

April 16, 1881.]

## THE SPECTATOR.

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observed even in the election of members of the Old Society of Water-colours, and we should be very glad if any member of that body would give us even a plausible reason why Mr. Napier Hemy was not elected and Mr. Pilsbury was.

The first picture in the gallery is by Mr. H. N. Marshall, and is entitled, "A Frozen Highway." It represents "the River" (as we Londoners like to call it) in the winter; in the middle-distance, the Houses of Parliament; and above, an evening sky of mist and orange light. This work is laborious and comparatively successful, but it has not achieved the truth of tone which Mr. Arthur Severn's ice-and-snow scenes on the Thames possess. The artist has apparently started right, and then been afraid to continue truthfully, lest his picture should not be attractive enough to the outside public; so he has put in some pretty colour here and there, and fudged the foreground with the floating ice a little, and so the work is partly true and partly false. With these exceptions, however, this picture, and the one by the same artist of Cavendish Square, deserve high praise. They have caught the *beauty* of London—a thing hard to see and harder to paint—they have an underlying strain of poetry consequent upon that perception, and they are in beautiful tone throughout, and well worked, mostly in pure water-colour.

Mr. E. K. Johnson's "While Lubin is Away" is an average example of that painter's merits and defects. The drapery is poorly arranged, the figure a little heavy, and the colour weak; but the pose is easy and natural, and the composition as a whole, of that character which the picture-dealers call "pleasing." The sentiment does not go farther than a gentle melancholy (probably there are other Lubins in the background), and the lady is a cross between a society actress and a cottage maiden, of the exact kind which picture buyers love to accept as the genuine article.

Mr. Albert Goodwin's water-colours seem to be passing through a period of change, and we do not propose to criticise them minutely. The colour has lost all its happy luminousness, and the painter is, if we mistake not, ill at ease with his work and himself. If not, we are sorry, for it shows that this most promising and imaginative artist is sinking to the level of the—haystacks. Mr. H. Moore's "Light Breezes" is a beautiful example of his art,—fresh and blue as Nature herself, and the wave-forms clearly and beautifully hinted at, without being harshly defined. In every way a beautiful water-colour study of sea and sky.

We have great pleasure in seeing that the oldest painter in this Society, Mr. S. Palmer, is not only able still to contribute, but to send two such splendid examples of his genius as the two illustrations to "L'Allegro," to which the Hanging Committee have, with commendable good-taste, given the places of honour in this exhibition. We have criticised Mr. Palmer's work at length in these columns, in former years, and do not care now to dwell upon its defects; but its excellencies are very numerous, and in these two drawings they are well exemplified. We wish every one who reads this article, and afterwards goes to the Water-colour Gallery, would notice the glory of light and the depth of shade which Mr. Palmer attains to in his pictures; would notice the way in which local colour glows faintly, yet clearly, through the cast shadows; would notice the strong feeling of a beauty of line and composition in both drawings; would notice, above all, the dignity and sense of high power and talent not to be lightly wasted upon trivial or ignoble things; and, lastly, the beauty of colour and poetical feeling with which Mr. Palmer's work is instinct from beginning to end. The one which is entitled "The Eastern Gate" is the finest, we think, of these examples, if it be only from the magnificent sky. It represents a ploughman ploughing at early dawn with oxen, and is in subject, and, perhaps, partially in treatment and composition, a repetition of the well-known one of the same subject in the South Kensington Museum. The glory of the sunrise of crimson, purple, and gold is hardly to be expressed in words, and much of its beauty is owing, no doubt, to the intensely dark, yet coloured shadow, in which half the picture is enveloped. No doubt the method is conventional to a high degree, as conventional as Claude's, but it is a convention of Mr. Palmer's own origin; and if it surrenders frankly some natural truths, it seizes others, and very worthy ones, with almost unequalled intensity. Near this (24) is a very good example of Mr. Francis Powell, entitled, "Opposite the Setting Sun," a sketch of calm sea, with vessels waiting for the breeze.

Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Evening in Sussex" is a pretty but

artificial picture, injured by the wanton use of body-colour. Mrs. Allingham's "Clothes-basket" (48) represents two village children bringing clothes home across a common, their figures relieved against a lemon-coloured sky. This picture has only one fault, that of over-refinement. Mrs. Angell's "Fruit and Flowers" lacks a little of Hunt's transparency, especially about the edges of the black grapes, but otherwise it is scarcely inferior to the work of Helen Coleman's old master.

