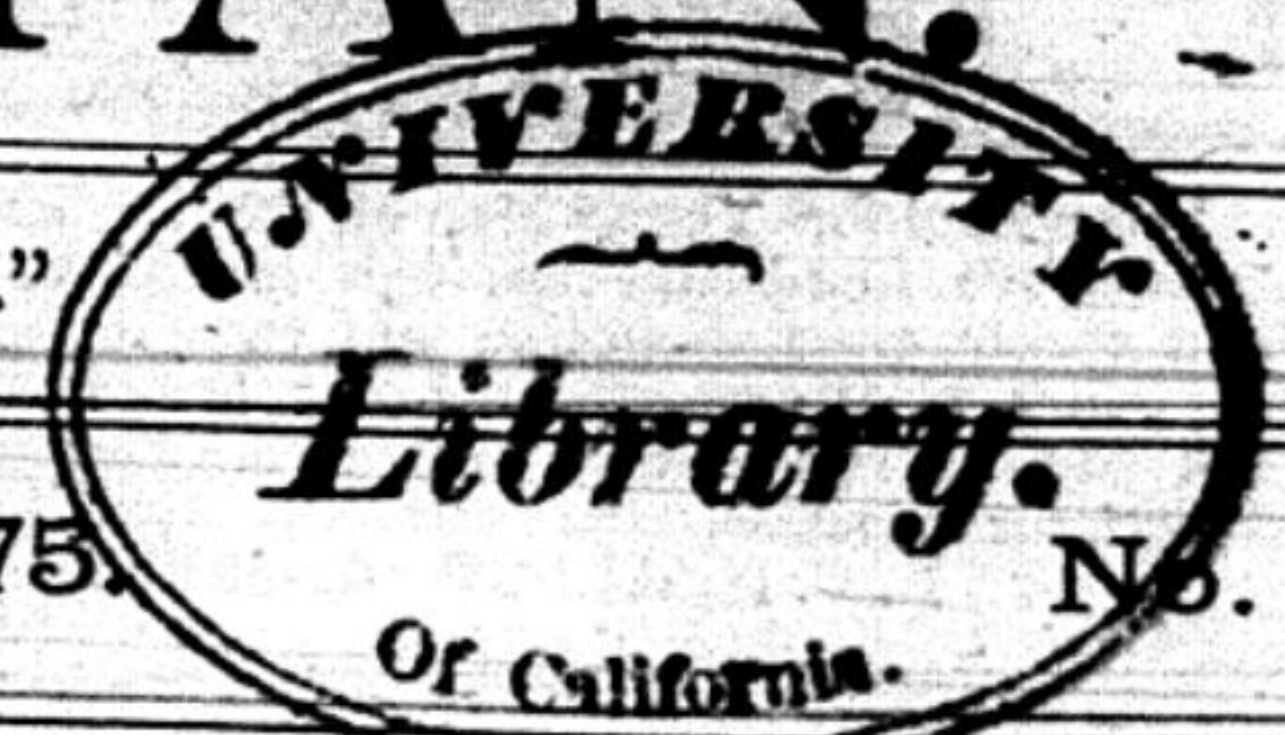


THE BERKELEYAN

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

Vol. II.

University of California, Berkeley: April, 1875.



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THE BERKELEYAN. p. 3

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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University of California, Berkeley: April, 1875.

No. 4.

TRUTH IN ART.

PRIZE ORATION DELIVERED IN COMPETITION FOR THE
PRESIDENT'S PRIZE IN ORATORY,
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1875.

BY J. ROYCE, SENIOR CLASS.

One cannot propose the question of the place of Truth in Art, without remembering that he ventures on ground made sacred by the footsteps of the greatest thinkers. Not only in our own restless age, but also in times far removed from the present, from the moment, in fact, when first the spirit of Philosophy was born, this subject and kindred ones in the region of Art, have been thought on and discussed. And so one feels less inclined at first to dash into an argument on such a question, than to take a retrospect of a field glorified in the past by so many monuments of thought. But this we cannot pause to do. One query, however, which meets us at the very outset of our career, is, though unanswerable, yet so fascinating, that we can scarcely pass it by, when it has been once suggested, without stopping to give it at least a momentary attention.

Who and under what circumstances were they to whose minds the question of the nature of Art, with this kindred one of the place of Truth in Art, first presented itself? What was it that aroused them to inquire the secret of the beautiful, in form, in sound, in language? You will agree that we shall not go far wrong if we say that they were Greeks. That little community at Athens, who in the course of three or four generations of prosperity, thought in brief, a great deal of what the world has since been thinking at length, no doubt appreciated better than any who have succeeded them, the potency of beauty, and the value of the imitation of it. We can only imagine their life, as day by day they went about the streets or attended the festivals, ever thinking something new, ever enjoying some higher pleasure; but we often sigh for the power to think, the capacity to enjoy, and the leisure to do either, which they had. They could admire so rapturously, but yet they were not content with admiring. They could analyse so keenly, but yet their analysing never blunted their sensibilities. Among them then, the favored children of Nature, must we look for the first suggestions of the theories of Art.

At some time perhaps, when the festival of Dionysus was over, when for days the city had listened to the contending efforts of the rivals in the early displays of the Tragic Art, a company of ambitious but crude philosophers, who had not yet learned the power of Socrates, met somewhere on the Athenian streets in grave discussion; and advanced theories of Art, each man for himself, and contended with one another, and argued with fine drawn distinctions, and proposed metaphysical subtleties, as only Greeks could do. If so, one of the points alluded to must have been this very one, of the place of imitation, or truthful representation in Art. We can only conjecture what sort of a conclusion they reached. Probably, whatever it was, it would not have very well satisfied us, trained as we are in entirely different modes of thought. Perhaps they reasoned of some eternal essence or principle of beauty, of which all Art is but the revelation; and maybe, like Plato, they fell to

personifying this principle, and talking of some supreme Idea of beauty, which the senses are ignorant of, but which the immortal and cultured soul of the philosopher may come to see; for which Love is but the vague longing; to which every better aspiration tends. If such a thing was suggested, they were no doubt able to draw from the fanciful theory the great lesson, that the apparent unreality of Art, is but the means of expression for an underlying reality, which has its foundations in the depths of human nature.

Our researches must however be conducted on a different footing. While the ancients, as Lessing remarks, had the privilege of never being mistaken in the application of their principles, when such application depended on a keen, critical insight, and while in consequence they delighted in expressing truth in myths, and were safe in doing so; we have to follow the beaten track of proceeding from particular cases to general laws. Let us then see whether we too can reach, following our own methods, an understanding of the use of the untrue, the fancied, the unnatural in Art. Or to state the matter in a different way, let us decide if there be any rule governing the amount and the kind of Truth that we ought to demand from Art.

If such a rule exists, it should be connected necessarily with the nature of Art. And so it ought to throw light on the way in which Art is useful to mankind, and particularly on the manner in which its usefulness differs from that of Science, whose very essence lies in the fact that it searches for Truth above all things. Does such a rule exist?

At first sight we should be inclined to doubt it. There would seem at least to be no general rule for artists to follow in borrowing from Nature. Each branch of art, we would say, has its own rules. For we would condemn a novel for slight incongruities or improbabilities, of character or of situation, and yet we call such a creation as *Undine*, a creation that wants even possibility, true art. Nathaniel Hawthorne is allowed to move in a world almost of his own making, while even so great a man as Victor Hugo displeases us at times by what we call extravagance. To complicate matters still more, we find Shakespeare violating historical possibility in *King Lear*, and yet we see no less wonderful evidence of his genius in that work than in anyone of his dramas in which the life of his own age is accurately depicted. We shall receive little aid from the laws of truthfulness in the art of painting. They too are almost as complicated. Sometimes strict imitation, sometimes wide divergence from reality, such are our requirements. Notwithstanding these facts, there is a general rule. And we shall, I think, find it exemplified most plainly, by a curious paradox, in the most mysterious of all the arts—Music.

From music, as such, we can demand no truthfulness in the imitation of external nature. But do we not demand a sort of truth in every musical composition? Undoubtedly we do. We expect and require a fair, a consistent, a truthful expression of some human feeling. Even the mechanical perfection that secures freedom from discord, is made necessary by this very fact. And all that we require beyond mere mechanical perfection rests on the same ground. In proportion as we under-

stand the feeling expressed, our appreciation of music varies with the perfectness of the expression and the grandeur of the feeling itself. So the truth we demand from this branch of art, is truth in the expression of emotion.

Now this, I maintain, is the real demand made in every one of the forms of art. To it the minor requirements of truthful imitation are only accessory. No doubt these other arts must imitate Nature more or less, but that is only because they arouse or express feeling by images, and these images must be, in character and connection, more or less like those of reality, or else the feeling will not be expressed or aroused. But this only shows the more clearly that the truth to external nature in a work of art, is always subordinate to the truth in emotional expression.

This will explain the difficulties we noticed a moment ago. It depends altogether on the kind of feeling expressed, how near the representation of images, or their connection together, shall be like the originals found in nature. We can best show this by illustration.

The idea of the gradual development of a consciousness of the duties, the solemnity, the joy, the inevitable sorrow, that belong to human life, in the soul of a pure, free, noble being, what finer expression has it ever received than in *Undine*. How many currents of absorbing feeling are raised by such an idea. How valuable the whole creation is to us on that account. And yet that idea can only receive its expression and arouse its attendant feelings by the use of unreal imagery. To introduce us into a semi-supernatural world is the only way to make us appreciate its force. Imagine *Undine* in one of Charles Reade's novels, and the absurdity of the thought is sufficient to show the necessity of this deviation from truth.

But take a train of feeling that arises from a contemplation of every-day life. Conceive of an enthusiastic being, full of hope and of desire to do good, who is mistaken in her methods, but ever noble in her intentions; whose best attempts are frowned upon by those who should know how to advise her, but whose innate consciousness of the right carries her upward; whose life is made eventful only by the conflicts of emotion through which she passes, but who reaches the highest goal an ordinary mortal can attain, in feeling that the service of humanity demands her unswerving fidelity even though the world should lose all its charms for herself; such a being is the heroine of *Middlemarch*, and we do well that we praise the care with which every detail of character and circumstance is made to conform to nature, for without this the full force of the conception, in its bearing on our own lives, and on our own time, could never be realized. The contrast between *Undine* and *Dorothea* is doubtless complete, but the two together well illustrate how the prime requisite in art is a truthful expression of a train of feeling, and how entirely an accessory of the special feeling to be expressed, is the amount of naturalness to be desired.

Illustrations without number could be collected. The *Enid* of Tennyson's *Idyll* is more fully the expression of a flow of feeling than she could be if her

misfortunes were not represented as taking place amid mythical surroundings. How complicated the narrative would have to be, and how much less powerful, if the poet had to picture a wife's patience and affection as he here does, by means of modern imagery. But yet the same poet, in that spirited monologue, Locksley Hall, introduces a conception whose force can be brought out only by the aid of the utmost fidelity to the spirit of our own time. Tennyson's opinion of truthfulness in poetic art, evidently is that it depends on the feeling to be expressed.

To illustrate and amplify with examples from the painter's or sculptor's art, would take up too much time. It is sufficient to say that both painter and sculptor express and arouse feelings by means of scenes and attitudes. If in doing this they must be truthful in color, in form, in relation of parts, that is because their images, appealing directly to the eye, fail to arouse a desired feeling if there be any incongruity in these things. Yet in other things they do vary from the natural, and vary widely at times. Truth of nature is only secondary with them, first of all they follow truth of feeling.

Thus, then, have we not found the principle which was sought at the outset? Imitation, instead of being the foundation of Art, is only its most commonly employed instrument. The essential aim of all Art is, not the truthful representation of the nature outside of man, either as it is, or as it ought to be; but the truthful expression of the emotional Nature within man. Whether, as in sculpture and painting, images are presented directly to the eye, or as in the drama, scenes and actions are united with associations aroused by language, or on the other hand as in pure music, the deepest emotions are stirred without the aid of any images, in all cases the same general rule holds. And when we condemn a production for a want of truth to external nature, the want of truth must always be of such a kind as to affect the expression of the train of feeling which is the primary object of the production itself.

