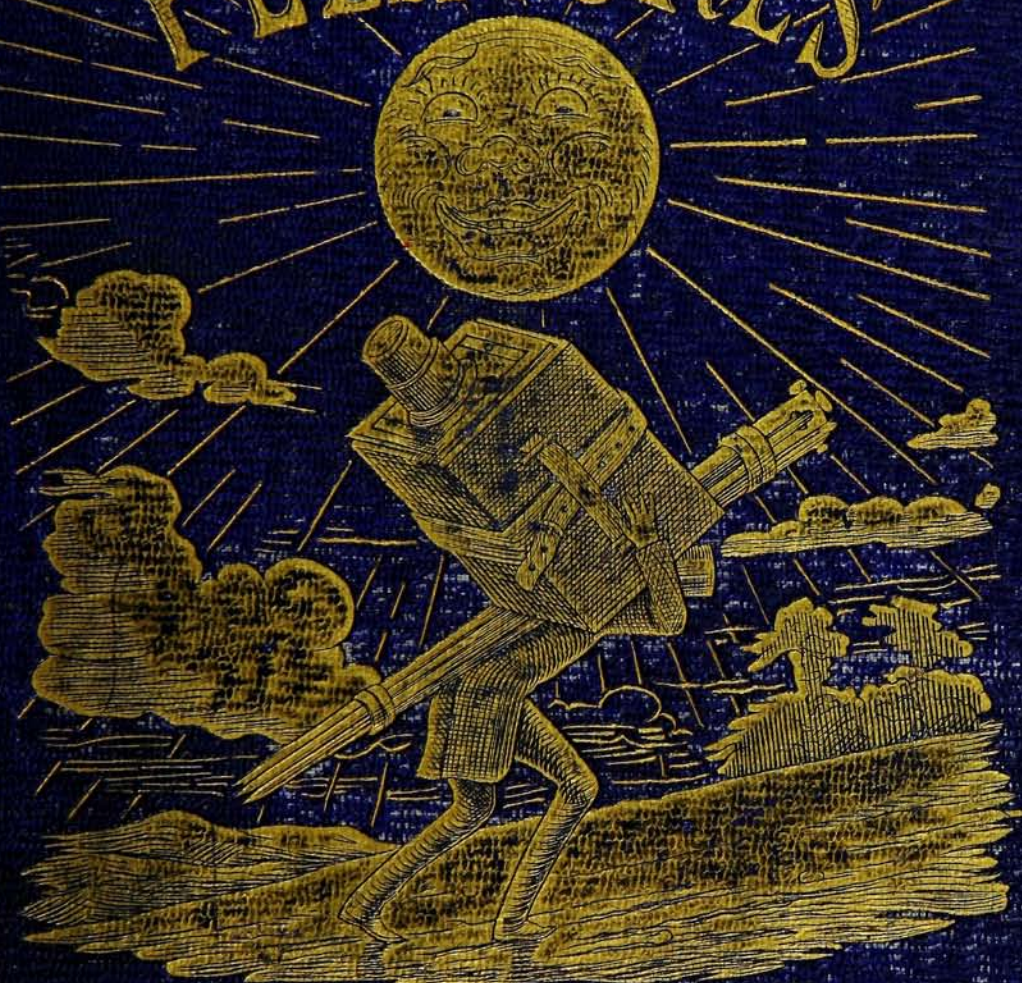
PHOTOGRAPHIC PLEASURES



POPULARLY PORTRAYED WITH PEN & PENCIL.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.
AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN."

"START INTO LIGHT, AND MAKE THE LIGHTER START!"
REJECTED ADDRESSES.

ISBN of reproduction: 978-1-926748-05-4

FRONTISPIECE.

PORTRAIT OF
A DISTINGUISHED PHOTOGRAPHER
WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE
SATISFACTION.

Printed at 70 St Martins Lane

LONDON - PUBLISHED BY T. McLEAN HAYMARKET 1855.

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LONDON. 1855.
T. MC'LEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

With Original Illustrations by the Author.

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Rejected Addresses.

London:

THOMAS McLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

1855.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY REYNELL AND WEIGHT,
LITTLE PULTENEY STREET.

TO ALL THE

LIGHT-HEARTED FRIENDS OF

LIGHT PAINTING,

THESE PAGES OF LIGHT LITERATURE

ARE,

WITH NO LIGHT REGARD,

Dedicated.

LEIGH, WORCESTER,
Jan. 1855.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO THE READER.

In days when calotyping young ladies in civilised society talk about their "blacks" — with all the unctuousness of a Mrs Steecher Bowe, when she converses on a subject of a kindred saturnine character—it would be a work of supererogation if the humble author of these pages were to inform his readers that Photography is a highly popular scientific amusement. But, he may be permitted to remark, that this popularity of Photography is rather increased than diminished by the fact of the science being yet in its infancy.

By a kind provision of Nature, there appears to be implanted in the breast of womankind an untiring and inevitable love for infants. And, although the tender expressions bestowed upon infants (in the presence of females) by the male sex, may be received by credulity with a shrug of the shoulders of doubt (vide Dr Johnson) yet, upon the whole, the womanly affection for infants is shared by the race of men.

It is to this, that the Infant Photography owes many of those loving words which have been so freely bestowed upon him since his birth, by men as well as women. The ladies are enamoured of him: the gentlemen evince their affection by suggestions for his improvement, and by general attention to his welfare. All are fond of him: every one is declaring that he is the most beautiful baby yet born to Science.

They joy to behold him in his little crib of a box; they (even the young ladies!) see in him fresh graces when he is in his bath. They admire his

light hair; they make a marvel that he is even now so strong. They say that he will achieve wonders; they foretel for him the most brilliant future; and, if you venture to assert that he is, in his disposition, rather too Positive, they will at once meet you with a Negative.

Photography being an infant for whom I confess to entertain an unusual degree of admiration, I do not content myself with gazing on it in speechless rapture, but I relieve my feelings by talking to it, with that kind of innocent prattle which the world permits even its great men to use, when they address their observations to infants.

And, I not only prattle to it, after this childish fashion, but I also endeavour to keep it well-pleased and in good humour, by making merry faces, and by using any other nonsensical means in my power to tickle it into laughter. For this purpose, I occasionally bring out certain whimsical plates, at the sight of which the infant manifests great delight, and crows and chuckles immoderately.

The production of these plates * having been thus successful in private life, I am now induced to give them publicity, from the hope that they may afford some pleasure to the friends and admirers of Photography. And, in the letter-press that accompanies the plates, I trust that there may be found "amusement blended with instruction."

* Four of them have already presented themselves before the public in the pages of 'Punch.' They were there drawn by me on the wood, and are now given (by the permission of the Editor), in their improved lithographic form. The portrait of Mr Priggins (*vide* "The Photographic Detective,") originally appeared in No. I of 'Cruikshank's Magazine.' The other designs are now published for the first time.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PLEASURES.

CHAPTER I.

PHOTOGRAPHY REGARDED AS A LIGHT SUBJECT.

FOR the benefit of the lady reader, who is supposed to lie under the stigma of being a *bas bleu* if she owns to any knowledge of a dead language, I may remark that the word PHOTOGRAPHY is formed from two Greek words, signifying "light-painting;" and that the Photographic art is, therefore, the art of producing pictures by the agency of light.

Thus, Photography is essentially a light subject, and ought to be treated in a light manner. If you doubt this proposition, I would refer you to the discoverer of "the instantaneous process," Mr F. Maxwell Lyte, who from the very first, as is self-evident, has treated his favourite art in a Lyte manner.

Begone, therefore, ye cavillers, who would carp at me

for writing lightly on a subject which you would have treated in ponderous essays and hard-to-be-digested treatises. Hide yourselves beneath the hoods of your cameras, ye senile A-double-S's, who refuse to see a smile on the face of science, and look upon her only as a grim old hag! Betake yourselves to your tents, O ye calotyping malcontents! Mount in penance upon your tripods, O ye heavy fathers of the photographic stage! Ye have no knowledge of lightness; ye are as grave as gravity itself.

Why should I not treat Photography lightly? Why should I not have my jest upon it? There is a humorous side to most things; and it was even said of Charles Lamb that he could make a joke at a funeral. Yet, for everything there is a season—even for Lamb. When we ought to be grave, let us be grave; but, where we may have our laugh, let us have it, and that right heartily. We shall be none the worse for it, my friends.

I have the greatest respect for Photography; I hold it in the highest estimation. Should I, therefore, shed tears over it, or write elegies upon it? Should I, even, talk about it in the stilted phrases of Johnsonian discourse, and treat it in the manner of the didactic 'Spectator?' No! to derive pleasure from it shall be my primary, and not my secondary consideration. Though I will not "demean myself" by grinning at all that is to be said by my friend Photography, yet I will permit myself to laugh at what he says and does, where I think that I may do so without giving him offence. He is yet in his youth, and may have hot blood in his veins, but he will be generous and forgiving, and, even if I should

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TENT.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER TRIES A TENT OF HIS OWN INVENTION. HE IS DISAGREEABLY INTERRUPTED IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE BY THE ENTRY OF A WILD IRISHMAN, WHO, FORTHWITH, IS CARRIED BACK, IN IMAGINATION, TO THE PLEASURES OF DONNYBROOK FAIR, AND IS UNABLE TO RESIST THE TEMPTATION THAT THE TENTED HEAD PRESENTS.

LONDON. T. McLEAN, 26. HAYMARKET.

hurt his feelings, will believe me when I say that I did so unintentionally.

In the light style in which I shall treat the subject, I do not seek to rival Mr Lyte. I cannot speak of Photography with the brilliant setting (forth) of a (Dr) Diamond. I do not profess to hunt up the details of the subject with the ability of a Professor Hunt. I cannot treat it philosophically, as can Sir William Newton. I cannot write of it after the manner of Bacon, as can Mr Hogg. But I will buckle to the subject—though without the aid or ability of a Buckle ; and I will not make the subject so long as Mr Long has done.

I will remember Sidney Smith's advice, to think of Noah and be brief. I will remember that, in the ark, there was much matter compressed into a small compass, and that people have not now, as then, ten years to devote to the perusal of a pamphlet. But I will bethink myself, that express trains demand compressed ideas; and I will justify my conduct by the thought that the age of railways is the age of raillery, and that a light subject demands a light treatment.

CHAPTER II.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A LEGENDARY LIGHT.

ALTHOUGH Photography is not to be regarded as "the light of other days," yet its light shines back into the past. Let us, then, take a glimpse at its history.

If we were to trace the science to its source, we might perchance discover that it arose amid the sun-worshippers of the East, and that its mysteries were presided over by the high priests of Apollo. But leaving these early times, let us come to a later period, when the science began to assume its character of modern magic.

Porta was the gate that indirectly led to Photography. It was in the sunny land of Italy that a philosopher, Baptista Porta by name—a Porta who thought no small beer of himself for his discovery—invented the instrument called the camera obscura. He inhabited an apartment to which (owing probably to the oppressive nature of the window-tax) the light was only admitted through a small aperture. The whole of the discovery was owing to the hole, for as it was of a lenticular shape, the ray of light that passed through it

painted upon the wall, in cheapest of frescoes, pictures of all that was passing on the outside. The philosopher saw the ray—cried Hurra! and constructed the Camera, that Pandora's box in which Photography lay concealed.

But it was not to jump up like a Jack-in-the-box and be discovered all at once. The alchemists of past days were very different to all chemists of the present day, and chose rather to knock their heads against the philosopher's stone in place of boxing the Camera. They were not well read in Porta's Progress, and they allowed the Italian's invention to rest in the dust of centuries; nevertheless, three hundred years ago they blackened the character of the sun's rays, by discovering that they changed the colour of horn silver.

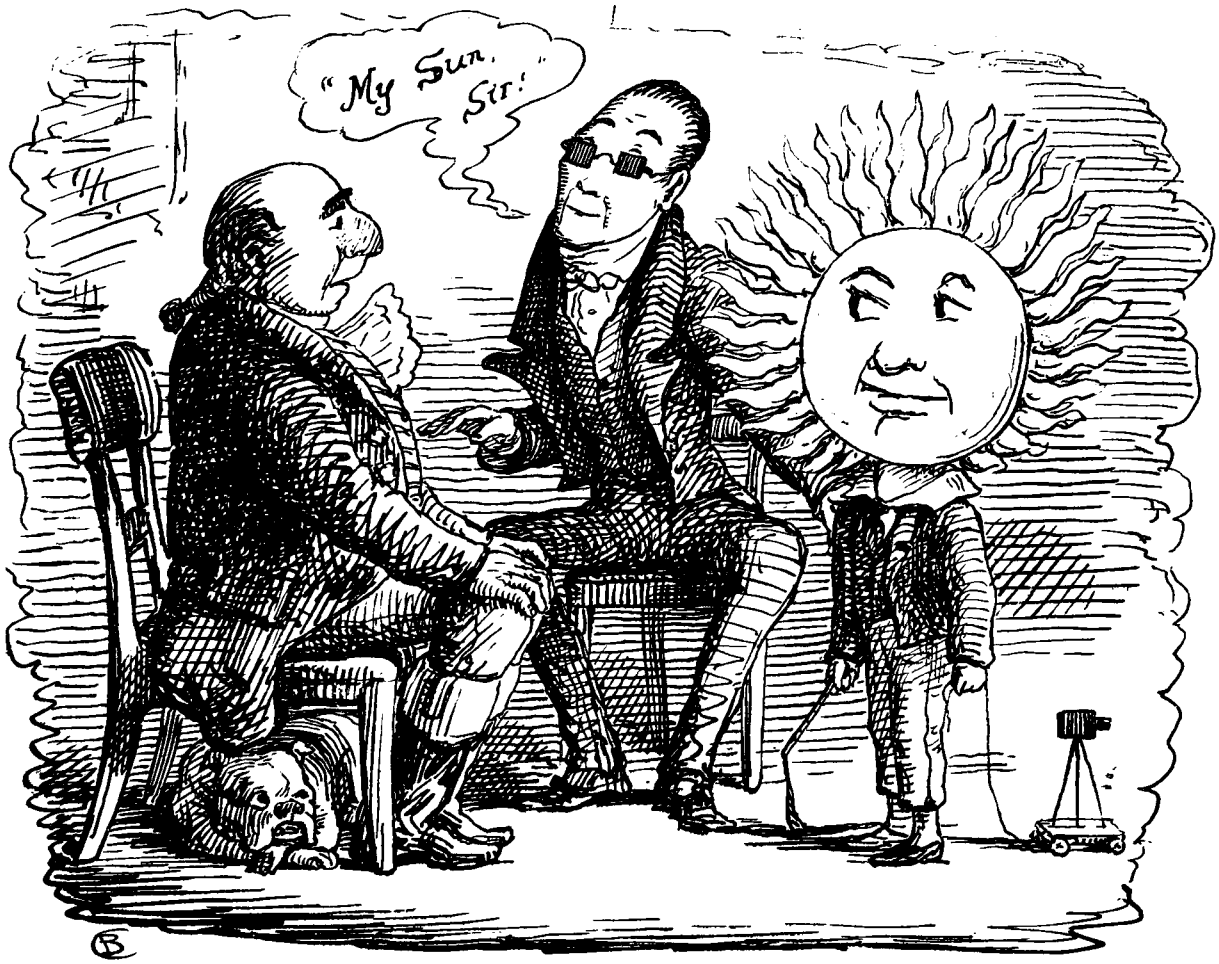
The light once thrown upon the subject, guided others in the same path of discovery ; and we are informed, that in 1722, Petit "showed that solutions of saltpetre and sal-ammoniac crystallised more readily in the light than they did in the darkness:" conduct on the part of Peter and Sal which a non-chemical mind has a difficulty to understand. A Swede—not a turnip, but an inhabitant of Sweden—by name Scheele, and, after him, Dr Priestley, Ritter of Jena, and Count Rumford, made further discoveries in the action of light. Voyel, in a moment of infatuation, found that fat became yellow when made air-tight and exposed to the light, and acquired a taste like rancid tallow; a propensity in the fat, which we may pronounce to be quite a fat-tallow-ty.

But it was reserved for Herschel to further develope the chemical properties of the prismatic colours. This philosopher was in the habit of looking at the sun through tele-

scopes furnished with a combination of glasses; and he discovered that, when he used some of these glasses, he felt a sensation of heat—no very great discovery, by the way, as it is the sensation usually experienced by all who have taken a glass too much. But the discovery, such as it was, led Herschel to make experiments on the heating and illuminating powers of the sun's rays, and, being deeply read in the theory of colours, he found that the deep red rays possessed the greatest amount of heating power. These rays raised Photography one step nearer to its discovery: and Herschel's further researches in the phenomena of light did much to throw a light on the after-phenomena of light pictures.

