

not that. He was a true lover of nature. It was one of his favorite thoughts that this love naturally grows deeper and warmer in old age. His last great book is on man and nature—'The Earth as Modified by Human Action.'

A second volume is to tell the story of the twenty-one fruitful years which Mr. Marsh spent as Minister to Italy.

#### MEMORIALS OF ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

*Richard Chenevix Trench*, Archbishop: *Letters and Memorials*. Edited by the author of 'Charles Lowder.' 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

THESE "Letters and Memorials" are a very inadequate record of a man who was distinguished and remarkable in a variety of ways. Dr. Trench was a poet and a theologian; and as Archbishop of Dublin the difficult task devolved upon him of reconstituting the Anglican Church in Ireland after the passing of Mr. Gladstone's measure of disestablishment. Previous to his promotion to the Archiepiscopal see, he had been Dean of Westminster, and these ecclesiastical offices (conjointly with the position he occupied in the world of letters) brought him into contact with all that was most distinguished, intellectually or socially, in the England of his day. The biography of such a man would have been replete with interest, but the Archbishop, it appears, had laid an injunction upon his family—or had, at any rate, very emphatically expressed his desire—that after his death no record of his life should be given to the world. His widow has obeyed this injunction in the letter, though hardly in the spirit. The "Letters and Memorials" contained in the two volumes we are noticing do not profess to be a life of the Archbishop. They are only a selection from his correspondence and journals, with just so much of connecting narrative as to make their contents intelligible to the general reader. They constitute, in other words, a bad and imperfect biography. Far better would it have been, in our judgment, either absolutely to obey the wishes of the Archbishop or altogether to have disregarded them. The present work is a needless and unprofitable addition to that huge mass of printed matter purporting to be books, but which are such only in name and outward appearance, like Charles Lamb's backgammon boards.

The future Archbishop of Dublin was born in that city on September 5, 1807. He was, however, Irish only through the accident of his birth. His parents were of French extraction, and his life, until he became Archbishop, was almost wholly spent in England. For young men of thoughtful and imaginative temperaments, the England of the first forty years of this century must have been a highly stimulating atmosphere in which to live. It was a period of heroic achievements by sea and land, of a wonderful outbreak of genius at home. By the long and at last victorious struggle which Great Britain had maintained against the power of Napoleon, she had established for herself a foremost place among the nations; and, simultaneously with this, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge appeared in a constellation of genius second only to the brightness of the Elizabethan era. The effect of these occurrences upon the minds of Trench and his companions is discoverable in the youthful correspondence published in these volumes. In his university days at Cambridge he was one of a small society of young men nearly all of whom rose to eminence in after days. John Sterling, Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson, Frederick Maurice, and Trench himself are the best known names among them.

Others were John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes. The most interesting portion of these "Memorials" consists of the letters which in these early days passed between Trench and his friends, Sterling, Maurice, Hallam, Kemble, and others. A devouring earnestness, a passion for reforming the world, are the characteristics common to each member of this group of friends. They feed their minds on the poetry of Wordsworth and the philosophy of Coleridge. They write at immense length to each other upon the state of their respective souls. They are filled with faith in the great possibilities shortly to emerge from the bosom of time. They are all champions of liberty and the enemies of tyranny, and in this double character the future Archbishop, together with other youthful and ardent spirits, actually sailed from England in company with a band of refugee Spanish patriots for the purpose of overthrowing the Spanish monarchy. He had a narrow escape from being shot—a fate which overtook every member of this unlucky party with the exception of Trench and Kemble. At the same time, he was as far as possible from being a revolutionist of the French destructive type.

"To me," he writes in 1831, shortly after his return from Spain, "it seems that an aristocracy is necessary as the representative of the continuity of the consciousness of a nation. Unless there be something in a country not embraced by the birth and death of the fleeting generation which at any moment may compose it, you may have a horde, you may have a sovereign people, but you cannot have a nation. If it be a nation, it must look before and after. This, as of an individual, is its highest humanity. And there is no way that we can be called off from the demands of the ever important present; there is no way of binding it with indissoluble links to the past and future unless you preserve this body, in whom, after a manner, is involved the history of the past and prophecy of the future. Believing this, I would welcome the fiercest civil war before a government of clubs and unions."