In this expressiveness lies the great secret of the power of Art. By its aid she accomplishes her purposes. And what are those purposes? What right has she to deviate from or to ignore truth, simply with the aim of stirring up human emotion? Does she not thereby lower our standard of Truth? Does she not turn us away from a careful, earnest search after the real, into some vague, useless wandering after impossibilities? This power Art, who makes a plaything of Truth, who uses it when she pleases, and distorts or rejects it when she feels so inclined, in what way can she be called a great elevating influence in human progress? How can she be compared with Science, who is ever content to plod on, however wearily, until she has attained true knowledge, and then to prepare only for further searches in the unexplored realms before her? Do such questions suggest themselves to our minds for a moment? If they do, they carry their own answer with them. It is because feeling is the motive and spring of all our actions, because progress would be an utter impossibility without feeling, because Science itself could never have existed without well-directed enthusiasm, that Art, whose purpose is to arouse, to quicken, to express, to ennoble feeling, is a necessary element of all higher civilization. Let us remember that simple morality itself has its foundation and its power in feeling of one sort or another, that much more than must all nobler attainment of the soul have its cause, and its support also in feeling. Let us remember too that a test of the presence of the higher faculties of the soul, is the power to appreciate Art. Then indeed will these questions lose their force. We shall

learn to value Art, not in proportion as she teaches us the realities of external Nature, but in proportion as she arouses within us noble feelings.

But if our questions are not thus sufficiently answered, if we ask still for positive proof of the usefulness of Art, we have such proof before us in the work that she has accomplished in the past, and that too by this very power of swaying the emotions. Think of that little nation of ancient Hellas, aroused by her from the indifference of barbarism, to be the founders of our civilization, the guides of a whole world. Think, too, of that deep sleep of the Europe of the middle ages, from which her voice, joined in joyous chorus with those of other but not greater influences, awoke the nations to the life and vigor which we now enjoy. And, again, remember how the cultivation due to her has produced, instead of the northern barbarian, first the poet, then the philosopher, then both, side by side in the immortal records of Germany's literature. A power like this we have not the right to criticise. We can dare but to observe the methods of her working, to compare her representations, to investigate her nature. Herself is beyond the reach of our favor or disfavor.

But even this is not all that may be said of the way in which her empire over the feelings makes Art valuable. Beyond her value to us as furnishing incentives, beyond the nobility of aim that she gives us, there is another service that she renders, equal, if not superior, to the two former; that is the service of sympathy and comfort. The most prominent characteristic of modern life is its complexity, and its consequent want of harmony. The ideal life should be, as the ancients loved to say, like a piece of music, without a discordant tone. But this ideal it is beyond our power to realize, amid our confused surroundings. Our desires and our duties are ever at variance. If we strive to attain that which is higher, too often we utterly fail. If we seek harmony of life, it is but to be met with discord. It is as if in some long past time, such as all nations have loved to imagine, in some golden age, life was full, rounded, musical. But misfortune came upon the race. That golden age has gone forever, gone with its heroes, its great deeds, its divine visitants. The lyre whose strains once stopped the flowing rivers, is broken. The bridge of a thousand arches is in ruins. A few only, with infinite care, succeed in escaping the flood while they cross three score and ten of these arches. And mankind are only too much inclined to pursue those things that are of no solid good, and to neglect the endeavor to restore the wanting completeness to their own destinies. How much, then, is the presence of Art to be rejoiced in. For she can rise, above the contemplation of a present reality that has so much in it to mar its noble features; and she can comfort with those feelings that belong to other scenes and circumstances. In the soft strains of some glorious outflow of music, she can, even though but for a moment, restore the lost harmony. In the rich measure of her magical poetry, the sympathy that the heart needs can be expressed and understood, as it never otherwise could be. In enchanting visions of what may be, as well as in inspiring prophecies of what will be, she can enliven hope and can prevent despair. In a word, whatever there is in the most independent and unconquerable soul, to raise it above discouragement, or to comfort it in disappointment, that can Art express, make universal, give as an immortal treasure to the whole race.

By the side of science, therefore, harmonious with her in aim and desire, co-worker in the unmeasured task of directing upwards the vast mass of Humanity, ever stands the eager, loving form of Art. The one delib-

etates, plans, discovers; the other encourages, incites, aids. The one seeks to alleviate and to prevent suffering; the other supports and comforts those who cannot be relieved. The one finds means for the ascent; but the other meanwhile points with steady finger to those far-off heights, pure in their eternal stillness, to which every upward movement is tending.

And is then the mere expression of feeling an ignoble or an unworthy task? Is it a little mission for art that, drawing freely as she does from the outward universe, she yet makes it her great aim to fathom and to control the inconceivably vast realms of the inward universe of the soul? Is it not rather the grandest thing that could be said of her, that there is no joy so rich in its overflowing tide that she has not an expression for it; no sorrow so all-controlling in its dumb tyranny, but that, somewhere in the infinite depths of her unending resources of harmony, there is a strain of music that will, for a while, charm it into repose.

"TRUTH IN ART."

BY JOHN F. ALEXANDER.

[By Request.]

Science, literature, and art are the three educators of man. These are founded upon truth. Science observes facts and deduces physical laws, Art uses these facts to express sentiments and intellectual laws. Science gives us the natural through the reasoning faculties; the *super-natural*, whose only rational expression is Art, is translated to us by the imagination as the leaf prepares food which enables the tree to bear fruit.

Nature exhibits the perfection of beauty and harmony; art the creation of man, is his ideal expression of these thoughts. Many elements unite to form the artist, to produce the effects of art; in all these we shall find truth the means of success. Nature is then the artist's first teacher; there he finds words to express his ideas, he must study facts closely that he may theorize correctly, he must know the internal structure that he may modify the external without creating deformity. The sculptor's ideal of power or weakness is based upon the study of anatomy. Nature must be to the artist a friend rather than a critic. Truth to her cannot imply imitation, which is opposed to originality, and the true expression of ideal thoughts. Upon the first the artist depends for name; from the last come the charm and influence of his works. A copy has no place in the fine arts, takes no hold upon the mind, leaves no impression. A photograph gives no pleasure unless it hang upon "memory's walls." A copy, even of a Madonna of Raphael, can only suggest the beauty and refinement of the original. The inspiration which gave to the author an ideal thought and its fittest expression is lost. The copy is but a parody upon truth. The one is prose the other poetry; one smiles, the other speaks, and tells of a child who was born, a son who was given to be the Savior of mankind.

Artistic education comes from the study of truth and beauty. An ideal thought must always combine these two elements. These art thoughts are the artist's most valuable possessions; upon their purity rests his reputation; upon their expression depends the impression made by his work. Every man has a standard of excellence, which is a measure of his education or culture. An ideal of happiness, to the ignorant, is something that glitters, that is unreal and is never found. To the man of refinement, who has the benefit of other's thoughts, this is something rational and natural. The artist must educate himself to this point where his thoughts are rational, yet ideal; they must be natural, yet *super-nat-*

al. This can only come from education, from intellectual refinement. These unite with the taste of the artist, and enable him not only to choose thoughts but also their appropriate expression. Ideal thoughts can only be expressed in ideal terms. Those earlier Italian artists who gave to their mistresses the sacred character of the Madonna, neglected this, and not only disarmed themselves but robbed their works of the Ideal thoughts which gave them life. This naturalism is against all pure conception in art. Idealism is originally a rendering of the artist's mind which gives room for the imagination, and displays the poetry of art. We here see the romantic side of familiar things, the known has an unknown meaning; that which was before unnoticed, now assumes importance and demands consideration. Many of Haydn's quartettes commence with the most insignificant idea, but by degrees this idea assumes a character, it strengthens, increases, extends itself, and becomes a creation worthy of a master.

We have seen the artist go to nature for words, to express his ideas. He has not copied these, but has stamped them with his genius and given them an ideal form. The arrangement of these words forms a poem and expresses the author's style. Here we learn whether he is original or a mannerist; it is the account which he makes to us of his genius and opportunities. Truth is his glory, imitation in any form, is his ruin. A few have attained notoriety by affecting the style of the masters but they, who alone are truly great, imitated no one. Homer, "who sang in the world's youth," had no model. These then are the materials with which the artist works, the minutiae of art, nature, and ideas, and it is the natural, blended with the ideal, by the refinement of the artist, which produce the sublime effects of art. This it is which gives to poetry its tenderness and influence, which makes painting "silent poesy," which adds a charm to music and makes it express the deepest emotions of the soul.

The rules of art are founded upon the laws of nature. Art is then the aesthetic expression of these laws. The artist's education comes from the purest source—Nature. The truth and harmony here found have pervaded the whole domain of Art and established a bond of sympathy between the different members. There is but one temple dedicated to the muses, whose external is a model of taste and grandeur; you enter and grace, beauty, and sentiment greet you upon all sides. You live in an ideal world, you are surrounded by ideal thoughts, whose only audible expression is music and poetry.

The function of the imitative arts is to copy, that of the fine arts, to create. This originality is the choicest faculty of the mind, its exercise is fraught with good or evil, consigns the author's name to oblivion or transmits it to posterity. Education has now prepared the man to be the artist, shall he pander to wealth, to influence, or to that corrupt power, the public? To none of these does he owe his genius or taste. Study and refinement have, at last, formed his artistic judgement; to it he must look for self-approval for which he should strive before all else. Let him be self-reliant, let him do that which judgement says is worthy of himself and of his art. Applause is tempting, public favor is easily won and soon lost. Thirst for fame must not supplant the love of art, for time alone can award that honor which, Cicero says "when rightly bestowed nourishes the virtues and all the arts."

Every great revival of art has been strongly marked by love of honor and the devotion to art for art's sake. The Grecians prayed that their memories might never die. This thought was a constant companion; it grew upon

them; became their ideal, and thus the beautiful spirit of the prayer found its way into their works, and made Greece the ideal of culture, and Athens the first capital of the arts.

Earlier Italian artists were wrought upon by the religious fervor of their time. They expressed traditions of the church in ideal terms of art. Their theme was religion, their creed was truth, and all was done "in the praise of God." The combination of such sublime thoughts and motives produced the grandest effect of art, the mingling of the natural with the supernatural, an earthly origin, a heavenly character, in another's words, "There seemed always a ray of celestial light, transforming the rude work of man, into a fit object for the believer's worship."

There are three things which stamp a man, which establish his value. His natural abilities, his education and lastly the use he makes of these. "Knowledge is power." Its proper use gives name to the individual and prosperity to the nation. An ideal man is one who uses knowledge to raise the standard of manhood, to enlarge the sphere of human attainments and excellences. An ideal nation is one that can appreciate such men. Among many ways of accomplishing these objects, the highest are the study of science and art. Science is truth, art its refined expression. These can never become rivals as they have a common end, the refinement and education of man. They seek to fit him for a higher position which he was formed to fill. The means for the accomplishment of these objects are in each case constant labor and unswerving fidelity. Science has had many devotees who have given a life's work for the progress of humanity. And he who would attain to the same excellence in art must have the purity of mind and love of truth which marked the life of "Louis Agassiz, teacher."

The influence of great men is seen in the arts as well as in the world's history. The power of the public is no less great or important. National taste is what perverts or purifies art. Every man consciously or unconsciously gives a voice for or against true art. In this day of education theories are advanced which must be tested; art problems are proposed which must be solved. With education we have taken on responsibility, and we are liable for our expressed opinions. That nation which has free culture and thought united to personal liberty, and yet has no national love of science, no school of art, were better ignorant. Education must appreciate and encourage the true and the beautiful wherever found. This good work begins with the public. The enlightened appreciation of art is twice blessed, and like charity, begins at home; if you have literary taste, cultivate it, read that which is worthy of your time. If you desire music, listen only to true melody, which brings with it a sentiment, which leaves an impression; in all your relations with society give your voice and influence for originality and truth. Nature may endow the artist, home culture must form the taste of a nation. National taste has given us Grecian art, and the Italian schools; it gave us, in the eighteenth century, the golden age of music, it has made Germany the center of the arts, the land of thought.

The United States has no school of art, and seems to desire none. This results from neglect of that general culture which forms public taste. We have no taste. To say that we prefer popular art to classical, is merely to say that we are fashionable rather than sensible. Those who are competent to separate the true from the false never speak. In other words, education is the American's pride, its profitable *art* is beneath him.

The only work of art known to him is the "almighty dollar," a graven image which he worships without ceasing. This enthusiasm, which we show in the pursuit of wealth, exists in all nations, in different forms; in Germany, it is highest in the study of science and art. It is by directing this spirit that we may assist the progress of knowledge. Our reputation to-day depends on our prosperity; centuries hence, it will rest upon what we have done for man, for science and art. They who are cultured must strive to improve themselves. We have education, let us use it for advancement, for the purification of taste. When this is accomplished there will be a demand for art; then, and not till then will America raise the standard of Art, and accomplish something worthy of a land of free education and independent thought.

In this western clime where we are but beginning life, let this good work commence. In this land of summer days, of blue skies, of golden sunsets, all is prepared for the arts but the minds of the people. This must be effected through self-culture, and the influence of educated men. Let us then not be content with the rudiments, but aspire to the highest, in the realms of pure art. Let us declare for increase of learning, for broader culture. With all your wealth get intellectual wealth; with all your wealth of intellect, strive to know and appreciate the truth.