The first landscape in the exhibition, if we except Mr. Palmer's classical compositions, is undoubtedly "The Autumn Twilight," by Mr. W. M. Hale (66),—a glade of trees, with a meadow rising in the background. This is a drawing in pure water-colour, of exquisite tone, and has grasped the feeling of the scene most poetically and truly. It is the *truest* piece of landscape painting in the gallery, and perfectly unaffected and good throughout. We do not remember having seen any work of Mr. Hale's which has given us so much pleasure as this specimen of his art, though his other contribution to this gallery, entitled "Loch Maree," has the same truth of tone and feeling, and, as we, who know the place, can affirm with certainty, has caught the exact look of the "low sky raining" in the Western Highlands. Miss Clara Montalba's sketches of Venice, &c., are scarcely so happy as usual; they seem to be losing their power of colour, perhaps from too continued repetition of the same subject. Mr. Briery's "Spanish Armada" is not a very good example of his art in colour, but is drawn and conceived with all his usual force. Mr. Alfred Hunt's Whitby sketches are much the same as usual, and one of them raises the following question in our mind,—namely, why Mr. Hunt does not adopt in his painting the method he recommends in his writings? We refer to the sketch of Whitby in afternoon sunlight, in which, according to Mr. Hunt's theory, the red roofs and houses should (if we remember right) be painted white with red shadows, but which are, as a matter of fact, painted red, as most people would suppose they ought to be. Mr. George Andrews's shipping in the "Pool" is a very clever piece of painting, the boats beautifully drawn and put in the water, but suffering from a sense of confusion, and from being spotted about with too bright colour. Mr. George du Maurier, the newly-elected Associate, sends several water-colour sketches, rather black in colour, but otherwise delicately executed, and in beautiful tone throughout.

Carl Haag's Eastern scenes show somewhat of a return to his earlier, and we think, better manner of smaller figures and more varied subject. The execution is as perfect as can be desired, Mr. Carl Haag being an adept in the painting of water-colours to a very rare extent. Mr. R. Thorne Waite's landscapes show great falling-off, and are in this exhibition supremely uninteresting. We are glad to notice that Mr. Tom Lloyd shows this year an inclination to forsake his accustomed track of pretty girls, very shiny mahogany boats, and young men in boating costume, for a more serious style of Art. His large picture of the "Harvest Moon" wants very little of being a really beautiful picture, that little being chiefly in his conventional type of face and expression. Probably the most charming piece of genre painting in the exhibition is Mr. E. F. Brentnall's "Her First Offer" (169), a very delicate piece of painting in a rather silvery key of colour, of an embarrassed maiden receiving her first offer. The dress is old English, the attitudes graceful, the expressions full both of character and meaning, and the whole composition full of atmosphere, both of the intended sentiment and the time of day.

## BOOKS.

## THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.\*

WHILE the public are engaged in considering what monument is to be erected to our last great man of letters, and deploring the indiscretion of his literary executor, we have in these two volumes a tribute to his wide-spread fame of greater importance than may appear at first sight. Each of them is such a life of Carlyle as any one might have made for himself who copied out every paragraph concerning his hero which has been published in the last twenty or thirty years, and then arranged them in chronological order, supplementing them with easily attainable anecdotes, and the account of Teufelsdröckh's childhood, with

\* *Thomas Carlyle: the Man and his Books.* By Wm. Howie Wylie. London: Marshall Japp and Co.