But, perhaps, the first person who produced a picture by the agency of light was Wedgewood, whose ware and whereabouts are so well known. Although he published in the Journals of the Royal Institution 'An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of Making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver;' yet he was as unable to throw any light upon the Photographic plate as he was upon his celebrated China plate. His "profiles" appear to have been of that character which we have since been accustomed to see, "in this style one shilling," cut by the clever scissor professors of art—professors who may be esteemed mere infants in art, cutting incisors.

Sir Humphrey Davy came to the assistance of Mr Wedgewood, but was obliged (in vulgar language) to "take his davy" that he was unable to make anything of the matter,



FINE CHILD FOR HIS AGE!

MONS: DAGUERRE INTRODUCES HIS PET TO MR. BULL.

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY T. McLEAN.

and retired without producing better plates than those of Wedgewood. Sir Humphrey's plates were like the hearts of flirts—the images imprinted on them were but faint, and could not be fixed.

At length, in 1827, M. Niepce, of Chalons—a wealthy amateur chemist, and a gentleman of as much artistic taste as our own Chalon—communicated to the Royal Society of London an account of his experiments in producing on metal plates, with gradations of tints from black to white, the images received by the camera obscura. This was reducing the invention to black and white, and M. Niepce gave to it the name of Heliography—"Sun-painting." The philosophers of England and France were now put on their mettle, and endeavoured to put on the metal pictures painted by the sun. An intimate friend of M. Niepce, by name Daguerre, joined in all his experiments, and advanced the discovery many steps. Daguerre's pictures were fixed on paper impregnated with nitrate of silver; those of M. Niepce were upon glass, silver-plated copper, and polished tin. The partnership between "Messrs Niepce and Daguerre, Heliographers," was dissolved by the death of the former in 1833; and Daguerre prosecuted his researches alone. In June, 1839, the secret of his discovery was nobly purchased by the French nation, "for the glory of endowing the world of science and art with one of the most surprising discoveries which conferred honour on her native land;" and a pension for life of six thousand francs (240*l.*) was granted to Daguerre. This frank and generous conduct of the French

Government was but ill repaid by the recipient of its bounty, who delayed the execution of the official document until a patent had been secured for an agent in England: thus being guilty of a deception which in itself was patent to all.

Simultaneous with the French discovery, an English gentleman, Mr W. H. Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, perfected and made public certain experiments which had been gradually growing into shape for six years past, by which he was enabled to produce sun pictures on iodized paper, by means of nitrate of silver and gallic acid. Whether his discovery produced any acid feelings in the Gallic breast of his French rival, we have no means of ascertaining. Mr Talbot proved that he considered his invention a "beautiful" one, by calling it the "Calotype;"* though his complimentary friends gave it the complementary name of the "Talbotype." Mr Talbot patented his process—a process which put an effectual drag on the weal of the science; and it was not until August, 1852, that Mr Talbot was persuaded to act as nobly as his name, and to give up to the public "the right of using any of his patents for any purpose not involving the production of portraits from the life."† So that Mr Talbot gives up his patent to the public,

* Καλός, "beautiful."

† The important action of "Talbot *v.* Laroche," for an infringement of the "Talbotype" patent, was decided on Dec. 20th, 1854, before Lord Chief Justice Jervis, and a special jury, in favour of the defendant, but with the expression, that the plaintiff was the first inventor. The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up the case,

PHOTOGRAPHIC TABLEAUX

THE INFANT PHOTOGRAPHY STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHY BETWEEN LOVE AND VANITY.

LONDON. T. MCLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

but will not suffer the public to give their countenance to the patent!

Daguerreotype patents were also secured by Messrs Claudet and Beard, who wielded "the pencil of Nature" in their respective London establishments, and took off the heads of some thousands of her Majesty's lieges in the most expeditious and satisfactory manner; and not only took the heads off, but served them up on clean plates, after the execution. In producing their portraits, Messrs Claudet and Beard spare no pains to produce correct likenesses and artistic excellence. *May all** imitate them in this striving after perfection! We should then be soon rid of that commonness of treatment which is so frequently met with, and which gives such a beggarly aspect to many Photographic portraits.

Sir John Herschel appears to have been the first who gave the popular name of "Photography" to the science of light-painting. He made his first communication on this subject to the Royal Society, in March, 1839, three months before Daguerre's process was reported. Mr Talbot's 'Account of the Art of *Photogenic* Drawing' had been communicated to

said, that "the wonderful discovery of the latent image was due entirely to Mr Talbot. It was the foundation of all that followed, but it was not the subject of a patent, as, from its nature, it could not be so."

* It is but due to Mr Mayall to say, that his "crayon portraits" have all the beauties of first-class pictures, and that his establishment is evidently directed by an artistic mind.

the Society in January, 1839—so that our Talbot was all but first in the race for the Photographic plate.

Simultaneous with Sir John Herschel's communication, the Rev. J. B. Reade addressed to the London Institution an account of a method he had adopted for obtaining light-pictures by a process in which infusion of galls was employed. This led to the infusion of no small amount of gall, in a correspondence which took place on the subject between Mr Reade and Mr Talbot, the latter having, in an affidavit, denied Mr Reade's title to the invention he claimed. The moral of all this being, that Mr Talbot had leant upon a reed until it pierced him.

The use of the proto-sulphate of iron as a developing agent was first published at the meeting of the British Association at York, in 1844, by Professor Robert Hunt, who, at a previous meeting of the Association, at Plymouth, in 1841, had, as freely, made public a method of preparing a peculiarly sensitive iodized paper. Since then, numerous other gentlemen have, after long labour and costly experiments, made further improvements in the science, and have given the results of their labours to the public, without seeking any other reward than that meed of gratitude which the scientific world and all the lovers of Photography will so liberally bestow. Conspicuous among these Right Honourable Gentlemen, the name of Dr Diamond, F.S.A., will ever be regarded as shedding a new lustre on the science.

The magical Collodion process (a solution of gun-cotton in sulphuric ether spread over a glass plate) was made

A SIMPLE MODE OF "LEVELLING" A CAMERA.

LONDON - T. McLEAN, 26. HAYMARKET.

known in 1851, by Mr Scott Archer, who thus shot himself into the temple of Fame by the use of gun-cotton. Since then, the wonders of the Stereoscope have proved to us, that—at any rate in the case of a Photographic portrait—"two heads are better than one."

CHAPTER III.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A HIGH-ART LIGHT.

We were a long while before we could discover what was really meant by the expression "High Art." It had an ambiguity which bothered us, and brought us to the verge of distraction. We called in the aid of Dr Johnson, and asked his advice; but the great Lexicographer's prescription only made us worse than ever, for it was stuffed so full of meanings that it made a very disagreeable mixture, and we could not tell what to make of it. We were as much in the dark as ever, as to what was really meant by the term "High Art."

At one time we thought that it meant works of art purchased at a high or exorbitant price,—pictures bought, by those who had a fancy for them, at a purely fancy price. And we considered that when (in May 1852) the most celebrated of Marshal Soult's fifteen Murillo's, became the property of the French government for the trifling sum of 24,612*l.*, it might be taken as a very fair specimen of High Art.

At another time we imagined it to be the kind of art that decorates the ceilings of rooms and halls, and the interiors of domes and cupolas; and that, in such cases, it would consist of "fore-shortened Allegory," and in such anachronisms as "Minerva presenting Sir Isaac Newton to George "III, while Lord Bacon registers the reward that is about "to be bestowed by the King on the discoverer of the "Theory of Gravitation."* And we paid our penny, and peered into the smoky dome of St Paul's, and in its appalling frescoes we thought we dimly traced High—very High Art.

But a change came o'er the spirit of our dream. We were bold enough to express our admiration of some works of living artists before a gentleman who professed to be a great connoisseur, or (as we heard a Mrs Malaprop once express it) "a great common sewer" in Art. "Hur! ha!" said our friend, as he balanced himself on his hind legs, and made a *lorgnette* of his two fists: "they have some little "merit. But the secret of colour is lost, my dear sir; it "went out with the glorious Venetians. Our moderns don't "know how to paint, sir; they are crude, sir; they are tame; "they don't give you any masses, sir; they don't study "chiaro scuro; they want tone, sir,—tone. In short, my "dear sir, the pictures of the moderns are not High Art." Having thus learnt, on the authority of our common-sewer

* As Truth is stranger than Fiction, it may, perhaps, be necessary to state, that this subject is really to be seen in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was designed by Cipriani (who received 400*l.* for his trouble!) and fills the painted window at the lower end of the room.

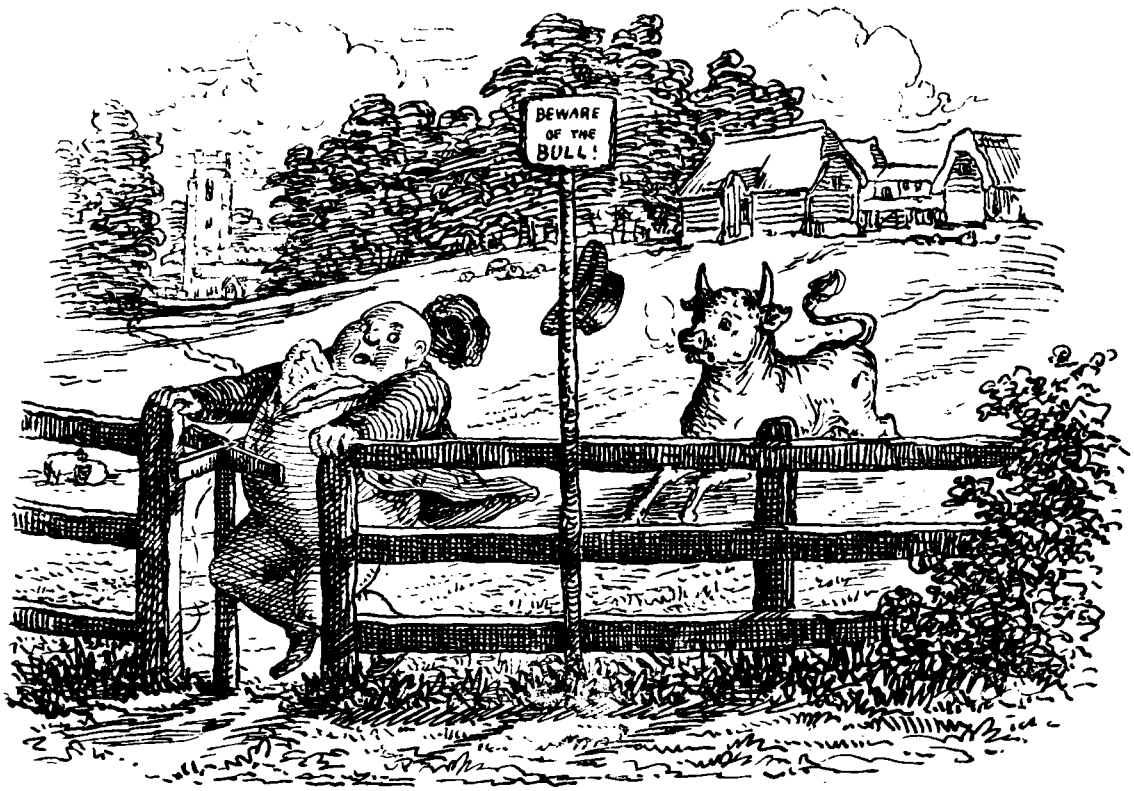
friend what was *not* High Art, we were straightway led to believe, that what we sought for was to be found in the smudgy obscurities of diseased—we beg pardon! *deceased*—masters. These were the kind of pictures we always saw at great Show-houses in the country: the black-silk Housekeepers who took us round the rooms, appeared to assign them names with an indiscriminate boldness, fearful and wonderful to contemplate. They may possibly have been of opinion, that one name was quite as suitable as another; —and, doubtless, it was; but we observed that the names they had the greatest relish for were Raffle, Annibal Scratchy, Slavarty Rosy, Georgy Ony, and Sassy Frahty, whom we thenceforth considered as the peculiar masters, and High-priests of High Art.

Having once got these diseased (or deceased) masters into our heads, we were then, by a natural train of thought, led to imagine that High Art was but another term for diseased Art—Art that was not in its freshest and soundest condition;—just as we talk of game being "high" when it is brought to table in a condition which makes one afraid that it will walk off the table before we have time to eat it. So that we concluded, that any Art that was not very recent, must be High Art.

Then came a change in our opinions, and we had to knuckle-down to the Elgin marbles: and we looked at the bas-reliefs of gentlemen riding their horse-like, unbridled and unsaddled, ponies, and we were told, that true art was always thus unbridled, and that those bas-reliefs had come to the relief of Art, and that they were, in fact, High Art.

Then came poor Haydon, with his acres of canvas, which

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSES... No. I.



THE FIXING PROCESS.

AN EXCITING PROCESS.

THE SENSITIVE PROCESS.

LONDON. Published by J. Mickleam Haymarket.

always mystified us as much as the apple-dumpling did King George the Third,—we wondered, how on earth the picture was got into the room, and we thought, that any gentleman who gave the painter a friendly commission, would be in as awkward a predicament as the Vicar of Wakefield was with his family picture,—or, as an amateur coach-building friend of ours, when (with two years' labour), he built for himself a carriage in his own dining-room, and then had to pull it to pieces to get it out of doors. We were told, however, that Haydon's pictures were High Art ; so that we considered the term applied to huge pictures, in which sprawled nude athletes, whose muscular and anatomical development was only to be equalled by gentlemen of the Farnese Hercules build. Where did Haydon get his models from? We don't grow such muscles now-a-days. But, perhaps, we are a degenerate race.

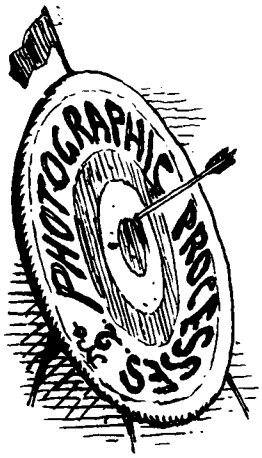
Then came the Duke of York's column (the parent of many calumniating jokes), and the Nelson pillar ; and, in our innocent simplicity, we imagined that the term High Art could be strictly applied only to such figures as had lightning conductors growing from the tops of their heads.

But, soon, came the Westminster Hall cartoons ; and we were told that *they* were High Art. And we thought, that if the term did not apply to the elevation at which the cartoons were hung, it must mean such subjects as " The finding of the body of Harold," (they have murdered him often enough—why don't they find him, and not waste so much precious time in the search ?) " Canute and his Courtiers," (whom the sea of oil poured on them ought to

have swept away long ago ;) " Non Angli sed Angeli ;" (we wonder they are not ashamed of perpetuating such a very old Joe ;) " Queen Philippa and the Burgomasters of Calais ;" (a got up " stage effect" in which we never believed;) " Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound ;" (she has sucked enough, by this time, to poison all the Queens in history ;) " Prince Henry striking Judge Gascoigne on the Bench ;" (perhaps, the only striking subject of the series—though we might feel inclined to inquire what part of the Judge's person is meant by the word " Bench ;") " Charles the Second in the Oak ;" (or rather, " Charles the Second—a hoax ;" for, if he was hid in a tree, we could not see him;) and all the old stock historical subjects, whose degradation at the hands of Artists is now a matter of history. When we think of these things, we are constrained to express our surprise that people, who have such good palettes, can yet be so utterly wanting in taste.

Altogether, we had become so confused on the subject of High Art, that we began to think it a lunacy to strive after the discovery of such a myth; as well, we thought, might we strive to discover the haunt of Echo, or the North-west passage. But we find that, after all, we have been mistaken; some one has found out the North-west passage for us, and we have found out High Art for ourselves ; it has only developed itself in these later, and degenerate days. We made the discovery in the following manner; and we feel that the account which we are about to give, will, though brief, in time take its place with those other narratives of

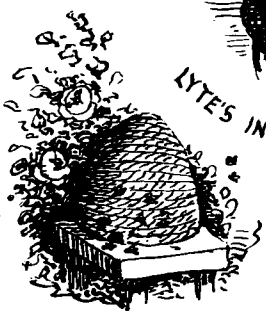
CROOKE'S PROCESS.



ARCHER'S PROCESS

The GLASS PROCESS.

LYTE'S INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.



