

The Daguerrotype.

Eva Wilder McGlasson

*You hev to hold it sidewise
Fer to make the likeness show,
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty
Till you get it right—'bout so!
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,
An' the mouth is cherry ripe,
Law! it beats yer new-style picters,
This old diggeritytype!*

*Thar's a blush acrost the dimples
Thet burrows in the cheeks;
From out them clumps o' ringlets
Two little small ears peeks.
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear
Is what they used to wear;*

*A big gold frame thet sprawled around
A lock o'—some one's hair.*

*'Twas took 'fore we was married,
Thet there—your maw an' me,
An' times I study on it,
Why, 't fazes me to see
Thet fifty year 'ain't teched her
A lick! She's jest the same
She was when Sudie Scriggens
Took Boone C. Curds' name.
The hair is mebbly whiter
'An it was in '41,
But her cheeks is jest as pinky,
An' her smiles ain't slacked up none.*

*I reckon—love—er somethin'
Yerluminates her face,
Like the crimson velvet linin'
Warms up ther picter case.*

*'S I say, these cyard bo'd portraits,
They make me sort uh tired,
A-grinnin forf upun yeh
Like their very lips was wired!
Give me the old diggeritytype,
Whar the face steals on your sight
Like a dream that comes by night-time
When your suppers' actin right!*

*The Canadian Photographic Journal 1,
no. 6 (July 1892), p. 141.*

professionals and three hundred thousand amateurs. In the U.S. census of 1890 there were 17,839 male and 2,201 female professional photographers—about eleven per cent were female. In Canada in 1891 there were 1,142 male and 135 female professional photographers.

Many times these people were taking photographs for personal use. Most of the people doing photography during the 1890s were amateurs; the majority of them remain unknown. They photographed largely for their own personal pleasure. Often they were well-to-do, and frequently they were opposed to selling their work. Camera clubs became quite popular. Great Britain had the largest number of clubs. There were at least two hundred and fifty. There were twenty-three in the rest of Europe, and ninety-nine in the States. Serious amateurs spent a great deal of time and patience increasing their technical skills. Lectures on recent inventions, technical processes, portraiture, and composition were held on a regular basis, usually monthly. Competitions, exhibitions, and outings were significant events of the clubs. Criticism of each other's work was emphasized.

Admitting women to the camera clubs was a major issue among the amateurs. It was considered a method of expanding membership and a way of making the meetings more sociable. The issue was influenced by serious women amateurs who wanted to become members, and sometimes by men who wanted women to model at the meetings.

The Montreal Camera Club was formed in 1890. The charter states: 'The club shows a courteous spirit towards the fair sex, ladies being eligible to membership and also to hold office.' The Toronto Camera Club was formed in 1894. There was little discussion in the minutes regarding the admission of women. Women were allowed to become members, but they were not allowed to use the darkroom until 1943, and even at that time the use was restricted to the daytime.

Professionally, portraiture was the area most open to women. It was felt that women could make their

sitters especially comfortable. It was assumed that women were more sensitive to children and more patient. Studios were frequently set up within the home, so the photographer didn't have to carry the heavy equipment and could still keep an eye on the children.

Some women were concerned with the effect that developer had on their 'lady-like hands,' and the accompanying smell. However, the printing of photographs by large studios was actually dominated by women. It was felt that women were more precise and careful, and produced better results.

Retouching negatives and colouring photographs were occupations common to women. They could do it in their spare time, at home, 'in a quiet way.' The areas where the number of women were significant were not the visible areas. There weren't many women doing outdoor photography; until after the turn of the century the work that most professional women did was within their homes.

There was an element of surprise regarding the extremely fine accomplishments of women photographers. In the 1890s a large number of women became very successful. Was it an inborn quality of preciseness, of basic cleanliness and patience that resulted in this success? Should women be admitted to the camera clubs? These were some of the issues relating to women photographers during the 1890s.

Women took photographs for different reasons. For Hannah Maynard and Gladys Reeves, photography was a profession. As an explorer, Mary Schaffer Warren was interested in photography as a tool to use in her lectures. Millie Gamble photographed her sisters and friends. Whatever their reasons, the photographs of these women live on as a significant historical record. ☉

¹Henry H. Snelling, *The History and Practice of the Art of Photography; or the Production of Pictures through the Agency of Light* (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1849), p. 5.

bly be a great resort some day when the Grand Trunk is done.' The railroad created Jasper as a town site, but National Park policy has protected Maligne; except for a few buildings at its northern end, it is not very changed from when it was called Chaba Imne and visited only by Indians.

