

# THE BERKELEYAN.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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## KINGSLEY'S HYPATIA.

An author may say the finest things upon any subject, yet this after all is his opinion, not yours. You see only the result of his thought, and believe, or disbelieve. But if a writer can lead you to reason with him, to canvas his arguments, and to think for yourself, he ensures a better result, a more lasting impression. The suggestive style is the best mode of giving our thought to others. I am hence emboldened to give some of the leading traits of Hypatia, together with the impression directly produced by the work. I shall lose sight of the book as a work of art, and try to call attention to its suggestive power, feeling that those who read it in the quiet thoughtful way will be, as I was, richly rewarded.

The student of character will find in Hypatia three men who will set him thinking. These are well-drawn characters, whose lives may not serve as examples, but clearly suggest the true model.

The lowest of these is the mighty Amal, he has the brute mind, as well as brute strength, and implicitly believes in both. He was the intensely "Practical Man" of his time. "What was good enough for his father was good enough for him." How many men have we to-day, who rely upon inherited strength, of tradition or superstition, to justify a useless, sensual, unambitious life. Who lay upon their ancestors the responsibility for their present course, and ask the past for approval instead of looking ahead, and shaping their lives so as to obtain the sanction of the future. So the mighty Amal lived and died. He was induced to express a belief in Christianity, but in his last hour the force of tradition again asserted itself. And when informed of the downward tendency of his ancestors, he was content to give up his life with the practical man's motto, "their lot is good enough for me."

The next higher of these three central figures is Philammon, the monk. He is the Goth's opposite in high aims, as well as in culture. Yet with his realizing sense of the vanities of the world. In his excessive zeal for the conversion of mankind, he meets with such rebuffs as cause him to envy the Goth's contented ignorance. He aimed at perfection, yet found at every turn in the path of life, that he was but a man. Although voluntarily withdrawn from the world, he longs to see, to enjoy, and judge for himself. He prays the Lord to turn his eyes from vanity, yet looks nevertheless. When assailed by temptation, he takes refuge in prayer, and then—yields. The world did for him what it has done for many educated men since, it besieged him with doubts, fears, and contradictions, until he longed for a blissful ignorance, as a refuge from the follies of wisdom. Yet, Philammon, withal was one whose failure should be wept, not hissed. We must not pity the soldier's scars, for they tell of the heat of battle, loyalty, courage, and the grandest of all human sentiments—patriotism. Let us look kindly then upon one who defended virtue against vice, who stepped forward hopefully, fought bravely, and yet, when the day was done, had naught but bruises to show how he kept face to the foe. Do you know such a one, whose cherished hopes are destined never to be fulfilled? If so speak kindly to him. He is but one more added to the number of

heroes unsung. There are many unrecorded lives, many nameless graves, in this wide world, which man should delight to honor, which woman's hand should decorate with flowers.

And so the Goth untaught, and content—ate, drank and slept, and proved that he was a brute; while Philammon with the loftiest ambition, the purest motives, only succeeded in proving that he was but a man.

The most strongly-marked character of the book is Raphael Aben-Ezra. He was given health, wealth, and culture. The world attracted him, he yielded to its blandishments and became a votary of pleasure. Yet he is so much a man, that in this very excess of pleasure, he sees the need of some higher aim, some nobler purpose. And so mind triumphed over the appetite for pleasure, and drove him forth among his fellow men to seek for his better self. Here he gropes about in the twilight, seeking—he knows not what, until uncertainty grows into absolute doubt, 'till twilight deepens into darkness, and he has reached the "Bottom of the Abyss." He has now lost his belief in duty, his trust in man, and begins to doubt himself. But in this extremity, as in his excess of pleasure, contentment is denied him—Mind cannot rest here and attempts the solution of that great problem "Given self, to find God. And so Raphael in this abyss of distrust, upon the floor of the primeval nothing, seeks to build a tower which shall reach the light of day. This chapter headed, the "Bottom of the abyss," is a unit. It might be taken out and read separately, pregnant as it is with the sophistries which a man will inflict upon himself, and suggesting the broad ties of humanity which must solve all such difficulties. We are wont to say, that a man becomes a skeptic from choice. The author proves conclusively, that any responsibilities would be gratefully accepted as a refuge from such an atmosphere of doubt.

Raphael seeks in all directions for something upon which to rest his burdens. The bigotry of the church required too much ignorance, its superstitions asked for too much imagination. He is at last led to the Book of Books to interpret for himself, and found consolation and comfort, and heard like a strain of celestial music, the divine promise of "Peace on earth and good will to men." But how was Raphael rescued from himself? By a mere human cry for sympathy and help; he had drifted, with the animals, for many days, when a dove appeared in the person of Victoria, bearing the olive branch of peace. How was he directed to the Bible? The author seems to say, that having brought him in contact with a pure woman, he has insured Raphael's return to his better self. That all good and pure things are related, and even as the flower points to the sunlight, as the source of its beauty, so our association with pure men and women leads us back to the source of their purity.