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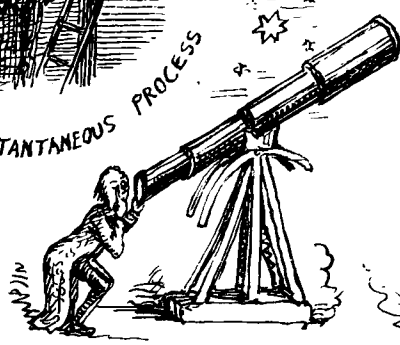
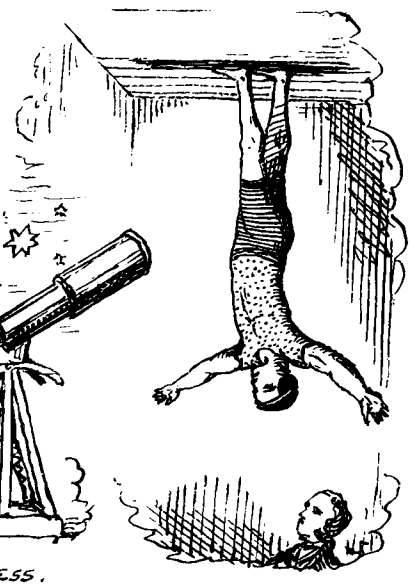
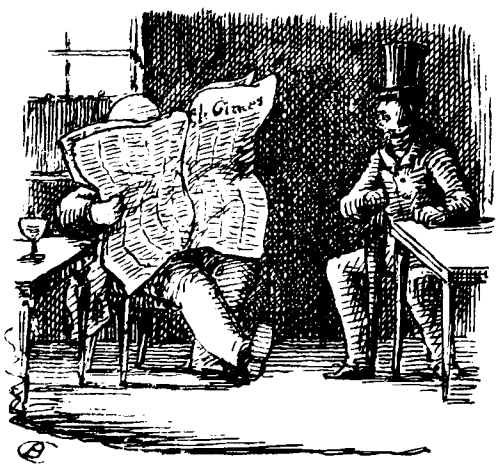


NEWTON'S PROCESS.



The REVERSING Process.

THE ACCELERATING PROCESS.



THE PAPER PROCESS.

THE POSITIVE PAPER PROCESS.

Expeditionary discoveries, which the energetic genius of the present age has called into existence.

Walking down Fleet street one day, in an unusually serene state of mind—(we had been to receive our dividends), —we were attracted by a large showy gilt frame hung out against the portals of a door, and in this frame were the miniature resemblances of several worthy people of both sexes. In the midst of these unprepossessing individuals was a legend, to the effect, that Mr Jones would, in his Daguerreotype Rooms, take us off in similar style, for the small sum of seven-six,—gilt frame us, for ten-six,—do us, second size, three-quarter length, for fifteen,—and finish us off in a morocco case—"elegant"—for the trifling charge of one guinea. The announcement met with our deepest sympathy, and we perused the legend with breathless attention. The plates on which the likenesses were executed, were polished like so many little mirrors. We saw in them the reflection of our (shall we say, handsome) features; they wore a most amiable, and *pleasing* expression, and it occurred to us that it would be the very time to give the sun the benefit of our countenance.

A placard informed us, that the Daguerreotype and Photographic Rooms were upstairs ☞ So we passed down a dark passage, and tumbled on to a still darker staircase, to the great damage of our shins, and the needless outlay of inelegant expressions. With a little difficulty, we got up a flight of steep stairs, kicking against each stair as we went, to keep ourselves in the right track; and, at length we found ourselves on a small landing, of a size calculated to

hold one uncomfortably. We looked about us, and, by the light that dimly straggled through a half-glass door, we saw before our nose,—indeed, against it,—another ☞ as though pointing out to us an upward path. We silently took it; the way was steep and sterile—for the carpeting had ceased at the first *plateau*,—and we began to feel fatigued. We arrived at another landing, as shrunken in its dimensions as the previous one; and there, on the wall, gleamed the mystic ☞ Gloomy thoughts took possession of our mind; but the faint sound of "Cheer, boys, cheer!" played on an organ in the street below, encouraged us to proceed. We staggered up another steep and sterile flight, and, by a toilsome route, gained another *plateau*. Still, the mystic ☞ was there, and still it urged us upwards—upwards!

We went on. The air from the organ in the street below, became fainter, and fainter; the air from the attics and the rooms above grew denser and denser. We staggered, and would have fallen; but we recovered ourselves by a strong effort, and pushed on. We reached another small landing, but the ☞ was there before us. We sat down on the bare and dirty boards, and were glad to do it. We thought of our happy home, and our innocent childhood; we recalled the days when we sported in artless mirth, and were boxed for dirtying our clean pinafores. We reflected, that the scene was now changed; and we were almost unmanned: but we repeated the inspiriting words of Longfellow's "Excelsior," and then, somewhat cheered, continued the ascent. Again the light beamed upon us from a staircase window, but it served only to reveal the hazardous nature of our expedi-

tion. Shall we forego the enterprise, and descend? No! the courage of an English heart forbids it, so long as there is a chance of success. We go on. Another landing, and another ☞ Is it a demon hand that is going before us, and luring us on to destruction?? Horrible fancies fill our brain. A door is beside us, the handle towards our hand: Come, let us clutch it! and it opens. What do we see? a bald-headed woman in a semi-dressed state, who rushes behind some bed-curtains, and screams "It's upstairs! It's upstairs!" What is upstairs? let us go and see. We apologise to the bald-headed female, and go upstairs. All is dark, and silent: then we hear a bang against the door we have just left, and the sound of a key turning in a lock:— the bald-headed female has come out of the bed-curtains, and has guarded herself from further espionage. Another landing is gained; and still the demon ☞ is urging us upwards. We faintly sing the National Anthem (with our hat off), and, after the third verse, feel sufficiently invigorated to pursue our upward path. A few more moments of toil, and our exertions are crowned with success; we sink down exhausted at the door of the Daguerreotype room. No need now for the demon ☞ to point out what we have discovered. Ha! ha! We have discovered that Photography is, indeed, High Art.

CHAPTER IV.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AN ARTISTIC LIGHT.

"By the aid of Photography," says Mr Hogg, "any one may now become an artist." A dictum which—at the risk of making Mr Hogg bristle up at my temerity—I deny, even in this artist-dubbing age, when people, from modists and mountebanks to ballet-dancers and barbers, dignify their trades, and call themselves "*artistes.*"

But before a man can be an "artist," in the commonly received meaning of the word, not only is there required of him a very different kind of manipulation to that demanded in Photography, but also brains to guide his handiwork. There is a vast difference between a Claudet and a Claude; just as there is a vast difference between a steam engine and a "Hamlet." Each one is a triumph of inventive genius; but, how different are their natures!

The pictures of Claudet are the results of scientific invention: those of Claude, of inspired observation. There was poetry in a Claude: there is no poetry in a Claudet. The former can throw beauty and grace over the rugged

A Photographic Fix —

MR. JONES BEING ON HIS WAY TO THE LAKES, EMBRACES THE FAVOURABLE OPPORTUNITY OF CALOTYPING SOME FISHING BOATS ON THE ULVERSTONE SANDS, MORECAMBE BAY. THE TIDE UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UP DURING THE TIME THAT HIS HEAD IS BENEATH THE HOOD. — DISAGREEABLE POSITION OF JONES ON EMERGING FROM THE HOOD ——————

LONDON: T. McLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

and harsh; but the latter is the Gradgrind of Art, and represents nothing but stern facts. The Claudets can show but little judgment or discretion in the selection or rejection of component parts for their pictures: the Claudes chiefly depend upon this, and are able to omit at pleasure anything that interferes with the harmony of the composition. There may be a thousand Claudets, but only one Claude.

Photography is not (strictly) "Art;" neither is a Photographer an artist. Photography is but the handmaid of art. We hear and read a good deal of "Photography in its relation to Art;" but, if we inquire into that relationship, and search the registers of art for information on the subject, we shall find that the connexion is little nearer than that of a Scotch cousin. "It must always be borne in mind," says Sir William Newton, "that, essentially speaking, the Camera is by no means calculated to teach the principles of art; but, to those who are already well-informed in this respect, and have had practical experience, it may be made the means of considerable advancement."

The greatest use that an artist derives from the Camera is, that it enables him to secure truthfulness of detail, when he might otherwise be unable to give it. He can paint, on the spot, the broad effects—giving all the play of light and shade, the local colour, and the atmospheric tints, and then —having secured what the Camera could not give him—he can make his Calotype, and afterwards, by its aid, complete his picture at his leisure. This method would be especially useful to the artist, in views wherein he would have to paint intricate masses of architecture; and it would enable him to

compete in accuracy of detail, with the painstaking fidelity of a Canaletti, or an Edwin Cooke.

And yet, after all, Photography can but help the artist up to a certain point. It cannot supply him with "the gift divine;" and so, when the pre-Raphaelites were accused of painting from Photographs, they replied, "Let our accusers do the same, and produce pictures of equal merit and truth:" and the accusers tried in vain.

The Camera will only help that painter who has deeply studied the principles of his art, and has worked faithfully and laboriously in the minute representation of Nature. We may rest satisfied that there is no "Royal road" to anything; and that genius only becomes great by careful study and perseverance. Power of hand, and freedom of execution in Art, can only be acquired by the diligent perusal—not of the works of the Camera, but of the works of Creation; and a scientific invention, like Photography, can never be made to usurp the place of true Art in the eyes of the true artist.

CHAPTER V.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A PORTRAIT-PAINTING LIGHT.

THE application of Photography to portraiture was for a long time considered impracticable. No sitter could maintain immobility of feature for the space of twenty-five, or even five minutes; and immobility was quite necessary in a process where, if you wink your eye, you destroy it altogether, and where, if you sneeze, you blow your head off!

In the earliest days of Photography "it was required," says the Jury Report of the Great Exhibition, "that for a Daguerreotype portrait a person should sit without moving for twenty-five minutes in the glaring sunlight." We have not the pleasure of an intimacy with any one who ever performed this daring feat of salamanderism; but if the case was such as is represented, we are surprised that this twenty-five minutes' sitting was not made profitable to the Daguerreotypist by placing eggs beneath the sitter, and converting him into an Eccaleobion, or patent hatching machine.

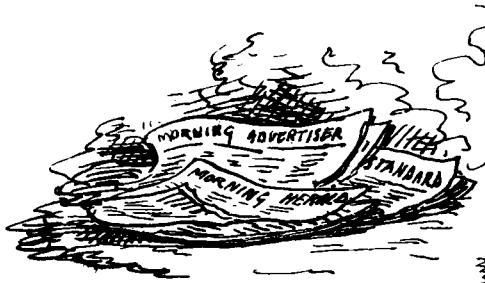
It seems that the slow process was attributable to the plate being merely prepared with iodine, and the lens having

a long focus. When object-glasses with a shorter focus were constructed, and when Mr Woolcott (of New York) had concentrated the light by substituting a concave mirror for the refracting glasses, and when Mr Goddard had added chlorine and bromine to the iodine, and when M. Fizeau had discovered his fixing coating, and when Mr Claudet made public to the scientific world in England and France the invention of the accelerating process,—then the time required for the production of a portrait was diminished from minutes to seconds; nay, even (by Mr Scott Archer's Collodion process) to a single second, and less than that! even to the flash of an electric spark.

Thus the difficulties that beset Photography in its attempts to become a portrait-painter were, step by step, overcome, and the Camera was now enabled to make faces, and otherwise to follow out the bent of its inclinations.

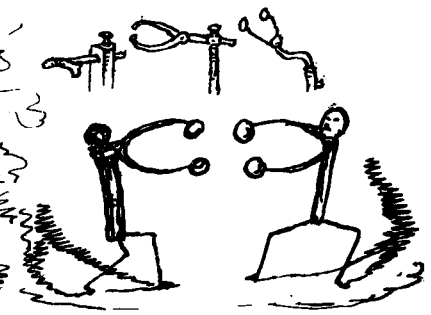
I well recollect the time when I went in all the pride of my ungraduateship to have a Photograph of my features struck off for the delectation of that Anna Elisabeth, of whom I was then so greatly enamoured, and who, by the way, in less than three months returned the portrait, and ruthlessly jilted me for a fellow who had not even whiskers! I well remember how I went elaborately got up for the occasion, how I tastefully arranged my hair before the Daguerreotypist's mirror, how I went into his little greenhouse of an operating room, how I took my seat on a platform before the Camera with the sort of consciousness that Anna Elisabeth was going to be favoured with something like a portrait.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FANCIES.



GOOD NEGATIVE PAPERS.

BEST BLACK VARNISH.

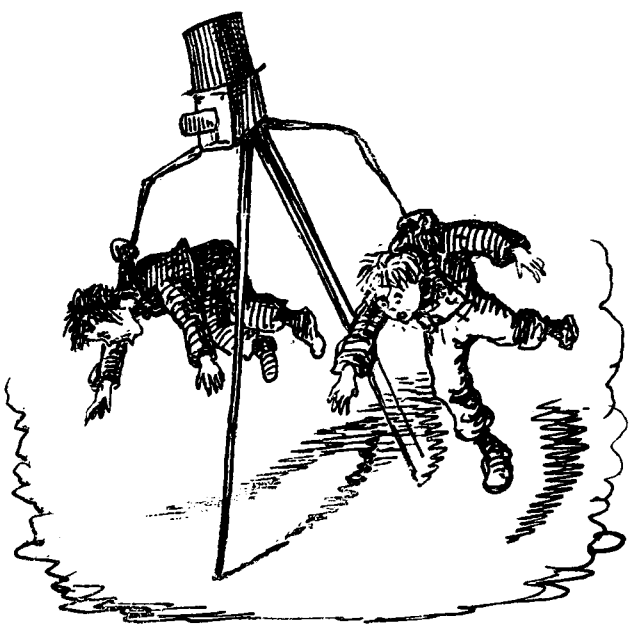


THE VICES OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

APPLYING THE BLACK VARNISH.

APPLYING AN EXCITING FLUID.

"Heard o' this new OGRAPHY?"
"Vot Ography?"
"Yes! PHOT-OGRAPHY."
"Oh, ah! I've heerd o' him, fast enuf."



THE CALOTYPE IN THE EXECUTION OF ITS DUTY.
—"Hollo! I say, Guv'nor! don't be taking us off in this way!"

LONDON. MC'LEAN, HAYMARKET.

I can call to mind how the Daguerreotyper fixed my head in a brazen vice, and having reduced me thereby to the verge of discomfort, maliciously told me to keep my eyes steadily fixed on a paper pinned against the wall, and to think of something pleasant. I can well remember how the Daguerreotyper thereupon left me, and how I, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable, and being lamentably ignorant that the operation had commenced, released my head from the vice, and promenaded the room for some ten minutes, admiring the various designs in chimney pots which are usually to be studied with advantage from a Daguerreotype studio. Then, hearing the sound of returning steps, I mounted my platform, and resumed my seat and vice.

I can call to mind *my* dismay when the Daguerreotyper took the plate out of the camera, and *his* dismay, when, on the development of the picture, he found that it merely contained a representation of the chair-back and vice. But we concealed our real feelings under these speeches :—"We had not been *quite* successful this time, sir! I must trouble you to sit again."—"Oh! certainly."

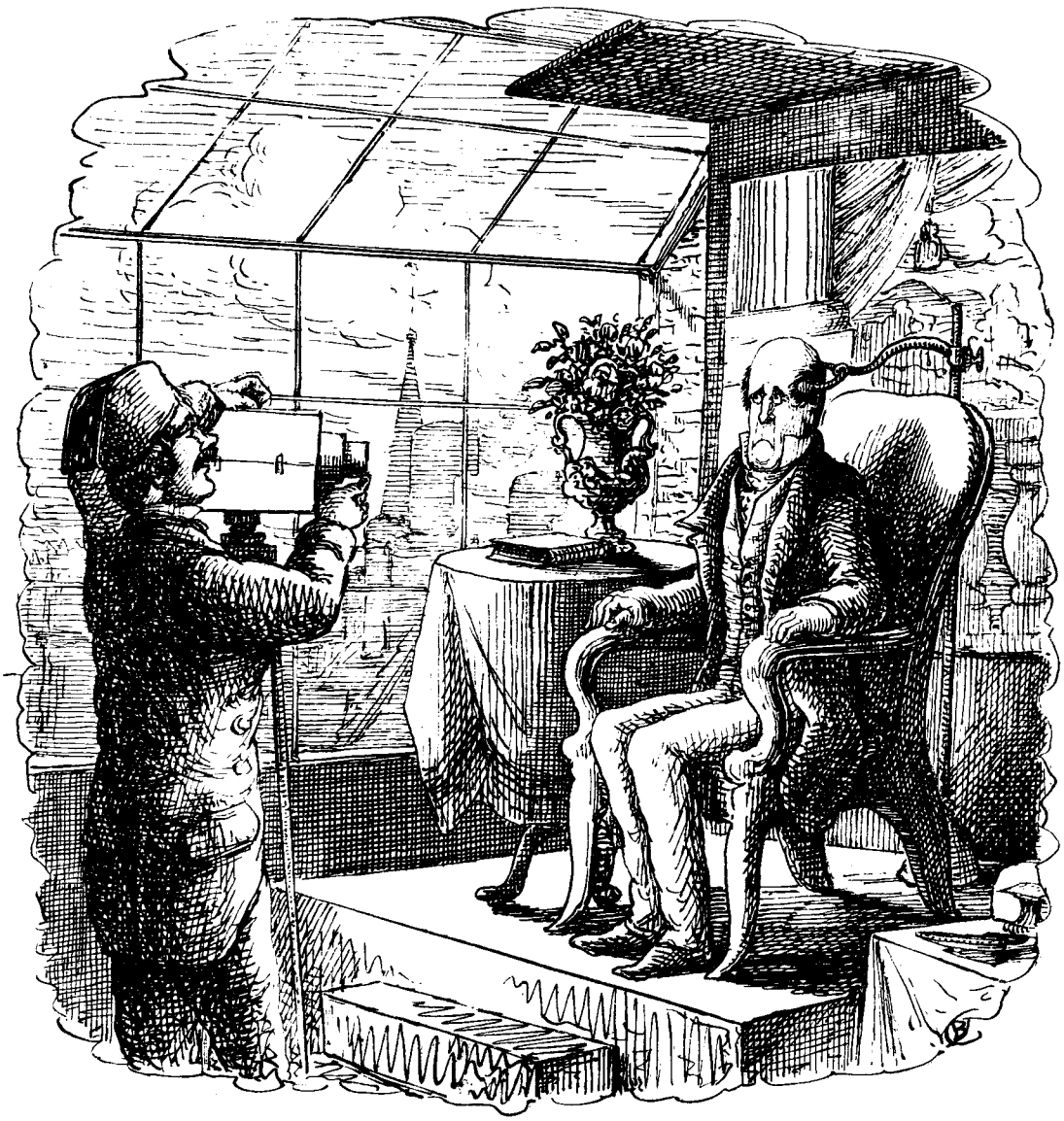
I sat; and Anna Elisabeth had the portrait. Six months afterwards it was in the possession of Sarah Jane. The moral whereof may be supplied by the reader.

