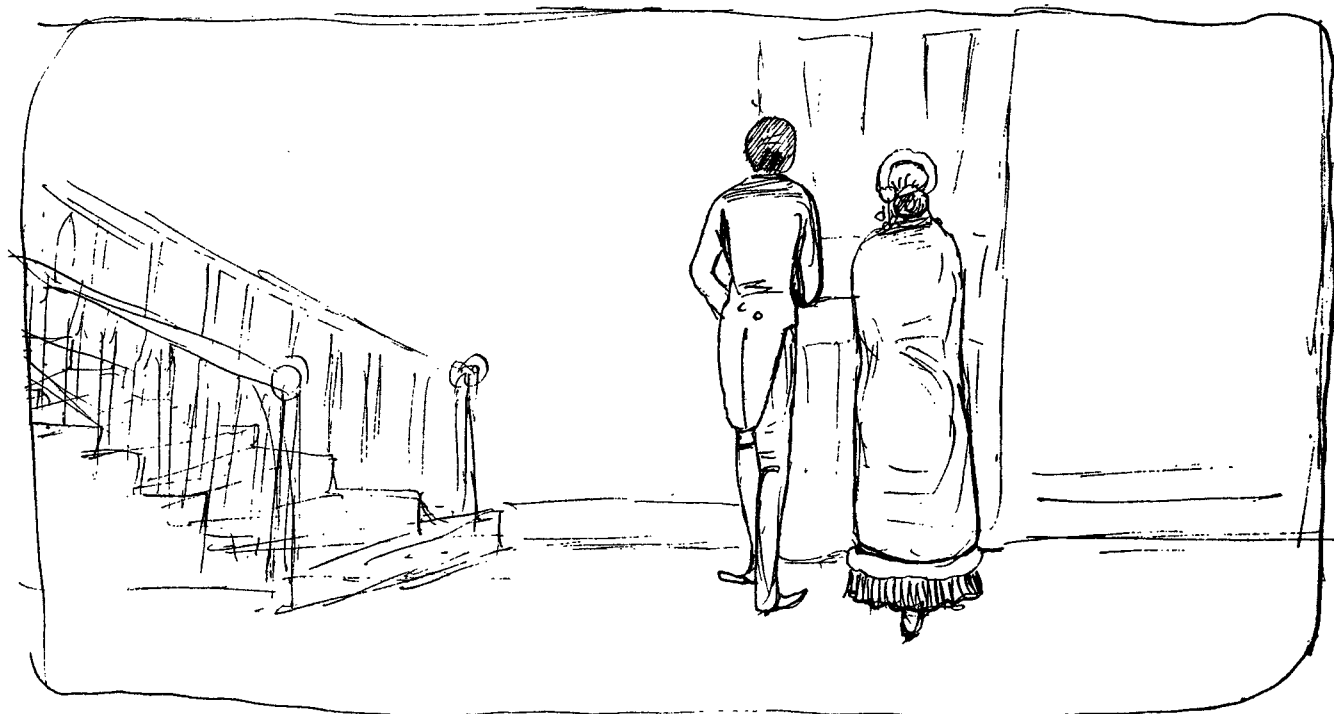
FANNY KEMBLE WISTER



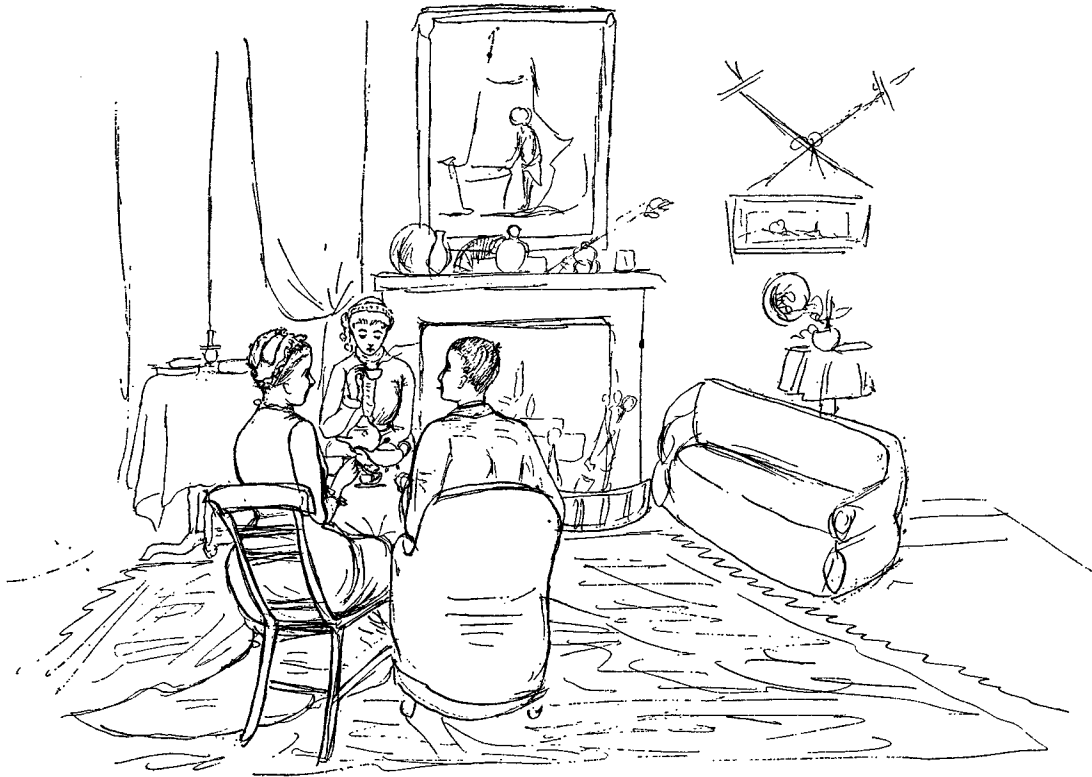
341 The girl, regardless of public opinion, drives 7 miles with a young married man—their object, to visit the lady at whose house I am staying. Winter afternoon. Start at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock, ergo—will not be home 'til dusk.