Many of the names around Maligne Lake were assigned by Mary Schaffer. Sampson Peak, Sampson Narrows, and Leah Peak commemorate the Stoney Indian who drew the map to Maligne. Mount Paul is named for Mary's nephew, and Mount Mary Vaux for her friend and early companion in the Rockies. Her guides are remembered by Mounts Warren and Unwin.

Later in the 1908 trip, Mary's party trekked on to the Tête Jaune Cache for a view of Mount Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. There they joined prospectors for a comically backwoods version of a dinner party. Mollie was amused: 'Mary was very much dressed up . . . and was carrying a clean pocket handkerchief never used before, of a bright lilac color, which was anything but harmonious with the red bandanna she wears around her neck.' One of the prospectors raised his glass and offered a toast, 'Here's to a life of unnumbered summers in the mountains, with stars above by night, sunshine and soft winds by day, with the music of the waters at our banquet.' Mary could only add, 'Civilization! How little it means when one has tasted the free life of the trail!'

Mary returned to Maligne as an explorer once more. That was in 1911, but access was then by way of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway (now the Canadian National) from Edmonton, and her mission was less romantic than that which inspired the first trip; she was to survey and map the lake for the Canadian government. Among her companions were her sister-in-law Mrs. Mary Sharples, and her nephew Paul.

The 1911 trip gives us a last glimpse of Mary in the wilderness of her beloved Rockies. The days of Maligne's status as terra incognita were numbered, but the lake was still pristine—and, as usual, the weather contributed to the aura of wildness. One morning in early July a guide had to dig through the snow with a frying pan.

But if the land had changed little, and the weather not at all, Mary herself had altered greatly from the 'delicate girl' and the uncertain young widow with a 'whole-some horror' of Indian ponies. By 1911 she gives a matter-of-fact record of an incident such as the following: 'Not more than eight feet away at the top of the bank, and sharpening his claws (as a cat does) on a spruce tree, was a marten. He turned to stare [and] . . . look me out of the place. I did not budge; this did not suit him; he spit at me like an angry family cat, and made a threatening move as though to come on and insist I get out of there. I said,—"You impertinent rascal, clear out yourself, I am big enough to choke you."'

At a ferry crossing on the Athabasca a

sign read 'horses .50 cts per head, men .25 cts.' Mary by then had the assurance to enjoy the irony of having her sex ignored at a crossing giving access to a region explored by two women. 'The old ferryman shook his head when we asked him if we went free, he said they hadn't any arrangement for women, so for once in our lives we had a man's privilege, and paid our quarter.'

Most revealing, perhaps, is the description of a pioneer family which Mary and her party overtook in the Athabasca Valley. One must strain to recall that it is written by the same woman who once deferred to the 'superior' strength and endurance of men as she sat forlornly by the station at Laggan watching them ride north into new lands.

'We rode up along side of the struggling team; I looked into the face of the woman; I shall probably never know who she was, we shall perhaps never meet again, but she was one of the universal sisters, her way was as stony as the hill she was climbing, and my heart went out to her. Her face was hard, weary, discouraged and hopeless. She hardly noticed us, unless in her inmost heart to compare her life with ours. . . . Nodding to her, I called out, "I wish I could take you with me on my fresh little pony over this stony hill." The driven face lit into one of almost beauty, and she shyly said,—"O thank you for that kind thought," then closing the window of brightness as quickly as she had opened it,

The Archives of the Canadian Rockies, the Peter and Katherine Whyte Foundation, will be producing a book on Mary Schaffer Warren (December 1980). Introduction by E. J. Hart.

her head went down, we rode on by, wishing, wishing, it might have been in our power to do more than toss her a word, and for the rest of the day I thought of her, and of all the other women, who had given up life and home to follow the fortunes of their husbands into a new land where hardship stalked their heels, disappointment, death perhaps. But so it has been since our ancestors first touched this continent, and it has been the women who were the true pioneers, the women who suffered; one of the vastest continents of the world has been meekly and silently conquered by women, and even at this late date, few men know it. . . . And the World goes on singing the praises of the pioneer, the "man who opens the door." Could he open it if the woman did not hand him the key? Not from what I have seen.'