Years passed before I again honoured the Camera by sitting to it. The improvements already referred to had in the meantime taken place, and, the tedium of sitting ten, or even three minutes, was removed. Another blessing also had come to pass: the vice was not absolutely necessary. It is said that there are some pleasures which can scarcely

be distinguished from pain, and one of these must certainly have been the pleasure of sitting for your Daguerreotype, blinking at a piece of paper for ten minutes under a glass case, with your head compressed in a vice, and your limbs as stiff as biscuits. But now, the paper Calotype, or the Collodion process, was completed—so far as the sitter was concerned—in the twinkling of an eye, even in the opening and shutting of the slide of the Camera.

The operator was a Swede, light-haired, red mustachioed, and with a fez. I sat at my ease on a couch, backed by a screen of black velvet. The good-natured operator, in the best English he could master, explained to me the nature of the process (even taking me into his dark den of magic), and remarked with great truth,—"When beebles do come for vaat you call bortraits, dey most not dink dey are in de leetle rum by demself, bot dey most dink dat all de world look at dem! dat dey are having deir bortraits bainted before a crowd, oh! so vast! dat dey are on the stage of de theatre, wid den dousand beebles all a looking at dem, and not shot up here in de leetle rum, by demself. Now, sare! gompose your feature for de bortrait: and when I say 'Now!' de operation will gommence."

I did as I was directed, and looked as composed and grave as if I were facing an Exeter-hall audience in the merry month of May. But when the Swede lowered his fez and red moustache, and crouched down behind the Camera, and suddenly lifting up and shutting down the slide, exclaimed, "den dousand beebles look at you!" it was altogether too much for my risible faculties. The ridiculousness



To secure a pleasing Portrait is everything.

Daguerreotypist, to cheerful Sitter — "The process will commence as soon as I lift up this slide. You will have the goodness to look fixedly at one object & call up a pleasant expression to your countenance."

LONDON. T. McLEAN. 26. HAYMARKET

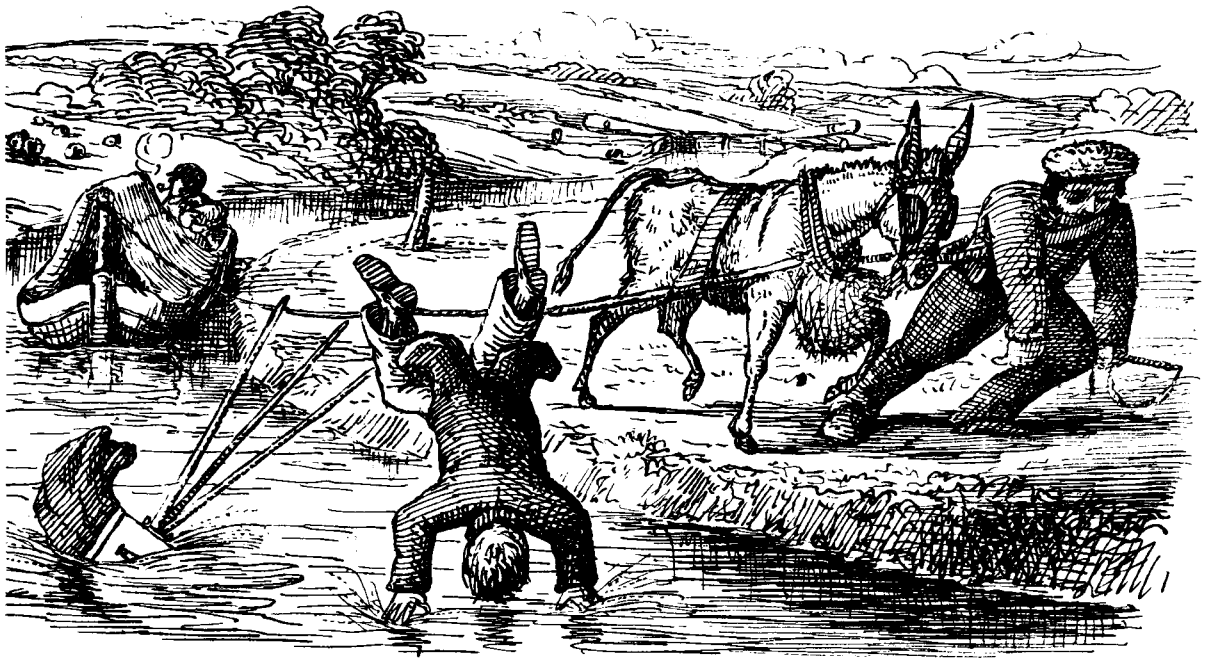
of the situation came over me, and I burst into such a sudden and hearty fit of laughter, that my (calotyped) head was quite blown off, and the Swede had all his trouble over again. I fear that I must consider myself a bad subject for the Photographer.

One would think that a Daguerreotype *must* be a likeness, and yet this is by no means the case. There are many Photographs that, from being ill focussed, or from other bad management, can scarcely be recognised as the portraits of those who sat for them. We look at them, and we feel inclined to echo the critic to whom the portrait-painter was exhibiting his *chef-d'œuvre*, and say, "Yes, it's certainly like! all but—the face!" Mr Robinson's coat and waistcoat are capital! and we know Miss Brown's dress too well to make us doubt her likeness for an instant.

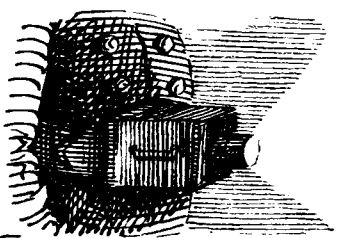
The success of a photographic portrait depends also upon the skilful treatment of its shadows, for which purpose a diffused, moderate light is better than the full glare of the sun; and some Photographers accordingly doctor the sun, and tone down his high lights by the little mesmeric ceremony of waving large black velvet screens over the head of the sitter. Moderately gloomy weather, therefore, by throwing Photography under a cloud, brings out a portrait in the most favourable light. In this, as in life, we see that uninterrupted sunshine is not so beneficial for us as that which has been softened with the hue of sorrow. The continued sunshine of prosperity may not be borne with advantage; it often produces features as harsh as those contrasts which are created in the photographic portrait by the too liberal gift of the sun's golden rays.

But it is of no use your going to have your portrait taken by our friend Camera unless you can sit still. Our mutual acquaintance, Miss Fidgetts, has been particularly unfortunate in this respect; and a Photograph, that shall represent her with no more than the ordinary number of features, has yet to be taken. A very bad subject for the Daguerreotype would also be that palsy-stricken old lady, of whom it is recorded in the popular song of "We're all nervous," that, when she endeavoured to gratify her organs of smell with a pinch of snuff, she always, from very nervousness, applied the pinch to one of her organs of vision.

In fact, you must be a particularly steady character if you want to form the acquaintance of our friend Camera. If you are at all unsettled in your habits, he will have nothing to do with you. You must be a model of stiff propriety and rigid deportment, like Mr Turveydrop. If you are addicted (as I hope you are not) to the worship of Bacchus, and should, on a certain evening, make an undue number of libations to your deity, I should advise you not to call on our friend Camera the next morning, but to tarry until the tremulous motion of your head and hands shall have subsided into sober steadiness. You may depend upon it, that when Mr Richard Swiveller was in that state which he designated as "having the sun very strong in his eyes"—by which expression (adds his biographer) he was understood to convey to his hearers in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk—you may depend upon it that he would not have taken that opportunity of having (in another sense) the sun very

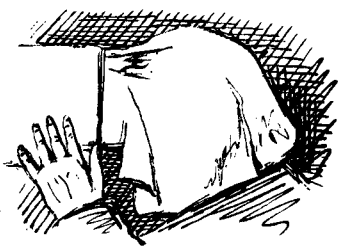


A PHOTOGRAPHIC BATH.



The new Lanthorn of the Photographic Detectives.

Developing Solutions.



Hood's Own.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ABSTRACTION.

[ADVICE GRATIS.] When you calotype anything out of the common, the process must be accompanied by the most delicate manipulation.

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strong in his eyes by placing himself under the skylight, and before the glass, of our friend Camera.

No ! you must be a model of steadiness, if you wish to appear well before our friend. If you are at all like Mr Funkey—who was seized with one of his nervous fits of tremulous agitation just at the critical moment when the slide was pulled up and the cap pulled off—you will appear on the plate or paper as having three noses, double that number of eyes, and a prodigious mouth that stretches from ear to ear; in short, presenting an appearance that fully realises our conceptions of "three single gentlemen rolled into one."

Another point to which you must attend is that of Dress. Our friend Camera is very particular about the habits of those who call to sit with him ; and, unless you go to him suitably clad, he will not represent you in as pleasing a manner as you may desire. Through Mr Mayall, he has given to his lady and gentlemen friends the following

"SUGGESTIONS FOR DRESS.

"LADIES are informed that dark silks and satins are best for dresses; shot silk, checked, striped, or figured materials are good, provided they be not too light. The colours to be avoided are white, light blue, and pink. The only dark material unsuited is black velvet.

"For GENTLEMEN, black, figured, check, plaid, or other fancy vests and neckerchiefs are preferable to white.

"For CHILDREN, plaid, striped, red, or figured dresses."

Thus does King Camera prescribe his Court costume.

You will perceive, by the above, that the chief tabooed colour is white ; so that, although *we* may regard

" A maiden in the day
" When first she wears her orange flower,"

as being dressed in as becoming and interesting an attire as it may be possible for a young lady to assume, yet, you see, our friend Camera is of a different opinion, and would even prefer seeing the young lady clad in a suit of solemn hue. And our friend, who, as you perceive, is rather peculiar in his notions, would make no more of this jessamy bride than he would of the parson who married her ; indeed—as he never approved of the surplice question—he would set the poor parson altogether on one side, and refuse to look at him, unless he came in his black gown—which, as we all know, is the customary clerical court dress. The Photographs of people in white dresses would appear to be the portraits of as many ghosts, and would lead us to echo Dr Johnson's question, " Where do the ghosts procure their clothes ?" A lady may go mad in white satin, and her confidante follow her example in white muslin, on the stage; but, if they were to present themselves in that plight before our friend Camera, he would have nothing to do with them.

You should be especially careful, therefore, when you call upon him; for, as he sees you, so will he represent you.

CHAPTER VI.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A LOVE LIGHT.

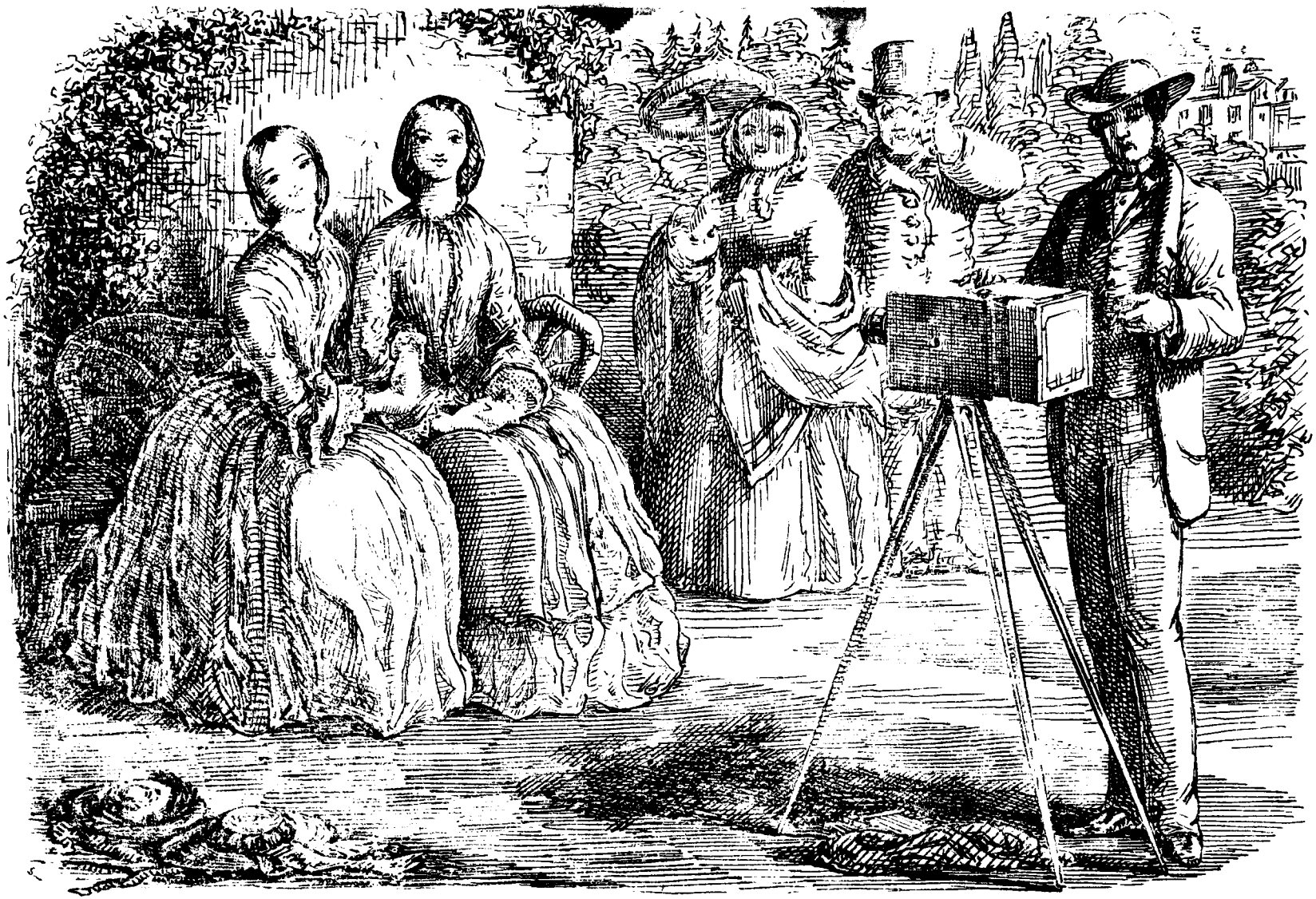
AMONG the many pleasures to be derived from Photography, not the least is the pleasure that springs from Love. One of the loveliest of arts bases half its charms on Love. One of the most engaging of sciences appeals most strongly to those who are "engaged."

I can imagine professional Photographists looking upon engaged couples with more speculation in their eyes than Macbeth saw in Banquo's ghost, and regarding affianced people as their best customers. I can fancy the soliloquies of these professional individuals when ladies and gentlemen come to sit to them for their portraits—"brooch or locket size." Those few words would tell tales of plighted vows, and twilight talk, and murmured nonsense, dearer far than all rational conversation. They would hint at the destination of the portraits—more particularly of the gentleman's; and the prospect of its some day being supplanted by the original. Who would not be a Photograph "brooch or

locket size," to lie pillowed by so fair a bosom—clasped to so warm and loving a heart!

Ask Jenny Jones what present—next to a plain gold ring—she should prefer receiving from Edward Morgan, with whom she has been "keeping company," and she will tell you that, of all things, she should dearly love to have his "daggerotype." Ask the Hon. Captain Blank, who went out with the Guards to the Crimea, what part of his baggage he set most store by, and he would tell you,—supposing that he ever breathed such a secret—that a small red morocco case, containing a Collodion portrait of the girl he left behind him, was valued by him above gold and precious stones. And yet, neither of these portraits would appear particularly bewitching to an uninterested spectator. Betsy Smith would see nothing in the first; and Lieutenant Bray (of the 199th Incompetents) would only look on the other, and drawl out "Aw—aw, gad!"

