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## MRS. CAMERON, HER FRIENDS, AND HER PHOTOGRAPHS.

TENNYSON, WATTS, TAYLOR, HERSCHEL.

BY V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR.

LET us walk on past the great cedar to the little green door which opens into the lane near the bridge. Tennyson passed this way very often to Dimbola, the house of his restless friend and neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, which stands by the roadside some half the way from Farringford to the sea. In the days between 1860 and 1878, when the Camerons left for Ceylon, Mrs. Cameron was almost as famous and well-known a figure in Freshwater as Tennyson himself.

Quick impulse immediately acted upon was the prevailing note in a character of singular charm, and Dimbola, her Freshwater home, reflects many of the characteristics of its late owner. Freshwater, when she first came to it, could not boast of many large houses «replete with every modern comfort»; but Mrs. Cameron, having resolved to settle there, solved the problem of house accommodation with rapid originality. A certain sailor named Jacob Long owned two cottages with a view from their bay-windows not excelled by any in Freshwater, and these Mrs. Cameron purchased, converting them into a commodious, if somewhat singular, mansion by uniting them with a castellated center hall, and naming the united structure after a property in Ceylon. But a long course of building still lay before Jacob Long's cottages,

and rooms rose up rapidly, one after another, windows were built in a day, lawns made in a night, and the whole place was transformed, without and within, at the dictates of a hospitality boundless in intention and a heart large enough to give the whole world a welcome. The house is silent now and tenantless. All its old feverish life and bustle are stilled as the heart which beat here in true sympathy with every living creature that came within its reach needing such succor. Her pretty maids, her scholars, her poets, her philosophers, astronomers, and divines, all those men of genius who came and sat willingly to her while in a fever of artistic emotion she plied the instruments of her art,—and photography with Mrs. Cameron *was* an art,—they have all gone, and silence is the only tenant left at Dimbola. Yet the place is full of memories. Faces look down through the half-gloom, recalling the past. Here is Charles Darwin, leader into new realms of knowledge, with his written words beneath his likeness: «I like this portrait better than any other that has been done of me.» Here is Sir John Herschel's other self, in all its «grandeur and dignity.» Mrs. Cameron's greatest success. Here is Longfellow, sweet singer from across the seas, as he looked on that July day in 1868 when Tenny-



PAINTED BY G. F. WATTS, R. A.

MRS. JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

son grimly left him to Mrs. Cameron, saying: «Longfellow, you will have to do whatever she tells you. I'll come back soon and see what is left of you.» Longfellow's own record of his visit to Tennyson at Freshwater is enshrined in his sonnet called «Wapentake.»

There are many more portraits here besides these—portraits of Browning and Tennyson and beautiful old Sir Henry Taylor, whom she always addressed as «Philip.»<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Referring to his drama «Philip van Artevelde.»

one of the handsomest, as he was one of the most good-natured, of all her models. Before her death in Ceylon, whither heart ties drew her in the evening of her life, Mrs. Cameron began a little account of her work, which was, unfortunately, never finished. She had much to tell of all the great men who came to Freshwater to see Tennyson or her during the eighteen years of her residence there. What little she was able to write has been kindly put at my disposal by her son.