*Thomas Carlyle.* By Henry J. Nicol. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Scotch names substituted for German. Both have been read by us from beginning to end, and we presume, therefore, that they might be read by any one else who is interested in their subject. We give the decided preference to Mr. Wylie's volume, which, among other merits, has one which would have been specially appreciated by its hero,—it possesses an index. It seems to us more interesting than its companion, and is certainly more accurate. Mr. Nicoll has an account of a visit paid by Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle to Germany (p. 29) soon after their marriage, and of Goethe's admiration for Mrs. Carlyle, which is founded on some mistake. Carlyle was only in Germany, we believe, twice—in 1852 and 1858—so that he never saw Goethe; and on neither occasion did his wife accompany him, so that if deceptions were possible in a negation, she would have been still farther from doing so. However, this seems to us the only occasion on which Mr. Nicoll has drawn on his own imagination, or somebody else's, for his facts; and his criticism is generally good, as far as it goes, which is not far. Both notices are unexceptionable in tone, being both admiring and impartial; perhaps, indeed, they could hardly be otherwise, if they were to reflect the general feeling of the last twenty or thirty years. Mr. Carlyle was a hero whose defects were plainly conspicuous, but he remained a hero till the publication of the unhappy book which has been declared by more than one reader a death-blow to his heroic reputation. We turn with some satisfaction after reading it to works of the modest pretensions of these, which, at least, insult and wound no one, and are not guilty (to copy the misleading literalness of Carlyle's translation from the author for whom he cherishes the greatest admiration) of the "damnable audacity.\* . . . of exposing to the light of the sun these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid." And it is a strange and mournful comment on the revelation for which such a price has been paid, that both these writers, in copying one of Mrs. Carlyle's lively notes to an acquaintance, Sir George Sinclair, of Thurso (which, we presume, must have been open to all the world, but which we never happen to have seen), give a more definite representation in a couple of pages of this sprightly being, than all that a man of genius has written about her, and one of unquestionable ability has chosen to publish. Would that, in recording the contrast, we could make its moral emphatic!

We may set by the side of this scrap of gay and characteristic banter from the wife an utterance from the husband, peculiar to Mr. Wylie's volume, which seems to us equally characteristic,—a little poem, disinterred from the pages of an extinct periodical, evidently from the pen of Carlyle, and interesting, though a mere trifle, both as being suggested by the sight of a bridge built by his father, and as being a rhymed version of a passage in *Sartor Resartus*. There is much beside in Mr. Wylie's volume that we have found a welcome reminder of what was best in Carlyle, after reading so much of the opposite. One pleasant trait, well represented in both volumes, is his friendship with Leigh Hunt, whose biography seems to us hardly so well known as it deserves to be; and there is always a peculiar interest in any friendship which brings out admiration for a kind of nature not often appreciated by the admirer, or at all events (which, perhaps, is the truer way of putting it) very unlike the more conspicuous objects of his admiration, and extremely unlike himself. We owe Mr. Wylie gratitude for the sight of another tribute which many will feel of still deeper interest, and which, though derived from no more recondite source than the columns of the *Times*' newspaper, will doubtless be fresh to most readers,—that to Mazzini. From these pages we may also learn Mazzini's view of Carlyle, and a sentence which Mr. Wylie quotes (from the *British and Foreign Review*, October, 1843) will send many to the original. "Carlyle," said Mazzini, "understands only the individual, the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathises with all men," (how far too generous an estimate!) "but it is with the individual life of each, not with their collective life,"—one of the most instructive sentences, we think, that has ever been written about Carlyle. We wish that Mr. Wylie had added to it a piece of criticism not unworthy to stand by its side,—that by John Sterling. His review of the man who was to be his biographer interested us, when we read it long ago, more than did the biography, inasmuch as it appeared to us a truer revelation of the writer. We should, of course, have preferred many omissions, as well as some additions. Anecdotes of conspicu-

ous people become misleading, not only from exaggeration, but from some apparently trifling omission, and are, indeed, sometimes misleading, even when accurate. We hope that some of both these sets of anecdotes are inaccurate, for one told by Mr. Wylie records a speech that is merely rude, and one told by Mr. Nicoll (p. 120) a speech that is merely foolish. Mr. Carlyle could certainly be rude, and we suppose every human being has made a foolish remark at some time or other; but we are sorry that a great man should have such specimens of his table-talk presented to the public, whether they are authentic or not.

