

"Autumn" was much better, and among the best of those that received medals.

"In the Shade of the Willows" is excellent, and is one of the pictures that graced the catalogue; but it is not as good as "Sweet Home," by the same gentleman. This latter was one of the finest in the exhibition, and the judges made no mistake in giving it the special prize for the best picture, wholly the work of a member of the Society.

"On the Racquette" is a very "catchy" subject on blue carbon paper, with fine clouds, etc.; but the handsome young lady in the boat, with her hat off, makes one fear she will be sunstruck, or spoil her complexion, in the sunlight, and also apprehensive that some calamity might befall her in such a wild, solitary spot, all alone with no male protector! Miss Clarkson's "Toil" that was recently awarded first prize and \$50, in the *New York Herald's* contest, open to ladies only, was far superior; or "Field Strawberries," also in her collection, would have been more worthy of an award.

"Washing at Orta," a carbon enlargement from a quarter plate hand camera negative, was most excellent, well composed, with a great deal of breadth and strength.

"A study from the Nude—to tell the naked truth—is a little gem.

"Midsummer on the Houstonic" strikes one very favorably. Its composition is good, and there is an expression about it that is delightful.

"Ploughing" is also well done. It might have been improved by utilizing the second figure—that of the woman—in a different position.

"A Storm at Brighton" was fine

technically, as far as I could see without a step ladder; and it was admired by many in other respects. There were many views I liked better. There was a great deal of criticising of the judges heard at the exhibition—not all from disappointed exhibitors—some of it coming from members of the New York Society. Part of it may have been unjust, as it always is; but there is no doubt much of it was deserved.

The pictures referred to below were all passed by the judges as inferior to those just described as comprising the prize winners. And the first that shall claim my attention, because to my mind the finest of any in the exhibition, were the work of H. P. Robinson, Winwood, Tunbridge Wells, England.

"Wild Weather" represents a young woman beating her way along a storm-swept beach, her head bent forward, to protect her face, which is turned towards the shore, the countenance manifesting discomfort and fatigue; the left hand, with difficulty apparently, is holding on a straw hat, the right engaged in a similar effort with her shawl; her arms, bared by the wind, are so posed that their lines balance the inclining figure; her apparel is being blown in different directions by the gale; the sea is turbulent; the distance obscured by dark clouds, which appear in motion; and a boisterous, cold and dreary expression pervades the whole scene. Nothing is wanting to the telling of the story; nothing superfluous is included. It is a masterpiece; and after seeing such a production, one is obliged to confess, even if reluctantly, that if photography, in skillful hands, is not worthy of being classed with the fine