Trench entered holy orders in the year 1832. From that time until his translation to the See of Dublin in 1863, he floated prosperously along the stream of ecclesiastical preferment, and it was during these thirty years that the greater part of his theological works were written. He was, of course, strongly opposed to the act for the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, and it does credit to his political foresight that he discerned the far-reaching consequences of that policy a great deal more clearly than did Mr. Gladstone or any other of its supporters. The following prophetic extract from a charge of his delivered in 1868 is quoted in the 'Memorials':

"When our establishment is denounced as a badge of conquest, what is this but the saying, in a way which is meant should irritate some portion of the Irish people, that the past has bequeathed its results to the present? But so it has done everywhere, and in ten thousand ways. In the historic life of nations there is no escaping the dominion of the past. If it be attempted to ignore its verdicts, to reverse its decisions, to undo what it has done, a far larger task will have to be taken in hand than merely the overthrow of our establishment. The possession by Protestant landlords of seven-eighths of the soil of Ireland—is not that a badge of conquest far more impressive, and with social and political results immeasurably more significant, than any which we can offer? Must that, also, close? Might not the whole present framework of things, the Vicereignty, nay, the Royalty itself, which is behind the Vicereignty, by the same right, or by a better, be termed badges of conquest; and, if all which keeps record of the great decisions of the past must needs be abolished, the removal of these on the same plea be demanded? When is a movement like this to stop? This much is certain, that, if once allowed, it will not stop exactly where those intend and desire who have set it agoing, any more than the rock which has been detached from the mountain-top will pause upon

its side exactly where he who impelled it may desire."

Failing to avert disestablishment, the Archbishop addressed himself with unabated courage to the task of reconstructing the shattered Church after the blow had fallen. A more difficult and harassing task for a man of the Archbishop's temperament and convictions never devolved upon mortal man. He was a High Churchman, logically, if not explicitly, committed to the depressing tenet that outside of the Anglican Church there was small hope of the salvation of the devoutest Christian. To the Anglican Church belonged the Apostolical succession, on which depended the regenerating power of the sacrament of Baptism, and the real Presence in that of the Holy Communion. For the disestablished Church in Ireland to do aught in the process of reconstitution which might cut it off from communion with the Church in England, was tantamount, in the eyes of the Archbishop, to its destruction as a church, and its reduction to the level of a dissenting sect. The Irish laity, on the other hand, with whom he had to work, regarded the very things which the Archbishop held essential to the life of a church as survivals of Papacy, and drew, at least, this consolation from the fact of disestablishment—that now they could purge the Irish Church from all contamination by them. Further to aggravate the difficulties of the situation, there were behind the Archbishop his High-Church friends in England—Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, Wilberforce of Winchester—anxiously watching the strife, and shrieking out at intervals that the Irish Church would be no longer a church if this or that thing came to pass. Under these circumstances, Dr. Trench would seem to have acted with a rare combination of tact, firmness, and judgment, and he succeeded ultimately in bringing the Irish Church out of the fray considerably mutilated in the ecclesiastical sense, yet not so grossly defaced but that a High Churchman in England might condescend still to recognize her as a poor relative.

In conclusion, we must express our strong disapproval of a miscellaneous correspondence of this kind being given to the public without either an adequate table of contents or anything answering to an index. Scattered through the letters, especially those from Mr. John Sterling, which are the pleasantest and most suggestive among them, there are many things one would like to recall; but, without an index, they are almost as irrecoverable as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay.

*A Century of Ballads*. Collected, Edited, and Illustrated in Facsimile of the Originals, by John Ashton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Edited by Francis James Child. Part V. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. ASHTON has been known for some years past as a professional book-maker, who has devoted himself in particular, though he has not confined himself, to the illustration of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The first of the volumes under review is one of his latest productions. It consists of about eighty poems arranged under the nine various headings of Social, Supernatural, Historical, Love, Drinking, Sea, Naval and Military, Sporting, and Local and Miscellaneous Ballads. They all belong or seem to belong to the seventeenth century; for in most cases nothing is given to fix positively the date.