In spite of the immortal specimen of such reminiscences, we feel a great doubt, much strengthened by the perusal of these volumes, whether, apart from special aptitude in the narrator, or special suitability in the subject, biography should embody much of these records. A large part of what is most delightful in conversation cannot be reproduced; the wit that "you saw before you heard it" (as we remember hearing it said of Jeffrey), may be on paper as colourless as a dried flower. At all events, the conversation which is reproduced should be *conversation*, which is just what Carlyle's was not. Mr. Wylie's volume doubtless includes every attempt at Boswellizing him that has hitherto been printed—a much more comprehensive title than we should have supposed—and after reading it carefully through, we are more than ever impressed with the conviction that the recorded talk of a great writer rarely adds anything to that knowledge of him which may be obtained from his writings. The thoughts and views chronicled by Carlyle's hearers had all been previously much better chronicled by himself. However, Mr. Wylie's volume may be recommended to those who care for scraps of a great man's conversation, as a collection of such memoranda concerning one of the greatest of our time. It also supplies a good illustration of the way such anecdotes grow, an extravagant, but not apparently exaggerated expression of Carlyle's horror of Darwinism, produced some years ago as "written to a friend" by him, and repudiated on his behalf (by Mr. Lecky, we believe), being here satisfactorily explained; he never wrote it, apparently, but the person to whom he spoke wrote it, so that the scrap of biography seems to have been less inaccurate than it appeared at the time. Mr. Wylie was himself admitted to an interview with his hero, but nothing interesting ensued from that meeting, and his expressions of disappointment at the appearance of Carlyle in his extreme old age, when he was hardly the shadow of his former self, though very natural, seems to us a little misleading. It is given to few—and those few, perhaps, not the men for whom we should have expected it—to become more expressive of their true selves in old age. More often what is revealed is the weakness and the less noble tendencies of the nature, and we fancy this was especially true of Mr. Carlyle. If we may trust our most vivid recollections of him, dating now from thirty years back, we should say that both these two volumes suggest too much of a rugged, uncomely peasant. At his best, he was such a personage as naturally took a place in polished society, without any impression of violent contrast. But what is perhaps true of most men, was eminently true of him,—that a certain deficiency in self-restraint told upon him as age advanced, and he became rougher as he became less vigorous. When he was most himself, he was at once more definite and more refined than he is represented here.

The discovery that so much information about Carlyle as is here indicated may be derived from sources open to all the world, has raised some reflections as to the great man recently departed which could not have been awakened by any work of more pretensions. It marks a great literary distinction, when so extensive a shadow is cast by a man of letters on the world that is not literary. Indeed, if we will consider it, this is the very essence of Literature,—to command the attention of the world beyond itself. It may seem a paradox, but it is a truth, that as long as a writer is known only to the literary world, he is not contributing to literature. He may be a striking and original thinker, a fine scholar, an accurate historian, or an attentive recorder of any set of facts not historical, but till he learns the secret of embodying his thought or his information in a form which brings it before the world, he is not a man of letters. We commemorate the distinction in speaking of our own dearth. There are men now living whose writings, perhaps, will be read as long as Carlyle's,—possibly, indeed, longer, for we doubt if the vividness of his style may not have

\* Translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, in Vol. IV. of "German Romance," p. 152. Goethe wrote:—"Eine verdammungswürdige Frechheit."



been bought at the price of its permanent hold on the mind of the reading world. But there is no one left now among us who inspires the kind of interest that he inspired. We could not go through the biographies of the last twenty or thirty years, as Mr. Wylie has done, and extract the references to any other writer so as to make a book such as the one we are noticing. We should want material, and what material there was would be too heterogeneous for the purpose. There would be no unity in such a collection. Carlyle produced a certain definite impression, far beyond the circle of those who were able to form any judgment on his work, of an entirely different kind from that produced by any writer now left to us. He attracted attention not so much to what he did, as to what he was. He was more impressive than his works, or rather, the chief thing in his works was the revelation of himself. He has left no heir to this position among his fellows. In other words, Literature, as such, can no longer be said to have a representative among us.