It must happen, that, in Photography, Love shall be more potent than Vanity, for the Camera speaks the truth, and Vanity cannot always bear to hear it spoken. What, besides Love, is it that gives the charm to that Photographic portrait, in which you and I can see no grace or beauty, and which we view with mingled feelings of disgust and derision? What is it that lends to that unearthly, sallow-complexioned, sour-visaged countenance that you and I see staring us in the face from the shiny Daguerreotype plate, or the Calotype paper,—what is it that lends to those dismal, dreary features an interest, which, in the eyes of some who look thereon, will call up hot scalding tears, and



ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.— VISITING COUNTRY HOUSES AND CALOTYPING ALL THE ELIGIBLE DAUGHTERS.

LONDON T. McLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET

make their hearts beat with a quicker throb? What, besides Love?

You and I may be tempted to smile at those smudgy, bleared, and spotted Calotypes; but others see in them the shadows of dear ones, passed away but not forgotten, and the light of love is shed around them, and invests them with a grace and beauty not their own.

By the aid of Photography, the mother again gazes on her sailor-boy lost at sea. Again she sees his frank and noble face; she can almost hear his hearty, cheering voice. He is lost to her; and that Daguerreotype is all that she has to keep before her his never-to-be-forgotten features.

The widower holds before him the likeness of her who was his wife. It is a Calotype, and was but the work of an amateur; and yet, how he values it! Upon the wall hangs another portrait of her; it was painted by a skilful artist, but it has the artist's conventional face, his conventional attitude, his conventional background. How it sinks in interest before that little Calotype! In it the husband sees the living likeness of his wife. There are her features, transferred to the paper in a happy moment of magic; there are those tender eyes that turned to him in life and death; there are those lips that never spake an unloving word; there is that brow that was never clouded by doubt or distrust. She lives before him again; she is snatched once more from the tomb, and he is permitted to gaze upon her for a time. Amid the blinding tears of recollected love, he presses the portrait to his lips, and speaks to it with child-like affection. And yet it is but a Calotype!

A young girl in the full spring-tide of her beauty, but wan and pale with untimely sorrow, hangs sadly over a miniature—the Photograph of an officer. She was betrothed to him, and, was looking happily forward to the day when they should be united, when he was suddenly called upon to fight the battles of his country. He has fallen like a hero, and she will never look upon him again on this side the grave. Yet there, in that shadowy likeness, he stands before her. Once more can she drink—in the light of those eyes that are now glazed in death: once more can she gaze upon that manly form, that now, hacked and torn by Russian shot and sword, sleeps cold and stiff in death, in a trench before Sebastopol. God help her! for she needs his help. Her earthly idol is shattered in the dust, and the picture of its greatness is all that is before her.

Shadows of the dear departed, lost to us for ever! the Camera gives you back to life, and bids you live in something more than memory.

CHAPTER VII.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AN AMATEUR LIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHY is, of all others, the science for amateurs. It is equally adapted for ladies and gentlemen, which cannot be said of the generality of sciences.

Take Geology, for instance. You don't find ladies—at least, not many young ones—going about with hammers, and tapping, like so many auctioneers, on tables of red-rock sandstone; or poking into tertiary stratas, or silurian formations; or chipping off bits of mountain limestone and millstone grit; or turning out of the lias and oolite Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri, and Megalosauri, and Hylœosauri, and all sorts of sauris; and bringing home stones enough to set up a pavior in business. It is only gentlemen who do these things; it is only the harder sex who are thus stony-hearted; and the softer sex show no love for Geology, notwithstanding that Hood says, in reference to the science, "*Hammer* vincit omnia."

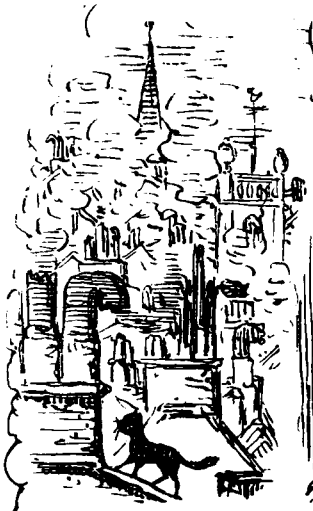
Then, again, with regard to Entomology, which, at first sight, might be regarded as a feminine-ology. I remember, once in Hampshire, going out with three unmarried ento-

mological ladies, to sugar trees for butterflies. We started at the dead of night; we were armed with dark lanthorns and butterfly-nets; we penetrated into the very midst of the New Forest; and there we were, for hours—yes, for hours—sugaring trees! Need I say, that the maiden ladies were *old* maidens, and that their conduct was above suspicion? But could *young* maidens have done these things? I don't think they could.

Then, there are some sciences, the mastery of which brings but little *eclat* either to the lady or gentleman amateur. For instance—if a gentleman takes up Chemistry, does it add to his attractions in the sight of womankind?—does it make him more popular with the young ladies of his acquaintance? Not a bit of it. If he comes to Mary Anne, and says, "My dearest love, congratulate me! I have discovered that the bismuth of oxygen will explode on contact with the hyper-sulphate of bromide!" does the dearest love do more than say "Indeed!" and open its dearest loves of eyes, and wonder what on earth it's Alfred is talking about? Don't young ladies, generally, look upon amateur chemists as gentlemen who are perpetually perfumed with horrible essences; and blow themselves up over refractory mortars; and have a general aspect of scientific seediness spread over their clothes, linen, and person; and go about with clouded nails; and love to talk of Faraday;*

* Unless my memory is treacherous, Macbeth said to Banquo "So foul a Faraday I have not seen." If so, it would perhaps prove that there was, even in that day, a distinguished Chemist of that name, who was celebrated for his chemical uncleanness.

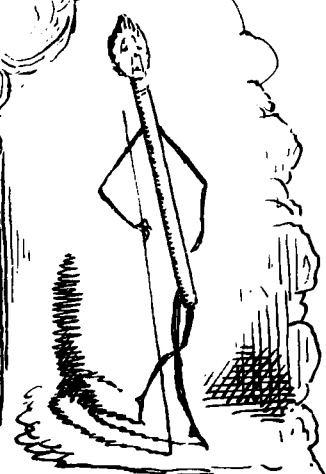
PHOTOGRAPHIC FACETIÆ.



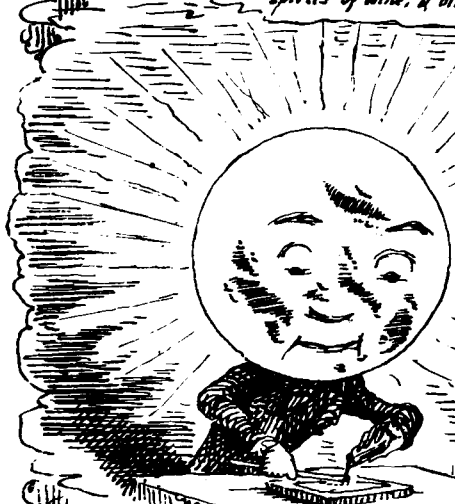
DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT from a Daguerre=otype Studio.

ANYTHING BUT A JOKE!

Boasting to a friend of your unusual caution with your Chemicals, & opening your Photographic cupboard to find the stopper blown out of your Collodion bottle,— the cotton giving out dense red fumes of nitrous acid,- ether, spirits of wine, & other inflammable materials being near.

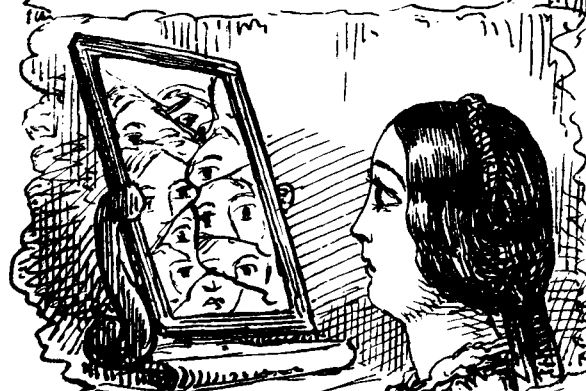


GLASS ROD - at the Court of King Camera. N.B. Of equal importance with the Rods and Sticks of other Courts.



THE SUN TAKES UP LIGHT-PAINTING, AND GETS SOME SPOTS ON HIS FACE.

CAPITAL DEVELOPING AGENTS.



A REFRACTING GLASS

AN EXCITED COLLODION. A FIXING COATING.

LONDON. T. McLEAN. 26. HAYMARKET.

and delight not in waltzing; and project experiments instead of pic-nics; and entertain their friends with laughing-gas; and think that knocking you down by an electric shock is one of the finest jokes in the world?

And if a young *lady* should take up Chemistry as a scientific pursuit, it is all over with her! She must either end her days as a vestal virgin, or else, finish herself up with a Philosopher.

No. The only way in which your young lady amateur can take up Chemistry, is, when it has been married to Mr Photography. When made part and parcel of that delightful art, what a different aspect does the stern science assume! Its abracadabra of mystical terms then becomes a pleasing jargon: its experiments are created solely for the production of positives and negatives. Instead of being scouted as the science of seediness, it is chattered about by blooming maidens, and made one of the topics of conversation dealt out by those offensive productions of society, "agreeable rattles." It is allowed to penetrate even the ball-room, and to be "ventilated" in the pauses of the *valse*.

You see, it is not the *complete* science of Chemistry that you are required to be up in, but only that fragment of it that pertains to your favourite pursuit. You do not, as the vulgar say, "go the whole hog," but you content yourself with consulting "Hogg's 'Manual.'" You labour under no apprehension of being nick-named "the chemical young lady," for, if you were cross-examined in the science, you would probably be unable to say why, when you wash your paper with a cunningly-prepared solution of nitrate of silver,

gallic acid, and distilled water, it should render that paper sensitive. You know that it does so; and you rest satisfied. You can produce proper effects—by the aid of your manual; and you can talk about the chemical processes as though you fully understood them; and, pray, what need is there for more?

And yet, it would be occasionally advantageous to young ladies if they had as much real knowledge of the chemistry of Photography as their talk would lead you to believe. They might then, perchance, avoid the mishap of the beautiful and talented Miss Dash, who had taken up Calotyping, and had produced some very pretty specimens of her skill, but who was so careless of her nitrate of silver that she was not satisfied with staining her fair fingers and almond-shaped nails, but—a rudely inquisitive fly having probably settled upon her damask cheeks and celestial nose—she must even proceed to rub her face with her stained fingers. The natural consequences ensued. Black stains and spots, like to those which occasionally traverse the face of the sun, appeared on the sacred precincts of her countenance, and not all the Kalydor of Rowland could remove them. She looked like a half-washed Othello at some private theatricals.

It was the height of the Season, too, and the very day, of all others, when she wanted all her good looks to attend upon her at Lady Mayfair's *soiree dansante.* What was to bo done? cyanogen soap was not invented: so, of course, she could not use it.

"I must take you to Squills, my dear," said her mamma;

A PHOTOGRAPHIC POSITIVE.

LADY MOTHER (LOQUITUR) "I SHALL FEEL OBLIGED TO YOU, MR. SQUILLS, IF YOU WOULD REMOVE THESE STAINS FROM MY DAUGHTER'S FACE. I CANNOT PERSUADE HER TO BE SUFFICIENTLY CAREFUL WITH HER PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMICALS AND SHE HAS HAD A MISFORTUNE WITH HER NITRATE OF SILVER. UNLESS YOU CAN DO SOMETHING FOR HER, SHE WILL NOT BE FIT TO BE SEEN AT LADY MAYFAIR'S TO-NIGHT."

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY T. MC'LEAN.

"he is a clever chemist, and may devise some means to drive away your black looks."

So the young lady put on her thickest veil, and leaning well back in the carriage, was driven to the chemist's shop, where Mr Squills speedily administered consolation to the fair sufferer in the shape of cyanide of potassium. And, when the church-bells of London had proclaimed (by no means unanimously) that it wanted but one hour to midnight, Miss Dash, in all her accustomed beauty, might have been seen a fair unit among the fashionable throng who were elbowing and squeezing their way up Lady Mayfair's staircase.

It is since the date of this young lady's mis(s)-adventure that cyanogen soap has been invented. If Mrs Johnson's Soothing Syrup is "a real blessing to mothers"—a statement which we altogether discredit—much more might cyanogen soap be described as a real blessing to amateur Photographers. For it is chiefly by amateurs that it is needed. Your professor, who gets his living by the science, can juggle with his chemicals and never put a stain upon his fingers; or, indeed, if he does, he don't seem to care about the stain, but lets it remain there.

But, your dandy gentleman, who is not thoroughly *au fait* at his work, and your enthusiastic young lady amateur, who, in her enthusiasm, has dabbled and splashed her nitrate of silver over her lily white hands, has to get those hands into presentible condition for the seven o'clock dinner; and, to her, a cake of cyanogen soap comes as acceptably as sunshine would have come the other day to a party of be-

draggled revellers whom we saw setting out for a pic-nic in a pleasure-van—the sky of a leaden-colour—the rain pouring in torrents—and a brass band (with the wet in their throats) playing the provokingly-suggestive, yet maddening strain of "Cheer, boys, cheer."

Occasionally, indeed, the young lady amateur will, by a freak of fancy, allow the stains to remain on her hands, and will call your attention to them, as you sit beside her at the dinner-table, or lounge with her in the little inner drawing-room, and will point to them proudly—just as an old Peninsular man would point out to you his wounds and scars. I have always remarked, however, that in cases of this kind the young ladies have hands that might have been stolen from the Medician Venus, and that the black stains—like crows on a field of snow—only serve to set off the dazzling whiteness of the rest of the skin; serving them the same purpose as the patches did by their great grandmothers.

If any Hume-orous person had the curiosity, the skill, and the patience, to draw up statistics of amateur Photography, it would, most likely, be found, that for every lady who stained her fingers at least ten gentlemen would be discovered. The ladies are naturally neater than the rougher sex; and I will venture to say that, if neat-handed Phyllis had been a Calotyper, she would never have nitrate-of-silvered herself, but, her experiments ended, would have brought out her hands as stainless as her character.

It is not long since that I had the privilege to behold a gentleman amateur prepare his iodized paper. He came out of his darkened room and mixed in a tea-cup a considerable

dose of "the mixture as before:" we must not say in what the mixture consisted, for all your swell amateurs are mysterious on this point, and affect great secresy in the concoction of their exciting fluid. But whatever it may have been, nitrate of silver had entered largely into its composition; and there it was in the tea-cup.

Several of the amateur's children (he had his quiver full of them) were in the room; strictly were they cautioned not to touch the tea-cup; and, in order further to guard it, the amateur placed his hat over it. He then retired to his dark room; while his children, regarding the hat as a Bogey, sought relief in out-door play.

At this critical point, the footman entered to say that the farm-bailiff wanted to see the master directly; upon which urgent summons, the amateur, forgetting his caution to others, hastily snatched up his hat, and placed it upon his head. The contents of the tea-cup were overturned into the lining; and, as the amateur was not at first aware of the disaster, the developing fluid gradually ran down upon his head. It was bald!

The result was a skin skull-cap—"dark as Hudibras" (as we once heard a Mr. Malaprop say)—and the amateur well nigh scalped himself before he could prevail upon his poor bald head to resume its normal aspect.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AN ARISTOCRATIC LIGHT.

LADY BLANCHE HYEMS (Lord Wynterley's daughter), assures me, that she considers Photography to be *par excellence* THE scientific amusement of the higher classes. And, I fully believe what her ladyship says.

For the present at any rate, Photography has the patronage of aristocratic—may we not add, Royal?—amateurs. It has not yet become *too* common; nor, indeed, is it likely to become so. The *profanum vulgus* keep aloof from it; it is too expensive a pastime for the commonalty. And, whatever the progress of invention may do towards cheapening the apparatus required by the Photographer, yet, I am inclined to believe that, at present, it is only people with long purses, who can afford to take up Calotyping as an amusement. And, more than this, it is only people with plenty of spare time on their hands who can afford to turn their attention to it. And I therefore think that Lady Blanche was right, when she pronounced Photography to be a scientific pastime peculiar to the higher

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE.

ELDERLY FEMALE [*WHO IS NOT USED TO THESE NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS.*] "O SIR! "PLEASE SIR! DONT, FOR GOODINESS SAKE, *FIRE*, SIR!" ——

LONDON. T. MC'LEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

classes ; since it seems to specially address itself to those who have the time and money to spend upon it.

It is all very well for my Lord, or the Squire, who are occasionally *ennuied* for the lack of amusement, to seek, in Calotyping, relief from their magisterial, landlordial, and other duties. It is all very well for people who think the purchase of " a mahogany folding camera, of best construction ; with double combination Achromatic lens, mounted in brass front, with rackwork adjustment, sliding front, suitable for views 10in. by 8in., and portraits 8½in. by 6½in."— it is all very well for persons who think the purchase of such a piece of furniture as this, a mere fleabite ; and can give their twenty-one guineas for it, with no more trouble to themselves, than the trouble it costs them to fill up the cheque.