Mrs. Wister (my hostess) seated, arranging flowers. Dowager, also lady & gentleman, quietly listening to her conversation in perfect silence.



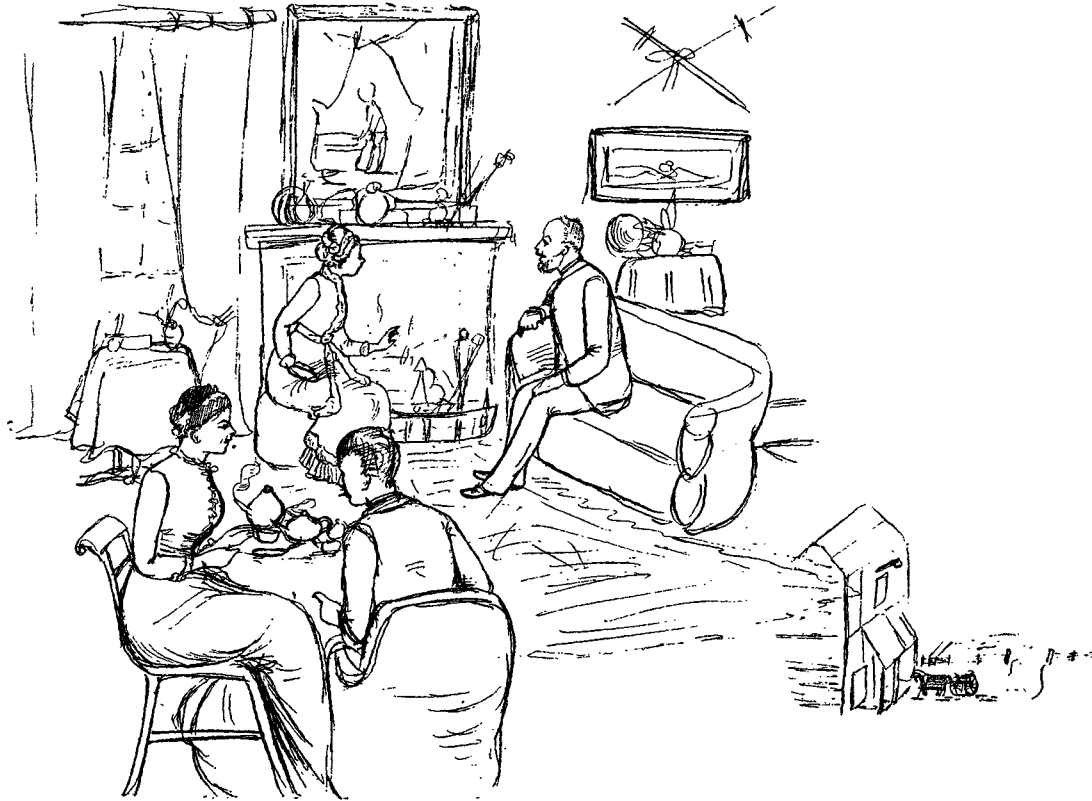
Young married man takes horses to stable. With unblushing assurance the girl walks into the parlour.



