

look on the focussing screen of our camera and see upon it a view that in chiaroscuro seems perfect, yet when photographed it may prove unsatisfactory. The reason is that the photographer, besides observing the ordinary light and shade, has to translate the colours into blacks and whites. Thus dark green will come out black in the print of a photograph, whilst the blue sky will be nearly white; the yellow bracken and the blue-bell which, maybe, add such value to the foreground, will have a totally distinct effect where such translation is made. Hence it is that practice is required to obtain a photograph which shall prove entirely satisfactory to the artist.

Of all the banes of photographers, however, the worst are the human race. Gentlemen in tall hats, ladies dressed in the height of fashion, or villagers who cannot stand still will often mar a picture; but by a little persuasion they can generally be made subservient to the photographer, or at all events can be made non-obtrusive. We well remember one quaint village in Kent where we were photographing a "bit." The whole village put on their best garments, and asked us to take their likeness (price no object). Nothing *would* content them, but they must have their "likeness took." Luckily we had a friend with us who, after we had focussed the subject that we wished to take, skilfully grouped the Darbys and the Joans together in such a way that they were out of the field of view. When thus arranged we quietly uncapped our lens for some dozen seconds, and secured the picture on which our heart was set. A plate of doubtful character was then exposed on the village group, and the lens uncapped. A sitting of a couple of minutes cooled their eagerness; and when they wanted to see the "pictur," their wrath was un-

bounded on being told that ours were dry plates which had to be "brought out" at home. If one can secure, however, a real rustic, gracefully posed in a country scene, it adds much to the force of the picture. A golden rule to remember is this: either take a photograph of a landscape or of a figure; don't try to do both. If the one is to be the centre of interest, make the other entirely subservient to it; if you don't, the one will spoil the other.

Photographers, be they amateurs or not, are always to a certain extent looked down upon by the world at large, be it gentle or simple; and we cannot close without recording one incident which shows a remarkable and perhaps unique expression of the feelings of the population towards them. One day, near the Pyrenees, we were working at our "trade," on a hot and dusty day, dressed in a common blouse to save our more respectable garments beneath it. We had secured many good views (it was in the days of the old "wet" process), and whilst standing with our camera over our shoulder, and mopping our forehead with a handkerchief held in hands apparently not too clean, an old peasant woman, who was trudging along the road with her grandchild toddling beside her, stopped in front of us and looked up and down at us. Pity, commiseration, or what you will, seized the heart of this dear old dame, and she put her hand into an old-fashioned pocket, which was well hidden beneath the short skirts of her dress, and pulled out a sou. She advanced to us, held out the coin (which in astonishment we took), muttered, "Pauvre garçon," and trudded along again. That sou we keep; it reminds us of a kindly French heart, and of the estimation in which the followers of the art are held even by the poorest.

W. DE W. ABNEY.



OTHER HANDS AND OTHER LANDS.



SANS CHANGER. That is possible in fidelity, but utterly impracticable in life. Nay, the great family whose motto it is have not always made the best even of the possibility: they have occasionally been unfaithful to a political brotherhood, and have contradicted their own traditions. And so it is with domestic

and social affections: are they without change? I once saw on the gravestone of a young wife this inscription:—"The Lord watch between thee and me whilst we are separated the one from the other."

That was meant to declare that the heart-broken man would be solitary for the rest of his life; but he was not so, however, for he married again within the year.

And as for life, the other hands—those which are not home-sacred—and even sometimes other lands, lie at its very threshold. School! why, that one word is full of the idea of change, and the thing for which it stands is crammed with the reality. We don't pity boys when they take that first plunge, and leap at last into the cold water of a strange life, after not a few shiverings on the bank. Well, we plunged in also many years since, and what we did they can do. But I think we forget a little. New anxieties have dulled the remembrance of old ones; and Time has placed his rust on the polished steel upon which the past

was once so clearly engraven. Look at the lad for a moment, and if you don't pity, at least comfort him. Try to imagine, if you are unable to remember, what is passing through a mind not at all matured and utterly unfortified by experience. Think of the earnest attempts to realise what it will all be like, the restless efforts to look into that little future; think of the misgivings, the hopes, the fears, and the assurances; and, last of all, the little heart brimful of its own courage, and braced up to encounter the *unknown*.