In 1912 Mary Schaffer herself moved west, to settle permanently in Banff. Three years later, in 1915, she married her guide, Billy Warren. The house in which they lived still stands on Grizzly Street; its former inhabitants lie in their graves a short distance away in the cemetery at the foot of Tunnel Mountain. Nearby are stones engraved with the names of other pioneers—Brewster, Simpson, Wilson, and Peyto. ☉

THE CAMERA FIEND



Camera! Camera! Camera!

*For breakfast, dinner, and tea,
And I would that my tongue dare utter
The thoughts that arise in me,
But, alas! there's a law for too much
jaw*

While the camera fiend goes free.

Camera! Camera! Camera!

*No matter how fine the days
The dark room's charms and the ruby
glow
Are better than old Sol's rays;
And the cat and the dog and the
chimney log
Have been "took" in a hundred
ways.*

Camera! Camera! Camera!

*I never shall feel the same,
I've a simpering gaze which I cannot
brook
And posing is all to blame;
While the conscious look of this shady
nook
To me is a burning shame.*

Camera! Camera! Camera!

*The world is no longer the same.
Since my landscapes were foggy and
failed to please
The plates I say are to blame.
But my three-legged horses and houses
like trees
Have brought me undying fame.*

LILLIAN M. RATCLIFFE

Photo Era, 10, no. 1 (January 1903).

AN APPEAL TO ROBBIE BURNS

[On behalf of the sufferers from the granting
of his fatal wish]

Dear Robbie Burns:

Once on a time,
You wished, in smoothly flowing rhyme,
That 'some kind power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.'

Ah, had you humbly prayed for this:
'Oh, give us ignorance and bliss,
'Help us to bear our present lot,
'Nor flee to ills that we know not,'
The coming man your name had blessed
Instead **** *
**** (the explanation is suppressed,)

For some ill power your wish o'erheard
And you were taken at your word.
And we can see without disguise,
How we appear to others' eyes,
But 'tis no boon, as you shall see;
It brings, instead, much misery.

Highwaymen bold, that in your day,
Prowled up and down the king's highway,
Were gentlemen—aye Christians, too—
Compared to this malicious crew
That now infests each lane and street,
Whom we in walks abroad must meet.
Those simply asked for watch or purse;
These ask for nothing which is worse.
Those sallied forth with sword or gun;
These are not armed with either one.
They 'press a button,' that is all,
But none escape them, great or small,
And whether we're prepared or not
We're caught by artists on the spot.

I have a portrait—old, 'tis true,
But fine—and, Robert, 'tis of you.
A sweet, attractive comeliness,
Is in your face, and in your dress.
The artist—may he e'er be blessed—
Has shown you at your very best.
Suppose, instead, some wretch accurst
Had caught you at your very worst,
and "fixed" you to be handed down,
In pose, to shame a very clown.

When 'neath the hawthorn's fragrant shade,
You warmly wooed your Highland maid,
'Wi' mony a vow and fond embrace,'
I wonder, when such was the case,
If you'd have blessed the wily fiend,
Who, by the treacherous birk-tree screened,
The button—not the trigger—pressed,
Just as you clasped her to your breast?

Perchance you wished to slyly sip
A friendly social glass. Your lip
Has scarcely touched the beaker's rim—
Snap goes the button—"I've got him!"
And chuckling imp next day displays,
'Proof' of the error of your ways.

When at your Nancy's feet you knelt,
Pray tell us how you would have felt
If you had heard that fatal snap,
Just as you whimpered on her lap.
And she—the jade—about to give

A well developed negative.
Would you have said then, pert and pat:
'A man's a man for all o' that?'
I fear your locks you would have torn,
And groaned, 'Ah! man was made to mourn.'

Yet this and more we've had to bear,
We turn to you in our despair,
And beg you, without ceasing, pray
The gods to take their gift away,
And give us back those halcyon days,
When we pursued our various ways,
Without a thought, or fear, that we
Should see ourselves as others see.

More grievances I could disclose—
For these are not one-half the woes
Your fatal wish has brought to men;
But this is quite enough, I ken,
To show our plight, and why to you
Redress we look for; then, adieu,
Until we meet where are no days.
Yours,

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

VICTIM OF THE CAMERA CRAZE

There are not many women photographers, nor is there any good reason why women should not be excellent photographers. They must, of course, learn the business, like anyone else, and the posing and lighting, being the finest artistic points, naturally require the greatest artistic aptitude. There are really good photographers in the country. It requires great skill and constant application and must be closely followed.

'It is, of course, conceded that women have a great deal of natural artistic talent, and if they once conclude to start out and become photographers, there is no doubt that they will succeed in it. The business pays well and by its very nature seems to invite women, as there are no unpleasant features about it.'