All instantly leave on the arrival of the pair. Well-bred hostess acts as if nothing were wrong, converses with young married man, gives the young lady cup of tea. Latter seems embarrassed. (Up to this point my information gathered from waiter whom I have bribed, after this write from personal experience.)



Entrance of Truthful James  
I come in from walking & am presented.

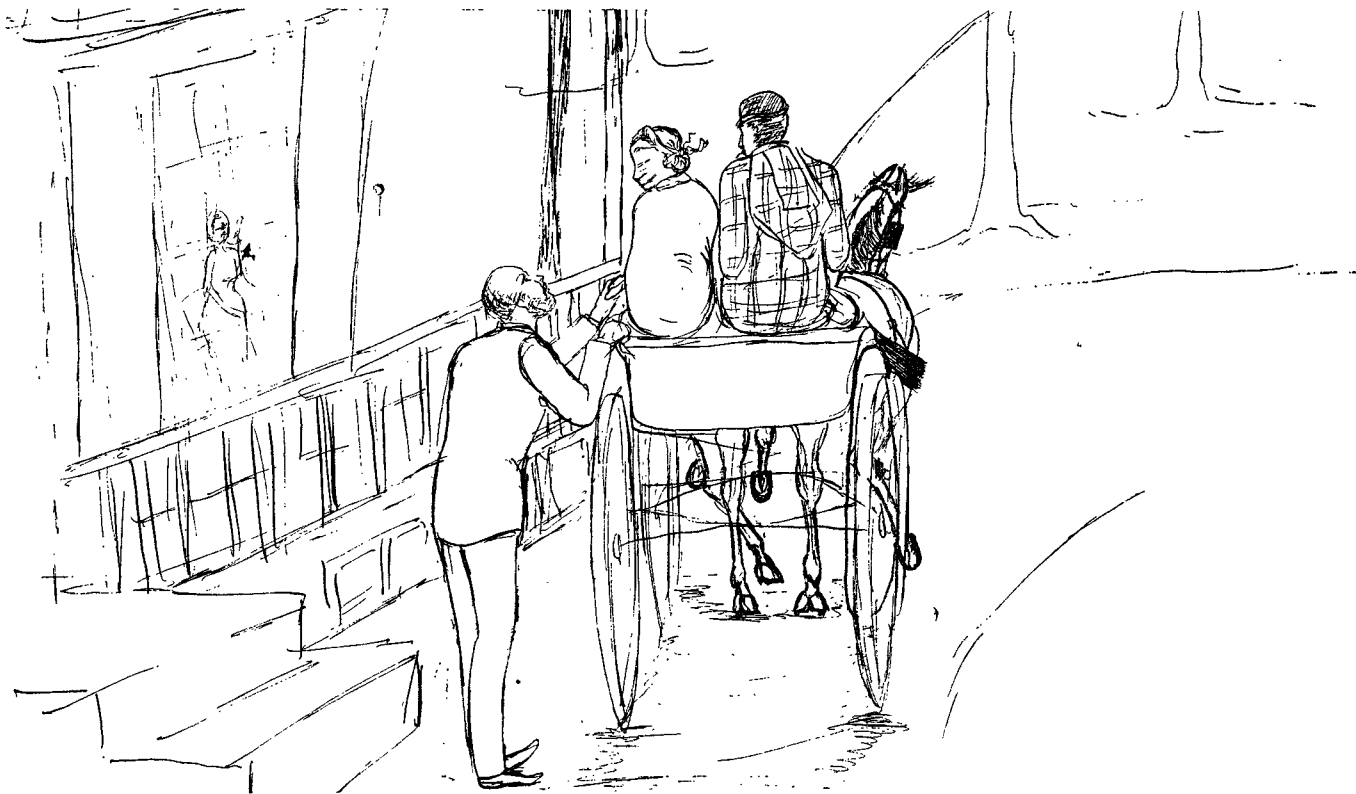


Young married man & Mrs. Wister talk. I seat myself opposite to young lady. Old Type-Daisy Miller, walking suit on evidently. Dove color & swansdown. Seems quiet, talks with lisp, a little affected. I watch her intently but find nothing differs from Daisy Miller type.