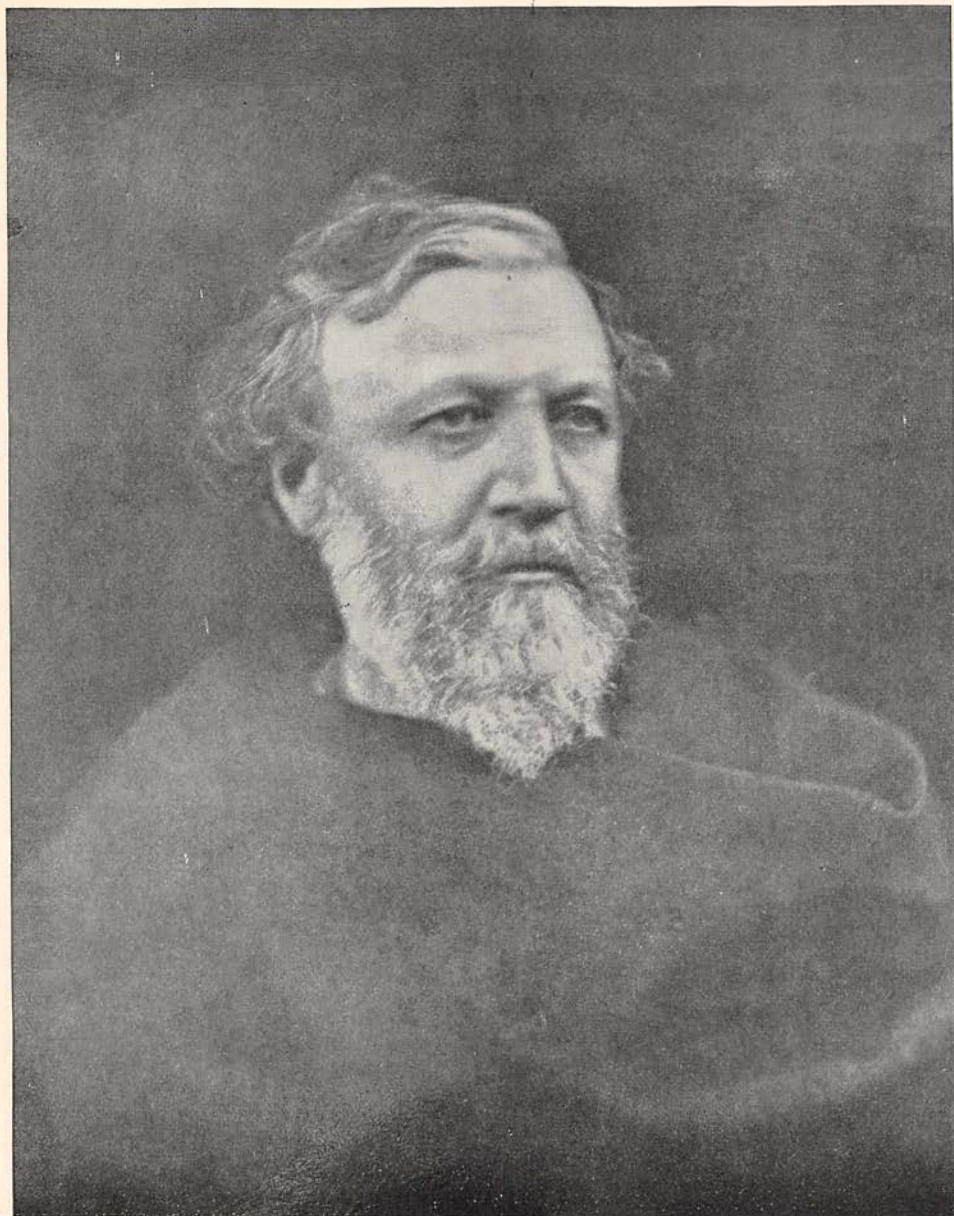
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

MAUD—«THE PASSION-FLOWER AT THE GATE.»

Writing more especially of her photography, she says: «From the first moment I handled my lens with a tender ardor, and it has now become to me a living thing with voice, memory, and creative vigor. Many and many a week in the year '64 I worked fruitlessly, but not hopelessly. I longed to arrest all beauty that came before me, and at length the longing has been satisfied. I turned my coal-house into my dark room, and a glazed fowl-house I had given to my children became

my glass-house. The hens were liberated,—I hope and believe not eaten,—the profit of my boys on new-laid eggs was stopped, and all hands and hearts sympathized in my new labor, since the society of hens and chickens was soon changed for that of poets, prophets, painters, and lovely maidens, who all in turn have immortalized the humble little farm-erection.»

In 1865 she exhibited in Scotland «a head of Henry Taylor with the light illumining



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

the countenance» in a way that cannot be described. Of him she wrote: «One chief friend lent himself greatly to my early efforts. Regardless of the possible dread that sitting to my fancy might be making a fool of himself, he, with the greatness which belongs to unselfish affection, consented to be in turn Friar Laurence with Juliet, Prospero with Miranda, Ahasuerus with Queen Esther, to hold my poker as his scepter, and do whatever I desired of him, so utterly with this great friend was it true that

« . . . the chord of Self, . . . trembling,  
pass'd in music out of sight.