It is all very well for those people to take up Calotyping, who can buy any number of gallons of nitrate of silver, without having to pinch for it afterwards, or to squeeze it out of the butcher's bill. It is all very well for such as can afford it, to devote themselves to so attractive and amusing science as Photography. But the case is widely different, when applied to such people as Tom Styles the ingenious mechanic, or Mr Gibus the chemical-minded hatter, or poor old Pounce the attorney's clerk—all of whom, most probably, have to support wives and numerous pledges of affection, and cannot afford to gratify the bent of their inclinations either by the first expenditure in apparatus, or in the continual expense incurred by experimentalising. If the first outlay was all that was required, Photography would not then

fall so heavily upon a light purse; but, the science demands of its votaries an expensive—and, often, a tedious—apprenticeship, before it dubs them Masters of the Art.

Again ; it is all very well that Photography should be undertaken by those amateurs who have time to follow up their experiments,—who can pack up their camera (snugly prepared for travelling in its leather sling case), and can drive off with it to the desired spot ; who can send it on by their servants, and ride to the place to meet it, and find all prepared for them. This is all very well, and very fine, and very encouraging.

But to those, who have to pack up their cameras and their tripod stands,—and carry them, as best they may,—and walk with them on their shoulders under a blazing July sun, the aspect of photographic affairs becomes decidedly altered. And, when the difficulties of securing the negatives are safely accomplished, when they reach home (very likely), the house is so full, that they cannot get a room (much more, a dark room) to themselves. Even their "Studys" may not be preserved inviolate; and the children get in, and disarrange the papers, and open the drawers that ought to be kept shut, and spoil their frocks with the chemicals, and play the very Bear with the apparatus in general. And then the Housemaid comes, and makes confusion worse confounded, by attempting to "put things tidy." And, when the photographers want dishes and cold water all in a hurry, they can't get them : and so, their positives don't turn out well, and they get disheartened.

But, your true aristocratic amateur, who can afford both

WHAT IT HAS COME TO

THE PLEASURES OF PHOTOGRAPHING IN THE BOSOM OF YOUR FAMILY ~
A RUDE DESIGN FOR A DOMESTIC FRESCO.

[PATER FAMILIAS, HAVING BEEN CALLED AWAY FOR A FEW MINUTES, HIS CHILDREN EMBRACE THE FAVOURABLE OPPORTUNITY, TO EXTEND THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS.]

WHAT IT MAY COME TO!

OR - *THE BRITISH NURSERY IN* 1865.

LONDON. Published by T. McLean.

time and money, delights in having a Photographic room fitted up for his own delectation, wherein he can pursue his Calotyping without let or hindrance. To the windows, he will have an ingenious system of shutters, so as to enable him to exclude daylight, or admit it, at a moment's notice: and he will also have a screen of trebled yellow calico, to make that "dim, religious light," which Photographers occasionally love. He will have lamps almost as wonderful as Aladdin's; glass spirit lamps, brass spirit lamps, camphine lamps, argand lamps, lanterns with yellow glass shades, gas jets with metal chimney and gauze,—and, if it were needed, he could doubtless come out, like Vauxhall on a gala night, with "ten thousand additional lamps."

He will have ornamental jars, which will turn out to be filters and holders of distilled water—much purer and sweeter than that of the "silvery Thames." He will have bowls and pans of white china, and dishes of porcelain, cool in look and refreshing to the eye. His chemical solutions will be arranged on shelves, ready to be handled at the word of command. His fixing solutions, and his developing solutions for negatives and positives, will all be in lipped bottles. He will have zinc trays, and washing pans, and all the latest fashions in baths,—glass baths, porcelain baths, gutta percha baths.

Close at hand he will have quires of bibulous paper, and all the luxuries of his art;—soft camel's-hair brushes,—glass filtering funnels, ribbed inside,—glass syringes to take up definite quantities of solutions,—glass dippers,—German beaker glasses, and plenty of brass pins. To the shelves

around, will be pinned sheets of paper for drying ; and there will be dark drawers to receive them when they are iodized, and made sensitive. As the aristocratic amateur will be fond of experiments, he will try the rival merits of the various Photographic papers, and will keep sheets of each :—Turner's, Whatman's, Bland and Long's, Canson *frères*, Towgood's, Sandford's, Nash's, Papier Joseph,—on all of which he will operate in their turn, according to the requirements of the particular process he may have taken in hand. He will also treat himself to the French reversing frames with their hinged backs, to allow him to see the progress of the picture; and he will procure any new invention that he sees advertised in the ' Times,' or ' Notes and Queries,' or the ' Photographic Journal,' or any other paper that is a " medium " for Photographers. Within his reach, and hung upon their separate hooks, will be an abundant supply of clean linen rags, and pieces of wash leather; and there will be a towel-horse laden with a snowy burden of cloths.

On one side of the room, there will be an oaken chest, marked with the owner's name, and painted with the terrific legend " *Glass—with care—this side uppermost.*" This is our aristocratic amateur's travelling box. If you will open the lid, you will see that its space is economised in a way that would make the proprietors of emigrant vessels pale with envy. You will perceive, that everything lies in as snug a compass as possible ; that the iodides, and nitrates, and hypo-sulphites, and glacial acetic and gallic acids, and all the other solutions, are not allowed to interfere with each other; but, you will observe, that there are little nests

for the individual bottles, which, like the little birds, may "in their little nests agree," without fighting and breaking each other's heads; and, that everything—even to the scales and weights—is laid in order, and can be produced whenever their Caliph master shall clap his hands for their appearance. You will also find, that the oblong mahogany box called the Camera, will, at a touch and a pull, fall to pieces, like a pantomime scene, and will fold up flat: and, that its three lanky legs will unscrew, and consent to accommodate themselves—like omnibus passengers,—to the limited dimensions of the box in which they are compelled to travel.

Being thus provided, whenever our aristocratic amateur goes by rail or road to visit his other aristocratic friends, his Calotype chest forms, as a matter-of-course, a part of his luggage. He reaches Whatdyecallit Castle a full hour before dinner; the Calotype chest is opened,—the camera mounted,—the three spidery legs produced to their full length; and, by the time that the first bell has rung, our amateur has secured a very good Garden-front, and North-wing.

This gives him favour in the eyes of them that sit at meat.

CHAPTER IX.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A NEGATIVE LIGHT.

THERE are some things that Photography can do, and some things that it cannot.

Photography cannot make clouds—except with the aid of indian-ink or iodide of potassium; and, even then, the clouds are an imposition, though a Buckle, or a Sir William Newton may execute them. It cannot give atmospheric effects; it cannot (as yet, at least) give the colours of nature; it cannot give the proper force of blues, bright reds, and yellows; it cannot properly get over the matter of greens—it cannot say with Mrs Bagnet, in 'Bleak House,' "them greens is off my mind!" but, above all, Photography cannot fudge.

This is the greatest glory of the science: this is the cause of its rivalry with artists. When Mr Ruskin (in his 'Lectures') wishes to speak in the highest terms of his friends the Pre-Raphaelites, he says, their crowning glory is that their enemies have accused them of painting from Photographs. Photographs don't fudge; the Pre-Raphaelites

HOW TO PROCURE A PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE.

TAKE ANY VILLAGE, AND, IN ITS VICINITY, SELECT A FIELD THROUGH WHICH THERE IS A PUBLIC WAY. FOCUS YOUR VIEW, AND MAKE ALL READY FOR THE NEGATIVE. WHILE THE PROCESS IS GOING ON, TAKE YOUR SEAT UPON THE NEXT STILE [THE MORE DISTANT THE BETTER,] AND LOSE YOURSELF IN THE LEADERS OF "THE TIMES": YOU WILL THUS BE GIVING AN OPPORTUNITY TO CHILDREN OF A SPECULATIVE TURN OF MIND, TO SOLVE THEIR DOUBTS AS TO WHAT YOUR CAMERA REALLY CONTAINS. AT THE EXPIRATION OF 20 MINUTES SHUT UP YOUR TIMES, AND RETURN TO YOUR CAMERA. WHEN YOU TAKE OUT YOUR SLIDE, YOU WILL FIND THAT YOU HAVE SECURED A MOST EXCELLENT NEGATIVE.

LONDON T. McLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

don't fudge; all other artists (except Turner!) *do* fudge—that is the substance of Mr Ruskin's argument. And, certainly, there is much truth in the statement.

The fact is, the public like fudge; and artists (who are but men, after all) have pandered to the public taste, and have doctored Dame Nature after the most approved mannerisms. It is sad to think what indignities that respectable old lady has had to bear at their hands. Now, she has the lines of her face all drawn out of place; now, she has all her limbs put out. At one time, a mass of rocks are dragged in front of her to make a foreground; at another time, parts of her are conveyed bodily into other parts, or else, are taken away altogether. On one occasion she is so dressed up that even her most intimate friends fail to recognise her; on another occasion she is stripped of all her graceful coverings, and made to appear before the public in a most improper condition. But Photography treats Nature with that minute care and attention which is her due.

It is recorded of old Astley (of the Amphitheatre) that he once violently harangued his scene-painter for representing (in a scene of a military trophy) a drum with only one head. "But, Sir," remonstrated the scene-painter, "according to the rules of perspective, you could only see one head to the drum." "What have I to do with perspective," said the unlettered proprietor: "I pays you for painting and not for perspective. Every drum in my establishment has got two heads, and with two heads it shall be painted!"

Old Astley was wrong, and his scene-painter was quite right in ingeniously covering the one end of the drum with

the drapery of a trumpet, so that when he was asked "Where's the other end of the drum?" he could reply, "Behind that drapery." But, had not old Astley the true Photographic, Pre-Raphaelite, No-fudge principle strong within him? To *his* eyes the drum had two ends; it must, therefore, be so represented on the canvas whether it looked right or wrong, well or ill; to depict it otherwise was (to him) fudge.

But, paradoxical as it may seem to say so—though the Camera cannot fudge, it cannot always appear to be truthful. Take that portrait of Miss Brownjones, and you will find her hands to be of Brobdignagian dimensions. How was this? She had neglected to place them on a line with her chin, and, consequently, they were brought too near to the Camera.

Look also at this landscape. That tree, to the right, is out of all proportion; and the lines in that house, to the left, converge in a way not seen in the originals. These parts were "out of focus," and the Camera could not manage them. The French seem to get over this difficulty better than we do, if we may judge from the splendid specimens of the Calotyped exteriors of their finest edifices

The distortion of the Photographic picture arises from the lens of the Camera being of a convex shape, in order that the object might be diminished to the size of the plate, and that the rays of light might be duly concentrated. As a natural consequence of this convex shape of the lens, those parts of the sitter that come nearest to the apex of the lens will be enlarged: so that even Daniel Lambert (if he could

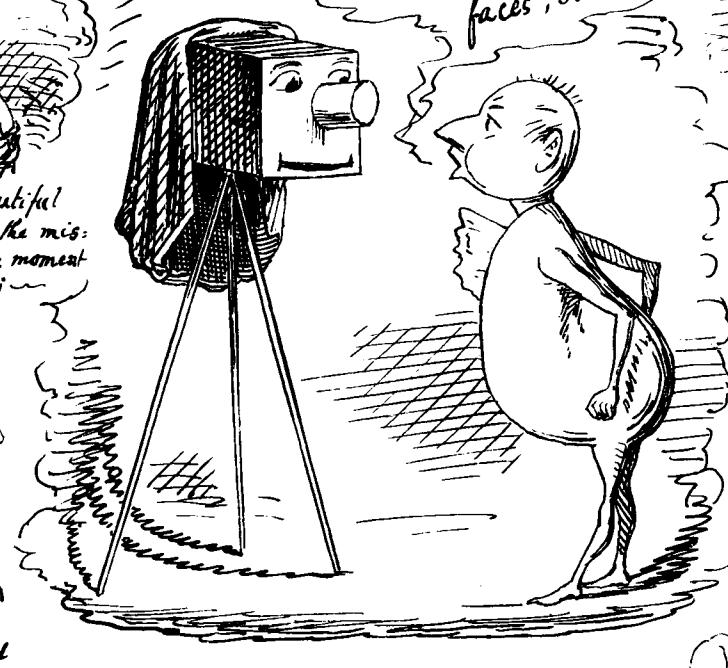
PHOTOGRAPHIC FACES.

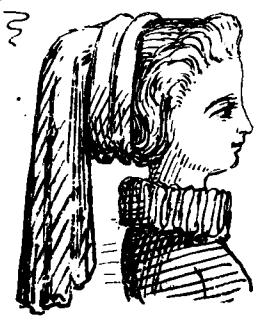
Brown sees his face in the Glass & thinks himself rather an agreeable looking fellow

Brown sees his face in the Negative. His second thoughts are by no means the best.

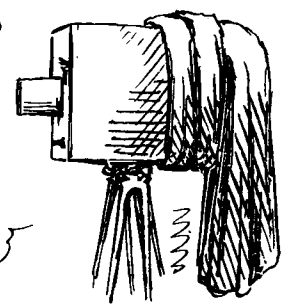
Portrait of a very beautiful young Lady, who had the misfortune to sneeze at the moment of the removal of the cap.

Portrait of a very unsteady young Gentleman

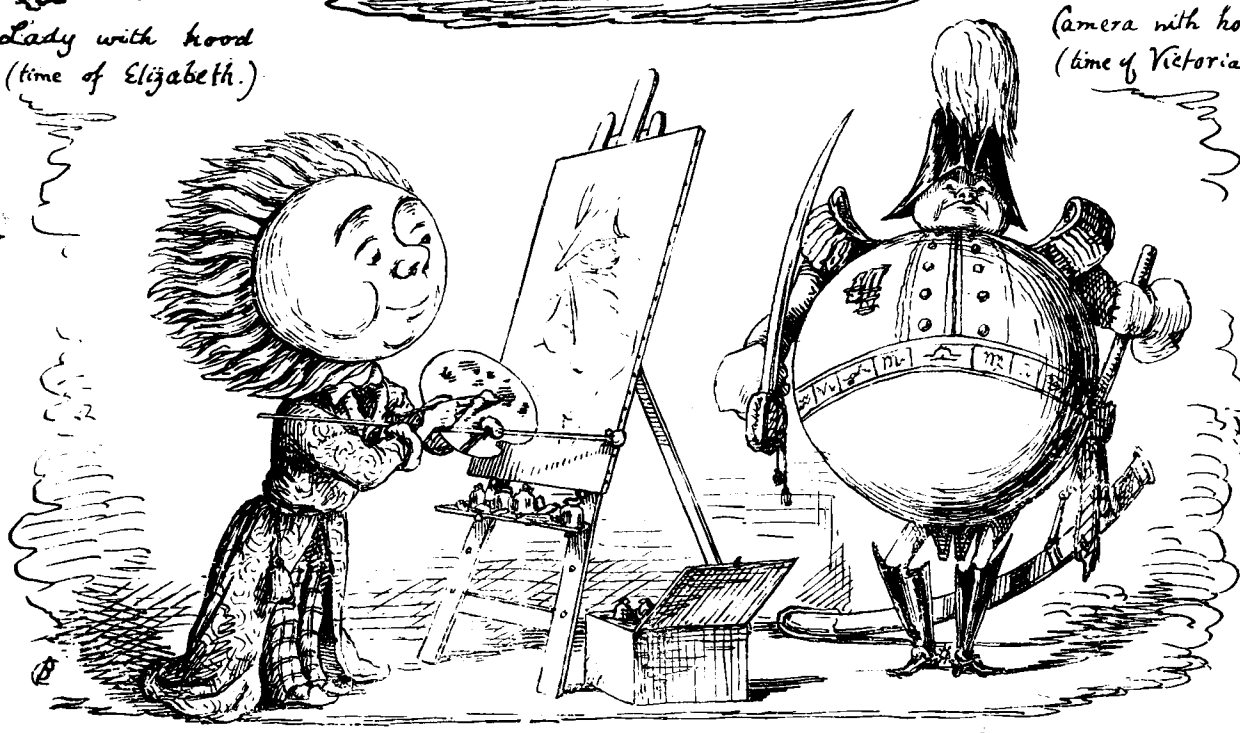




Lady with hood (time of Elizabeth.)



Camera with hood (time of Victoria)



PHŒBUS APOLLO PORTRAIT PAINTER TO THE GENERAL EARTH.

have sat for his Daguerreotype,) would have come forth on the plate with a double allowance of fat beneath his waistcoat.

