MARY CARPENTER, 1877.

Out of his busy and useful life at Oxford, Professor J. Eslin Carpenter was good enough to find time to send me a photograph of his aunt, which bears upon it the stamp of verisimilitude. Although "taken in the last year of her life (1877), after the return from her last Indian journey," the "great grey eyes so slow and wise" have not lost their brightness with the passage of time. Seventy years had come and gone, but the shrewd humorous expression had not faded out of them, and the strong, helpful look is still there. Professor Carpenter says that "she rarely sat, and the results were not generally good, as her face acquired a set expression in repose which never seemed natural to those who knew her"; but even any one who has hitherto read only the foregoing brief sketch of her noble life will, I think, agree with me that it is just the sort of face that one would have expected.

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL, 1829.

It is to the kindness of Sir William Herschel of Oxford and Miss Herschel of Slough that I am indebted for the excellent photograph of their great-aunt which adorns these pages, and it cannot but be interesting to know something as to the circumstances under which the original was painted.

It was in January 1829 that her beloved nephew, John F.W. Herschel, wrote to her thus from London: "If you want to give me what I shall really prize highly, let it be your portrait, in oils, of the size of

my father's. Let me send back the money, and employ part of it in engaging a good Hanoverian artist to paint it. You often tell me your time hangs heavy, so here I am furnishing you with a refuge from *ennui;* and when you know how much pleasure it will give me to see your likeness hanging by my father's, and that you can without inconvenience or difficulty (and now without expense) do it, I entreat you not to refuse. I know what you will urge against it; but you undervalue yourself and your own merits so much that I will not allow it any weight."

It is clear that the "unconquerable industry," capability, and grand humility of his illustrious father's sister were heartily appreciated by the brilliant scholar and astronomer Sir John F. W. Herschel— as well as by her "dearest and best of brothers"— and I can well believe that it was with a pathetic mingling of pleasure and pain that, two months later, she consented to sit for her portrait to the well-known painter, Professor M. G. Tielemann. At this time she was seventy-nine years of age, and the sittings were necessarily somewhat wearying; but the unselfish

fellowship of joy which she felt in the announcement

of her nephew's engagement to Miss Stewart is shown in the following extracts from her own letters at this time: "I feel much fatigued by sitting eight times within the last ten days to Professor Tielemann for my portrait, and now he has taken it home to finish. You will receive it with the Easter messenger... Whatever you may think about my looking so young, I cannot help; for two of the days when I was sitting to him I received agreeable news from England: one day Lady Herschel's"— her sister-in-law's--- likeness was thrown in my lap (Mr Tielemann taking it out of the box), and,

four days after, the account of your approaching happiness arrived. No wonder I became a dozen years younger all at once. I was sitting about seven hours in as many days in my own apartments; but there is but one voice— that the picture looks life itself."

Self-sacrificing always, and gifted far beyond all ordinary standards of attainment, her great-niece only expresses the unanimous verdict of a world, when she speaks of her, in her letter to me, as "one whose *conscientious devotion to work* is truly most *worthy of honour."*

SISTER DORA, 1870.

"Our Pandora" one of the committee of the Walsall Hospital used to call sweet Dorothy Pattison— whose family name is often forgotten and unknown by many to whom her achievements have served as an example and an inspiration.

I have spoken elsewhere of the *inward*— introspective— look of Christina Rossetti and the *outward* look of Mary Kingsley; on the face of Sister Dora it is the *upward* look that predominates. "Her great hopefulness was," we are told, "the first element in her character— the firm, clear ring of her voice made doubt or despondency impossible."

Though we know her to have been self-reliant, prompt, and resolute, there is a wealth of sympathy in the dark-brown eyes and a subtle radiancy of expression, which, to my mind, is always part, and the larger part, of the "beauty of holiness."

We are told that her features were nearly perfect in their regularity; the forehead singularly wide and high; but the mobile mouth, the perfect teeth, the sunny smile, the tightly curling brown hair waving all over her

head, which no amount of cutting off or covering with caps could ever smooth,— these are details which only a "word-portrait" can supply.

I had a dream. There was a narrow pathway leading, as it seemed, to some mysterious country on the other side of a bracken-covered hill. At the entrance to this pathway stood Sister Dora; and as, one by one, a crowd of tired travellers came up to the gate, I heard her say gently, "What have you been doing?" "Starving, Sister."— "And you?" "Drinking."— "And you?" "Suffering." The click of our garden-gate or the rush and tumble of the incoming tide awoke me; but, sleeping or waking, I know that it was for such as these— the sick, the sinful, and the sad— that Sister Dora lived and laboured and died.

With fine intuitive skill she could detect the one spot of God-likeness even in the vilest of those whom He originally made in His image; and her great longing, always, was not only to heal their bodies, but to make manifest that

> "There lives and works
> A soul in all things, and that soul is God."