"Of more than earth, can earth make none partaker,
But knowledge 'tis that makes the man most like his Maker."

LIFE IN THE WORLD OF SILENCE.

The following article, contributed by one of the few deaf mutes who have so far attempted to avail themselves of the privileges of the University, will, we are sure, have a peculiar interest to all. We could not wish for a clearer or a more appreciative statement of facts and feelings which every one of us must feel more or less desire to know about and to sympathise with. We are extremely glad of the opportunity to give it a place in our columns.

The deaf and dumb can neither hear nor speak. Take, for comparison, a hearing person and one of that unfortunate class. How little happiness he has in comparison with you; that is to say, before he acquires knowledge. It is through the sense of hearing that you, the hearing people, freely mix among yourselves in all classes, learned and unlearned, feel intellectual enjoyment and musical delight, mould your ideas and thoughts into language, quench your thirst for knowledge by conversing, reading, and writing, and speculate on the progress of the human mind. Hearing promotes your judgment. It aids you to conceive how wonderfully various are the sounds of God's creatures and some of his natural works, as thunder.

You cannot behold, without commiseration, one born without the sense of hearing, and doomed to eternal silence. He dwells in a little corner of your dominion, disjoined from your society. As long as his mental faculties are dormant, he is as helpless as a wrecked ship left to the mercy of the sea-storm—insulated from the world of light, and deprived of the privileges of man. He has no conception of sweet sounds. Under these circumstances he is abandoned as an uncultured exile in your society. Would you like to dwell in a state so dark and still? It would seem to you as if it were a closed tomb.

You are aware that in ancient times and during the long ages of ignorance and darkness, it was thought

that the mutes born deaf were monsters or no better than dumb beasts. In some countries the children of silence were destroyed, for it was thought that they could be of no use to the state. The famous code of Justinian declared that deaf-mutes from birth were incapable of managing their own affairs, and placed them on a footing with the insane and idiots. In France it was a disgrace to the parents to have such children. You are a man, but the deaf-mute is half a human being—you are a living soul, and he a living automaton.

You may wish to know what the mind of a mute is before it has been awakened. To the inestimable value of hearing you owe much of your mental constitution. It is the medium of language; without which *thought* almost ceases. Its transmission of thought brings the universe of your mind, through unlimited channels of intercourse, to your pleasant acquaintance with the living and the dead. A mute indulges himself in imaginary dialogues, even with the animals, or past impressions. He reasons, reflects, and argues imperfectly. He understands the good and the bad. He feels the love of his parents and the caresses of his friends. He enjoys perception and sensation most, often without thinking what some object itself is, which he sees or feels. He generally possesses the power of imitation. That power may enable him to acquire some facility in trade, and by this may suffice to gain his livelihood. If you ask him what he thinks of God, of the creation of the world, of the sun, moon, and stars, his answer in nearly all cases is, "I had no idea of God. I supposed God to be a strong and cruel man who made lightening and thunder to frighten us. I supposed that the earth was a very much larger body than the sun. I thought that the earth was flat." Let me tell you what I thought of them. I believed that there was a very big, invisible man living in the air. The sun was his ball of fire as a toy, the stars his lighted candles, the clouds the smoke of his pipe, the fog his breath, and the winds the symbol of his passions. He spued the water from his mouth in the form of rain. The moon was believed to have been the face of my dead mother, and influenced my early abandoned life greatly. These mythological facts show that the mute surveys all that is in his very, very limited world of knowledge. He is not satisfied with his condition—what should satisfy the longings of his restless spirit?

Again, you may wish to know whether the mute sees any benefit from his acquisition of knowledge or not. To you the education of the deaf and dumb is a great philosophical curiosity,—but what can delight you more than to awaken the dormant power of the mind, to acquaint it with the new, higher and more ennobling world, to supply it with instruments and materials of thought, to lead it about the unbounded expanse of knowledge, and to inspire the soul to love God? By education the deaf mute is happily ushered out of darkness into the world of light. There he becomes cognizant of the merciful consideration of God to whom he owes his gratitude. Now he knows God and man. He can appreciate the usefulness of reading and writing.

But his education is never complete. A semi-mute may enjoy an excellent education, because he had once the advantage of hearing our mother tongue. A person deaf from birth, educated by the sign-method, is a foreigner to his mother tongue. He cannot help it. His language, natural or acquired, is the sign-language. He thinks in signs. His ideas spring up as signs before his mental vision, when he wants to express his thoughts. If he has to reduce his thoughts to writing, the inward pantomime would first take place and then be transla-

ted into the best English he can command, just as you, if imperfectly acquainted with a foreign language would first think in your native tongue, and then put your thoughts in the one required. If he is reading a book, there is in his head a miniature man who gives all the prominent words of the book in pantomime. You could say that the sign-language is nothing but a language of pictures. If so you are right. He never takes pains to arrange the symbols in a definite and fixed form for expression of ideas. He uses no articles and conjunctions, and few prepositions and he mixes adjectives and adverbs together. By that habit he has already acquired, he is not able to form the idioms of his mother tongue. An average educated mute learns seven years at school. His written language is no better than the spoken one of a hearing child. The best educated deaf mute studies ten or twelve years, but he often writes bad English, or he is inferior in intellect to a well-educated hearing person. In this country there is a national college for mutes. There the studies are about the same as those of your High School. There the semi-mutes always carry off the prizes for the best scholarship. No mute ever enters your colleges. I, you know, came to this University to compete with you as a regular student, but I have failed, partly owing to my deafness from birth.

What is the benefit of his education? It makes him a good citizen and a true Christian. Most of you may say that his misfortune is an affliction, but in most cases it is really a blessing. If you asked me so, I would say Yes; because if I had not been born deaf, I should never have enjoyed as much education as I do to-day.

T. D'E.

THE OUTCAST.

Only a waif on the seashore,
Of Life's deep ocean wave;
Wandering, waiting, and weary,
For rest beyond the grave,

Homeless, friendless, and careworn,
Ready to lie down and die;
Oh, pity her deepest sorrow,
Thou Merciful One on high.

Once her path was all flowers,
In youths bright merry morn;
But now in the storm and tempest,
She wanders on, all forlorn.

There came to her home a tempter,
With poison'd breath he woo'd,
Time now tells the sad ending,
The fall midst the low and rude.

Still the sun shines on as brightly,
And lightens the hearts of us all:
None think of the dreary darkness,
Shrouding her heart with its pall.

Oh, pity her sorrow thou Merciful
Lighten her wearisome load;
Take her the friendless, the orphan,
Home to thy blessed abode.

K.

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

When were the "Good Old Times?" Those times which gray haired sages so delight to quote to the youth of To-day. Those times when men tilled the field, and chose their rulers from their midst; men not ashamed of their toil-hardened hands and home-spun garments; honest men who sought not for political distinction nor riches, but the good of their country. The days when (as the poet tells us) "Women, not clothes, were loved;" women who dressed in calicoes, and "kept their youthful bloom by working at the churn, and at the wheel and loom." The days when "Credit Mobiliers," "Back-

pay Grabs," "Inflation," and the various other dodges of the Government of the present day were unknown. And above all, the days when children "knew their place." This is the general view of those Good Old Times as given by our moralizing patriarchs to the saucy eyes of the rising generation. The date of these Good Old Times is rather mythical, for we have often sought to obtain it from their aged representatives, but we are fated always to receive the unsatisfactory answer, "When we were young." Of course any further search for truth on our part must cease; for it would be deemed the height of impertinence, by the relics of such highly proper times, if we pushed our inquiries with the desire of ascertaining when they were young; and it is utterly hopeless to get an idea of the exact date of those superior times from this answer. The only way to be satisfied about the matter is to take a general view of a good part of the past, and see if in this retrospect we can trace the rise and fall of the "Good Old Times."

Were those the Good Old Times, when Geology and kindred sciences were opposed as contrary to the Scriptures, and when the man who made any new discovery pertaining to Science was denounced as a heretic? Was it in the Good Old Times that the Pilgrims, who fled from persecution to an unknown land that they might worship in their own manner, themselves in an unchristian spirit persecuted the Quakers? Were those the Good Old Times when superstition wore the garb of religion, and harmless old women were burned at the stake for witch-craft? Because some good housewife could not make the milk turn to golden butter as readily as she wished, it was declared bewitched. And of course something bewitched it, and like a thrifty housewife she ferreted out the mystery, and woe to the old woman who lived next to her, for she stood a faint chance of not being arraigned before the august tribunals of the town and condemned to death. Were those the Good Old Times, when intemperance was at its height, with its attendant evils, poverty and brutality? When poor men were imprisoned for debt, which they had no means of paying, and were taken from their families, who were left to the charities of the people heartless enough to take their sole stay from them. When education was confined to the wealthy few, and many bright minds undoubtedly remained uncultivated and unknown for lack of the opportunity to develop their innate capabilities.

When a common laboring man would receive but little more remuneration in a year, than he would now receive for a month. And when the tired, over-worked teacher would get for one year, what is now considered bad pay for a month. When such an iniquitous code as the "Connecticut Blue Laws," was allowed to exist, and thought godly; the code in which a man was forbid to blacken his shoes or kiss his wife on Sunday.

If these were not the Good Old Times, when were they? If these were those vaunted times, then I prefer the degenerate times of To-day.

Let us look at the view given us by our mourning grand-fathers, and see if it is correct.

Men did till the ground certainly, but they did not show their toil-hardened hands, and home-spun garments in parliamentary halls *then*; but now the avenues of learning are opened to all, and a person in the lowest ranks of life may, with energy and perseverance, grow to be a law-giver or ruler of his nation; as Lincoln and Grant have done, as well as the many other self-made men of our age.

As far back as I can trace, the women who dressed in calicoes, and were so surprisingly industrious, were

in the lower walks of life, and not blue-blooded ladies by any means. Said ladies only worked on tapestry and other fancy work; and, it being considered degrading for them to know how to support themselves, they were debarred from all educational pursuits; while, in the broader light of the Present, a woman may work (or at least do many things which would have been considered beneath a noble dame), and still be treated, acknowledged, and received everywhere as a lady. And as to the dress question which our grand-fathers bewail so pitifully—Fashion wielded as powerful a sceptre then as now, if we should judge from the fashion-plates which have descended to us from our grand-mothers. The governments of past days have—according to history—been fully as corrupt as governments are now.

There never have been perfectly good times in the world, and there never will be till the millenium. But the world is better as it is to-day than it has been at any former age. The people are not hampered by the bonds of ignorance as formerly, and education and the study of nature instead of making them skeptics, only enable them to see more clearly and reverence more deeply the Maker in His works.

* '78.

EDITORS BERKELEYAN:—

The Regents of this University, in their endeavors to allow us to repay the State for a free education, seem to overlook the fact that military instruction is not all that is required for that purpose. Soldiers of little physical strength and no powers of endurance, could not be depended on when the need for their services was the greatest. Everyone remembers how the state militia dwindled away, in the few weeks consumed in repressing the trouble in Amador County, a few years ago, from this very cause. Hence, instead of having all drill, why not have some gymnastic exercises? It is time that the University of California should have a gymnasium, as the principal Eastern and European colleges have.

The Greeks early recognized the necessity of combining physical with mental education, and made the gymnastic last longer than the intellectual training. No Greek town of any size was without a gymnasium, and many had more than one. Of such importance were they considered, that Plato and Aristotle thought that no republic was perfect, unless it had public gymnasiums, in which its citizens could gain strength to defend their country.

In 1810, when Prussia was beginning to tire of Napoleon's rule, Jahn founded the Turnvereine for the physical education of the young men, and when, three years after, the Government called for troops, the inhabitants were in a condition to do good service. After all danger from the French was passed, the gymnastic schools were abolished, as it was thought that the meetings would conduce to the spread of too liberal ideas; but in England, Switzerland, Portugal, and Denmark, Jahn's method was introduced and was very successful.

The necessity that is felt for some place in which physical training can be obtained, has led to the establishment of gymnastic clubs in all the principal cities of the United States; San Francisco having several. But the students of the University, who need such practice to counteract the necessary study, cannot make use of these gymnasiums, while they could, and most of them would, exercise frequently if one were situated in Berkeley. The presence of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, etc., in the various club-houses, shows that a gymnasium if convenient, would be well patronized.

The part of a young man's life that is spent in col-

lege, is the time, above all others, which is in a great measure to decide whether he is to be a broad-shouldered, healthy man, in a condition to use his knowledge, or a poor, weak consumptive, dying from lack of exercise that should have been furnished in his college days, to deepen his chest and make every part of him strong and vigorous. Five minutes exercise every day on the parallel bars, has been found by actual measurement, to expand the chest and increase the power of the lungs in a very marked degree.