And not only were my pictures secured for me, but entirely out of the Prospero and Miranda picture sprang a marriage which has, I hope, cemented the welfare and well-being of a real King Cophetua, who in the Miranda saw the prize which has proved a jewel in that monarch's crown,» and which produced «one of the prettiest idylls of real life that can be conceived.»

Writing of one of her models, she says: "A little maid of my own from early girlhood has been one of the most beautiful and constant of my models, and in every manner of form has her face been reproduced, yet never has it been felt that the grace of the fashion of it has perished. This last autumn her head, illustrating the exquisite (Maud,) —

"There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate,—

is as pure and perfect in outline as were my Madonna studies ten years ago, with ten times added pathos in the expression. The very unusual attributes of her character and complexion of her mind, if I may so call it, deserve mention in due time, and are the wonder of those whose life is blended with ours as intimate friends of the house."

She goes on to relate some amusing incidents in her photographic career, quoting, among other things, a very polite letter she received from "an exceedingly kind man from Berlin," who "sent his extraordinarest respects to the celebrated and famous female photographs"; but space will not permit of further reference to these here. While staying at Little Holland House, whither she had moved her camera for the purpose, she took a portrait of "the great Carlyle," who wrote of the result: "Has something of likeness, though terrifically ugly and woe-begone! My candid opinion."

"When I have had these men before my camera, my whole soul," she writes, "has endeavored to do its duty toward them in recording faithfully the greatness of the inner as well as the features of the outer man. The photograph thus taken has been almost the embodiment of a prayer. Most devoutly was this feeling present to me when I photographed my illustrious and revered as well as beloved friend, Sir John Herschel. He was to me as a teacher and high priest. From my earliest girlhood I had loved and honored him, and it was after a friendship of thirty-one years' duration that the high task of giving his portrait to the nation was allotted to me. When I began to photograph I sent my first triumphs to this revered friend, and his hurrahs for my success I here give. The date is September 25th, 1866:

"MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON: This last batch of your photographs is indeed wonderful—and wonderful in two distinct lines of perfection. That head of the (mountain nymph, sweet Liberty) (a little *farouche* and *égarée*, by the way, as if just let loose and half afraid that it was too good), is really a most astonishing piece of high relief. She