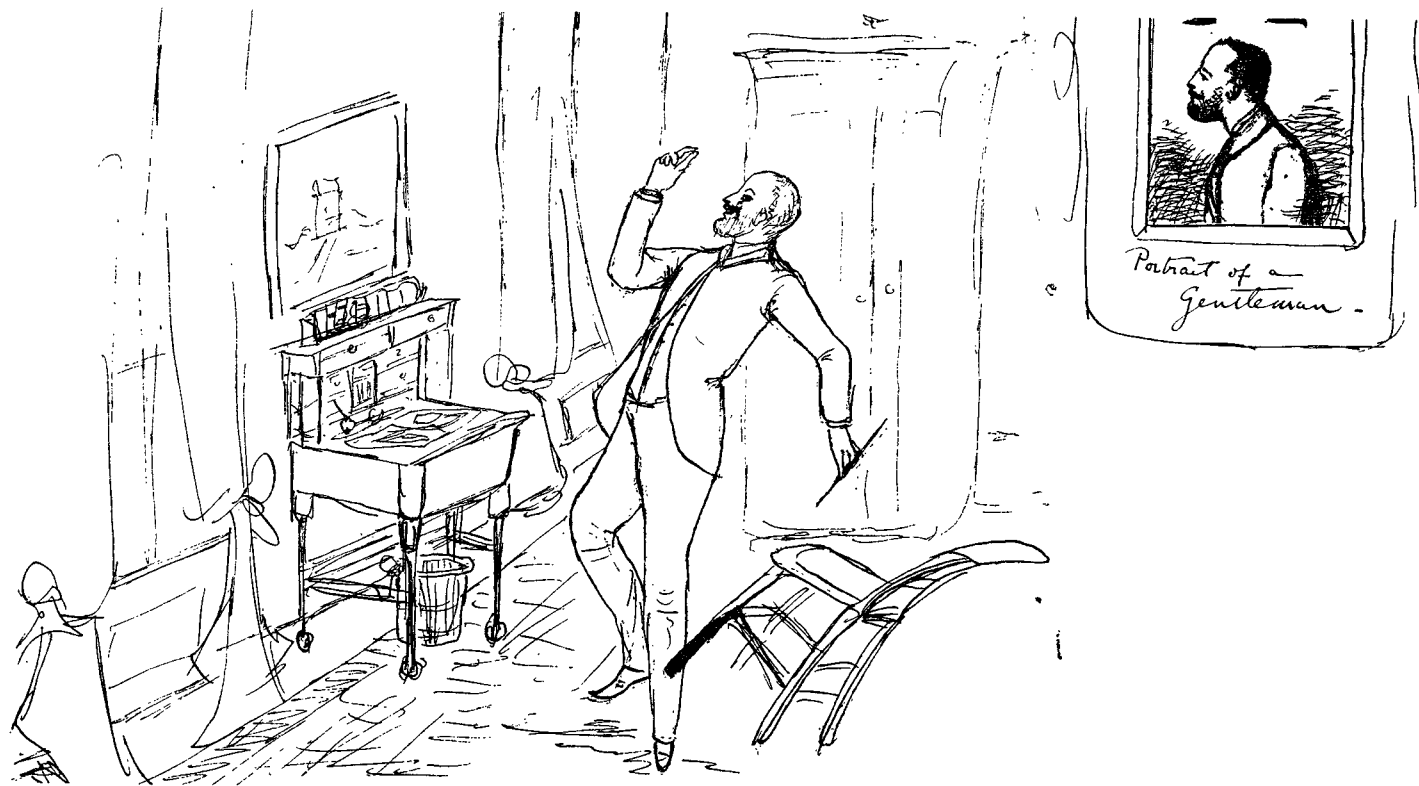




Time comes to return to the city. Young married man goes after horses. Mrs. Wister asks young lady to tell her "Irish Stories." She complies. I am intensely interested. Sorry she is going—new phase of character.



In order not to lose anything, put her in the buggy. Takes my hand at parting, smiles, hopes I shall not catch cold.  
(Have caught cold, no matter.) Drives off. Evidently *attached* to married man!!



Delight on reaching my room at last, begin new novel—"Old Type in a New Light." (Wonder what she is doing now, probably flirting with married man, or thinking of me.)



Thinking of me.