The expense of establishing a gymnasium, would be comparatively trifling. A one story wooden building, with a few cheap pieces of apparatus, parallel bars, Indian clubs, etc., would do to begin with, and additions could be made as the University could afford it. Now, as the University property in Oakland has just been sold, a little of the proceeds might be profitably used for this purpose. Or, if the Regents do not think that they can afford the whole of it, let them have a cheap wooden building erected, and the students, by the contribution of a small sum from each, could furnish the necessary apparatus.

SOPH.

"YOU SAY THAT IN THOSE DISTANT LANDS."

You say that in those distant lands
Where every height is "old in story,"
Crowned with some legend wild and quaint,
Of lover's grief or conqueror's glory;

No fairer scene has charmed your gaze:
In all your wanderings to and fro,
Than that which meets your eyes to-day,
Here where our western breezes blow.

Not that famed bay whose waves reflect
The azure of Italian skies
Breaks brighter on the traveller's view
Than that which now before us lies.

No fairer hills at morning gleam
Through floating veils of sunlit mist
Or rise against the evening sky—
Walls of transparent amethyst.

But yet the scene you say is cold;
No ruined wall or mouldering tower,
Speaks to the present of the past
And tells of vanished life or power.

No poet, artist, hero, sage,
Has lived or taught these hills among;
No canvas holds their changing tints;
No matchless verse their charms has sung.

But know that of the wondrous past,
Which, from the old world's ruined towers,
Breathes tidings of such import deep,
The richest, truest part is ours.

And while the fires of memory glow
On every dim, historic slope,
Be kindled on our western hills
The flickering beacon lights of hope!

M. R. S.

BERKELEY SUNSETS.

The year shows us here every variety of sunset scenery that can be produced with the aid of the clouds, the sea and the dark low hills of Marin County. Just now one of the elements, the cloud-scenery, is usually absent. If we are able to see the sunset at all, the sky is almost always perfectly clear. And so our evening drama is about this time of the purest and simplest kind; no strange mixture of conflict and repose, no playing together of light and shadow; nothing but the uncomplicated spectacle of the sun dropping from a clear sky into the dark hills. In this consists the difference between these and the Autumn sunsets. Then the clouds are always present; sometimes almost en-

tirely hiding the light, sometimes retiring afar off and looking down in unapproachable calm on the scene, sometimes again gathering in fantastical shapes that are often little more than curious, but often also alive with the most suggestive beauty.

But the Spring sunset knows none of this variation. It is always the same drama; the light and life slowly but surely ebbing away from a world of green hills and flowery stretches of lowland, a world of love and hope, a world that will not complain in murmurs, but awaits in mute sorrow the coming end.

It is hard to say which is the most beautiful among these many forms of sunset. The kind that we have in Autumn would have been translated by the myth-making Aryan of the olden time into the story of some mighty conqueror sinking to his last rest surrounded by his subjects, by those who had loved him, by those whom he had benefited in a thousand ways. But the Spring sunset would inspire some one of those sad lonely tales of long lives spent in useless toil only to end in a solitary death, or a long departure to some far off western land. The legend of king Arthur took its form of closing from just such a sunset as we have mentioned.

Our Autumn scene at the close of day is ideal. It tells us what the end ought to be. The Spring sunset is ideal also, but it tells us what the end must be in only too many lives if that end be seen at all. But the only realistic sunset is the one that occurs unseen, hidden in the depths of damp cloud, or clammy fog, or brown dull smoke such as often settles from San Francisco's ten thousand chimneys down upon the sluggish bay. Such a sunset tells what the usual end is in reality, when the light goes out in obscurity amid vexatious cares, and disappointments that have not even the merit and the comfort of being great.

NEW RULES FOR BASE-BALL PLAYERS.

The National Base-ball Convention recently in session at Philadelphia took the following action concerning the national game: "The report of the Committee on Rules was presented by Harry Wright, of the Boston Club. The changes suggested in the rules were as follows: First, describing what an unfit ball for playing is; second, placing the nearest point of the home-plate at the intersection of the foul lines in order to prevent foul hits as much as possible; third, fixing the time for the close of the professional season at November 1; fourth, requiring the bases to be made of stone or iron; fifth, prohibiting pitchers raising their hands above the hip, to prevent underhand throwing; sixth, doing away with wide balls altogether; seventh, requiring the umpire to count the first ball delivered to the batter; eighth, providing that a dead ball shall not not be called a dead ball if it afterwards strikes the umpire or batter; ninth, limiting the strikers position to two feet in front of the home-plate, and four feet behind it; tenth, allowing two strikes to put a man out, instead of three, as fixed at present; eleventh, requiring the visiting club to telegraph five names to the local club for the selection of an umpire before playing a game, none of the persons chosen, however, to be connected with the visiting club, and further, requiring the local club to select within forty-eight hours from the receipt of the telegram; twelfth, prohibiting the umpire from entering the in-field. The amendments were approved.

It was decided not to change the number of games to be played between clubs, but to require at least six games to form a series.

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PRESIDENT GILMAN.

At the close of last session President Gilman tendered his resignation as executive officer of the University. Two years and a half ago he came to us, bringing a high degree of culture and a love of education to his work. Taking in the situation at a glance, he set to work earnestly. Seeing our wants he attempted to supply them, noting our faults he tried to correct them. He labored for us as no man could whose heart was not in his work. Many persons do not recognize the difficulties of the position. The President of a University is expected to be an authority upon all educational matters; he must head all movements in the right direction, and be personally responsible for his opinions. He must start with things as he finds them; if he is content to leave them thus, it is to his discredit that, knowing what is better, he seeks not to reach it. If he comes to his work with the energy to do and the wish to do better. If the satisfaction at present prospect be united to determination to improve in the future, then the President incurs censure for wishing to change that which was considered good enough before. We do not say that President Gilman has been found fault with, we give these facts merely to show a few of the difficulties of the office. President Gilman has undoubtedly done what he could to fulfill his duty in the best possible way. He has had but few leisure moments, and we have yet to witness an act or an expressed wish which did not tend towards the best interest of the University. He goes to Baltimore to head an institution which, with prosperity, will take precedence of our other American institutions. He will no doubt think of "Fair Berkeley," from time to time; for he who has given to us so much thought, and so many bright wishes, can scarcely forget us entirely. The Press have shown great solicitude for the welfare of the University. This has appeared from time to time in exhaustive discussions, burdened with common sense, which have given some papers a wide reputation for perspicacity and justice. Let us not omit among the supporters of the University, the Grangers, those rude, sagacious men, who discuss with equal facility, law-making, ed-

ucation, and the potato rust. They should be remembered, because they know, by instinct, how to run a University, whereas most men have to learn it by hard experience. They have proved conclusively that an agricultural institution should teach a man to plow. They will no doubt demonstrate the advisability of a bakery establishment, in order that the lady graduates may be good bread makers. It was unfortunate for President Gilman's popularity that he could not accept these various views for the improvement of the University. It was very fortunate for the institution and President Gilman's self-respect, that having ideas upon the subject, he consistently followed them. We think that after the Faculty, the students are the best judges of University affairs. It is from a student's point of view that we have seen President Gilman laboring constantly for the good of Alma Mater. And now, as he goes from among us, to assume a more responsible position, may he succeed as he deserves. In coming years, when our University shall take a higher rank, when our friends shall be stronger and more numerous, when our institution shall be an assured fact, then can President Gilman say with pride, that faithful work is never barren of result.

PRESIDENT JOHN LE CONTE.

The appointment of President John Le Conte to manage the affairs of the University gives general satisfaction. This gentleman is widely known as a specialist, for his researches in various departments of science. He is known among us as a man of influence and above all as the student's friend. The professor might well be proud of the influence which he has over the body of students, for it has been amassed through his earnest desire to impart knowledge, and his uniformly kind and friendly demeanor towards each and every one of us. We anticipate no change in our curriculum, except that it will be enlarged. Although eminently scientific, President John Le Conte is not the man to forget the value of liberal culture. He will, following his old course, encourage that which is good, for its own sake and endeavor to fulfill the brightest prophecies for the future of our University.

To tell the simple truth we feel out of our element in attempting to praise Prof. John Le Conte, for he has no need of it. He is a man who needs only self-approval and is sure to have that as a result of his own earnest thought and conscientious motives. We hope therefore that he will take this as an expression of the profound respect which the students entertain for him—an acknowledgement of their gratitude for his friendly assistance and sympathy in the past.

We have all come to love our Alma Mater not only as the scene of our brightest days but also as a doer of great good; we are jealous of her welfare, anxious for her future, and we welcome her new guardian as one whose uniform course in the past, renders prophecies for the future useless.

We acknowledge the receipt, by mail, of an article, calling attention to the course of Lafayette College in assisting the public schools, by lectures, etc. The intent of the article was probably to show us that *our* course was a good one,

and receiving attention elsewhere. If so, we thank the sender for his good opinion. At the same time, we lay no claim to being the first mover in this direction. We have only borrowed that which seemed good for us, from the experience of others.

The more probable intent of said article, however, was to insinuate the advisability of our making the institution do more public school work, and adhere less to its legitimate functions.

Now we assure our unknown friend, that we are always thankful for good advice, but one can not give advice without a knowledge of facts. The day that brought your communication to hand, was given to a lecture before a class of young ladies, by the Professor of Mechanics. A special lecture is given every Friday, to which all are invited. And more than this, there is no door in the institution which will not open to him who wishes to enter and have the benefit of either lectures or recitations. And now Mr. Anonymous, if you expect our small corps of over-worked professors to leave their daily work at Berkeley, and lecture before your public schools, they will decline. The children must get on with their calisthenics as best they can. If they must have lectures on mental arithmetic, they must wait until some one tells us how to do two things at once. We know that your high school graduates need lectures on Political Economy—that your juniors do not get an exhaustive knowledge of Astronomy—that Zoology with its highly-colored plates, would afford much pleasure to the primary grades. We have thought of this many times, and no doubt our professors realize that it opens a grand field for some talented man, but all this must be postponed. And now it is our turn to advise. If any one wishes information, let him come and ask for it; we can not go to him. If any man would be our friend let him give us credit for what we do.

If any would form an opinion of us let him come and see for himself. The closer his inspection, the more shall we feel assured that we have found another friend.

As for our counsellor, if we have mistaken him, he will not feel it. If the cap fits, may it do him good service.

"DARWIN ANSWERED, OR EVOLUTION A MYTH."

by JOSIAH ROYCE - JANU 7/67

Such is the title of an essay, the notice of which we have received from the author, together with an address to the "Clergymen of All Denominations," in relation to the importance of the essay itself. The whole is valuable chiefly as showing that science has yet a vast deal to accomplish in clearing away misconceptions, in dissipating prejudices, and above all, in making the very nature of the questions she discusses, intelligible to the minds of the mass of mankind. To labor earnestly, to think deeply, to produce unceasingly, these are not sufficient for her. To fully perform her work of good, she must undertake besides all this, a task almost hopeless; namely that of instructing an innumerable company who appreciate her value, vaguely, or not at all, who will listen to her words but a single instant,

and then will relapse into satisfied indifference, or bury themselves in more congenial business, and who, still worse, are ready, at the slightest hint, to take fright at what they think the dangerousness of her doctrines, or to dash into violent invective at what they call the audacity of her claims. All this is not at all wonderful. Those who recollect that learned men objected to the theory of the rotundity of the earth on the ground that the antipodes must have to walk upside down if it were true, will not be very much astonished when men of not the highest learning object to the hypothesis of Evolution on account of the "co-existence of high and low organisms at the present time, and the greater prolificness of the latter organisms over the former." It is not, we say, wonderful. But it is unfortunate. And, too, it is the best reminder we can have that Science needs the help of all intelligent persons who appreciate her usefulness and enter into her spirit, in her aim of enlightening mankind. Were the remarks we refer to isolated instances, such for example as are furnished by the persons who still insist on the flatness of the earth, they would be merely amusing. But since it is true that misunderstandings of this kind do exist, and that they are very widespread, it is but right that they should be regarded as real dangers to progress, and that all should labor to remove them; not, indeed, because the law of Evolution is in itself so necessary an article of faith, not because it has been indubitably proved outside of a somewhat limited field, not because scientific method and the scientific spirit are not altogether independent of its validity; but because the prejudices and misconceptions which form the staple arguments against it among a certain class, are utterly destructive of all true views of nature, are fatal to the appreciation of any scientific proof, are deadly foes of both the method and the spirit of this great instrument of advancement.

As to the Essay itself, it is contained in a volume entitled "Philosophic Reviews," the title probably serving the purpose of showing what the reviews are not. The "Address" sent to us is upon atheism, Darwin, the uselessness of scientific progress in comparison with that of the industrial arts, Sir Isaac Newton's views of nature, the tendency of progress as shown by the French Revolution and the Commune, the value of the Philosophic Reviews, and the author himself. And all other things in the universe that the author has ever heard of, are they not written in the book, that the address advertises?