Times have changed, no doubt, and the affair is not nearly so serious as it was in Charles Lamb's time. For a boy then to get into "other hands" was sometimes a frightful consideration. In the present day, however, the public schools, and the great schools which are often called "public," are, as a rule, safe enough; they are open to the world. But it is impossible to declare this as a certainty of every private school. It is always possible for some bilious, cruel, ignorant, irresponsible person, who has failed perhaps in some other occupation, to "open" a school, where at least he can command the success which is afforded by a perfect despotism. No doubt he would find it hard to allure educated people: it must be a very stupid fly which could entangle itself in such a coarse and flimsy net. And yet we all know that from some class of society, probably from that of the smaller tradesman, the victims are furnished. However, let us hope that, in the presence of the new educational machinery, the doom of these schools is sealed. No; we will suppose that our brave boy who has gone into "other hands," has gone into good hands too; and he will soon get to like his new world. He has gone amongst gentlemen, at any rate—so he had no change there. It is a larger world than that which he has left, and he likes it all the better. He almost acquires another nature, without losing the old one; or, at any rate, a latent nature wakes up, and there is a dignity about the new life which contrasts in some things advantageously with the too much coddling of home, perhaps, with its petty censures, its petulances, and its kisses. Of course the creature is gregarious; and, if he is half a fellow, that which he once feared as the condition of one alone in a crowd, will be found to be the condition of one who is a living and an active member of it: of one who is proud to think that he has become a part of a considerable whole: who learns that he has really many and great sympathies, and possesses as good a heart as the best of them, with which he will one day face the real world as bravely as he has just faced its type and its introduction.

And then, emigration! A matter of "other lands" indeed; and what shall be said of it? Is it a game of chance, or of skill? Is the passage-money a lottery-ticket, or is it a solid investment which is sure to answer if only there is a brain for guidance? As far as I know, the elements of skill and fortune are pretty evenly balanced—that of fortune having perhaps somewhat the best of it. One thing, however, may be worth saying with something like certainty—it is a

mistake to come home with half a fortune, thinking that what was begun there may be continued here. Of course, this is obviously true when the occupation of land is in question, but I have rather in mind the cases of those who belong to professions. An instance happened within my knowledge not many months ago, when a barrister, whose practice in one of the colonies was very considerable indeed, utterly collapsed on his return home; and, finding how impossible it was to do even a little at the English Bar, emigrated the second time with the whole of his family, and struck at once into the path of his former success. That there have been grievous disappointments we all know. A graduate of Oxford or Cambridge blacks boots, or drives a cart or cab; or he cuts down trees all day—but *that* he was probably prepared for. And this leads one to remember that many gentlemen emigrate for the sake of appearances: what I mean is, that they are not ashamed to get their bread in another land, and under other conditions of society, in a manner which they would consider impossible here. However, I know a couple of young men, the sons of gentlemen, who work hard, together with their servants, as farmers in a wild part of England; and, with the labour of Australian emigrants and the average of Australian success, they have the comfort and the treasure of an English home.

But what a wrench it must be! what a desperate resolve, when coming back may be impossible! If there is no money at home, and if it should turn out that no money is to be procured abroad, then the parting is probably for ever. I once saw two young men saying good-bye on the platform of a great railway station. They were dressed in coarse, tough clothing and clean linen. There was a grave seriousness in their faces, but no tear. They stood by their heaps of luggage, eyeing them as they were stowed away in the train, while an old woman and two factory-girls (sent from their work by a kind overseer) said such a good-bye as left out all idea of hope. I saw the girls look eagerly into the faces of the men, their brothers, as though they were learning over and over again every feature by rote; telling themselves in their hearts never to forget; and indeed that was necessary, for the dark hair, the bright eyes, the unwrinkled foreheads were at least going for ever. I am sure those girls wondered whether they *could* remember what they saw then, and that they prayed to do it. And then the brave fellows got quickly into the train, but almost silently, amongst the sobbing women, and their pale faces looked back to the last, till the snorting engine took them wholly into darkness.