MARY KINGSLEY, 1896.

The photograph of Mary Kingsley, kindly sent to me by Mr Charles Kingsley, is, he considers, "the best portrait of my sister" to be had. In its attitude and expression every characteristic that we realise so keenly in her writings is clearly distinguishable. The alertness of the figure, the grasp of the capable hands, the outward-looking eyes, with their kindly and humorous candour, the

whole attitude of the picture, brings before us the slight fair woman— not very robust-looking, but showing in every movement energy and determination— who amazed the world with her witty descriptions of West African Life in 1896. But under all the sprightliness of her "Mark Tapley temperament" there was the strong, serious purpose which one sees in the honest eyes, and a tireless buoyancy of mind that enjoyed the surmounting of difficulties.

To her big courageous nature "perils by day and by night" were not things to be instinctively avoided, but mere incidents in desirable journeyings— for safeguarding

in which she would put herself trustfully into the care of "the Lord of the Daybreak." In this aspect the Arabic inscription on the black marble border of the brass memorial erected to her "beloved memory" in Eversley Parish Church has a deep significance. There is something definitely thorough and sunshiny about the personality of Mary Kingsley. She never could have done anything half-heartedly, and no more suitable words could have been chosen for her epitaph than those which are inscribed upon the tablet—

"TALENT DE BIEN FAIRS."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858.

In looking at the likeness of Adelaide Anne Procter, one is struck at once with the fragility of her appearance; and, as we are told that her health failed in 1862, it is not unlikely, from the dress,— which points to that period,— that this was the last time that she sat for a photograph. Her great friend Madame Belloc, whose

kindness I specially wish to recognise, tells me, in one of her delightful letters, that "Adelaide was not handsome, in a pictorial sense, at any time: her face had often the severity of a miniature Dante, and at other times the aspect of the traditional Shelley."

The photograph, of course, only hints at the severity or the sweetness; but we hold the clue to the character of the original in the knowledge that she was the daughter of the gentle, "curiously dreamy" poet, Barry Cornwall, and of Anne, his wife, who, like her wonderful mother, Mrs Montagu, preserved her dignity at all costs, and whose composure never failed, even in times of heartbreaking sorrow.

There is something very charming about the fragile figure; and in the face I see— or is it fancy?— that wistful, far-seeing look that one so often notices on the faces of those to whom it is appointed that they should die before their prime. The hollow cheeks tell their own story; but about the mouth there are indications of the ironical humour with which her conversation abounded, though it in no way affected her kind and good warm-heartedness and the spirituality of her inner nature. It must have been the gentle and lambent expression of the blue eyes and the soft wavy hair that reminded Madame Belloc of Shelley; to whom also full maturity was denied.

MARIANNE NORTH, 1876.

In 'Recollections of a Happy Life' we have a vivid description— in Marianne North's own racy words— of her visit to Ceylon in 1876, and of the circumstances under

which this photograph was taken. Mrs Julia Cameron's artistic skill is well known, but she seems to have shown unusual enthusiasm in posing her new subject— an enthusiasm which possibly defeated itself. "She made up her mind to photograph me," says Miss North, "and for three days kept herself in a fever of excitement about it. She dressed me up in flowing draperies of cashmere wool, let down my hair and made me stand with spiky cocoa-nut branches running into my head, the noon-day sun's rays dodging my eyes between the leaves as the slight breeze moved them, and told me to look perfectly natural (with the thermometer standing at 96°!).

"Then she tried me with a background of bread-fruit leaves and fruit, nailed flat against a window-shutter, and told *them* to look natural; but both failed. It was all in vain; she could only get a perfectly uninteresting and commonplace person on her glasses, which refused to flatter."

You can easily imagine that morning— "high noon, and not a cloud in the sky to break the blinding sun"; the eager artist; the lazy breathing of the big trees, among which the rabbits and squirrels bustle about with busy pattering feet, and in which the monkeys gibber and bright-hued birds "deliver their small souls" of news in bird-land. I venture to deny that the photograph is either uninteresting or commonplace. Fortitude and determination are embodied in the strong simple lines of the face, and there is a look of latent power about the whole aspect of the figure which denotes a rare personality.

It is not surprising to read that Mrs Symonds "often wondered whether, if her sister's strength had lasted

another ten years after she settled in Alderley, she could really have been content to wait on old age in the lovely green nest that she had prepared for herself."

This picture of her suggests the same thought.

JEAN INGELOW, 1891.