Much in the same way as we have shown these three characters, the reader will find Hypatia, Pelagia, and Victoria confronting each other in different stages of culture and each suggesting the ideal woman. Hypatia's zeal and genius could create sophisms so plausible as to deceive their author; yet this very enthusiasm is used, to show her lack of feminine traits which should

be the pride of every true woman. Her life warns us of Philosophers who claim that their theory fits the world, when as the author expresses it they have clipped the world to fit their theories. It shows us that zeal is not worth, and that plans for salvation are easily invented and easily forgotten. Is there anything in the life of this enthusiast which might benefit the revivalist of to-day? We only ask the question.

Pelagia, on the other hand, lacked the high aims and aspirations of her rival. Her beauty was her pride, innocence her defender. Yet she gave evidence of a hidden beauty, in hating the "Alruna Maiden," who esteemed herself above pleasure, and "too pure to love a man."

The author gives much space to the delineation of these two characters. But when he comes to Victoria, he seems to say, here is the true woman, let those who possess her purity fully appreciate her. Her deeds are few but marked by charity. Her sayings are not many, but of that gentle, womanly kind, which you and I seldom hear. We know, from the moment of Victoria's introduction that we have at last found true womanhood. One whose pride will be in her sons, and whose rights are secured to her through their love. Whose mission on earth is to refine and encourage. We do not consider whether she would be better with the right of Suffrage, but we know, that as in Raphael we saw the germ of manhood which must civilize the world. So we see in Victoria, the woman who must aid in the work and share his throne. As regards the book in general, to the attentive reader it will be a favor conferred by the author. It is emphatically a work which sets one thinking and hence is beneficial. Charles Kingsley will be gratefully remembered, if posterity will but study the matter and manner of his thought.

Great men reproduce themselves in their works. In the case of the novelist, this may be done by assuming a character, or by making one of these "creatures of fancy" adopt his ideas and defend them. This last privilege Bulwer misuses to state his literary prejudices, Thackeray avails himself of to express his so-called cynical ideas. And 'tis this which Charles Kingsley uses to show us "Old foes with new faces." He states both sides of the question fully and fairly, and as a consequence establishes his own theory more firmly. He has not given us here, his private life, but that which is of more importance, his manner of thinking and its results. The author does not forsake the legitimate function of the novelist, the portrayal of character, but under his hands it seems to take on a new form. There is such an excellent contrasting of truth with theory, of wisdom with brute force, of Goth with Greek, that one sees the intent in each case, yet wonders how one man at the same time could occupy such diverse plans of thought. His characters seem to stand face to face, pointing to a happy medium, which is the true model. Each theory is confronted by its opposite, and these seem to unite in suggesting better thoughts, more temperate beliefs. The extremes merge into what is better than either—the truth.



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## THE NINTH OF JUNE.

The American people are noted for their independence, in fact they have been so, ever since July, 1776. One of the results of this spirit is, that we never attempt to foresee. Instead of the prevention, we prefer the cure; hence, not doubting our ability to surmount any difficulty, we await its coming, confident in our own strength. For example we see faults in our government whose consequences should be avoided, yet we await them. We continue to exhaust our soils, confident that we can renew them when they cease to produce. But all these things are insignificant compared with the events of the day which is to transform the Class of '75 into Alumni. If the people of California knew the intrinsic worth of the twenty-three young men who are about to be thrown among them, they would be surprised. If statesmen knew the political hopes of this class they would hasten to reconstruct the states. If our generous dislike for corruption in all its forms, could be made public, politicians would tremble, and take passage for Europe. If Europeans but knew of our republican ideas and the reforms which we contemplate, laws would be passed to diminish immigration, and "Genius" would be subjected to a high tariff.

The class looks around upon itself and expects to see great changes in the next ten years.

We are told that such things have taken place before. We consider the argument faulty, for we know and have proved that there never was a class exactly like ours.

We divide our time now, into two equal parts. The first we consume in memories of the past. There are no times like "Old times," no days, like College days, and as we enjoy the last of them we fervently hope that memory may never refuse to recall the past with its joyful hours, when hope was strong, and the future promised all which was asked. We cannot realize that all this is so soon to be forgotten, that these years which now seem so precious will soon be looked upon as a small portion of life, which ended our youthful days, and whose events and friends, the cares of actual life have caused us to forget. We can no more believe this than we can think, that

all of these cherished hopes for the future, must soon decay and leave us, instead of the cherished objects of our ambition, a hard struggle for life. We console ourselves for these facts by acknowledging that many have had our dreams before, but think they did not set about realizing them with our energy and perseverance. You could not make us believe that in a few years we shall even forget these *dreams*, and fall into some humdrum sort of life, never to be heard of again. No, that surely is not to be the end of all these hopes.