DURANT RHETORICAL SOCIETY.

This society has become one of the institutions of the University. The Alumni, who are supposed to remember only the more important parts of college life, never fail to ask, how the "D. R. S." progresses. In times gone by, when class unions were young, and class feeling was unknown, the "D. R. S." meeting was the event of the week. Each Friday evening, brought together Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman, to hear the bearded Senior discourse upon important subjects. They heard their elders discuss questions of art, science and law. One would advocate the speedy and

inexpensive extermination of the Indians, by religious tracts. Another would express his belief that the government was in bad hands, and frankly confess that every reasoning man must come to the same conclusion. Yet another would give vent to the deep sense of grief which he felt at the religious tendency of the day, and express his astonishment that any right-minded man could uphold it. These questions were not all definitely settled, but the derived profit was proportional to the thought given to them; and all who gave proper attention to the subjects, and to the expression of their thoughts found themselves amply repaid for the exertion.

The society has had its seasons of adversity, in fact, has just outlived one, and is now enjoying an increased prosperity. An alliance with the University Glee Club has been effected, by which the exercises of the evening are rendered more attractive by the addition of music. During the last month, the following questions were debated:

Resolved, That the interference of the central government in the Louisiana trouble was justifiable. Affirmative, Alexander and Wright. Negative, Barry and Holman. Decided in the Negative.

Resolved, That the Hammond religious revival should be encouraged. Affirmative, Rix and Fairbanks. Negative, Rhodes and McLean. Decided in the Affirmative.

Resolved, That Spain would be better under Alphonzo XII. than in the form of a Republic. Affirmative, Hinton and Palmer. Negative, Peirce and Rhodes. Decided in the Negative.

An informal debate was held upon the proposition, to increase the number of Tutors in the University above fifty. The idea was scouted as being unworthy of consideration.

The purpose and apparent effects of the society are good. We wish it a bright future.

T. HARDY'S "FAR FROM THE MADING CROWD."

By JOHAN ROYCE - MARCH 7/67

We confess that in reading this novel we have made our first acquaintance with Mr. Hardy. Heretofore we have noticed his name as the author of several romances, which have attained greater or less success, according to circumstances; but we had not seen any remarks made by authoritative critics which would tend to make us think of him as one among the few really prominent novelists of our time. Since the appearance of this, his last effort, the critics have, however, united in giving him more or less respectful notice; some of them having even mentioned him in the same breath with George Eliot. In particular, the *Westminster Review*, one not very much given, we think, to praising new novels, has said that this romance is to all its competitors of this season, what Adam Bede was to all the competing romances of the season in which it appeared. Hardy has not the delicacy of George Eliot, says the reviewer, but he has some of her power, and many of her characteristics of style. In fact, if he follows her example still further, and is careful not to write too fast, no insignificant career may be predicted for him.

Rather surprised at such remarks as these, we have felt our curiosity strongly aroused to know more of Mr. Hardy, and of his production. The impressions we have received in reading it we are glad of an opportunity to give here, aware that without comparison with his other works we are apt to fail in noticing his characteristics, but be-

lieving that it will not be useless to provisionally sketch out the view furnished by this, apparently his most remarkable work.

There is one great general rule by which to judge a novel. The rule does not apply to the minor details directly, but yet it in reality governs all portions of the work. If it is sometimes obscured by smaller rules, it is in truth the life of all of them. What is the final view of life and destiny to be gained from the work? This is the question whose answer determines in the end the real fate of every romance. And in saying this, we do not speak as moralists. We do not demand a moral directly and plainly stated, nor yet even obscurely hinted at, in the pages of a novel. We state what we think is the rule governing novels considered simply as works of art. Taking a great general view of any portion of human experience is not simply moralizing. But to take such a view and to exhibit and illustrate it emotionally, such is, we believe the special requirement of the romance-writer's art, considered purely as art. In this necessity lies the real difference between it and the poetic art, properly so called. Let us explain more clearly.

Poetry deals with the deeper and grander emotions, as well as with the more intense and transient emotions that cannot be called either deep or grand. All these it expresses, and aims either to arouse them anew, or to sooth them into quiet. In the enjoyment of it, we come to a keener and fuller appreciation of the beautiful, and thus we gain a real elevation of mind. For the deeper and grander emotions are also the most beautiful. Even the more terrible emotions, if only they be really deep, and not mere spasms, bring us to a better appreciation of what is lofty, and so to a fuller enjoyment of the beautiful itself. But now to understand these grander emotions, to have indeed even any idea of what they are, we have to meet with certain preliminary experiences in our real lives. Circumstances that seem but mere chance have led us to know what is within us, and to become acquainted with and to value the Ideal even as we do the Real. Through these circumstances of our everyday lives it is, in a great measure, that we come to understand the higher forms of art, and poetry among them.

And so between the state of dull indifference, and the higher condition of aesthetic susceptibility, there is a third state, viz: that of progress in feeling. And because we cannot always be in the ideal world, and because, if we once have known that world, we will not return to the old world of indifference, we are the greater part of our time in this intermediate region. Our lives have to us more or less of an ideal significance, in most of our experience, and yet the nobility of the highest art-emotion is impossible to us. And so we remain in this semi-artistic condition, susceptible, yet not wholly aroused, feeling, yet not enraptured or passionate, idealizing, and yet attending to realities. Now the highest art does not of course deal with this state of mind, but only with the higher state. But art in some of its forms does belong to this stage particularly. At some periods of the earth's history, and in some nations, when the gap between the Ideal and the

Real has not seemed very great, poetry has been sufficient for the expression of the feelings peculiar to such a condition. But in our own complicated and discordant times a special form of art has been invented, which deals directly with the emotions and experiences of just this condition of half-aroused consciousness of the beautiful, in which we spend most of our lives. We refer to the Novel. The mission of this form of art, considered purely as art, is to assist us in our progress through this intermediate state, to quicken our sensibilities, and in fine to enable us to arise oftener and longer into the pure ideal sphere above us, where we can appreciatively commune with the highest forms of the beautiful.

The Novel is therefore more commonplace than poetry. It is less emotional, but more ordinarily useful. We enjoy it with a less lofty pleasure, but we appreciate it oftener. And its aim is accomplished, of course, by expressing and generalizing the experiences of this very intermediate state of feeling to which it belongs and for which it has been made. But to do this is to express and generalize the experiences belonging to a state of feeling in which the Ideal is not considered alone, but is introduced into, and perhaps subordinated by the Real circumstances of life. In other words the Novel must make the Real prominent, and yet tinge it all with an Ideal, that is to say an emotional hue. And what is this but to express emotionally some view of life, in such a way that most of the circumstances are conformed to the reality, while all are made to contribute to the one view itself?

This then is, we think, though perhaps only partially, yet at least to a certain degree, the artistic aim of the Novelist's art. The value of a Novel depends in reality on the value, the depth, the extensiveness, the truth, of the view of life brought out in it. Everything contained in the work should point to this end. If it is necessary to introduce a very great number of incidents of a minor sort, all of which are to be like Nature, this is simply because we are in a rather realistic mood when we read it, and cannot be brought to our author's point of view unless all his statements are at least probable.

It must be remembered, however, that all this does not imply that a novel, in its capacity as a work of art, should have a moral attached. A view of life, in the poetic sense, is simply a train of emotions aroused by a contemplation of life. It does not imply necessarily a moral deduction. All that is required is that the view should be a natural, a human view, and that it should have real value and positive truth. Whether or not it could be stated in the language of morals, it is equally within the domain of art if it fills the proper requirements.

To return, after this rather extended digression to Mr. Hardy. Applying our principle, which perhaps is only an artificial two foot-rule with which we are, as it were, trying to measure the proportions of a mountain landscape, but which we at present believe to be one founded on just laws of criticism, we are driven to the conclusion that whatever Mr. Hardy is, he is not a *great* novelist. A brilliant novelist he is, and we enjoy him; but

in the flashing flames of his brilliancy the divinity of true art does not dwell. He is powerful at times, and we admire him; but in the storms he raises still we miss the spirit of solid greatness. In single sentences of Turgenieff, not high sounding ones either, we have felt more of the power of genius than we feel from his whole book. In paragraphs of George Eliot are condensed fuller, deeper, more valuable views of life than we find in the completed story before us. Hardy gives us fine suggestions, original incidents, entertaining studies of character, and a few thoughtful generalizations, but all are scattered, fragmentary, without the aid of a grand underlying idea to give them effect. His plot is ingenious, even now and then improbable, and his scenes are many of them dramatic, but the whole fails of leaving a decided impression on the mind.

It may be well to give a short outline of the story, so as to make what we say better understood. A shepherd farmer by the name of Gabriel Oak, falls in love with a young woman, Bathsheba Everdene, the niece of a rich farmer who lives at some distance. Bathsheba's uncle dies and she, being his only heir, enters into possession of his farm. Nearly at the same time, Oak, whose suit she had rejected, meets with misfortune, loses his sheep, and is obliged to seek work. By accident he has opportunity to do service at a fire which occurs on her premises, and being thus introduced is installed as head shepherd on her farm; he being very willing to be near her, while she is now utterly indifferent to him. As time passes on, an old bachelor farmer, by the name of Boldwood, becomes smitten with Bathsheba's beauty and asks her hand. She has no desire to marry, but his earnestness, and the fear of giving him pain, induce her to grant him a conditional promise for the sake of delay. Meanwhile, however, she herself falls in love with and at last secretly marries a young dissipated dragoon named Troy, who no sooner becomes master than he proceeds to spend her money as fast as he can obtain it. Boldwood is driven to despair. Oak, with characteristic fidelity and uprightness, remains on the farm and does great service in a quiet way, while unlooked-for circumstances bring about a discovery on Bathsheba's part of a former love affair of her husband's, the discovery being made at the time of the death of the victim of that affair herself. The result is a separation between husband and wife, the former, in a fit of disgust, disappearing in such a way as to leave the belief that he had been drowned, but in reality going to sea. In his absence, Boldwood endeavors to gain a promise of marriage from his supposed widow, but the whole matter is put an end to by the reappearance of Troy. Boldwood, driven presumably crazy by this second overthrow of his hopes, shoots Troy, and is himself put into indefinite confinement. In the end, after the lapse of another year, Oak's unremitting and long un-rewarded fidelity meets its return in the love of Bathsheba, and the story ends with their marriage.

On this thread of narrative, the author has managed to string a great number of pleasing or striking incidents, and much remarkable study of

character. And yet, as the basis of of the whole we can discover no idea more general than the one on which the author lays in several places much stress; namely, that the female disposition is unsearchably problematic, and inconceivably inconsistent. Whether such an idea as this is a sufficient reason for writing a book to prove it, we very much doubt? One thing we are certain of, and that is that the idea has in some places run away with the author. For example, during a scene of much ingenuity and in some respects striking power, in which Troy and Bathsheba are brought alone face to face over the coffin of the former's sometime mistress, Troy is overcome by the sight of the dead woman whom he had once loved, and the following occurs:

"He sank upon his knees with an indefinable union of remorse and reverence upon his face, and, bending over Fanny Robin, gently kissed her, as one would kiss an infant asleep to avoid waking it.

"At the sight and sound of that, to her unendurable act, Bathsheba sprang towards him. All the strong feelings which had been scattered over her existence, since she knew what feeling was, seemed gathered into one pulsation now. The revulsion from her indignant mood a little earlier, when she had meditated upon compromised honor, forestallment, eclipse by another, was violent and entire. All that was forgotten in the simple and still strong attachment of wife to husband. She had sighed for herself-completeness then, and now she cried aloud against the severance of the union she had deplored. She flung her arms around Troy's neck, exclaiming wildly from the deepest deep of her heart:—

"Don't—don't kiss them! Oh, Frank, I can't bear it—I can't! I love you better than she did: kiss me too, Frank—kiss me! You will, Frank, kiss me too!"

We confess that the only possible reason for this abnormality, beyond a desperate inclination on the author's part to prove the strangeness of a woman's heart, is, so far as we can see, the necessity of bringing the scene to a close somehow, and the inability of the author to find any other means to do it. Troy naturally does not kiss his wife under these circumstances, and the result is a scene and a separation. Perhaps the author is right, and the female mind is such that a woman could say a thing like this at such a moment; but we do not believe it. So long as we are still young and have yet some faith left us in the female character, we refuse to believe it. And we feel all the more sorry that an author, able to work up our feelings to such a pitch as he does in this scene, before the point we have quoted, should so suddenly and strangely betray weakness, and ruin the whole effect by so unexplainable a freak.

