

arts, it must be accorded to close relationship. How artists could refuse a medal to a work like this, and give one to some that met with their favor, it would be interesting to know.

"Coming Boats," is another of Mr. Robinson's pictures. Here are depicted a beach, with fishing tackle, baskets, etc., in such a position as to enhance the pictorial effect, the upright figure of a fisher maiden is seen, the right hand shading her eyes, as she peers over the waters of a quiet sea, as if trying to discern some approaching boats, one of which has already arrived and may be seen in the near distance, with a bare-footed seaman in the act of hauling it on to the sand—the vanguard of those for which the picture is supposed to be looking. The maiden is bareheaded and wrapped in a plaid shawl, and under the left arm she is holding a basket—a shrewd artistic device. The general light and shade is finely disposed. The hair of the model appears *a la mode*; held by a fancy comb, and this, with what appears like an expensive shawl, trimmed with fringe, discloses art, not quite concealed. And yet, so great is Mr. Robinson's reputation for truth, I would not be surprised if my implied criticism were unjust, and that where this picture was taken poor fishermen's daughters are accustomed to dressing their hair and wearing their shawls adorned just as represented in the view. This work was greatly admired, and, I understand, was bought at once by some one more appreciative than the judges.

"Declining Day," also by Mr. Robinson, represents a pretty scene of a meadow and brook, over most of which

"Night's sable mantle"

is stealthily falling; above the distant hills the sky is dark, and higher is a small spot of light, reflected and echoed in the adjacent clouds, showing the sun sinking from sight, as if kissing its hand to departing day, while at the same time its sheen is cast on the waters of a portion of the brook. The picture recalls the lines of Gray's "Elegy:"

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

This work is remarkable for that valuable quality of art—expression—so difficult to produce, and so little met with, to any degree, in photography. Here it is that of quietude, and the feeling of sadness one so often experiences before such a scene at eventide is awakened in the observer of this artistic production. It is skillfully balanced by a light, decayed tree stump. I wonder if the judges examined carefully this *morceau choisi*?

"Morning Mist," the last of those sent by the gentlemen referred to, must be seen and felt; it cannot be well described. "Effect" is the only word that conveys its meaning. The reader may imagine a foreground, faintly lighted by the rising sun, with a solitary sheep—suggesting that loneliness one feels at daydawn—which serves the purpose of leading the eye into the picture; beyond is a hill surmounted by two trees, and dotted with shrubbery; and above and over all is mist, mist! Such effects are among the hardest to produce by means of photography, and nearly always slip from the grasp of all but experts like Mr. Robinson.

Clarence B. Moore of Philadelphia, was represented by several pictures, every one a gem. They were not for