And so we dream on, building our castles, one in Washington, several in the Capital of the state, one on the banks of the Rhine, thus dotting the earth with this beautiful architecture which serves as a type of youthful hopes, and the ideal nature of young thoughts. Do not pity our conceit in giving our time to such hopes for ourselves. The time has been, or will come, when you will feel that *you* are intended for great things. You will then build as many "Castles in the air," and give as little care to their foundations, as did the Class of '75.

23, S.

## A CHESS CLUB.

It would look better for the reputation of the University in an intellectual point of view if there were a chess club in operation among us. Chess is a game that is above all others the student's and the scholar's game. If played as it should be, its power to develop certain qualities of the mind is as great as it is unquestionable. At any rate, if we consider the aggregate number of hours that pass unoccupied at Berkeley, it is not saying too much to affirm that it is not for lack of time that this amusement is neglected among us. Chess would be a very unprofitable way to pass time indeed, were the engaging in it any greater waste of precious moments than are some of the methods of employing idle hours which are well understood by many of our under-graduates. Nor can it be said that there are no chess-players in the University. For there are a number, and they are to be found alike among instructors and students, among higher class men and lower class men. But the trouble is, that because this valuable and fascinating game is not encouraged by organized means, those who have had a fancy for it have come in many cases to neglect it, or to fall into careless habits of play that make the profit to be derived from it almost as little as that to be gained from a game of cards.

We hope, however, that the time may soon come when those among us who are amateurs of this finest and profoundest of all games of skill, may find themselves sufficiently numerous and sufficiently interested to form themselves into a chess-club. This organization might admit to its membership any chess-players or beginners connected with the University. Professors instructors, and under-graduates, might provide facilities for engaging in play at convenient hours, might arrange tournaments for set prizes, and, finally, might engage in contests by correspondence with other chess-clubs in sister colleges or elsewhere. Such a club would be of real value to the members and to the institution. It would quicken many to a fancy for this beautiful game itself. It

would directly and indirectly influence for the better the habits of thought of all those connected with it. And it would extend the connections of our University with other like institutions throughout the country. Let the chess-players among us then be on the lookout, and as soon as they find themselves strong enough, let them organize.

## PROFESSOR BREWER.

Professor Wm. H. Brewer of Yale, has given a course of lectures before the Agricultural students. The Professor took up Stock-breeding, discussing the methods of breeding and their results, as well as the history of our domestic animals. It is much to be regretted that Professor Brewer was obliged to curtail his lectures from want of time, as much interest was taken in his lectures by students of the other colleges, and as the time allotted was not sufficient for the course. Three lectures were also given upon parasitic plants and animals. The course was very interesting, as well as instructive, and given in that pointed style which takes notes for itself.

Besides this regular instruction, Professor Brewer gave three addresses before the Assembly. The first upon Coal, the last two upon the great Mountain Ranges of America. These were especially attractive, being grounded upon personal observation. Nothing is more difficult than to give in a lecture anything approaching to an adequate description of grand mountain scenery. If one tries to make a great impression, he is apt to become affected or rhapsodical. If he merely states dry facts he is uninteresting. But in telling us of the great mountain scenery with which he is so well acquainted, Professor Brewer avoided both extremes. In earnest and powerful words, he gave us at once fact and feeling. Without making any pretence of lofty language he could force us into sympathy with him, and make us partake of the full enthusiasm of the loving student of nature.

Taking all in all, we do not know that there is any one who has enjoyed the Professor's instruction, whether in the Agricultural lecture room, or at the Friday afternoon Assemblies, who has not gained profit in every way. Professor Brewer has been with us but a short time, but he has made us all his friends, and has aroused feelings of regret that we cannot longer have him with us.

## PROFESSOR HILGARD.

This gentleman arrived about the first of April. The next thing we heard of him he was hard at work upon the various duties which pertain to his office. The professor informed us that he was compelled to run away from Michigan lest he should not have strength to make the trip. All that we can say is, that if our climate has anything to do with his change of home, we are indebted to the climate and hope that it may soon restore him to his wonted health and strength. We recommend him to the students' friendship; they will find him the same genial gentleman and professor whom they formerly knew. We should date the birth of the Agricultural College at the beginning of the present term.

THE Editors are personally responsible for nearly the whole of this issue.