

will be made to this, for what is wanted is a better result, and the sitter who comes to the studio the second time in the same dress, willing also to sacrifice the first negative, has, it may be concluded, a legitimate right to be re-taken free of charge; whereas it is found in practice that persons who are faddish will, when the announcement is made, hesitate to have a negative destroyed, and will rather pay a fee to have it preserved, lest the second venture should not prove so good as the first.

In conclusion, photographers should remember that the public are their patrons; every sitter the means, more or less, of their business increasing or diminishing; every satisfactory portrait the very best advertisement; and although the order to-day may be only for a half-dozen or dozen C.D.V.'s, in a few years time, without a fresh sitting, may be for an enlargement thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold its present value. These considerations will help him, even with the best of rules, not to hold the reins with too hard a hand. Although there may be a few characters in creation who would sit as many times as the operator chose to let them, they may be classed as units; the vast majority consider the operation as a trying ordeal, and it behoves the photographer, for his own sake as well as for theirs (especially in these days of dry plate manipulations), to make sure of the result before every sitter leaves his establishment, and not to be led astray by the mad boast of those who never know the result of the day's operations till the sun has disappeared from the scene.

WITH THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITIONS.

BY C. RAY WOODS.

Caroline Island, April 20th, 1883.

By the afternoon of March 22nd, our instruments had all been removed from the *Bolivia* on to the U.S.S. *Hartford*, and we followed them in the steam launch belonging to the latter vessel. We naturally expected that we should have to have to put up with many little inconveniences on board of a man-o'-war, where the carrying of passengers is somewhat out of the ordinary routine, and, so far as photographic work was concerned, I expected few facilities for anything of that kind. I arranged that my dark-tent should always be handy for changing plates, and was fully prepared to rest contented with even that convenience. We were destined, however, to be very agreeably disappointed. The arrangements that had been made for our comfort could scarcely have been bettered. Captain Carpenter, U.S.N., gave us a very hearty welcome, the officers readily entered into the object of the expedition, and, in fact, every man on board seemed pleased with the cruise about to be undertaken, and its object. As to photographic matters, I was both pleased and astonished. Scarcely had I set foot on board, when I was "button-holed," so to speak, by Dr. Kennedy, the chief surgeon of the vessel, who asked me a thousand questions relating to photography, and whom I soon found to be one of the most enthusiastic amateurs I have met. So energetic was his attack that I hardly know whether I felt most flattered or scared by it; and when he asked me to go down and develop a couple of plates for him, my astonishment reached its climax. Following him down below, I was led into the apothecary's shop, and introduced to that gentleman, Mr. Le Fevas, who had put a red screen over the porthole, and had prepared the solutions. There was plenty of room for the necessary manipulations, and the array of dishes on a side bench possessing a water-proof covering, the rows of bottles against the walls, measures, and stirring-rods at my elbow, made me feel at home at once. I felt I had fallen into right good company. The two plates I had been asked to develop were instantaneous shots at a group of sea-lions, taken by the doctor at San Lorenzo. They were well exposed, and taken from a good point of view, both turning out good pictures, but lacking density, the plates were so thin. The chief complaint that used to be brought against English commercial

plates was their thinness and absence of uniformity; but many of the doctor's plates, which are from one of the best American makers, are thinner than any I have seen. The emulsion is good, and the plates are coated evenly, but the image is through and well visible from the back long before its proper time.

Looking through the doctor's negatives (he had, by-the-by, only been six months at it), I thought he was greatly to be pitied, for his subjects were excellent from an artistic point of view, and seemed to have been rightly exposed; but scarcely one of them possessed good printing density, and others were ghostly. He had really had no opportunity of doing justice to his artistic training. English makers of gelatine dry plates, in spite of the many complaints brought against them, have as yet nothing to fear from American competition, even in the United States. But, as I have said, the quality of the emulsion was good, and if used less sparingly would bring the question of English *versus* American plates down to a mere competition in price. The marine officer on board is also an amateur photographer, and has taken some nice pictures in a little instrument designed for snap shots. I venture to prophesy that there will be more photographers among the officers when they go on their next cruise.

The *Hartford*, though small compared with some of our own warships, is one of the best in the American navy; and when I say that the cruise has been charming, I am but feebly expressing the fact. Wind and weather seem to have been made expressly for us, and the vessel has been steadily moving under sail almost throughout the entire journey. I do not think that the *Hartford* has ever been on a scientific expedition before, but some of the officers have, I believe, been on other vessels that have taken parties out—*e. g.*, to see the Transit of Venus in 1874.

This calls to my mind a little anecdote in connection with that event. America, not having, like ourselves, a body of Engineers trained in photography, employed a number of professionals fully capable of doing all that was necessary under scientific direction. In one party was a photographer who seemed to have something on his mind, and, accosting one of the scientific members of the party, he said:

"How far away did you say the sun was?"

"About ninety million miles."

"And how far is Venus?"

"Twenty-five millions about."

"Then I don't quite see how you're likely to get those two things in focus at the same time. I guess we had better go home again."

It is not very often that one gets a chance of viewing life on board a man-o'-war, let alone an American one, and I have therefore been improving the occasion. So far I have been simply taking those spectacles that are least frequently presented, such as reading the Articles of War, an event which only takes place on the first Sunday in each month. This occurred on our second Sunday on board, but it was rather provoking to find that no good point of view could be got without having not only one part of the picture in bright light and the other part in shadow, but the sun itself shining into the lens. Shading the lens from the sun with a hat, we made the best of it, and all the plates I exposed were successful, or, at least, free from flare, even if slightly lacking in detail in one or two places, for, owing to the rolling of the ship, they all had to be instantaneous. Fire-drill, rifle and cutlas practice, gun-drill, boarding and repelling boarders, full battalion drill to the strains of the brass-band, give one plenty of material for instantaneous work. The amusements of the crew—the schoolmaster and his pupils grouped in a corner or between two of the guns—the men at the wheel, with the ship's motto, "Go Ahead!" above their heads—the smoking corner of the officers—present subjects for longer exposures. Some of these scenes I have already depicted; others remain to furnish pastime on the return journey.