We have no time to go further into the notice of particular points in this book. There is much in it that savors of imitation of George Eliot. And there is much too that shows genuine originality. But it seems to us that along with the wanting foundation-idea, there has also failed the author a power of keen analysis of his most prominent characters, a sufficient care for probability in incident, and still more, the delicate touch of an artist's hand. But his future works may change his position very much indeed. Still we feel very much doubt whether he will ever come to rank beside the great Queen of Romance, and we certainly have very little fear that her laurels are endangered by his efforts.

Josh's poem on Chinese lanterns is crowded out.

IN MEMORIAM—EX-PRESIDENT DURANT.

Gently toll, thou mourning bell,
Quiver softly o'er the dale;
Touch the hearts he loved so well,
He who lies so mute and pale.

Bear him gently from the home,
Lonely, dreary, since his death;
Other paths his feet now roam,
Other hopes inspire his breath.

Slowly tread, thou solemn host,
Bear him grandly o'er the way;
Let no noise or empty boast,
Mar the solemn rites to-day.

Softly, sadly down the aisle,
Low beneath the altar lay;
Solemn music all the while,
Rises, swells, and dies away.

Lift on high thy choral voices,
Chant aloud the funeral hymn;
His spirit heart alone rejoices,
Ours with tears the eyes bedim.

Tell us all, thou man of God,
Of his life, his actions wise;
Of the upright path he trod,
Of his home above the skies.

Circle round that lowly one,
Look, and sadly turn away;
Ne'er again till life is done,
Shalt thou greet that face of clay.

Bearers, lift the sacred bier,
Lead away the loving wife;
Woman, shed thy parting tear,
O'er the partner of thy life.

Swell thou music, toll thou bell,
Hallow every sorrowing soul;
Bear him midst the rising knell,
To the grave, the earthly goal.

K.

THE FOUNDATION IDEA IN POE'S POETRY.

By JOSIAN ROYCE - MAR 7/67

E. A. Poe's name is one that now excites curiosity rather than either admiration or criticism. His life, to be sure, has been reviewed during the past few years, and it is believed by his late biographers that much injustice has been done him since his death, and that new facts will tend to put his character in a better light. But notwithstanding all that has been said about him, his reputation as a writer rests very much on hear-say. Few have probably read more of his works than one or two of his tales, together with those few among his poems which are taken as specimens. The foundation-ideas of his writings are doubtless almost as little understood by most as are the moving principles of his life. And it is proper that all this should be so. Poe's poetry is not human enough to meet with sympathy, not profound enough to excite critical inquiry, not grand enough to arouse admiration. If it has beauty, it is but the beauty of a cavern, fixed, unchanging, to be seen clearly only by artificial light. If it has power, it is like the power of a distant torrent, invisible in the depths of night and the obscurity of a vast forest, whose dull monotonous sound is heard for hours, unceasing, unvarying, until we long to escape from the hearing of it.

We do not therefore call attention to Poe here on account of the value of his works considered as art. We think they have, in this point of view, very little value. But as a man, as an out-growth of American society, in some one of its forms, Poe is interesting. And several things in his poems throw light on himself. For this reason, these should perhaps receive more attention than they do. Nor are they devoid of some artistic merit. They are undoubtedly superior to his tales in this respect. The tales are most of them mere

abnormal specimens of misdirected ingenuity. But the poems, while they contain some examples of a like failing, are at the same time much more expressive of feeling, of feeling which if it be inhuman, is sometimes genuine, and which in certain moments of everyone's life will be more or less appreciated.

No extended criticism of his fragmentary poetical productions is here intended. As curiosities and as revealers of his character they might be worth it. But now we only wish to point out a single idea which seems to lie at the basis of most of the feelings that find their expression in his poetry. This idea is one that he seemed to take a morbid pleasure in exhibiting in a thousand different forms, and in bringing up to view at every possible opportunity. It is the idea of a kind of half-conscious existence after death, in other words of life in death.

All readers of De Quincey know the idea which he was so full of, which was so affecting to his mind, which held him spell-bound in the midst of his fantastic dreams, which often formed and governed those dreams, fashioning them into the most tremendous forms, peopleing them with the most affecting shapes, making them overwhelming with the sadness of infinite losses. It was the idea exactly opposed to the one we have just mentioned, that is to say it was the idea of death in life. Now compare this with Poe's idea, and the contrast will serve to bring out the nature of each. De Quincey is ever dreaming of life cut off in the midst of life, of youth and beauty hurled in a moment to decay and the grave, of death sweeping on relentlessly to his work of destruction amid summer verdure and summer warmth. And when his dreams take shape they reveal fairy pinnacles floating on tropic seas, in an instant dismantled, storm-beaten, foundering; or else lovely young beings caught and destroyed by treacherous quicksands, amid the slow-tolling of far-off funeral bells. There is nothing more affecting to him, he says, and therefore nothing, perhaps we may say, that his thoughts dwell on oftener, than this spectacle of death coming when life is strongest, most luxuriant, sweetest.

But with Poe all this is different. His thoughts do not dwell on the terror of the coming of death when life is blooming; but he is ever imagining the existence of some strange kind of life where we see nothing but decay. This imagination sometimes horrifies him, and sometimes again gives him a curious, wild sort of pleasure; but whether horrible or pleasing it never fails to fascinate him. It takes all conceivable shapes. First and most terrible as well as grossest, is the form under which it often appears in his tales. This consists in his fancies about a return to life in the tomb after one has been once interred. In this form the idea can only excite the most painful sensations, but yet he develops it in all its details in a manner that is simply excruciating. But still more fascinating to him, and hardly less thrillingly horrible, is the second form of the idea; namely, that in which the individuality of some dead person is conceived as being perpetuated in a new living being; who sometimes retains however only the individuality, and none of the lovable qualities of the deceased, but in some cases is the real living counterpart of the deceased without even being at first personally aware of the fact of the identity itself.

But neither of these forms is ideal enough for poetry. This idea, therefore, in Poe's poems takes forms different from either of them. The first of

these finds its expression in the poem entitled "For Annie." Here as much of the beautiful as could be put into so grim an idea is introduced. The conception is of a lover who, long tormented and disappointed, has at the moment of his death received the assurance of the love he has waited for. So now, barely conscious, happy to spend an eternity in this unbroken quiet, he lies in his coffin, motionless, powerless, in the eye of every observer really dead, but in fact knowing that his troubles are ended, that his passions are stilled, that he at last can really sleep as he never could in life. This fantastic conception needed a Poe to originate it, but would defy an angel to successfully carry it out. At its best it can only be vaguely appreciated, and then not at all times, but only at some inhuman moments of our lives. Still, what a human being could do, Poe has probably done to express it.

But the idea does not remain in this realistic form any longer. It has ideal uses of the most extended kind. Poe's has a theory that there are crises in life that determine the end of life to the soul, while the body still survives. One who has passed through these crises may seem to live, but in reality he has been long since dead. His whole existence is but a semi-conscious dream in the depths of a tomb. If for a while he seems to stir himself, to awake, to pay attention to ordinary life, such motions and appearances are deceitful. It is but the moving of the corpse within the coffin. Soon he will sink back into a repose that may know visions, but will never end in an awakening. On this form of the foundation idea is built up the plot of "The Raven." The fascination of the poem lies in this. The poem fails of being true art because the conception is inhuman, because in adopting it Poe altogether failed of seeing that human life, so long as it lasts and keeps above the plane of idiocy, is a complicated thing in which no one mood will long endure; that the deepest melancholy is interspersed with seasons of repose and hours of amusement, and that the most terrible remorse, if it allows the victim to live at all, must allow him change of feeling.

If after showing a number of the forms which Poe's idea took we once more compare it with De Quincey's, we shall have no difficulty in choosing between the two as regards their artistic merit. The former is the substance of a delirious dream. The latter is the summing up of the pathos of real life. De Quincey sympathizes in actual human sorrows. Poe invents an imaginary world of phantom horrors and dwells in it. In reading the one we are deeply moved; in listening to the elaborate rhythms of the other we wonder and shudder. The one idea is real poetry in this world. The other may be poetry in some other planet.

But the true interest in finding this foundation-idea in Poe would lie in the answer to the question as to whether his morbid turn of mind was entirely due to personal circumstances, or was in reality connected with some social tendency of American life. The question, "What had Poe in common with his age," can best be answered after we know what Poe's own favorite lines of thought and feeling were. If we keep this foundation-idea of his poetry in mind, we shall be more apt to find light thrown on the other question as we chance on more details of his own life and character.

The Seniors had the benefit of a part of President Gilman's course of Lectures on Political Economy just before his departure. They wish they could have had more, but do not exhibit any overflowing enthusiasm in writing for the Free-Trade Essay Prize.

BLUE AND BROWN.

Two blue violets gently resting
In a safe retreat,
Purest emblems—heavenly azure—
Hold a memory sweet.

Two brown eyes, gently beaming
With a tender love;
Often downcast, oft uplifted,
To a face above.

Two brown eyes—oh, how charming!
Looking into mine,
There imprinted—ne'er forgotten
Till the end of time.

Two blue violets—these my treasures
Ever will I keep,
Till beneath their grassy birthplace
I forever sleep.

F.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We wish it distinctly understood that no article appears in this paper from the pen of a professor without his name appended thereto. We know at least one college whose professors write for the college paper without fear of detection. We are unfortunate in this respect: our professors write better than we do, and besides have other duties to perform. We therefore ask that any of our shortcomings may be assigned to us, as our professors' contributions are confined to literary or scientific productions, which we have from time to time published with the author's name.

We would like to call the attention of the readers of the BERKELEYAN to a new and enlarged edition of the Biographical and Critical Essays of David Masson, lately published in three volumes by Macmillan & Co., under the author's supervision. To learn a great deal in a short space, from essays written in a tolerably attractive style, on a variety of literary questions, is a privilege offered to any of us in these volumes. They are not so much, of course, to be read through, as to be read in. And so we hope that they may soon be placed on the Library shelves. If they are, we would advise all of our students to consult Masson before writing on any subject in English Literature, in case he makes remarks upon it.

AN apology is due for the lateness of the BERKELEYAN this issue. The fault lies with the press in the University office. The paper was handed over in time, but the press was not in order. We hope this will not occur again.

PRESIDENT GILMAN made a farewell address to the students at the Assembly, Friday afternoon, April 2. He will remain in the State some two or three weeks longer, and then no doubt will leave to take charge of his new appointment.

THE young whales that have been brought up under the fatherly care of a modest young man whom we all know, but who wishes his name to be suppressed, are to be all sent away quite soon. When this is done they will proceed to bob around in their native element, as their former protector Bobs around in his, and in good time they will be caught for the benefit of the human race.

We have picked up on the grounds the following accurate description of somebody. Who is it?

"He is a queer sort of a fellow. He is inquisitive, and his curiosity will never be satisfied, because he more than one time asks the same question. He seems good natured, but he thinks he is smart, very smart. Above this he troubles himself in unphilosophical speculations about the latest theory, as Radicalism. I admit that he is a little vain of himself."

Notes on Exchanges.

By ~~Joseph Royce~~ ~~Jan 2/07~~

In the *College Message*, from Cape Girardeau, Mo., we find an example of a failing very common among our College writers. This consists in the production of pieces entitled "Stray Thoughts," or something of that kind, in cases where such a title is in reality a misnomer. For the average article with this heading is a mixture of confused ideas that are mistaken for "stray" ones, when in fact, as their author is not in the habit of thinking connectedly, there is no definite place from which they can possibly be astray. They are not lost sheep, for the excellent reason that they never had a fold to be lost from; but they are simply wild sheep. Vague thoughts, purposeless thoughts, thoughts conjured out of chaos by some confused jugglery, resorted to under pressure of necessity, such it would be proper to label them; but to call them "stray" thoughts, and thus deceive oneself into the belief that his ordinary style of thinking is less jumbled than the one he now, with such facility adopts, this is in the last degree unreasonable. The piece we are now referring to begins with a monologue on the beauty of some morning or other, then falls into a discussion on the effects of the weather on the human system, leaps over with the writer to his library, where he vainly hopes to spend twenty minutes in reading, passes with him into a medical discourse suggested by a passage on tobacco in the first book which meets his eye, follows up with a short history of the use of tobacco, and ends with remarking that that commodity is dangerous to the health of young people. Of course there is no earthly reason why the article should ever end, except that found in the limits set by the printer. The only value we find in it, is its usefulness as a warning against a very general and decidedly injurious habit; one hurtful not only to the writer's literary style, but to his habits of thought.