The work is got up in sumptuous style, and

the expense bestowed upon it is in striking contrast with the character of its contents. Looked at from a literary point of view, the poems contained in it are about as worthless as those of any collection that industrious dullness has ever succeeded in gathering together. It would perhaps be no more than justice to give it precedence over all similar collections that have been made. These ballads may, indeed, be supposed to have some value as illustrating the manners and feelings of the past, and this is the special claim to consideration which their compiler sets up for them. Still, even in this respect they will be found in most cases to be of as little importance as they are of interest. It needs no one to come from the dead to tell us that some parents have opposed the wishes of their children in the matter of marriage, that some husbands have been drunkards and brutes, that some wives have been shrews, and that, in fine, human nature has in former centuries exhibited itself in the same agreeable or disagreeable ways that it does in the nineteenth. The truth is, these ballads seem to have been selected almost entirely for the cuts with which they were headed. Upon the faithful reproduction of these in facsimile Mr. Ashton prides himself unreservedly. As works of art it is not necessary to discuss their merits. It is sufficient to say that while the volume appears to have been got up for their sake, it has not been so ostensibly; and it militates accordingly against the eternal fitness of things that literary matter so utterly wretched should be clothed in a guise so elegant.

The original matter which the editor has prefixed to the collection of ballads is marked by some novel and surprising information, and by criticism which is even more novel and surprising than the information. There is this to be said for it, that it contains one piece which surpasses in literary value anything and everything else to be found in the book. This is "The Nut-Brown Maid," which "pretty poem," as Mr. Ashton calls it, he gives in full, as it might not be familiar to some of his readers, and he is honestly of opinion that it "is worthy of a place in the literature of its century." This betokens a judicious attitude of mind. It is clear that enthusiasm of the sort which comes from the late discovery of what is known to every one else will never lead Mr. Ashton astray. His general criticism of this piece, and the information collected in his Introduction, tend to impress firmly upon us the conviction that in the course of his seventeenth-century investigations he is likely to alight upon a certain epic called "Paradise Lost," which he will be disposed to consider a pretty good thing—at least a pretty good thing for its time and of its kind. Only in case he undertakes to print his discovery, it is to be hoped that he will edit it with more care and knowledge than he has bestowed upon "The Nut-Brown Maid." The obvious errors of the original are here not once corrected, and the words he selects for explanation either require none or are explained wrongly when they do. Some of the blunders made are of the grossest sort. *The ton*, for instance, which is a common form for 'the one,' is gravely rendered by "the town," and the interjection *loo*, a variant form of "lo," is interpreted 'loved.' As the only poem worth reading in this quarto of three hundred and fifty pages, it is annoying to have it reproduced in this slipshod fashion.

It is always pleasant to pass from the work of the compiler to that of the scholar. In this instance the leap is one of the longest conceivable. In the fifth part of the collection of English and Scottish Ballads now under notice

we have a further outcome of the researches of the one man who, in the ballads of our tongue, is the greatest authority now living, and it is not too much to say the greatest authority that has ever lived. The progress of the work has been so often noticed in these columns that there is little opportunity left to speak in new terms of the finish and perfection with which everything connected with the subject has been treated, as well as of the exhaustive learning that has been brought to bear upon every particular poem that is printed. The part before us consists of forty-two ballads, almost all of which belong to the Robin Hood cycle. It is interesting to observe how in these the usual law of the development of the hero's reputation has been reversed; how, in the events recorded in the later pieces as contrasted with the earlier, the prowess of the famous outlaw steadily diminishes instead of increasing. The readers of 'Ivanhoe' will note, too, several of the places from which Scott derived his incidents. Of a more wide-reaching interest is the introduction to the ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley." It is a mine of information in regard to the widely diffused series of stories connected with the shooting at an apple, or some other object, in close proximity to a living person, of which the most famous exemplar is the legend of William Tell. But the whole volume, like those which have preceded it, is full of illustrative matter, in which the learning of the East and the West has been brought together so as to shed light upon the subject of which the particular ballad treats. It is gratifying to see this great work going on steadily to its completion, for it is preëminently one of the kind that will never have to be done a second time. In this instance the worth of the contents will admit of any extent of external decoration, and the beautiful form in which the publishers have produced the collection corresponds fitly to its internal value.