The "Negative" in Photography may be considered as that state of the science in which, if you assert a thing to be white it affirms it to be black, and if you say it is black it immediately points out to you that it is white. The "Negative," in fact, represents all the lights to be darks, and *vice versa*. Thus when our friend Brown gazes at his reflexion in the Photographer's mirror, he perceives very clearly that his hair and his coat are of a darker tint than his face, and that his shirt-front and collar are far whiter and lighter than either. And yet, when Brown comes to behold his face in the negative—he sees himself—though not as in the glass—darkly; and he perceives himself to be a grey-headed nigger, with light shadows to his face, wearing a white dress-coat, with a black shirt and collar; and Brown forthwith imagines that he has been magically transformed to the Black Prince, or, at any rate, into Uncle Tom.

Nor is Brown in any way soothed when the Photographer observes to him—with a self-satisfied smirk which Brown by no means admires—"You are coming out famously, Sir! You are developing most beautifully!" Brown doesn't know what the man means by "developing," but, having heard something about the theory of Development in connection with Dr Newman's name, he loftily replies, "*I'm* no Puseyite, Sir!" hissing out that terrible epithet with all the fervour of an Exeter-hall theologian. And the poor little Photographer opens his eyes in wonder at the absence of lucidity in Brown's reply, and the black look that accompanies his negative.

CHAPTER X.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A POSITIVE LIGHT.

THERE are some things that Photography *can* do. Imprimis, Photography can tell the truth ; although, as I have said, it cannot always *appear* to be truthful. But, then, we know that truth itself does not always look like the truth.

When Mrs Mooney wished to decorate the Frontispiece to her " Travels in Cloudland," with a representation of her own frontispiece, did she patronise Photography? Not a bit of it. She knew very well that it would not flatter her; that it would not tone down her aquiline nose, or enlarge her elephantine eye, or omit the wart on her cheek. So she went to Mr Hayter—(like Dr Johnson, she could thenceforth say, " Sir, I like a good Hayter !")—and he took off her head in his usual fascinating manner. It is true that she paid for the pretty sketch some twenty-nine guineas more than she would have given for the Photograph; but, is not beauty dirt cheap at the price ? What woman is so far superior to personal vanity as to prefer sending out

her face to the public with all its warts and defects, when she is able to go before the world with a pleasing countenance ?

Do you think that, when I go to call on old Lady Gorgon, in Medusa square, and beg of her ladyship that she will be so obliging as to show me her portrait,—do you think that she exhibits to me her Daguerreotype by Beard? ("*By* Beard," did I say ? rather, ought I not to say "*with* Beard?" for it represents the poor old lady with as many hairs on her chin, as a billy-goat.) Do you imagine for an instant, that she would show me this shiny portrait, which (and no blame to Mr Beard) makes all her plainness plainer, and brings out her defects in the strongest possible light ; or that she would take me into her dining-room, and point to a certain piece of canvas on which Mr Frank Grant has depicted in his most fascinating style, a most fascinating female figure, in whose gracefully aristocratic beauty there dimly lurks a resemblance to the gaunt Lady Gorgon.

Can you, my dear lady readers, can you lay your hands upon your stays—I mean upon your hearts—and say, that you would prefer to be represented by Beard and Claudet to Hayter and Grant ? Could you say this, and not blush with the conviction that you were telling an abominable fib? Photography feels quite "positive" that you could not.

Nitrate of silver is the chief agent in the Positive process. Silver, indeed, is a chief agent in most processes where anything positive is desired. It can mitigate the miseries of the Custom-house,—secure the politeness of

railway officials and box-keepers,—gain for us the inspection of the mysterious treasures of show-houses, and show-places, both sacred and profane,—and, in short, is the Open Sesame which every band of Forty Thieves has made its watch-word.

The Positive process is like the process of unfortunate generals, and unsuccessful tradesmen, for it is nothing else but a succession of reverses. But, singular to say, the Photographer regards these reverses as so many successes, and looks for a reverse as anxiously and eagerly as a poor author looks for a cheque. In Photography, as well as in life, you may be pretty sure that when you meet with a reverse, you will be still further screwed down, and will have your sensitive side brought in contact with everything that looks black and gloomy. And, yet, if you will allow the light to shine through the dark, you will find, that, in your Positive reverse, there has taken place a decided action which has changed to brightness all your shades of gloom.

Æsop tells us, in a fable, of a certain man who bought an Uncle Tom servant, and endeavoured to scrub him white, under the impression that the blackness of his skin arose from the neglect of his former master; and Æsop further tells us that these insane sanitary measures were altogether unsuccessful. But, to put a positive black into a bath, is a very different thing to putting into a bath a black Positive,—equally as much as a horse-chesnut is altogether dissimilar to a chesnut horse. And, when you put your black Positive into your bath, and let him be

EXCITING FOR THE SENSITIVE.

OUTRAGED PROTECTIONIST *(WHOSE IDEAS HAVE NOT BEEN "DEVELOPED" IN PRO-PORTION WITH THOSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY)*—"HOI! YOU THERE! JLLO! OI'LL " TEACH YOU WOT IT IS TO BRING YER THEODDERLITE 'ERE, AND COME " A MEASURIN' FOR RAILROADS ON MY LAND! "

LONDON: T. MCLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

there—it may be a quarter of an hour—it may be five or six hours,—and scrub him well with hypo-sulphite, and then wash him "repeatually" (as Mrs Gamp would say),—and then leave him to soak in clean water for some couple of hours,—and then carefully put him in a warm place to dry (we will say nothing about the ironing, as that might mangle him),—why, then, you will find that your black Positive, unlike your positive black, has really lost colour and has had his countenance reduced to the desired tint.

If the fabulous sanitarian, mentioned by Æsop, had lived in these later times, he would have undoubtedly been a Photographer; for then his passion for cleanliness might have been carried out to its fullest extent, and rewarded with a more immediate success then attended him in the ablutions of his black servant. Perhaps, in no science, is cleanliness so necessary as in the delightful science of Photography, where, if you fail in one step, you fall short of the goal, and where you must be a perfect Pharisee in your washings if you wish to attain excellence. I will leave it to others to say if there is any significance in the fact, that the same Victorian era that gave birth to Photography, also produced Baths and Wash-houses.

There is one very positive thing about Photography, and that is, the power that the Camera positively possesses, of receiving any amount of images. Here, the Camera can even go beyond the great naval hero, who, just before his crowning fight, cried "Westminster Abbey, or Victory!" for it can gain a victory over Westminster Abbey. For, before any images can be received by the Abbey, you

must—as was seen in the case of Campbell's statue—pay down a larger sum of money than, perhaps, the original image cost. But, the Camera receives an image at a much cheaper rate than the Chapter

Which ends *this* Chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A DETECTIVE LIGHT.

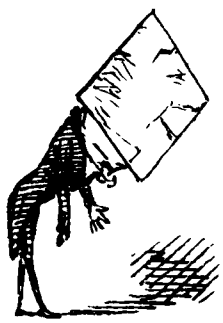
It will be remembered by the friends of Mr Pickwick, that, when that immortal gentleman was conveyed to the Fleet, in the delicate matter of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," his first intimation of his being a prisoner, was, by his having to undergo the ceremony of "sitting for his Portrait;" which ceremony consisted in the Turnkeys making a careful inspection of Mr Pickwick's person and features. This was a method of taking mental Daguerreotypes which proved highly disagreeable to Mr Pickwick; and has doubtless given pain to many others. But, as the world grows older, it grows wiser in refining methods; and so, this system of portrait-painting, has, since Mr Pickwick's time, been greatly improved.

Late in the year 1852, the 'Revue Génève' stated, that the Department of Justice and Police were authorised by the Federal Council to incur the charge of photographing the portraits of those persons who broke the laws by mendicancy in those cantons where they had no settlement.

The verbal descriptions which had been heretofore relied on, were found to be insufficient for the identification of the offenders; the features of the beggars, beggared description.

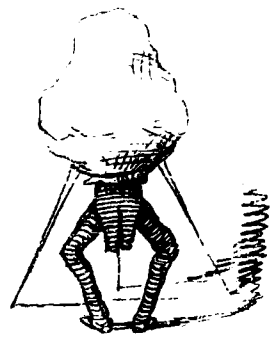
The reformation, which had thus begun in Geneva, soon spread to France and England, and was warmly adopted by the authorities of Scotland Yard, who, in the most friendly spirit, received and recognised Photography as an able Detective. By its aid, the Force started a new paper called the 'Illustrated Hue and Cry,' the chief features to which were given through the countenance of that class of gentlemen who find the society of the members of the Police Force so extremely captivating. I have not yet met with a number of this paper, but I should imagine it to be almost as amusing and instructive as Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors." I can imagine its illustrations to depict the same scowling features, the same hang-dog look, the same ruffianly brutality of countenance, the same sensual, hardened, callousness of demeanour, the same illiterate, animal, demoralized, rapscalion set of rascals, as those with which the eyes and feelings of the British public are delighted in that charming Chamber of Horrors; and I would venture to suggest to the Wax-work proprietors, that if a few illustrations, on the principle of those in the 'Illustrated Hue and Cry,' were to be added to their catalogue, it would double the value of that most interesting and entertaining work.

In this used-up age, when the heads of the people have been placed before us, in all kinds of plates, and with every variety of dressing, the formation of a Blackguard's Portrait Gallery would probably be an event that would even make



FANCY PORTRAIT OF DR. DIAMOND.

A SITTING WITH BEARD.



PORTRAIT OF DR. DIAMOND IN HIS YELLOW CALICO BAG.

"LOOK HERE ON THIS PICTURE,

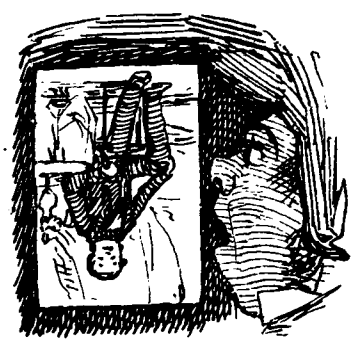
PHOTOGRAPHIC PEOPLE.

AND ON THIS!"

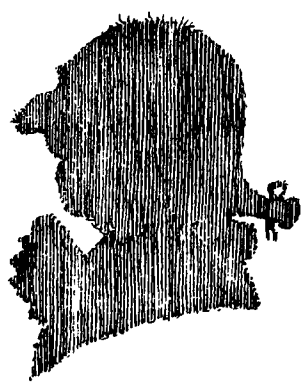
THE HON: MISS HAGGIS, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHALOON, R.A.

THE HON: MISS HAGGIS FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

GEMS FROM THE BLACKGUARD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.



BROWN IS, OF COURSE, NATURALLY ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW SMITH LOOKS IN THE CAMERA.



MR. WEDGEWOOD
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIMSELF

PHOTOGRAPHER. "BE PLEASED TO LOOK STRAIGHT AT ME, SIR!"
SITTER. "WHY, DANG IT, I'VE BIN A DOING SO THESE TEN MINITES!"

LONDON. T. MC LEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

Sir Charles Coldstream's pulse beat to a new sensation. There seems a propriety in assigning a special place in the galleries of England to the portraits of England's blackguards. The old English worthies ought not to be mixed up with the unworthies. We ought not to gaze on the famous and infamous from the same point of observation; we ought not to look on the bad Mr Goode, who ended his days on the scaffold, with the same feelings with which we should regard the portrait of any other good man: we ought not to hang the great Burke side by side with Burke the pitch-plaister murderer. To everything there should be a place; and the Blackguards should take a place by themselves, and that, the lowest.

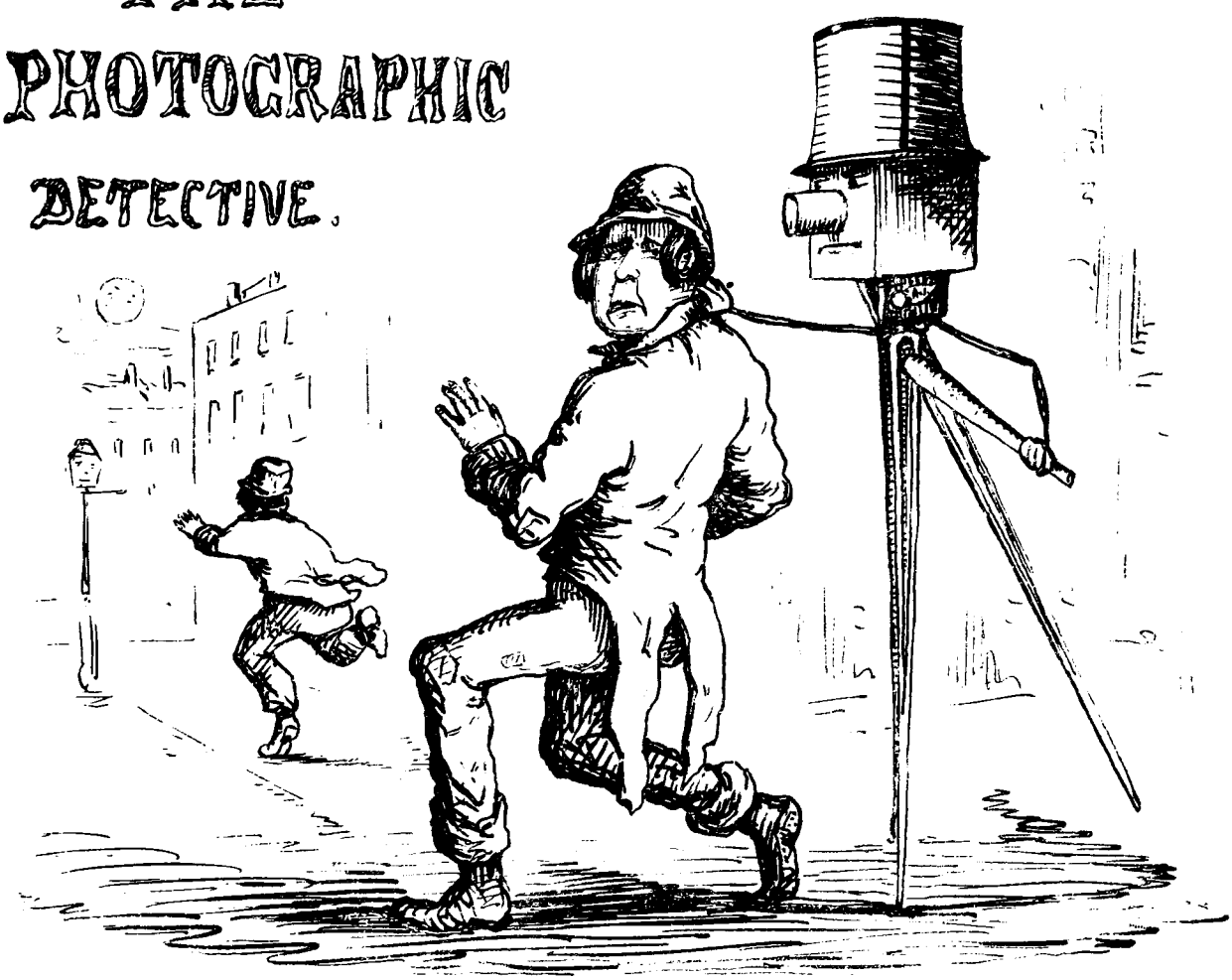
In such an Exhibition, the Burglars would probably form the most attractive part; for it would be but natural for the thieves to "take" the most. The portraits of gentlemen who had committed arson, should be treated in a blaze of colour, in the style of the fiery Venetians. Pickpockets should receive the handling of a Constable; while the murderers would, of course, be hung on the line, and would receive every attention at the hands of the Hanging Committee. Altogether, I do not see why a Blackguard's Portrait Gallery should not succeed. It would have one advantage over other galleries, in not calling people by wrong names. It would not write "the portrait of a gentleman" under the representation of a man who may smile and smile, and yet, be a villain still; while it would probably decimate half the picture galleries in England, if it could claim for its own all who came under the designation of the vulgar and expressive epithet "Blackguard."

I wonder if the blackguard's 'Illustrated Hue and Cry' is still going on. I should suppose that it is, and meeting with the success (*i. e.* the captures) that it deserves; for, even while I write this, I read in the newspapers that the Governor of Bristol Gaol, as soon as a prisoner enters, takes his portrait by the means of Photography, often without the prisoner's knowledge; and that, by the Collodion process, he multiplies his portrait *ad libitum*, and sends out copies to all the gaols in the country, in order to ascertain if the prisoner is known in any of them. This is certainly a novel way of "taking off" a prisoner.

Yet I will venture to suggest to the governors of gaols that their ingenious device is open to certain objections. I make bold to question the supposed infallibility of the Photographic portraits taken by the police authorities; and I am even "free to confess" (as honourable gentlemen say in the House) that certain unpleasant mistakes might probably arise from the system. Let us take a case: that of Mr Priggins, for instance.

Mr Priggins is a constant (though involuntary) visitor at Scotland-yard, where the authorities have been polite enough to Calotype him, free of expense. But is the portrait a satisfactory one?—by no means. For besides the distortion of features that would arise from the slightest error in focussing (your policeman being a cleverer manipulator of rascals than chemicals), Mr Priggins could assume any unusual expression that his cunning might suggest: so that, what with hocussing and focussing, the result (in a detective sense) would be extremely doubtful. But this would not be all.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DETECTIVE.



