

popular imagination. The doctor—but I forbear to continue this harrowing train of thought. We are all human, but we do not—even the frailest of us—deserve to be photographed in season and out of season, especially *out*, to gratify the malice or avarice of others as frail and more malicious than ourselves. What would a lady not spend in buying herself up, or securing the negative of herself as she appeared when last crossing the Channel? I am told that great statesmen fall asleep in the middle of the day sometimes, with their mouths wide open; that some very distinguished people are known to be irascible; and that in the privacy of the domestic circle, or in the midst of friendly gatherings, other personages of the most exalted rank and position have been seen to disport themselves in a manner which is but feebly described by the word "burlesque." Yet any day the shop windows may swarm with some sudden photograph, calculated to make every individual hair of the person, or persons, therein depicted, stand on end!

I began to write sportively enough, but I have grown grave. Yesterday the victim was a curate. To-day it may be you or me; and to-morrow the highest persons in the realm may receive no more quarter from the secret photographer than they have already from the Paris *raconteur*. Some people may argue that every one's morals are likely to improve by this dread of constant exposure: but that is not the point. The immense majority of incidents, which could be so photographed, deal with a class of actions at which no one need blush, but which no one who happened to be the actor would care to see photographed. Under these circumstances, I cannot see that even the West-end curate himself was much to blame for bestowing that one chaste, parting kiss, under protest; indeed, were a lady pretty, and to ask me to kiss her as a pledge of unreciprocated love, I am by no means certain that I should feel justified in refusing to obey her behests. At the same time, I shall be surprised if the curate or the curate's friends are not somewhat anxious to get hold of the negative, and I ask myself unquietly, "Have I, too—am I likely to have—a negative?"—*Truth*.

### TRIPOD AND ROD.

BY J. DAVEY.\*

To the busy worker, whose time is passed amidst the hum of city life, whose associations, during the greater part of the year confine him to the office, the desk, the manufactory, or to the routine of a profession, what can be more exhilarating than the prospect—when early spring begins to suggest thoughts of rock and river and country scenes—of a month's holiday, to be enjoyed with those accompaniments of rod and line, and camera and lens, of which one or other cannot fail to afford sport and pleasure under almost all possible variations of weather, be it wet or dry, fair or foul? For it may be noted that whilst the camera can only be used with good effect when the weather is fine, the reverse is to a great extent true of the pictorial art. Hence we have a resource for those "off" days when a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky" fail to proclaim a photographic morn; and if it should so happen that unfavourable weather for the camera should drive the tourist to his reserve of rod and line, what more pleasant way of spotting the desirable points of view for a future campaign, than when engaged in transferring the spotted beauties from their watery home to the fisherman's basket?

It is usually the case that the scenery of rivers—especially of trout streams—is of a kind which lends itself well to photographic composition: witness, for instance, the Valley of the Lyn above Lynmouth. Here one hesitates at the door-step of the hotel, or of the cottage lodgings, and, whilst looking from camera to rod and rod to camera, feels "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!" and one's mind is finally made up by the suitability or otherwise of the weather. We have here, then, an alternative resource which saves us from that fatal temptation to waste plates in unsuitable weather which, if yielded to, is so disastrous in its artistic results, and aggravating to temper.

In illustration of the happy blending of these two pursuits, I recall with infinite pleasure a certain afternoon—May 27th, 1880—when a party, whose names are not unknown in the Bristol and West of England Amateur Photographic Association, were the guests of a worthy and reverend host in the neighbourhood of Frome. With what genial and hearty courtesy did he introduce us to his charming parish, replete with running stream

\* Read before the Bristol and West of England Amateur Photographic Association.

brimful of trout, where lovely views of wood and water enchanted our eyes! Do I not also, and do not some of us now present, recall the invitation to one of the party to "take a throw"? There is an enchantment about that little invitation, and it was not refused. Tripod, camera, focussing-cloth, all the paraphernalia were at once laid down, and with a turn of the wrist our host's cast of flies were lightly dropped just where a dimpling circle, with its gently expanding rings, marked the spot where Mr. Troutie was taking his afternoon tea. A little tug, a little rush, a lively bending of the top joint, revealed the painful fact to him that he was no longer a free agent. A short struggle, and the net was deftly slipped under his spotted sides. A moment or two to look at and admire the capture, and then for the next. Whenever the circling rings on the calm surface of the water (for it does not always require a breeze or a ripple to secure sport) bespoke a fish, there the same little game was played, and the result laid in plentiful supply of fresh grass; their glistening sides resplendent with their characteristic pink spots was something to remember for many a day.

Reverting again to the valley of the Lyn, it may be said that this portion of the adjoining counties, Devon, and Somerset, is a paradise for both camera and rod. Whichever way we turn, there is food for anglers and artists. The various streams of Dartmoor and Exmoor abound in small trout; the vallies and dingles equally abound in charming views, especially of cascades and rocky water courses.

The sea coast of North and South Devon is of the most romantic description, and sport is by no means confined to that of the angler, for we have here the wild red deer, the fox, and hare. I think I am right in saying that for the red deer it is the only part of England left where they exist in a wild state.

To any intending visitor to the valley of the Lyn, it is worthy of mention that anyone who has in possession one of the now nearly disused tents for field work might once again turn it to some use. The views in the immediate vicinity of Lynmouth are so numerous and so near to each other that, by pitching a tent there, one could do a good day's work without moving; and if the impedimenta of wet collodion were an objection, there would be a certain satisfaction in such a district in even developing ones own dry plates on the spot. I am of opinion that it is better to develop on the spot at once, or else to leave it entirely until the return to one's well-arranged dark room at home, and that it is not desirable, as a rule, to make shifts at hotels or lodgings, and to develop after the day's outdoor work is done. If this latter (and to me objectionable) course is taken, it makes a toil of a pleasure, and the health-giving effects of the out-of-door work by day is more than counterbalanced by the late and long hours of work required to complete development of many negatives.

Whilst on the subject of developing, I may make a passing reference to the various—the wonderfully various—formule for developers. I have taken the trouble to copy out a few of the fearful and wonderful instructions for making them as recommended by the faculty. They are in every shape and form, made up in stock solutions to be mixed in all sorts of proportions in A and B solutions, which will keep to be mixed in wondrous ways when wanted, and to fathom the ultimate proportions of which is a sore trial for the novice. Now I have worked out some of these, and, whilst noting that they vary from (say) 1 grain pyrogallic to the ounce for gelatine plates, to 8 grains pyrogallic for some of the somewhat out of date collodion emulsion plates, and also that they vary a good deal in the proportions of bromide and ammonia, still there is a strong family likeness in all of them. Now, an amateur, especially a beginner, wants simplicity in his instructions; and it has occurred to me that what I have taken upon myself to call a one-two-three developer is a close approximation to some of the standard ones, and is almost identical with one recommended by Swan. I mean by one, two, three:

Hypo	...	...	...	...	...	1 grain
Bromide	...	...	...	...	...	2 grains
Ammonia	...	...	...	...	...	3 drops

as a standard, to be varied according to circumstances, the class of plate, and the accidents of over or under-exposure, &c. This formula is so easy to remember, and can be so easily varied, that a beginner has only to carry the 1, 2, 3 in his mind, and can mix and vary as he likes without the abstruse calculations involved in making up stock solutions. One and two: filling up a drachm of No. 1 to 2 ounces in a 2-ounce measure, then doing ditto with No. 2; and then, "last scene of all," mixing the two in equal proportions.