*The Photographic Negative*, written as a practical guide to the preparation of sensitive surfaces, etc. By the Rev. W. H. Burbank. Scovill Manufacturing Co. 1888.

THERE is a defect running through the literature of photography, with few exceptions (and these mainly books of scientific investigators who had something new to say, and, being in earnest, said it in the fewest words possible, or at least with no idle repetition), which we wish to press home on the minds of the professional writers on photography, for it is making their literature a nuisance. We mean the extravagant tendency to pad their books out to large dimensions by the insertion of matters already worn out by repetition, and often of no practical value—apparently because the really important matter is so little that, if the work were limited to it, the dimensions of the volume would be incommensurate with the ambition of the author. What is necessary to be said with regard to practical photography, and would be of real utility to the learner, could be said in a book of half the bulk of this, which is devoted to the production of the negative, and, after all, does not say one word on the most important point in reference to this particular subject. But the photographic author, being generally a tyro in letters, magnifies the importance of his office, and cannot satisfy his aspirations with a small book, such as would result from the exclusion of all matter not really of moment. He therefore goes over all the well-known ground of past experience, and loads his book with pages of information as profitable as the geography of Ptolemy.

The author of this book, for instance, goes through all the details of some twenty-odd negative processes, some of which never had any value, as, for instance, Canon Beechey's, Capt. Abney's, Sutton's, Vogel's, the Gum-gallic, and some others of doubtful utility, while the greater part by far have now only an historic interest, and not more than three of the whole have any practical existence for the photographer. The old wet collodion, the simple washed collodion emulsion, and the gelatine processes are all that any person can require for practical purposes; and even from the enormous number of modifications made by the crowd of experimenters in the three or four distinct processes, our author's selections have been rather at random than from any knowledge of their actual working qualities. Thus, of Canon Beechey's process, which was only a trivial modification of the collodio-bromide emulsion, he says that it possessed "technical qualities of about one-half the sensitiveness of wet plates," which is simply absurd; the best of the processes of this type never passing the fifth of the sensitiveness of wet plates. The principal fact remaining of Capt. Abney's processes (for he discovered several, none of which were of any worth) is that the adoption of one of them resulted in losing all the photographic results of one of the eclipse expeditions. The author recommends Vogel's combined emulsion process, not seeming to know that it was a nostrum, and easily exploded in practical working out, and certainly never having tried it, which must have been the case with regard to most of the processes he describes.

Under remarks on exposure, etc., the author says that "the time of exposure is inversely as the distance of the objects to be photographed. To this law is due the reproduction of the effect known as aerial perspective"! This passes human comprehension, and throws a very grave imputation on the author's elementary scientific education, to say the least. There is no such law to begin with, and "the effect known as aerial perspective" is due simply to the intervention of illuminated vapor between the observer and the distance. An object five miles away is photographed as quickly as one ten miles away; but when objects are brought within very close range of the lens the focus is lengthened, and then the exposure of the plates is prolonged according to another law, stated correctly by the author: "The time of the exposure varies directly as the focal lengths of the objectives (lenses)"; but there is no approach to the variation indicated in the other "law."

The historical part of the book is extremely incomplete as history and imperfect as description. The tannin process, as discovered and first put into practice by Major Russell, was a pure bromide process, and it was afterwards applied to iodo-bromide. The collodio-bromide emulsion was not in the least due to Gaudin, though he had suggested something like it; and in the entire history no mention is made of the important practical discovery that an emulsion made with an excess of nitrate of silver possesses a degree of sensitiveness so much greater than that of the first emulsion of Sayce and Bolton, that it changed the character of all the work done with emulsions. The whole of this portion of the book is cursory, and evidently only wanted to swell out the volume.

With regard to the really important subject of the so-called orthochromatic film-plates, the author really gives no original information, nor does he approach the subject in a way to enable the reader to benefit by his experience, if he have any—which seems to