After some little difficulty— strange, considering the recent date of Jean Ingelow's death— I succeeded in getting a good portrait of her. Mrs Annie Ritchie (the gifted author of 'Old Kensington' and of many other fascinating books) tells me that "Jean Ingelow had a look of great intelligence, but it was not a face to photograph." Specially, therefore, should I like to have been present at the little dinner in 1863, of which she writes, when her father, W. M. Thackeray (just before his death), the demure maiden lady with the big musical brain but somewhat limited outlook, and herself were of the party,— a remarkably contrasting literary trio this, even at a London dinner-table.

Here we have a face that is *not* what we should have expected.. Kindliness and intelligence are writ large upon it, and there is a thoughtful, contented aspect about the whole picture which does not belie what we know of its original; but there is none of the dreaminess which marks her poetry— no hint, even, of poetic fire— in the sedate, prosperous-looking figure.

Self-evidently hers is not a head to photograph, though, to paraphrase the words of Carlyle's 'bus-driver critic, one would gladly possess its contents.

LOUISA ALCOTT, 1868.

Mr Sanborn's kind letter tells me that Louisa Alcott's photograph was taken in, or about, 1868— a date that is specially interesting as being that of the publication of 'Little Women.' As a rule, women are supposed to be devoid of humour, but surely it is the dominating characteristic of Miss Alcott's face— the humour that makes "life's little ironies" bearable and lets glints of sunshine into its cobwebby corners.

A woman who can always see the bright side of things, and who will turn every cloud inside out in order to get quickly at its silver lining, has a faculty as rare as it is enviable. This gift Louisa Alcott possessed in an uncommon degree: you can see it in every line of her expressive, humorous face. Her biographer, Mrs Ednah Cheney, says that "her appearance was striking rather than beautiful— figure tall and well-proportioned, head large, and adorned with rich brown hair, long and luxuriant." Thoroughly unconventional she was bound to be with a personality such as hers; but it was an unconventionality that rejoiced in itself unconsciously,— not the defiant violation of all ordinary rules of conduct and courtesy which so often poses as, and passes for, originality nowadays. Her simplest pleasures were lifted into keen delights by sheer healthy mindedness and *capacity* for enjoyment, while her sorrows were purified and helped by an unselfish fellowship with, and care for, others, which was its own reward.

"Wayward and stormy" were her moods we may be sure (even into middle life, when the photograph was taken), but tempered always by that quick regret and

ready reparation which motto her so lovable and so loved. From 1868 she seems to have been the chief bread-winner of the household— "the hub of the family wheel," as she says of herself. "Love thyself last" was her motto on all occasions; and. right on to the end, the story of her earnest chivalrous life corroborates the silent testimony of her strong, almost masterful, face.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, 1861.

When I wrote to Mr W. M. Rossetti asking for the loan of an unpublished likeness of his sister Christina, I honestly confess that in troubling a man— and an old man— of such eminence I felt some degree of trepidation, and was proportionately gratified at the kind interest with which he entered into my scheme of work. From a list of nine which he suggested, the picture which is here reproduced was recommended by him as the one (of the unpublished ones) best representing his beloved sister with some of "the attraction of youth." The old-world setting detracts somewhat from the effect; and her "soul's beauty "that Mr Mackenzie Bell speaks of, that is so clearly seen in seme of the sketches of her brother Dante Gabriel and in the beautiful photograph by Lewis Caroll (Rev, C. L. Dodgson), is altogether lacking. But the introspective look of the expressive eyes is there, beneath the "commanding breadth of brow," and in her mien something of that "serene passivity" which Mr Sharp notices in his able article describing his first meeting with her.

Her voice was extremely musical, and, in conjunction with a smile that was "always delightful and sometimes irresistibly sweet," it is not difficult to understand the

charm which she possessed both for her family and for those who were fortunate enough to possess her friendship.

The following extract from an article by Miss Grace Gilchrist is interesting, because it describes Christina Rossetti's appearance only a little later than in the year when the photograph in this volume was originally taken. She says: "It was in the June of 1863 that Miss Christina Rossetti came upon her first memorable visit to my home among the Surrey hills. She was then a dark-eyed slender lady in the plenitude of her poetic powers, having already written some of her most perfect poems— 'The Goblin Market' and 'Dreamland.' I have a vivid impression of playing a game of ball with her under the branches of an old apple-tree in the garden, and to my childish eyes she appeared like some fairy princess who had come from the sunny South to play with me. In appearance she was Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes, and she possessed, too, the beautiful Italian voice that all the Rossettis were gifted with."

AGNES STRICKLAND.

It is to the kindness of Mr W. G. Strickland of Dublin that I am indebted for a copy of the engraving in his possession, of which he says: "I remember meeting Agnes Strickland two or three times, when I was a boy, at my aunt's house in London, and my recollection is that this portrait is very like her." Mr Blackwood, sen. (who knew her well), confirms this statement; so I am glad to think that the best available likeness of this remarkable woman has been secured. In her early years Thomas Campbell described her as "a lovely, interesting