The *High School*, from Omaha, Nebraska, is chiefly noticeable for some curious mistakes it has made in mentioning the loss our Institution so lately suffered. It says "The BERKLEYAN of Oakland, California, mourns the death of Henry Hunter, the founder and president of the Berkleyan University." We thank it for its interest in our affairs. It has however made only four mistakes in the above short sentence. First: the BERKELEYAN, founding its name on that of the great Idealist, spells that name with an *e* between the *k* and *l*. Second: the name of the lamented dead was Henry Durant, and not Henry Hunter. Third: at the time of his death he was not president of the institution. Fourth: our University is not the Berk(e)leyan University, but the University of California. None of the mistakes need have occurred had the *High School* taken any ordinary pains in making mention of the matter.

From Delaware, Ohio, we receive the *College Transcript*. We like it very well with the exception of an article on "Opera," with which we somewhat disagree, and the piece of poetry on the Sunset. This latter reads thus, in the first two verses:

"There is not in art so beautiful, though you search o'er sea and land,

As we find in field and forest, framed by fair Nature's hand;
And among all the beauties in earth or air there is none,
Excels the dazzling beauty of the gentle setting sun.

"Though for ages and centuries man may study 'tis plain,
He can never produce heaven's colors again.
For 'tis the essence of all beauty, this panorama of the skies,
Which the sun paints on the heavens as the day calmly dies.

How terribly unreliable must have been the yard-stick with which the lines of this delicious effusion were

measured. The number of syllables was doubtless guessed at, and the author evidently never was good at guessing. And then notice the poetical freshness of that picture of the gentle sun, in his dazzling beauty, engaged as he sets in painting in the heavens the essence of all beauty, namely the panorama of the skies, while the day, overcome perhaps by the strange turn things have taken, is calmly dying. There is nothing like originality. But unfortunately originality of any sort you like does not make a great poet.

The *Chronicle* of Michigan University has some remarks on the mutual criticism indulged in by college papers to such a liberal extent. This, the *Chronicle* believes to be for the most part useless, if not injurious. It concludes in the following words,—

"It seems to us to be more satisfactory to those who subscribe for the paper to fill the portion allotted to the exchanges with notes and extracts that will best give an idea of what is taking place at other colleges, and the manner of thinking and acting there,—to mention briefly anything of especial merit, and only to criticise in extreme cases where the whole sisterhood of colleges is interested."

The principal reason for this idea is that the criticisms are only of value to the editors of the various papers, being on the one hand uninteresting to the local subscribers, and, on the other, inaccessible to the contributors of the papers criticised. We cannot entirely agree in the conclusion reached. No doubt many of the remarks passed among our journals are not of a character to do either the critic or the one criticised much good. Nevertheless there are two reasons why a careful and fair writing of reviews on exchanges must be beneficial to college journalism. The first is that the editors are the ones who write and read these reviews, and they, as all of us will admit, are unfortunately obliged to write the most of their respective papers themselves. If such criticism has any virtue in it then, it will reach directly, in most cases, the writers criticised, and they will generally have an opportunity to reply if they wish to. Here then are all the conditions necessary to rendering just criticism useful. An argument against exchange-reviewing here would therefore be an argument against all kinds of criticism, and would not be tenable. Our second reason is, that it is useful to us amateur writers ourselves to write criticisms on others, if only we do it honestly and carefully. If there is nothing more dangerous than the habit of superficial flippant criticism which must either praise or blame extravagantly, on the other hand there are few exercises better adapted for laying the foundation for success in almost any kind of literary pursuit, than the exercise furnished by thoughtful, conscientious criticism which seeks only to find the truth and to correct error. The advantages of exchange-reviewing therefore being, from our point of view, both objective and subjective, we do not feel at all inclined to give up the practice.

The readers of the BERKELEYAN will no doubt be surprised and overjoyed to know that the *Owl* is for once partially pleased with us. In its last number it becomes quite fatherly in the tone of its remarks about us. It has hopes for our future welfare. It has discovered that we are not quite so bad as it once took us to be, or rather, that we are reforming. In fact, it insinuates that, if we keep on progressing we may some day become quite tolerable. The cause of all this kindness is explained by the *Owl* itself. In our February number appeared an article on Dr. Draper's last work, the "Conflict between Religion and Science." We did not go into ecstasies over the book. We suggested that its style seemed somewhat unhistorical, and that we believed there were better books, written by authors of simi-

lar opinions, on the same and on kindred topics.

And we said what we did without a thought of our Santa Clara neighbor, nor even of the Roman Catholic Church, at least in its nineteenth century development, the Church of which that paper numbers itself among the humble representatives. But it seems that accidentally we gave the *Owl* great cause for rejoicing on account of what it seems to think our sudden reformation. Because we were not overcome with enthusiasm for this book, we are forsooth, coming much nearer to the stand-point of our contemporary. Because we can try fairly to see errors in non-Catholic writers, there must be more joy in that Catholic heaven down at the Santa Clara College over this one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine of those just school-boys (we believe our neighbor calls them Owlets), who need no repentance;—but do need the faculty of seeing both sides of a question. The *Owl*, doubtless, has the idea that all "Protestants" are of the sort represented by those intimately connected "heretics," Luther, Immanuel Kant, Draper and Bismark. Consequently when anyone of these numerous beings writes a book or performs a public act, all faithful "Protestants" must fall down and worship book or act; and if they do not do so, it is a sign that they are in a fair way to be converted. Let us remind our neighbor however, that when people set out to search for truth (and we believe that searchers for truth are confined to no party whatsoever, Catholic or non-Catholic), they endeavor neither, on the one hand, to reject it when they meet it, on account of the source from which it came, nor, on the other hand, to blindly accept any statement as truth because it reaches them from a party that seems at the time to have the advantage.

Speaking, then, not as the representatives of any party, for the *BERKELEYAN* is not, like the *Owl*, a theological journal, we must warn our neighbor that our remarks on Dr. Draper are not a sign of any greater inclination on our part towards any kind of dogmatical settling of unsettled questions. If we are at fault, we are willing to be shown it. But neither Mr. Buckle nor the part represented by the *Owl* shall have their own way with us until they have justified their claims by an appeal to reason.

As for the *Owl's* remarks on our criticism of the *Mill's Quarterly*, we can only say that they show some lack of discrimination on the part of the former. Our criticism is of course objected to, and at the same time our "timidity" in the manner of making it is ridiculed. Our criticism was the result of what it seemed to us proper to state in our capacity as critics. Our "timidity," we do not fear to confess, if it was in fact "timidity" and was not merely common politeness, in a case where a sister institution was concerned, was merely the result of our desire to say what we had to say, in the manner least likely to cause a misunderstanding of the spirit of our remarks. The criticism may have been unjust or ill-timed. The manner of stating no doubt was capable of improvement. But the *Owl* is too poor a judge of fairness in criticism to be any authority as to the one, and is hardly in its right place when it meddles with the other.

LITERARY NOTES.

Richard Grant White, in the *Galaxy* for March, gives some of his views on points in musical art-criticism. He lays considerable stress on a distinc-

tion he draws between Absolute Music, and Programme Music; the former being defined as music which produces its effect by itself alone, without the aid of words or of explanatory notes, while the latter includes all those musical compositions that are expressionless outside of a certain connection or in the absence of a programme to give notice of the subject. He of course decides that Absolute Music is the only real music from an artistic point of view. The article contains many valuable hints and illustrations.

—Cox's History of Greece, the latest addition to the list of works on this subject, is attracting considerable attention in England. It is reviewed in the January *Edinburgh*. Of course the part of the work which receives the most notice is that giving the author's views on the amount of historic groundwork to the Greek myths. Mr. Cox is inclined apparently to put the lowest possible value on these myths as throwing light on the movements and relations of the prehistoric Hellenic tribes.

—Only two or three writers of romances of the modern type have succeeded in introducing into their works the supernatural element, without doing some harm to artistic merit. The Modern Romance has passed beyond the region of the legendary and impossible, and it succeeds best when it makes use of the most realistic treatment of the events of common life. One thing however is to be noticed, With very few exceptions, whenever novelists of real merit have attempted any advance into this field of myth, they have adopted the form of short stories. Hawthorne is perhaps remarkable as one of the few who could fill a whole book with a narrative in which the main motive is furnished by some legend, or by some supernatural idea; but even he more commonly adopted the short story form. Turgenieff has introduced the supernatural into some of his short stories, but he excludes it from his longer novels. In George Eliot we hardly remember an instance of it. In one place there is something that resembles it slightly, but it does not really come under the same head. We refer to the misunderstood warning of his father's death which Adam Bede is made to receive while working at night in constructing a coffin which had to be finished, and on account of which he had remained late at his tasks. But this is only an artistic allusion to the supernatural, not a use of it.

—The above remarks have been suggested to us by the reading of a short story by the Swedish novelist Boyeson in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Anyone who will take the trouble to read it may plainly see that the author is a true artist, and this he has often shown before. But a good many will be inclined to hesitate in accepting as artistically correct, his introduction of the supernatural as freely as he has done. It might be interesting enough and powerful enough if he had made use of the old legend he has introduced in the first part of the story, simply as a legend, but to introduce it into the latter, the modern, the everyday portion of his story, has a rather doubtful effect, both as regards interest and power.

The following official order has been posted up on the bulletin board.

NOTICE.—Students and all other persons are hereby warned against staking out horses or cattle or any live stock whatever upon the University domain, or allowing them to roam about the said grounds. The argus-eyed guardian of the highways and byways, vulgarly called the Pound Master, has been directed to seize and make capture of the aforesaid-herein-mentioned game to the great and unavoidable loss of the owner. By order, etc.

Collegiana.

On Wednesday, March 24, our retiring President, D. C. Gilman, gave an informal reception to Prof. Jno. Le Conte who has been selected by the Regents to act as President *pro tem*. A number of the friends of the University were present. There were several fine microscopes on hand for the edification of the curious, and the fine engravings of the Pioche collection were on the tables for inspection. Ballenberg's band discoursed music and made the occasion an enjoyable one. The literary exercises consisted of recitations by Harry Webb of the Senior Class, and Harry Edwards of the California Theater, who mindful of days spent in old Harvard, kindly consented to assist in making the occasion a pleasant one. Jno. F. Alexander, as President of the Senior class, introduced the annexed resolutions with the following remarks:

Ladies and gentlemen: You all know that two years and a half ago President Gilman came among us to give us the benefit of his thought and labor. Among the many ideas which he brought to us was one which has become very precious to us. It was that this University should constitute a family, and the Faculty, being the older members, should direct, strengthen, and encourage the younger. We have retained this thought and have acted upon it, and now feel that, as students, we cannot suffer the head of this family to depart without expressing our regret at the separation. The Senior Class desire me to read the following resolutions upon this subject:

WHEREAS, Unexpected circumstances have brought about the retirement of our respected President, D. C. Gilman, from his place at the head of our institution, and caused his acceptance of another and still more responsible position:

And Whereas, During the short time of his stay with us in his official capacity, we have seen, under his hands, the influence of our University spreading, the cause of liberal education in our State advancing, the prospects for intellectual progress in the future widening:

And Whereas, We know the universal feeling of regret on the part of the friends of the University that he should at this time be called to depart; therefore be it

Resolved, That we in parting tender him our hearty thanks as students for his unwearied exertions in our behalf, both as instructor and chief officer of the University; that we, too, desire to add our regrets to those of the many who feel sorry that he now severs his connection with us, and that we trust confidently that in losing him as a leader, we retain his influence and his interest as a valuable and unchanging friend of our institution, and be it also

Resolved, That our best wishes follow him across the continent to his new charge, and that we hope and believe that there, in a more settled community and under more advantageous circumstances, he will meet with greater success than could be expected by any one in our young State; and be it also

Resolved, That in taking this our final leave of him we ask in behalf of the University, that his good wishes may also ever remain with us, that in so far as in him lies, he may use his influence for our good; that he may remember our friends as his friends, that he may feel a deep interest in our progress as having been so much helped on in its infancy by himself, and we believe that in the years of prosperity, in the long future of the University of California, his name will always be remembered as one of the most efficient among those who assisted its early struggles with fortune.

J. ROYCE,
F. V. HOLMAN,
L. S. BURCHARD,

Committee on Resolutions.

After the literary exercises, the doors of the Assembly Rooms were thrown open, and a very pleasant time followed to the votaries of Terpsichore.

We kept count as one of our accomplished P. Gses talked French with a native. He only said "oui" one hundred and thirty-nine times in a half-hour.

'75'S VISIT TO MILLS.

It was to our great pleasure lately that we received an envelope with the monogram M. S. '75, and bearing the motto *Semper Fidelis*. We say that it was to our great pleasure, for within was an invitation from the Class of '75, and Mr. and Mrs. Mills, of Mills Seminary, to attend a *musical*, Friday evening March twelfth. Of course we went and equally of course we had a "way up" time. The Seminary justly deserves the name "Castle 'mongst the Hills," for situated as it is, nestled amongst the hills, it is a charming sight and one not soon forgotten when seen. The grounds were lighted with Chinese lanterns and the building all illuminated as we arrived, and this added greatly to the effect.