The greatness of our loss thereby may seem, perhaps, too obvious to dwell upon. We do not feel it so. Our abundance of literary expression hides our want of literature. We have so much good criticism, so much fluent and able utterance of social and political opinion, so much readable narrative, that we are apt to forget that the world of books could give us anything more. Perhaps such a testimony as Mr. Wylie's to the interest of that personality which Carlyle's writings have awakened, may bring home to our minds what it is that we miss in all this rich underwood, if the timber is wanting. It is not the importance of the doctrine which is to be brought home to the average reader; literature has every grade of importance, and much expression of the most important truth is not literary. We believe that literature begins exactly with that impression of an individual mind on the subject of thought or belief which we see at its height in Carlyle. It is this which brings truth home to the world. Even science, wherever it is associated with this distinct individuality (which, in the nature of things, it hardly ever can be), becomes a part of literature, as all mere record of fact, however literary in its subject-matter, must, without this distinct impression, derive all its value from the ground of science. For it is this impression of character which gives to narrative, or essay, or fiction its power of arresting attention, apart from any existing desire for the information or the thought conveyed. Literature has been called the mediator between philosophy and the world, and this mediation, we believe, does not cease when it becomes unconscious. The "Hero, as man of letters," need not remember the truth he translates into concrete expression, in any other sense than that he keeps this concrete form vividly before him. Two Englishmen, in the reign of Elizabeth, spoke to their fellow-men in language which, we may safely say, Englishmen will never cease to study. Neither is mentioned by the other. But turn from Bacon's Essays to Shakespeare's Plays, and you are often confronted with the very same ideas. We learn from both alike that the nature of man has suddenly become interesting to man,—that the secular world of human desire, human activity, has suddenly absorbed attention; that the human soul is no longer merely the arena for the forces of heaven and hell to display their might, but a rich and various garden, full of all goodly growth, which has its own interest as a production of Nature, whether its fruit be poisonous or nourishing. This parallelism of feeling is brought home to the mind quite as much by the general spirit of Bacon's Essays and Shakespeare's plays, as by one or two passages where there is a striking parallelism of language. In the philosopher and in the dramatist alike, we feel the sudden awakening of the wide, varied, unmoral life of man,—the new claim of human nature as human nature. Our illustration may not appear a very good one, for it may be urged that Bacon's Essays are just as much a part of literature as Shakespeare's Plays. Still, the one speaks to an intellectual aristocracy, while the other arrests the crowd, and finds a hearer in every passer-by. The one is the work of a philosopher, and the other of a poet.

Whether it is the philosopher or the world who suffers most in the loss of their mediator, we find it hard to say. At first, we should deem the world to be the greater loser; and that is, indeed, the opinion we hold at last. But when we consider how philosophy fades and withers without such a contact with actual life as literature affords, we feel almost as though the very source of great ideas must be dried up, apart from this sheltering growth of literary expression. Pure thought grows languid and effete untouched by imagination,

and with a noble literature departs the whole health and vigour of philosophy, for literature reveals the world to the philosopher, as well as the philosopher to the world; he can hardly, without such a knowledge of life as he must borrow from it, even embody his own convictions in any permanent and intelligible shape. Still, on the other side the loss is greater. If the philosopher, deprived of the mediation of the man of letters, finds the circle both of his influence and of his knowledge injuriously diminished, the mere average reader—that specimen of "the world" whom yet we should wrongly introduce as a man of the world—is left apart from this mediation, like a prisoner shut up with the chemical constituents of food in their uncombined condition. He needs philosophy; but his true food can be digested by him only when it has reappeared, like these chemical elements in the vegetable world, in a form altogether different from their original simplicity, and apart from this modifying influence must perish in the midst of that which, as far as its material substance goes, may be described as abundance,—at least, all with him that needs this food of the spirit must thus perish. And some such famine we dread, at times, for our own day.

The absorbing interest of our time in physical science is rather another indication of the spirit by which Literature is withered, than a cause of that withering. Doubtless, the waters that go to fertilise the soil of science leave that of literature sterile, but that fact does not explain what has changed their course. It was not always true that man could not vividly care for truth of things and truth of thoughts. The very decade that witnessed the production of the *Faerie Queene* and of many of Shakespeare's plays witnessed also the production of two works, by Galileo and by Kepler respectively, in which the new theory of the Universe was implicitly contained; and it would be difficult to say whether the great sixteenth century, which was closed by that decade, be more important in the annals of literature or of science. And some of the scientific discoveries of our day seem to us not less inspiring than the theory of gravitation,—the correlation of force, we should say, is an even greater idea. Yet we can hardly imagine it matter of doubt that literature and science are in our day hostile forces. The man of science has taken the place of the man of letters; he is enriched by the losses of his rival, and like some favourite of a new monarch in possession of confiscated estates, looks with no favour on any pleading in favour of the exile. And yet even science needs this mediating power of Literature, as it is also able not indeed to repay it, for we do not hold that the need is mutual, but most profitably and remuneratively to acknowledge it. Science supplies literature with those facts which illustrate and widen the range of its deepest truths; but apart from these truths, we believe that ultimately science itself would sink into a mere catalogue of unrememberable facts and purveyor of convenient machines, although it has never hitherto been allowed to work out its desolating experiment for a sufficient length of time to justify us in speaking of the result otherwise than as a strong suspicion. Nor, we trust, in spite of all appearances, is the experiment to be permitted now. But our hope is founded rather in a confidence in the perennial character of that part of man's being of which literature is the expression, than on any signs visible to us of its speedy blossoming. For the present, it seems to us not only that no bud is visible on the bare stem, but that all influences are adverse to such, if it should appear. The ideal of education seems to us more and more unfavourable to literature. The province of the educator, according to an older theory, was quite as much to direct as to elicit the capacities of his pupil. Whenever we speak of "the Classics," we commemorate the fact that two literatures have been set apart as specimens of literature *par excellence*; and this special use of words to indicate a special excellence presupposes a certain hierarchy among the subjects of man's knowledge, and deems it the duty of an educating body to support and enforce this order. Our misfortune has been that as long as this ideal lasted, the range of education was too narrow, and now that it is widened, the idea of any primacy of material is almost lost. But we must not prolong a discussion which will be regarded, quite unjustly, as a digression in a notice of our last great man of letters.