Napoleon Sarony, *The Canadian Photographic Journal* 4, no. 6 (June 1895).

The Canadian Photographic Journal 3, no. 1
(January 1894), pp. 29-30.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

Photography is like a magician's charm.

We nurse the absent in affection warm.

Present the distant and retain the dead;

Shadows remaining but the substance fled.

For faces vanish like the dreams of night

But live on in portraits drawn by beams of light.

Anonymous, *The Canadian Photographic Journal* 2 (1893), p. 375.

“Women workers are increasing rapidly among us, and it is only a question of time until they will be generally recognized as mentally fitted to improve the educational opportunities afforded by a club. Amateur photography has the great advantage that its followers are confined to no age, sex, or condition of servitude.

“The question of sex especially is rapidly becoming a past issue. It never should have been raised at all, and those who persist in clinging to it will at no late date find themselves far in the rear of the great army of civilization.”

Catherine Weed Barnes, Editor *American Amateur Photographer* 4, no. 1 (1892).

“In its beginning—as in most of the other good things of this life—there was a man in the case, a brother-in-law, who happened at the time to be in the house and who invested in a camera. He knew nothing about it—I less than nothing; but I immediately became interested. He bought some developer and a small book of instructions, and together we groped about in a dark corner of the butler's pantry, spoiled some dozen plates, and incidently, a large portion of the pantry; sat up half the night with some of our negatives but out of the chaos once in a while rescued a plate that held out a ray of hope and led us to believe there was something in it after all . . . so after a season or so of varying fortunes, mostly adverse, the brother-in-law renounced photography as a recreation, remarking that it was too much like work, and took to whist and billiards instead. But he lent me the camera that winter for a Florida trip, where I, no longer fettered by masculine interference, had some tolerable luck. . . .

“I have seen friends, especially masculine ones, invest hundreds of dollars in cameras of all shapes and sizes—some of them without producing a dozen plates worth keeping. The moral of which is, that the measure of success does not lie in the outfit; it must be good, but it need not be costly, and the amateur who is always experimenting with new lenses or plates never, as a rule, learns the mastery of either.”

Mrs. Charles W. M'Cutchen

“There is no more suitable work for a woman than photography, whether she takes it up with a view of making it a profession, or simply as a delightful pastime to give pleasure to herself and others! She is by nature peculiarly fitted for the work, and photography is becoming more and more recognized as a field of endeavor peculiarly suited to women. There is scarcely a woman who has not some inborn artistic feeling, latent though it may be until brought out by study and training. Nevertheless, it is there, and its presence in greater or less degree, is promise of success in photography. Cleanliness and patience are two of the cardinal virtues necessary to the successful pursuit of photography. The first seems to be a God-given attribute to most women, while, if they have not the latter in sufficient amount, it is a virtue that can be cultivated. The light, delicate touch of a woman, the eye for light and shade, together with her artistic perception, render her peculiarly fitted to succeed in this work.”

Richard Hines Jr., Speech delivered before the Art League of Mobile, Alabama, 19 January 1899, *Wilson's Photographic* 36 (March 1899), pp. 137-41.



THE NOVICE

**Don't go near the mantel, darling,
Papa's plates are there to dry;
Fie! you've nearly spilled the hypo,
Take more care as you go by.**

**No, you cannot speak to papa,
He is in the dark-room now;
Fuming, fretting, at his pastime,
Like a farmer at the plough.**

**Hush! I think I hear him coming,
What is that I heard him say?
'Darn it, I have spoiled that land-
scape!'**

Dear, you'd best run out to play.

Lillian M. Ratcliffe

Photo Era 10, no. 6 (June 1903).

“I know it is difficult to realize in the increasing battle for existence that men can be confronted by a rival. An argument may be brought forward that these smaller, delicate beings, with white hands and long hair, are physically and therefore mentally incapable of taking an equal place with men in the intellectual world. Well, what they

may be I don't know, but I do know this, as regards their intellect in connection with the fascinating art of photography, we shall find a hot competition, and . . . if we don't help them to win a place they will win a place for themselves. If you watch closely you can see women's intellect brought into use day by day in connection with photography.

“So let me impress upon you, the members of the Bath Photographic Society, to encourage ladies to join the Society, and whatever you do don't ignore their work.”

Friese Greene; Speech delivered before the Bath Photographic Society (“Photography in an Age of Movement”), April 1890.