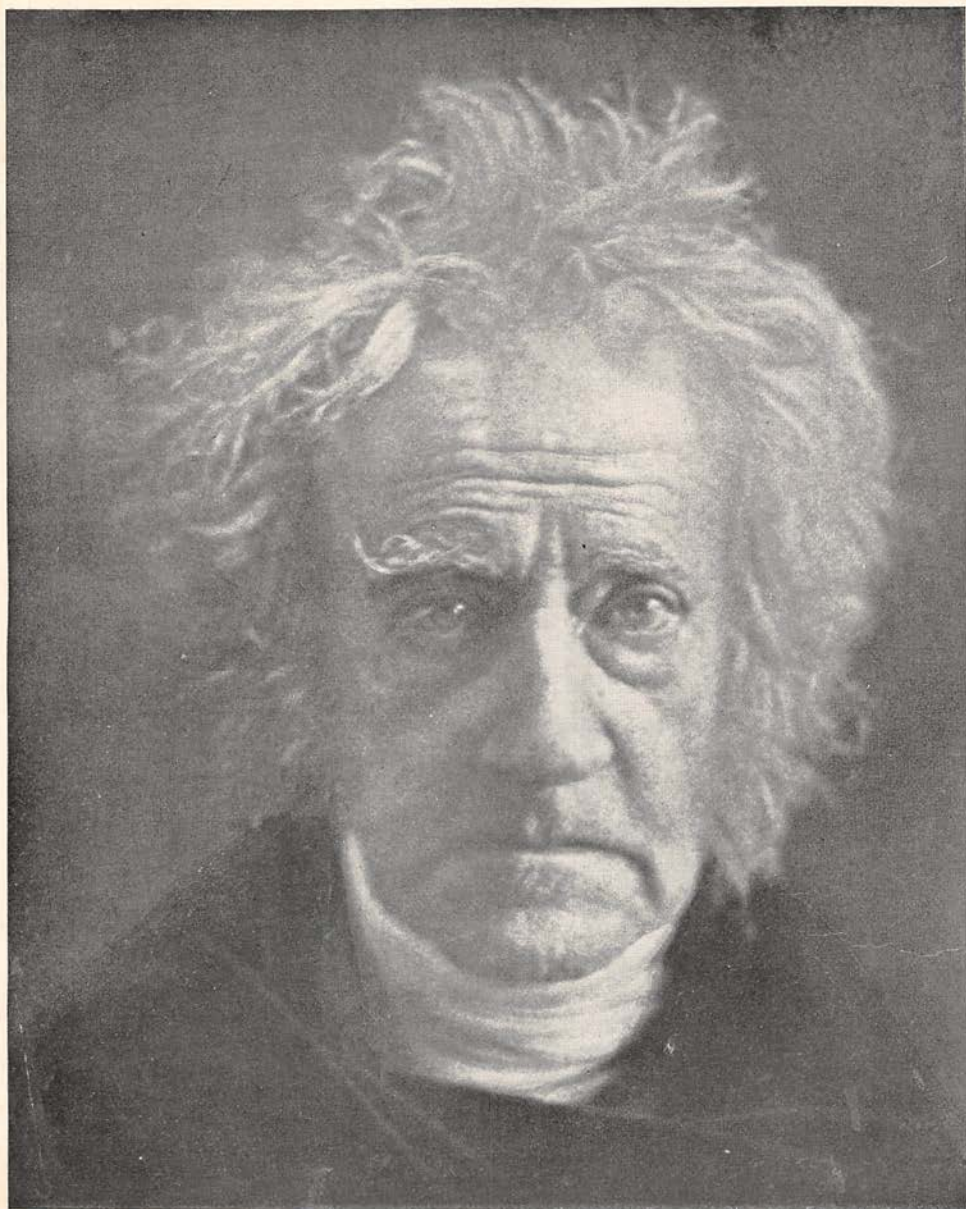
is absolutely alive and thrusting out her head from the paper into the air. This is your own special style. The other of (Summer Days) is in the other manner, quite different, but very beautiful, and the grouping perfect. Proserpine is awful. If ever she was (herself the fairest flower,) her (cropping) by (gloomy Dis) has thrown the deep shadows of Hades into not only the colour, but the whole cast and expression of her features. Christabel is a little too indistinct, to my mind, but a fine head. The large profile is admirable, and altogether you seem resolved to outdo yourself in every fresh effort.

"This was encouragement enough," she continues, "for me to feel myself held worthy to take this noble head of my great master myself; but three years I had to wait patiently and longingly before the opportunity could offer. Meanwhile I took another immortal head—that of Alfred Tennyson; and the result was that profile portrait which he himself designates as the (Dirty Monk.) It is a fit representation of Isaiah or Jeremiah, and Henry Taylor said the picture was as fine as Alfred Tennyson's finest poem. The laureate has since said of it that he likes it better than any photograph that has been taken of him.

"At this same time," she concludes, "Mr. Watts gave me such encouragement that I felt as if I had wings to fly with."

And these are the last words she wrote of the memoir, which was, alas! never finished.

Mrs. Cameron's house at Freshwater, the rendezvous of many distinguished men and women, was in some sort the refuge of many whose heart's desire it was to know Tennyson. No one she could help was ever turned away; none willingly would she have left "out of the feast of life." With Tennyson she was on terms of friendly intimacy, being in her relationship with him, as in all other matters, a law unto herself. She could, and did, say anything to him, though always within the limits set by high-bred feeling and a heart that was never at fault. One day some American acquaintances of hers, visitors at Freshwater, went up to Farringford in the expectation of seeing Tennyson. But soon after they returned to Dimbola with a rueful tale of disappointment. "Oh, he won't see you?" she said. "Come with me!" And thereupon hastily throwing on her shawl, she took them straightway to Farringford, entered the open hall door, and marched them into the drawing-room, where Mr. Tennyson and his wife were seated. "Alfred," she said, "these strangers come from a far country to see the lion of Freshwater; and"—waving her hand—"behold—a bear!"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Tennyson, ever gentle with his friends, caught her direct humor, and broke into a hearty laugh, receiving his visitors in the kindest manner.