Few writers are better qualified, in reality, or less, in appearance, to illustrate the view we have given of Literature, as a mediator between philosophy and the world. That Carlyle taught the world is obvious to all, and is emphasised by the appear-

ance of such books as those we have taken as our text. That he learned from Philosophy is not doubtful, to those who know how to watch the transition which we have compared to that between the chemical and the vegetable world. We have no space to follow out our own belief that in some respects his teaching may be regarded as a literary translation of Kant's. The actual traces of a study of Kant, though visible, are indeed so few, that we should have to rely, in such an endeavour, on a comparison between the spirit of the two doctrines, which is impossible here; yet we may leave with the reader, as a parting suggestion, our strong suspicion that the most striking idea in the philosophy of Kant,—the close connection of action with certainty, as contrasted with the scepticism of the pure understanding; the sense of a command, as the one experience that enables us to transcend our own individuality, and lay hold on *that which is*,—contains a key to all that is deepest in the teaching of Carlyle. To those who are unable to go so far with us, we would still urge that the introducer of German literature to the British public could stand at no distant remove from the head-quarters of Philosophy, and that even the unintelligent scorn for the Darwinian scheme of existence, which seems to us at once a misleading and a characteristic expression from Carlyle, may be taken as a sort of strange, distorted tribute to that philosophy of which scientific materialism is the deadly, as he would gladly have persuaded himself that it was the feeble, foe. His services to all pure and lofty thought, we gladly believe, can afford to dispense with this poor extravagance; and while the testimonies to the interest he awakened are so numerous and so lively, we will not despair of the revival of that literature which blossomed in him.

#### UNIVERSITY OARS.\*

THE full title of Mr. Morgan's book runs thus:—"University Oars: being a Critical Enquiry into the After-health of the Men who Rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race from the Year 1829 to 1869, based on the Personal Experience of the Rowers Themselves." The book itself is sadly overlaid with irrelevant details; but it raises and discusses, in a sufficiently able way, the questions which, as a rule, crop up annually in connection with the Boat-race. Before approaching these questions and Mr. Morgan's solutions of them, we propose to say a few words about the recent struggle. The best men won, and won easily. They were not extended at high racing pressure, except for two short spurts, and passed the winning-post "as fresh as paint." A great many of the crew, in fact, considered that the race itself was the easiest day's "outing" they had all the time they were at Putney. Their opponents spurted very gamely to the finish, but came in visibly affected by their exertions. In the incidents of training, fortune slightly favoured the victors. For Mr. Watson-Taylor fell off at his preparation, and did not row so well in a light boat as in the practice eight, while Mr. Wharton only recovered his old form a few days before the race. Many good judges think that "No. 6" and "No. 2" in the losing boat might have advantageously changed places. Anyhow, "No. 6" was obviously too weak for his post; and while Mr. West was admirably backed up by a "5" and "6" who are far above the average of University oars, and very powerful men to boot, Mr. Brooksbank was not so well backed up by his "6," and so got short, while his "7" also hurried him. Nor in any case is he to be compared with Mr. West, who, in all the details of his difficult post as stroke displayed a skill that was nearly perfection. The victory, in fact, was due to superior style, though it is hardly necessary to say that the old Cambridge style has perished in the "struggle for existence." Both crews theoretically aim at the same ideal. But in the present instance the typical characteristics of Oxford rowing, the prompt "dash on to it," and the smart "recovery" were far more manifest in the men who are "to the manner born," than in the men who have (very wisely) adopted it. We may now turn to Mr. Morgan's book, for it would be waste of time to dwell upon the falling-off in the number and enthusiasm of the spectators. All sorts of reasons have been alleged for this; but if the race is rowed next year on a fine Saturday afternoon, a very simple answer will be found for most of them. The betting, as usual, proved the truth of Voltaire's maxim:—"On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres;" but to blame the race itself for this "separable acci-

dent," is like blaming the innocent hop-gardens of Kent and Sussex for the betting which took place over the old hop duty.