The *musical* was held in the Assembly room which was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and in an end of the room was the class motto "*Semper Fidelis*." The music was very fine. We cannot particularize. In fact we hardly dare to, for if every performer was not mentioned and that too as the best, here would come along some classmate and say that a particular friend of his had been slighted, and so we content ourselves by saying that the instrumental music was "way up," the recitations "altitudinous" and the vocal music—especially the solos—"toney." After supper the company indulged in a general good time. The library and recitation rooms were visited. Towards the time when to-day ceases and to-morrow begins, we descended to earth once more, and left the fair Castleians in their delightful abode.

We are glad to announce that Prof. Hilgard arrived March 29. This will be good news to the friends of Agriculture, not only in the University, but throughout the State. He will assume charge of his College on the opening of the University, April 1. At present he is staying at the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland.

The University Scientific Exploring Expedition has gone to Mount Diablo during this short vacation. It consists of Profs. John and Joseph Le Conte, and Rising, and as assistants, Messrs. Edwards, Hawkins, Parker, Slate and McLean. When they come back, everything that is shrouded in darkness will be understood and it is expected that the museum will have to be enlarged.

J. M. STILLMAN, '74, the valedictorian of his class, left for Germany, March 29. For the past year he has been one of the Post-graduate Assistants, pursuing the study of Chemistry. He goes to Würzburg, Bavaria, to complete the study of Organic Chemistry. It is his intention to return in time for the beginning of the Fall Term, 1876.

Before leaving his Fraternity-friends gave him a supper. It was one of those pleasant times which have to be attended to be appreciated. Many of those who were present will have graduated before Mr. Stillman returns, and so the occasion was not without sadness. Before the close of the evening, Jno. R. Price, '74, on behalf of the friends of Mr. Stillman, presented him an elegant pocket-book.

Good-bye, John, God bless you.

A. W. JACKSON, also of '74, and a Post-graduate, accompanies Stillman to Germany. He goes to Leipsic to pursue the study of Mineralogy. He expects to return, also, in 1876.

It is aggravating—this short vacation—the Juniors don't have time to make even one good conquest.

"CORK UP."

DAM is raising siders.

PATIENCE is expensive.

VACATION.—Take a rest!

ST. PATRICK has had his day.

Semper Fidelis et Petite Summa.

"STEADY, right dress, close up."

WEBB's mustache is now plainly visible.

MONOGRAM canes are all the fashion now.

THE latest—"That's the time I got in on you."

DAM is not well up in the plural of some Latin nouns.

LENT is over and now beer busts are again in order.

EVEN D'Ancona has pressed his bouquet as a memento.

BUDD, '74, is now starring in Stockton with great success.

"GOOD night fellows, don't hurry—come again when you can't stay so long."

WILD Sam has a taste for surgery. He has lately operated very successfully on cats.

We learn that the Chief thinks of taking the contract to sprinkle the roads around Berkeley.

ONE of Mills Juniors wants to know if "*Petite Summa*" does not mean "a little higher."

Daingerfield intends growing fat during vacation, because the young ladies cannot see him eat.

EASTMAN is a knowing fellow, but he looked three mortal hours to find the Sermon on the Mount in Nicodemus.

ONE of our young lady students is so absorbed in study that she cannot distinguish between beef and mutton.

THE Juniors are not proud, but they think that if they practice awhile, *next time* they can beat the Sophomores, perhaps.

THE laziest man that we know of is a certain Senior who always eats hash because it is too much work to chew beefsteak.

WE learn that two of our stylish Seniors are employed to bring out the new styles by Messrs. Van Schaack & Co. San Francisco.

WE have for some time heard the rumor, and can now say that it is true, that Carneal and Perkins are now studying hard. Fact!

DAGO is tolerably well read but he is a little off in history, so to speak. He has only just found out that the Dutch have taken Holland.

PROFESSOR to Senior—"How many divisions are there of the German language." Student—Two: "Low and High Dutch." This is a piercing joke.

ROYCE says that he will shoot himself if we put anything in the Collegiana on him. So we refrain from mentioning his making "mashes" on Broadway.

ONE of the Freshmen wants to know if you were to color eggs for an indefinitely long period, you could not raise chickens which would lay Easter eggs regularly.

TUTOR—"The person that I am telling you of lived in very poor quarters, if he had had a better half he would have had better quarters." And not a Freshman laughed.

A SOPHOMORE wonders why we don't write something sensible for the Collegiana. He does not know that his mind is not sufficiently advanced to appreciate it if we did.

LENT is over and now our religious fellow students

don't have to break the game law by catching trout. This does not apply to that staunch Episcopalian El Dago.

D. B. H. has been very shy and distrustful of young ladies since he piloted one of Oakland's belles around the buildings under the impression that she was a '75er from M. S.

One of the Freshmen went to see the "Princess of Trebizonde," and laughed so hard that he forgot all about his next day's mathematics. He says now that it was not so amusing after all.

"HER eyes looked sadly into mine, but she wanted to borrow a half-dollar," sorrowfully said a Sophomore to us as he finished telling of meeting a young lady on the train who had left her purse at home.

THERE is nothing mean about us nor are we proud, but after we have wrestled with our intellects, to write collegiana jokes, it is sad, to say the least, to have the *Southern Collegian* steal them and palm them off as original.

THE Freshmen spoke their little pieces—all for ten dollars. Durst got the money and Bordwell the mention. The latter was the favorite in the pools before the race, but Durst although he had less wind had more bottom. He crossed the score an easy winner by a neck.

ON THE last day before vacation, the Battalion marched out to the hills back of the buildings for target practice. The members of the Battalion have raised a sum of money to be divided into four purses. The rain came up before all had shot, so we postpone the mention of good shots until next issue.

At the Propagating house they have 150,000 of what the *Oakland News* calls "larvae" of White Fish. They are very small now but will soon be large enough to be put in the neighboring creeks and rivers. The young Eastern trout which were on hand a few weeks since have all been transferred to the creeks in this vicinity.

HELMICK has sent us another piece of Music, entitled "Remember Deeds of Kindness." Thank you, Mr. Helmick, thank you, but it is too expensive to give a first-class criticism on third-class music; and so, Mr. Helmick, to our dying day—if we live that long—and don't forget it, we will remember with great pleasure your deeds of kindness—in not sending us any more such music.

THE Junior debate took place March second. The question was "Is our government in danger from centralization?" Messrs. J. Freud, Jacobs, R. B. Wallace, and P. F. C. Sanders spoke in the affirmative. J. E. Taylor and F. M. Ostrander in the negative. The judges awarded the prize (thirty dollars) to J. E. Taylor. Honorable mention to F. M. Ostrander. A large majority of the audience were of opinion that Freud should at least have received the honorable mention.

OUR room mate is learning to play on the piano. It is not our fault. We tried to discourage him, but for once he was obstinate, and now the five finger exercise thrills our soul. The pianissimo rarely floats on the air, but the fortissimo in all its beauty and power affects us often. We are not proud if our room-mate does play. No, there is nothing mean about us. He undoubtedly has talent for music but we should have been very happy if he had not found it out until we left. He lately discovered that one of his exercises is the accompaniment to "The Heart Bowed down," and now he keeps that poor heart bowed down so much that we

fear that it will break. We can only hope that time will temper his zeal. In the mean time we shall send a statement of the case to Mr. Hammond and ask for relief.

THE Freshmen over our room had a bust last week, a regular, genuine Freshman tight. We saw one of them sneaking up the back stairs carrying under his coat a bottle of cider and six bottles of soda water. There were five Freshmen congregated in one room, as we looked in the window, each of whom was mixing a counterfeit "stone fence" using cider for the "stick" and soda in the place of cider, and for fear of its being too strong they took it "half and half," water the other half. But it fetched them. Soon their eyes sparkled, and then they embraced each other and swore eternal enmity to Sophomores. They tried to make speeches but their memories were too faulty to remember declamations and their young minds too muddled to evolve ideas. So they had recourse to the Freshmen's standby—wrestlin'. Our studious room-mate thought that it was a thunder-storm—only the noise did not lighten any for half an hour. The noise was only quieted by the landlady leading them out by the ears and asking them if they had "learnt their 'rithmetic lesson for tomorrow." We confidently expect that the next legislature will prohibit soda water being sold within two miles of the University. It is evidently too rich for the tender stomachs of Freshmen.

It was dark, or very nearly, the wind blew fitfully from the South-South-West. The inconstant moon hid her young face in a sombre cloud, the watchdog bayed—and disobeyed—in the distance, and all nature was in repose, and quiet reigned supreme except when broken by the snoring of a Freshman. It was a very peaceful snore, a very childlike snore—we might say. When three Seniors with Haste, drew near the Berkeley Hotel, with malice in their minds and a bucket full of blue paint in their hands. They scaled the lofty heights of a dry goods box and then began the onslaught. The lofty sign of the "Restaurant du XIX Siecle" lifted high its proud head. It bore the peaceful and meek French name Berger, but these fiends, or Seniors if you please, transformed it by sorcery and paint to the strong German name Limberger. Nor did they stay their brutal act until they "cheesed" it. The cold, pale moon sank to rest, and the imperious day god mounted high in the heavens, but when the *proprietaire* saw that he was not himself—that his name was changed, he waxed exceeding wroth, and would have laid violent hand on a small Freshman, but Freshie was too nimble. But his revenge is sure, for he says "By Gar, I wait ten year but I ketch ze fella what transform my name." And once again all is quiet at Berkeley, except when the Freshman snores.

LIES OF THE MONTH.

It is a lie:—

That Rhodes don't want to write any more lies;— That Gov don't approve of them anyhow.—That Meeek made the best shot; that Bice thinks that he would miss next time.—That the Chief of Military Instruction hit the target.—That Royce did not want to go to Mills, that he is not "sadder than before."—That Wyatt and D'Ancona would just as soon have walked. That a teacher of one of the neighboring schools was ever a missionary to the Hoodoos.—That Sag. believed it; that he was prayed for; that he don't want to go again.—That Miss—'75, M. S. wants to come to Berkeley to see—'75.—That he don't want her to.— That the Juniors can play base ball; that their nine is

composed of their best players; that they were not put in the nine to have their names go in the Blue and Gold.—That Gray was not a sergeant at Benicia; that it "is something to be a sergeant there;" that he would report his captain if he corrected him in ranks; that he will be major in his class.—That Company A can count four.—That Captain S. brought round the Muldoons.—That Aleck likes hot cakes; that he caught a sardine; that it had teeth; that it would bite.—That the driver "hove to, and dropped anchor."—That Frank did not want them to.—That Dago did not have as much as Frank.—That Clem's legs are "so small;" that he shut the door.—That this University is godless; that Bro. Hammond has a better record than Bro. Earl; that he could beat him in a single dash; that many students asked him to come over; that S. B. C. signed the request.—That all the Sophomores are through with Analytics; that they wanted to review it any way.—That Bordwell thought no body else had a chance; that he practised the scale before he declaimed.—That Chamberlain is the finest looking officer; that he don't think so; that he is Stage Manager because he understands it; that he is an affection crusher.—That the Sophomores competed for the prize in essay writing; that it was not because they were not capable; that they didn't care for the twenty dollars.—That the "old hen" was mad at something that (another)—did; that he does not know what it is.—That Jones was not flirting with a young lady during the lecture on Sound; that the handkerchief was clean; that the girls thought he was a Soph.—That there will be any lies next month.—That Overacker did not say that "He was a man of *staminous*."—That he knew that it ought to be stamina, that he meant it any how, that he is the whist club's barkeep.—That Sriley likes to be called Wild Sam, that Aleck prefers to have his name "Bag o'bones" instead of Chief.—That Sag is mad when he is called Doodle.—That Gov is jealous because he is not the handsome man.—That Bice is generous, that his generosity is unbounded, that the reason is not because nobody ever saw it, that he considers himself "a large majority of the class."—That Harrison killed a dead rat, that it was asleep, that he thought so.—That one of our lecturers said "Every poor man has a dog and every d—d poor one has two," that it is not so.—That S. B. C. can sometimes dance well, that the floor was too slippery, that he can do better next time.—That the students are sorry that our vacation was extended two days.—That the Seniors intend writing their theses during vacation.—That the "Collegiana is good this month but a great deal of it was written to fill up space."—"That it is easy enough to speak off-hand, and that if you don't stumble people will applaud whether you say anything or not."—That the article in the *Transcript* on the reception is not piceaced, and the writer too.—That vacation is a pleasure when one has to stay at Berkeley all the time. That is all.

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