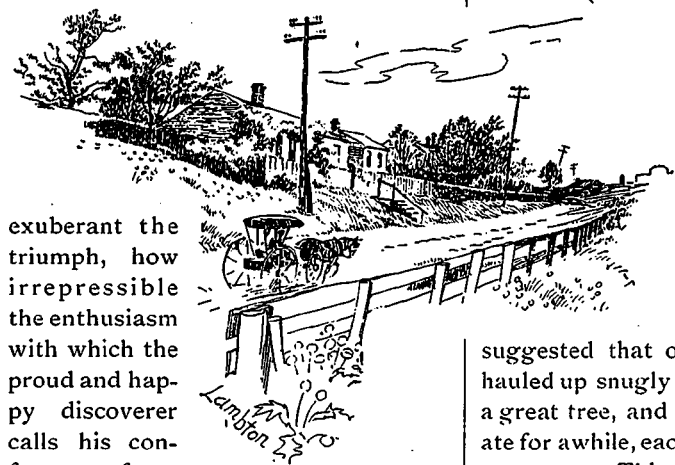


beautiful; quick to perceive and to seize a point of view; satisfied with the best obtainable, but satisfied with no less, and esteeming no effort too great to secure it. And when a specially fine subject has been discovered, the tripod fixed with nice discrimination, the camera focused with infinite pains, the whole arrangement verified by repeated and careful inspection of the image on the ground glass, how



exuberant the triumph, how irrepressible the enthusiasm with which the proud and happy discoverer calls his confreres from their own absorbing occupation to rejoice in his success.

I and a friend, (since dead), while staying in the country, hired a horse and sulky (the only conveyance procurable), for the purpose of taking a day's trip, my friend provided with his camera, I with sketch book and pencil.

Now Y——, on principle, never admitted to a misgiving of his ability to do anything, until he had made the effort and *succeeded*; then he would tell with much triumph, how he had never been so scared in his life as when he started out to make the attempt. If he failed, nothing would ever be heard of his misgivings, but he would be full of ingenious hypotheses in explanation of his almost unaccountable failure.

I, on this occasion, with characteristic caution, professed a total ignorance and mortal dread of horses. But though secretly I had as little faith in Y—— as a Jehu, I was not surprised when with a sharp, authoritative "Jump up Alfred" he sprang into his seat, seized the reins with all the confidence of a practised whip, and when I had painfully toiled aboard, rattled off at a lively pace in the direction of Springfield.

(By the way have any of the amateurs invaded that lovely section).

During the afternoon, finding my friend's incessant demands for my assistance in his selections rather an obstacle to my own progress, I

suggested that our horse and trap be hauled up snugly beneath the shade of a great tree, and that we should separate for awhile, each foraging on his own account. This arrangement being agreed to, I wandered off with my book, settled upon a subject on the summit of a hill some distance away, and set to work. I had not made much headway with my drawing, when I was startled by loud cries from the road below, and peering anxiously in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, I descried Y—— shouting and gesticulating in the wildest state of excitement.

"My gracious" thought I, "the blessed horse has bolted, whatever shall we do now," and dropping everything, I rushed down the hill to my friend's assistance. Y—— was still prancing round and waving his arms energetically, and as I ran breathlessly towards him, he yelled out "by the seven sleepers Alfred, just come and look at this.