Mr. Morgan, as we have intimated, raises and discusses a number of questions of great interest, not only to rowing men at the Universities, but to their parents and guardians, and to their mothers, cousins, aunts, and sweethearts. But he does not answer these questions so conclusively as one might wish. He does not take sufficient notice of what Mill called, in his *Logic*, the "composition of causes." If the facts which he has collected to illustrate his main proposition were even more striking than they are, it would still be an open question whether the survivors of the first race in 1829 might not still be as hale as they are, if they had never taken part in it. The old East-End school of boxers, who defended the honour of White-chapel against Westminster, have sometimes been quoted as proofs of the innocuous qualities of certain conditions of living which sanitary science denounces. But it is clear that the argument involved in this statement should be put conversely. Something very similar might be advanced with respect to the abnormally fine constitutions of the men who have pulled for their Universities. In fact, the question whether racing and training for a race are dangerous, or not, is a question which admits of no categorical reply. "C'est selon," as the French say; they are, and they are not. The result of Mr. Morgan's inquiries on this head really lies in a nutshell, and has been given very neatly by Mr. Tinné:—"My own impression as to whether the 'Varsity training' is or is not injurious to a man is very much the same as, I dare say, you have heard from others, namely, that (1) if a man be sound to start with, (2) trains honestly, and (3) does not play the fool when he comes out of training, he will come to no harm." Admitting that this smacks a little of Captain Bunsby and Captain Cuttle, we are still of opinion that nothing (of importance) can be added to it. For that some degree of danger attaches to "bucketing" by untrained or not fully-trained men in "scratch" and "torpid" races, and that life-long injuries have been caused by the aforesaid "bucketing," is incontestable. A rather more difficult, and, perhaps, more interesting question, is how far Dr. Arnold's desiderated union of *γυμναστική* and *μουσική* is compatible with training. Mr. Morgan thinks it is, but we are not convinced by his arguments. Abundant exercise and abundant food are of the essence of training, but moderate diet (*tennis victus*) and moderate exercise are best suited for great or prolonged intellectual efforts. The moderate diet is admitted on all hands, though Lord Palmerston wisely said that abstinence from everything else would not make up for abstinence from exercise. How far the splendid appetites generated by strong exercise would be likely to affect those who strictly meditate the not ungrateful Muse, may be inferred from the following passage in Mr. Schneider's reply:—"None but an eye-witness would credit the number of mutton chops, and the quantity of steaks, a single individual would put out of sight in the course of one meal, and I would venture to suggest that (as I believe is often the case during a sea-voyage) the appetite may be stimulated to such an extent that the person is tempted to eat more than he really requires." It is pleasant, by the way, to notice that the training menu in Mr. Schneider's day (1865), comprised beefsteaks and mutton chops (not necessarily underdone), joints of beef and mutton, potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, watercress, toast, butter, tea, port-wine, and ale; while poor Bishop Wordsworth (1829), had to content himself with "underdone beefsteaks, porter, dry bread, no butter, no tea, and no vegetables." The Harvard men, no doubt, went too far in the other direction; but before many decades have elapsed, we fancy that light puddings will be added to the rowing-man's bill of fare; and why Tom Sayers's favourite training mixture of isinglass and tea should be rejected by men to whom expense is no object, is not easy to understand. It is difficult also to understand why a man, having brought himself to a state of perfect health by training, should not, by continuing his training, continue to enjoy that delectable blessing. The experiment is one which, for obvious reasons, is not likely to be tried; but were it tried, we doubt very much whether the assumption made in this case would not prove as groundless as the celebrated assumption about the respective weights of a fish in and out of water. But however we may differ, here and there, with Mr. Morgan's opinions, we must in common justice recommend his book most heartily to all who take an interest in University rowing,—to all, we should rather say, who take any interest

\* *University Oars*. By J. E. Morgan, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co.