

Railway, but the station is not so near to the "Woodman." The visitor will do well to keep to the left until he arrives at Merton Common. Here the road branches off to the right, down another shady lane, terminating in sight of Bishopston Church. Here an excellent view may be photographed. A thatched cottage on the right hand, two or three overhanging trees nearly meeting over the road, a bridge in the middle distance, with high cliffs, hills, and dales far away, form altogether a fine subject, particularly for a stereoscopic view. Keeping to the road by the church, we come to a narrow rough road, with loose pebbles, and hedges on each side. A walk of a few score yards will bring up to the head of the valley, which winds its course in and out for two and a quarter miles, combining a series of views unequalled in any part of South Wales.

We first come to the Daw-pit; but why so named I cannot say. It is evidently caused by a large portion of the hills having at some far distant period sunk down, leaving a vast hollow, now overhung with ferns, wild briars, and other plants; while from the projecting rocks above droop mosses, lichens, &c., in the wildest confusion, and in the foreground are large masses of lightly coloured rocks, giving fine effect to the dark hollow behind. This view must be taken in early morning, or the beauty of it will be lost.

For the next half mile the valley is clothed in ferns on each side. Then we come to a small river, which partly runs under ground, for in places it can be heard in the openings of the stones, but not seen. Lower down it makes its appearance, and winds about the valley until it is lost in the sea near Pwl-Ddu. Pursuing our way, we come to a small rude stone bridge. Near to this is a splendid view on a calm day. It was taken a short time since by one of the first amateur photographers in the kingdom. It has also been taken by your humble servant, and by several water-colour artists; and a beautiful picture it makes. Taking the road in the centre, and turning a little to the left, we get several other views well worth attending to. Another half mile or so of road brings us to

PWL-DDU POINT.

Here are two or three cottages at the foot of the hill, a rough, stone-covered beach, huge broken rock, and, stretching away in the far distance, the blue waters of the ever-changing sea. I well remember my last visit to this spot, one lovely day last May, when a worthy friend, his handsome dark-eyed daughter, and myself wandered on at leisure, securing a number of nice negatives on our way; we arrived here, but rather tired, and were glad to avail ourselves of the welcome of a modest-looking public-house, and we did justice to the bread and cheese and beer.

Near to Pwl-Ddu is Bacon Hole, a curious cave, where have been found bones of various animals who once found here a resting place. We did not visit this spot, as the enemy was drawing on, but crossed a rather rickety foot-bridge up the side of the cliff through a little plantation, and into a long narrow lane on the other side of the valley on to the village of Merton, again crossed the common, and into the road, passed Woodland Castle lit up by the beams of the setting sun, and arrived at the "Woodman" Inn in time to catch the up train for Swansea.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION, AND MEETING OF THE NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION—SAVE THE NEGATIVES.

National Photographic Association.—The great event of the past month here has been the Annual Exhibition of our National Photographic Association, and the meetings held in connection therewith. As you know, Cleveland, Ohio, was the place, and June 7th to 11th the time appointed. I am glad to say that the whole affair was an entire and brilliant success in every particular. The building devoted to the exhibition was finely lighted on all sides, and is one

of those vast structures, so common in our cities, erected for skating purposes in winter. The great arched roof was decorated with hundreds of flags of different nations—the stars and stripes of course predominating—and here and there some appropriate motto was hung, the principal one being: "Elevate your work, and it will elevate you." At the rear end, on the stage, was hung a huge camera, on which the varied emblems of the fine arts were painted, and encircling the whole the words: "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works."

The arrangements for hanging pictures was all that the most exacting could desire, so that the light on *all* the pictures was nearly the same. Wooden screens were erected, reaching, parallel to each other, from both sides of the hall to the centre, and on both sides of these were hung the specimens of photography from England, Scotland, France, Prussia, Russia, India, Austria, Italy, Ireland, Turkey, South America, &c., in almost every conceivable variety. Down the centre of the hall were rows of tables covered with glass cases full of lenses, chemicals, apparatus, &c., in quantities large enough to fill the building with photographs. Then there were stereoscopic museums, print-cutters, mounters, washing-machines, backgrounds, reflectors, furniture, and all sorts of traps in bewildering profusion. Mr. John Carbutt, during each day, astonished the visitors with printing by the Woodbury process. He had two presses running, and always a great crowd around him witnessing the novel process. His success was perfect, and he won many friends for that process of all processes. It was a mystery to the old disciples of silver and hypo how Mr. Carbutt could turn out by machinery such wonderful results.

Each evening Mr. J. H. Black gave a lantern exhibition, using his new electric light. This was an attractive feature also. The most novel part of Mr. Black's exhibition was the views on the coast of Labrador, and, in the Polar Sea, of icebergs, &c., made last year during the Arctic Expedition conducted by Dr. Hayes and Mr. Bradford the artist.

The greater portion of the pictures on exhibition were portraits, landscape photography being but little represented, comparatively, except a large series of Yosemite Valley views, which were grand.

The foreign pictures are familiar to many of your readers, especially the inimitable work of Robinson and Cherrill, George Washington Wilson, Salomon, Lœscher and Petsch, Reutlinger, Milster, and Grasshoff. The American work was most cheering and promising to those who have striven to elevate and improve it. Very great advances have been made during the past year, and I now think our portraiture will compare with that produced in any part of the world. This is, doubtless, mainly the effect of last year's exhibition. You well know how beneficial it is for men to mix with and rub against each other in all professions, but I have never seen so much brightness result from such contact as was evinced by the photography exhibited at Cleveland. Old chronic diseases, that formerly characterized the average work of this country—such as over-intensification, under-exposure, bad lighting, and ungraceful posing—are apparently ended, and now we have the most exquisite chemical effects, the richest modelling, and artistic posing and lighting that will gratify and satisfy the most critical. American photographers are *awake*, and a bright future is promised for our beloved art in this country.

The "Shadow" or "Rembrandt" picture is much in vogue here now. The photo-crayon is also working its way. Fine specimens of carbon printing, photo-lithography, and by the burnt-in process, were also exhibited by American photographers, and pictures by almost every known process and of almost every design. It was a sight well worth seeing, and Dr. Vogel says it exceeded the show made of photography at the Paris Exposition. We hardly dared expect that much, but to the ardent friends of the art the affair was most cheering and promising. The immense good that it will do towards elevating photographers them-