Mrs. Cameron filled almost as conspicuous a part in Freshwater in those days as Tennyson; but she was not his only friend at Dimbola. Between him and Mr. Cameron, the placid and stately old scholar, whose form, wrapped about in a dressing-gown of royal purple, was so picturesque an object in the house, there subsisted a no less sincere

friendship. If anything, more deeply read in the classics than the laureate, there were many things in common between them. "In the whirl of my mother's friendship with Tennyson, Tennyson's regard for my father has been overlooked," the son remarked to me, in talking of the old Freshwater days. Mr. Cameron had filled high office in India and Ceylon with distinction, and he was an old, silvery-haired man when he came to live at Freshwater. In 1875 he went out to Ceylon, returning the following summer. His

long white beard had grown in the interval, somewhat altering his appearance. «Why, Cameron,» said Tennyson, meeting him suddenly, «I declare you 've been and dipped your chin in the moonlight since I saw you!»

«Personal sympathy,» wrote Mrs. Cameron, «has helped me on very much. My husband, from first to last, has watched every picture with delight; and it is my daily habit to run to him with every glass upon which a fresh glory is newly stamped, and to elicit his enthusiastic applause. This habit of running into the dining-room with my wet pictures has stained such an immense quantity of table-linen with nitrate of silver—indelible stains—that I should have been banished from any less indulgent household.»

I have spoken of «lawns made in a night»; the statement I believe to be literally true. Mr. Cameron loved to sun himself of a morning in the garden behind Dimbola, in spite of the rows of peas and cabbages which grew there, obstructing his way and wetting his flowing garments with dew. Mrs. Cameron, not a little concerned at this, had endeavored to induce him to desist from walking there. But the garden in the end always proved too attractive for him to desist; so she planned an original way out of the difficulty. Cart-loads of turf were cut from the downs, an army of workmen was employed, and when Mr. Cameron went forth in the morning to walk in the company of his vegetables, he found, to his vast surprise, that they had all vanished, and in their place a smooth lawn was warming itself in the sunlight! That was what all Mrs. Cameron's eccentricities came to—the outpouring impulse of an affectionate heart. She could never, in the largest sense of which the words are susceptible, do enough for those she loved, and their name was legion; she could never do it quickly enough, and that was the extent and the charm of her idiosyncrasy. «We all love her,» wrote Sir Henry Taylor—«Alice, I, Aubrey de Vere, Lady Monteagle; and even Lord Monteagle, who likes eccentricity in no other form, likes her.»

Many and many a story might be told of her, full of tender interest and humor; but I must confine myself here to one or two. She once planted a brier hedge about her house, which in its season of beauty became an irresistible temptation to the passers-by. The village policeman brought this solemnly to her notice.

«Everybody, ma'am, who passes by plucks a branch of it.»

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«That is just what it is there for,» she answered briskly, to his dismay.

A feature of her personality which lay at the root of her great success as a photographer was her love of all that was beautiful. «She was always took by a face,» as an old woman in Freshwater who remembers her put it to me. Charles Turner said the same thing in poet's language, when he told her, in the sonnet he addressed to her on leaving the Isle of Wight after a visit, that she «loved all loveliness.» In obedience to this impulse, she invariably stopped and spoke to any one, however unknown, whether in a great London thoroughfare or a village lane, whose beauty attracted her. «I am Mrs. Cameron,» she would say; «perhaps you have heard of me. You would oblige me very much if you would let me photograph you. Will you let me do so?» And by such bold and unconventional means she prevailed on many, absolute strangers though they were, to sit to her.

One of her models captured in this way was a young lady come as a summer visitor to Freshwater. Mrs. Cameron, engrossed at that time in some remarkably fine studies illustrative of the «*Idylls of the King*,» was at a loss for a model for Queen Guinevere. But the advent of the fair stranger settled all her doubts. Here was a beauty suited to her purpose; and within the hour she had carried her off to lunch and subsequent photography.

The lady proved a most kind and indefatigable model. The village postman had already been secured for King Arthur; and Mrs. Cameron's picture of him in this character is one of the best things in the collection. A friend, going one day to Dimbola, found the young lady looking rather fatigued.