Photographic Focussing & Hocussing.

MR. PRIGGINS, AS HE APPEARED BEFORE "THE BEAK."

MR. PRIGGINS, AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE CAMERA.

In process of time Mr Priggins would be again WANTED; and indefatigable policeman Z would direct his well-known intelligence to a renewal of his acquaintance with the late sitter's Photographic features. At length, after taking mental Daguerreotypes of nearly every one whose name is not to be found either in the 'Post-office Directory,' or in the 'Court Guide,' indefatigable policeman Z suddenly meets with a "party," the expression of whose features—like that of the young lady who changed the wreath of roses for one of orange blossoms—is "more thoughtful than before," and is marked by the peculiar scowl, or leer, or grin, assumed by Mr Priggins when he made his first appearance as a Photographic hero of the 'Illustrated Hue and Cry.' Indefatigable policeman Z casts a searching look (even as with a bull's-eye) upon the "party:" he draws from his pocket the fatal illustrated paper (which, doubtless, is regarded by many as the undoubted 'Illustrated *Noose*'), a quick reference to the Photographic positive makes him *as* positive regarding the identity of the gentleman before him with the gentleman who is "wanted;" and—after the manner of the stage "heavy-father," whose raddled cheeks are undisturbed by tears, as he exclaims "No! yes!—No! —yes, it *is* my long-lost son!"—so, indefatigable policeman Z flies with open arms (and ready handcuffs) to his unsuspecting victim, whose only crime is, that his innocent features bear some sort of likeness to the "counterfeit resemblance of" the gentleman in difficulties, who, under a prophetic sense of coming danger, had contrived to impose both on the camera and the constable.

So that, after all, you must not be too sure but that your Photographic Positives may sometimes turn out to be Negatives: neither must you imagine that a Royal-road to thief-taking has been discovered through the medium of Photography. The Camera, like the stage, "holds the mirror up to Nature;" but the actor occasionally makes that mirror a distorting one.

CHAPTER XII.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALL MANNER OF LIGHTS.

In whatever light we may regard Photography,—whether we look at it in Mr Stewart's Pantographic Process, or in Dr Wood's Catalissotype Process, or in Mons. Niepce's Heliographic Process, or in Mons. Tardieu's Tardiochromic Process, or in Mons. Daguerre's Daguerreotype Process, or in Mr Fox Talbot's Photogenic Process, or in Mr Talbot's friends' Talbotype Process, or (again) in Mr Talbot's Calotype Process, or in Mr Scott Archer's Collodion Process, or in Mr Crooke's Wax-paper Process, or in Mr Maxwell Lyte's Instantaneous Process, or in Mr Weld Taylor's Iodizing Process, or in Sir David Brewster's Stereoscopic Process, or in Mons. Claudet's Accelerating Process, or in Mr Anybody's Paper Process, or in Sir Wm. Herschel's Photographic Process,—in whatever light, and under whatever alias, we may regard Photography, we cannot but fail to see in it much to interest and amuse. Of its benefit to the human race we can even now form something more than conjectures, by glancing at the variety of its perform-

ances, and the various uses to which the art has already been applied: for the human face divine has by no means monopolised the attentions of our friend Camera.

It has now become a matter for history, that her Majesty was enabled by photographic agency to trace the progress of her people's Palace at Sydenham through every phase of its crystal beauty. Her personal visits, although numerous, would have failed to put the Sovereign in possession of the progressive details of the building; but Mr Philip Delamotte, by a wave of his Enchanter's Wand, could summon up before his Queen the shades of changing and passing forms, and could bid the spirit of the scene to rise before her. Afar from the spot, and in the retirement of her own castled home, the Royal Lady could sit and mark that Crystal Palace springing silently into perfected beauty: like a second Solomon's temple,

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palace the mystic fabric sprung."

How wonderful the art that could achieve such magic as this!

In a like manner to Mr Delamotte did Mr Fenton take Photographic views of the progress of Mons. Vignolle's bridge across the Dnieper at Kieff. Every pile was there, and even every little wave that beat against it. What fairy wonder was ever like to this!

From these cases, it will be obvious, that Photography can be made most serviceable to Engineers and Architects, in illustrating—either for themselves or their employers—

the progress of the works on which they may be engaged. Accurate ideas may thus be obtained of newly-built mansions, churches, or public edifices. Indeed, Estate agents are already awake to the advantages of the art; and, in place of the gaudily-coloured idealities which they were in the habit of exhibiting as the correct representations of the villas and mansions of which they had the disposal, many of them now set before you the less attractive, but more faithful Calotypes. May such truth-telling prosper as it deserves!

Artists and Sculptors, too, can make abundant use of Photography. If Mr Mc'Guilp merely desires a chiaro-scuro study,—instead of keeping his model for hours and paying him accordingly, he can put him before the Camera, and get all his muscular developments in a twinkling. If Mr Chalk is desirous to take a copy of his picture, or Mr Chisel of his statue, before those productions of art leave their respective studios for the galleries of their respected purchasers, what do Messrs Chalk and Chisel do, but call in the aid of our friend Camera.

The proprietors of our great Illustrated Newspaper would tell you that our friend was one of their most valuable contributors; and that he gives them portraits of persons,*

* *The Illustrated London News* for January 6th, 1855, contains a portrait of the late Dr Routh, engraved from a photograph, for which the venerable President of Magdalen sat on his *hundredth* birthday. The photograph of a centenarian, who might have shaken hands with the Pretender, may be taken as a good illustration of the immense strides which Science has made during the past hundred years.

places, and things. Perhaps the day is not far distant, when their paper will receive the greater part of its illustrations through Photographs which have placed the object immediately upon the *wood*, and have been at once engraved, without the intermediate aid (and expense) of the draughtsman, and, of course, with greater claims to accuracy of delineation. In the *Art Journal* for August, 1853, appeared a small wood engraving, being a reduced copy (some twenty-four times less) of Mr Nasmyth's map of the moon, photographed upon the wood in a manner suitable for the graver, by the Rev. St Vincent Beechy, and engraved by Mr Robt. Langton, of Manchester. This is but the first fruits of a harvest, the magnitude and importance of which I may conjecture, but will not pretend to determine.

I need only refer to the Photographs of celebrated line engravings, that the reader may not altogether forget those most lovely specimens of this most lovely art.* It may be that we shall live to see it no uncommon thing for books to be illustrated with genuine Photographs —not that the engraver need despair, for *his* art can never perish.

* I may here mention, as valuable instances of the application of Photography to the Fine Arts, Mr Contencin's copies of portraits in chalks, and Mr Thurston Thompson's copies of the Raphael drawings belonging to Her Majesty.

† I do not here refer to publications consisting *solely* of Photographic pictures—such as Mr Delamotte's "Progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham:" Mr Shaw's "Photographic Studies;" Mr Owen's "Photographic Pictures;" Messrs Fenton and Delamotte's "Photographic Album;" Mr Sedgfield's "Photographic Delinea-

A PHOTOGRAPHER ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

"COME ALONG, BETSY JANE, DO! AND LOOK AT THE MAN WITH THE PEEP-SHOW!"

LONDON. T. McLEAN, 26, HAYMARKET.

There is one use of Photography which may be carried out, and probably *will* be, to a far greater sphere of usefulness than it has yet reached ; and that is, its application to MSS. and catalogues of books. That interminable Catalogue of the British Museum, which seems to be "not for an age, but for all time," and appears as if it would not receive its completion until the Greek Kalends,—might be made of unusual value if it contained small Photographs of the title-pages of its principal works, more particularly the older ones. They manage these things better in France, where they have got the start of us, by illustrating, in the manner just mentioned, the Catalogue of the National Library of Paris. As to old and valuable MSS. which are at present lost to the general world, and accessible only to a few, how many of them might be made public, "in faultless fac-simile, without trouble and expense," merely by an application of our friend Camera! Mr W. J. Thoms, F.S.A., states, that he thus saw two pages of a fine old folio edition of Aldrovandus, with a woodcut on one of them, exquisitely and distinctly copied, though the copy

tions;" Mons. Bisson's "Photographic Copies of Rembrandt," &c., —or even to those Photographic Manuals and Primers which are illustrated with a specimen of the art,—but rather to works on routine subjects, which shall be illustrated, out of the routine manner, with photographs. A work of this character ("Illustrations of Scripture, by an Animal Painter") has already appeared, and its example will probably be extensively followed. Dr Diamond has also published some photographic "Portraits of the Insane;" a work of great value to the medical world.

was only about an inch and a quarter by two inches.* And, Mr Thoms further states, that an accomplished Photographic amateur, having had occasion to make an official return of which he wished to retain a copy, saved himself the trouble of re-writing it, by taking a Photographic copy.† Might not Public Offices,—and especially Will and Record Offices, take a hint from this?

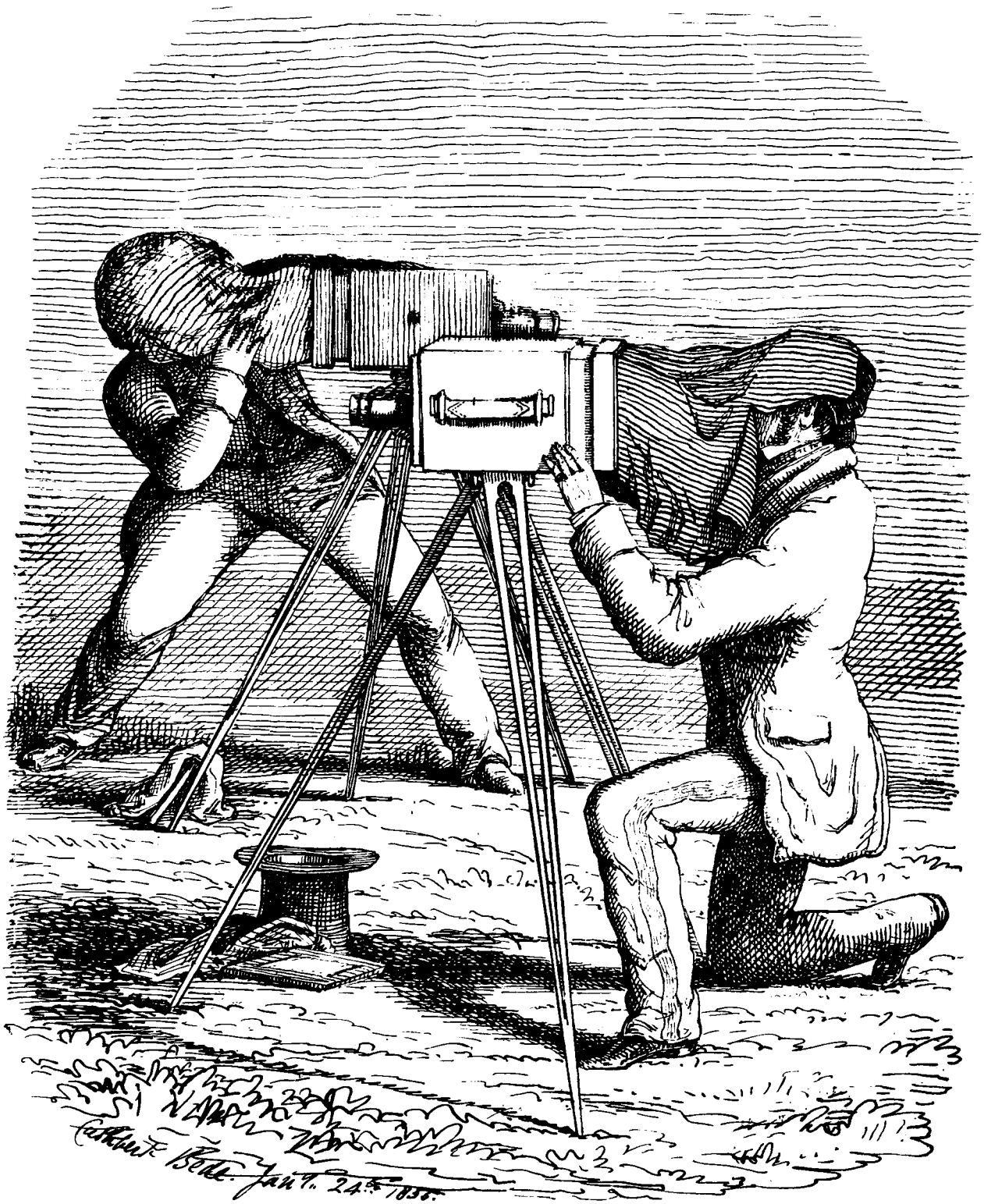
The Camera has been introduced to the Microscope,‡ and they have been so mutually pleased with their acquaintance, that they have agreed to assist each other in the production of pictures. They will be the Lee and Cooper, among the R.A.'s of the Scientific Academy.

Perhaps, indeed, their Scientific Academy will soon outrival Messrs Lee and Cooper's Royal Academy. Already, and quite as a matter of course, has our friend Camera begun to throw open his Picture Galleries. Besides the "Photographic Institution" in New Bond street, there is the "Photographic Society," which gave its first annual Exhibition in Suffolk street, Pall mall, January, 1854.

* I greatly value a beautiful copy (collodion), made by Mr Thoms, of two of the designs in the present volume (the Frontispiece, and "a Photographer astonishing the natives") when they originally appeared as woodcuts, in the pages of 'Punch.' The clearness of these miniature miniatures is such, that all the writing and printing upon them is distinctly visible and readable.

† 'Notes and Queries.' VI. 347.

‡ I may here particularise Mr Kingsley's "Illustrations of the Breathing System of Insects," exhibited in the "Photographic Society," 1855.



The present "attitude" of Photography

London. T. McLean. 26. Haymarket.

In our Observatories at Greenwich, and elsewhere, the night-work has been annulled by a little Photographic watchman, who takes all the duty and responsibility upon himself, and is never caught napping. Winds and storms now register their own doings, and write their own truthful memoirs; while Mr Brooke's Cylinder of Photographic Paper makes revolutions of a far more useful kind than you would meet with in Spain.

Far away, out in mysterious Egypt, on certain ruins there are certain inscriptions which are at too great an elevation to be deciphered, and remain an agonising mystery to all curious travellers; when, forthwith, steps in our friend Camera, puts up his eye-glass, and reads you the riddle, as easily as the Sphinx would read the second column of the *Times*.

But what is there that our friend Camera will not do? If I go upon the Continent there he is before me, sketching glorious old Gothic churches and crumbling ruins. If I wander into the green lanes and leafy dells of my own sweet country, there is our friend upon his tripod, making ready to carry off the village church, and even the sexton himself. If I betake myself to the fenny flats of the eastern Counties, and imagine myself to be remote from civilization, lo! and behold, there is our friend with his apparatus on his back, going the round of the scattered farmsteads, and persuading fond mothers not to neglect the present favourable opportunity of securing likenesses of their children.

Camera even goes out to the Crimea, into the very thick of the fight; and, of his doings there we occasionally catch

a glimpse through the columns of the 'Illustrated News.' I read in the papers, too, that the Photographers in the camp of our brave Allies have already sent to France numerous pictures of the campaign.* And, the other day, I read of an enthusiastic amateur of Bourg, named Daviel, who (after the fashion of Vandervelde) was very coolly photographing a hot engagement between the Turks and Russians near Kars, and was cruelly interrupted, in his pursuit of scientific pleasure under difficulties, by the Russians coming upon him in their full retreat, and carrying him away captive, together with his apparatus.

Out to the Baltic, too, goes our friend Camera; and, so rapid is he with his pencil, that he will sketch you the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, being on board her Majesty's ship, which is sailing merrily along at eleven knots an hour. Then he goes to see his friend Mr Kibble, of Glasgow, and, in a twinkling, he puts down for him, in black and white, the exterior of the Glasgow Theatre, and the crowd of people thronging its doors. With the same rapidity, too, did he sketch the ceremonial attendant upon the opening of the Sydenham Palace,† giving you, in a moment, faithful likenesses of all the Royal and distinguished visitors, with hun-

* Mr Nicklin, the Photographer, sent out to the seat of war by the English Government, was lost, together with his assistants, in the wreck of the *Rip Van Winkle*, which foundered in the hurricane off Balaclava, November 15th, 1854.

† Exhibited on the evening of the same day, by Mr Williams, at Lord Rosse's *soirée*.

dreds of other figures, all correctly delineated on a piece of glass measuring three inches by five.

But it little matters to him of what size his pictures must be. He will take you the size of life; or he will make for you a miniature copy—inch size—of the 'Times' newspaper—though you must make use of a powerful glass if you wish to peruse its leaders. Indeed, if he takes a miniature of you or me,—and he (or we) should afterwards wish it on an enlarged scale, he can even, with the help of his friend Mons. Heilman, successfully get over this difficulty.

In short, what cannot our friend Camera do? Although young, he is such an extraordinary fellow, that I shall not feel surprised at anything that I may hear of him. Shall you?

THE END.

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