One could hardly speculate *then*; but I have since tried to picture to myself, as in a dream perhaps, those girls—married, thinking altogether of husbands, of children, of grandchildren—standing once more upon that platform and asking themselves whether those two grey-headed, weather-beaten men, fresh from other lands, could be indeed their brothers. Surely the features, learned by heart so long ago, have been nearly forgotten; and if not, how they are

changed! But for all this—and though other loves, and hopes, and interests have filled the long interval—there shall be some memories of the old times which are even yet faithful to them; these, at least, have lived through all, and in them be their welcome home!

Really it would be rather ludicrous, were it not so very pathetic, to hear our incipient emigrants, or our positive ones, singing "Happy land"—"the new and happy land"—while all the time they are so loving the old one; singing ever so merrily, with just the accent upon the jovial words of a sob or a tear. But, after all, it is a proud thing for England that it can be so. There is at least something to boast of in the union of the deepest feeling and the most determined courage. To be able to leave, with a bleeding heart, that which is voluntarily lost, because it is right to lose it, is not given to every man or woman. It may be sweet to die for one's country—it is easy to understand the *dulce et decorum* there—but very bitter to leave it.

Other hands! There is indeed a passing into these which, of all others, is the most common and the most curious. If one wished to show very pointedly how strangely constituted we of this planet are—how our best and most necessary actions are often merely a tissue of contradictions and inconsistencies—he would not be very far wrong if he took a wedding breakfast for his text. It seems to me that we see there all the best feelings of the heart rising up and doing battle against each other; people weep, not in crape, but in white robes, roses, and orange-flowers; good-bye to the past half breaks a heart which has yet set all its hopes in the future; congratulations, the glitter of costly offerings, the sparkle of champagne, which bring with them anywhere else in this world warmth and fervour, struggle—to say the very best of them—with a cold mist that seems to have settled on all the land. What a satire they are upon the festivities of that last Christmas, when every heart

was light, and when all declared, please God, they would meet again next year! What is wrong in the machinery that brings all this about? Decidedly the whole matter is a long way off perfection; but then I suppose that human nature itself is a long way off perfection also. Girls must go into other hands—occasionally, one fears, into other lands. They must leave the home that nursed them, and the people who will love them to the end, and they must dip their hands into the wheel of fortune and draw out *something*—perhaps a prize, perhaps a blank, or worse than a blank, for there are in this world the cowards, the drunkards, the faithless, as well as the brave, and wise, and true. At least, there *is* misery in the recesses of that gilded wheel, and unhappy is the little hand that finds it.

But call the whole matter a medley, a mystery, an incongruity, or what you will, it must go on for all that. Whatever else may cease, *that* is certain. And yet I wonder if one might venture upon the least warning—a mere *souçon* of advice, only the flavour of it. One might like to say, for instance, "This man drinks: he honestly thinks that he will give up the habit when he is married; and so he will for two or three months, and then resume it. You don't believe me, of course, but that is just what will happen." And then there is the advice about the commonest prudence in money matters, and so forth. Let it pass! One may speak, but where is the answer? It is easy to call the spirits, but will they come when you do call them? When once these earnest creatures have eaten of that insane root which takes the reason prisoner, not all the hellebore of Anticyra can give them back their sanity. Again, your husband will promise also to "cherish" you: yes, in that he may command himself; but I should trust more to my own conduct than to his vow. Mrs. Garrick said of her husband that he was her lover all his life; but then Mrs. Garrick made love to him also—even to the end.

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