«Oh,» she said, with an expressive gesture, «I am *so* tired!»

Supposing her fatigue was the result of a long walk on a midsummer day, my friend made some suitable reference to the matter; but the young lady answered with a smile:

«Oh, no! I have not been for a walk. I have been lying on the floor for the last two hours, clutching the postman's ankle!»

Mrs. Cameron, ever kind and unselfish, possessed the faculty of bringing out such qualities in others. In 1879 she died, a few months after her last return to Ceylon.

«As the day died,» her sons wrote to Lord Tennyson,—«as the day died on Sunday, January the 26th, the sweet, tender, gracious spirit of our beloved mother passed away

in peace.» No death could have been more calm, more beautiful, than hers.

In the following May her husband followed her. Eighteen months before, he had gone out in a kind of ecstasy to his old haunts. As the great Eastern liner in which they traveled was approaching Malta, where his father had once been governor, the silvery-haired old man, happy and delighted, drew his fellow-passengers' attention to the fact that he had played there seventy-five years ago. «When we come round that corner,» he said, «you will see the fountain by which I played as a child. I remember throwing oranges into it, and my delight at seeing them flung up into the air by the upward gush of water.» As he lay peacefully but certainly dying, his sons

read to him in the deep-toned music of Homer. «I am happier than Priam,» he said gently; «for all my sons are with me.» A local preacher, hearing of his illness, sent in word to request that he might read the Scriptures to him. His son brought in the message. «Harry, my boy,» said the old scholar, happy with his Homer and his sons, «if you think it would be any comfort to him, let him come in.»

When his sons came home, Tennyson asked them many questions concerning the gentle old Benthamite, jurist, and philosopher, and his ardent, impetuous wife, who for so many years had been his near friends and neighbors in Freshwater.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Following this paper will be one, by the same author, describing Tennyson's life at Freshwater.—EDITOR.

## A GREAT NATURALIST.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE.

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE was born in Philadelphia, July 28, 1840. He attended school in Philadelphia, and studied for a brief period in the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. At twenty-three he traveled abroad, and at twenty-four he was elected professor in Haverford College, a position he soon resigned. Later he became connected with the Wheeler and the Hayden United States Geological Surveys. In 1878 he assumed the editorship of the «American Naturalist.» He held a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania and the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the time of his death, April 12, 1897. Besides his voluminous contributions to zoölogy and paleontology, he published two well-known volumes of essays upon evolution, and several metaphysical papers.

SELDOM has a face reflected a character more fully than that of Professor Cope. His square and prominent forehead suggested his vigorous intellect and marvelous memory; his brilliant eyes were the media of exceptional keenness of observation; his prominent chin was in traditional harmony with his aggressive spirit. From this rare combination of qualities so essential to free investigation sprang his scientific genius, and, with exceptional facilities of wealth and culture in his early education, he became a great naturalist—certainly the greatest America has produced.

His ancestors were Pennsylvania Quakers remotely of English origin. His great-grandfather, Caleb Cope, although a patriotic colonist, showed his courage and his respect for law by shielding Major André from mob violence. Thomas Pim Cope, his grandfather, founded the famous mercantile shipping-house bearing the family name in Philadelphia. With these antecedents of independence and enterprise in his family, it is probable that the bias for nature-study first developed

in his father, Alfred, who, although a merchant (being a junior member of the firm of Cope Brothers), did all in his power, by example, questioning, and travel, to develop in Edward the habit of original thinking. If so, this bias followed an occasional law of heredity, and accumulated as an irresistible impulse in the son. When the boy was only eight he visited the famous museum of the Philadelphia Academy, and in his journal, which fortunately is preserved, gave evidence of his precocious powers of observation by sketching a fossil ichthyosaur, and recording in quaint Quaker language: «Two of the sclerotic plates look at the eye—thee will see these in it.»

The merchant service of the family played a weighty part in his education, for before ten he had voyaged both to Boston (in 1847) and the West Indies (in 1850), making numerous notes and sketches of sea life on his way. Like every other great naturalist, he thus owed far more to his own direct schooling in nature than to his few years of formal tutoring, for he had neither college nor university