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THE BERKELEYAN.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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saved my life." Shallow says, "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when a crack not thus high." His meeting with Coleville, as Coleville does not seem to have been overburdened with valor, only serves as a theme for blowing.

He was evidently born a gentleman, was a knight, and some of the instincts of a courtier remained with him. As to honor, he had none, and he could lie as fast as he could talk. A good illustration of this faculty may be seen in his account of the affair at Gadshill.

Let us now turn to his great redeeming qualities, wit and good temper. And this wit, wit that never tires, that has always something fresh about it, covers a multitude of sins. It is this that causes him to be a great favorite. He says, "I am not only witty, myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." He was of an open, genial nature. His jests were not of polished wit and sarcasm, but rather of unconscious outbursts, spontaneously uttered as they were thought. If his wit were polished he would no longer be Falstaff, and therein lay his merit.

If the "mad wag" Hal gibes him, he is paid back with interest. If Falstaff gets into trouble by his jests, he gets out again in the same way. Throughout the whole character good temper rules. What Taine says of Shakspeare, may be said of Falstaff's jokes, they are "freed from the fetters of reason and morality." Wit is Falstaff's great characteristic, and when we see it so beautifully and artistically wrought, we are the more astonished at the marvellous diversity in which Shakspeare's genius revelled. What a difference in his moods when writing Hamlet and when writing Falstaff! Even if he did mislead Prince Henry, and teach him some evil habits, we can but think Prince Henry's treatment of him, after he became King, but poor requital for Falstaff's services and undoubted devotion to his old friend Hal.

Now as to the man who gave existence to this character and his relation thereto. The first thing that is noticeable, is the great naturalness with which Falstaff is portrayed, and with which all that he says is clothed. We may not meet with such a man, but yet he is presented to us with such evident reality, that he at once becomes a familiar friend. We see him as clearly as if he were face to face with us. This power of creating real men and women is one of the most unmistakable proofs of Shakspeare's genius. He marshals up before his mental gaze a host of real living persons, those most pleasing to himself and to others. He gives them language often more beautiful than they could use, but yet it never seems inappropriate. He endows them with ideas, with rich metaphors and sparkling similes, that would startle us with their infinite variety, if we were not enchanted by their beauty, and led on in their gentle flow so naturally and as if they were the products of our own imagination.

Then next he wrote for society; not for any learned few. He mixed with the highest and lowest. He conversed with kings, but he did not disdain to talk to the humblest man. His mind was noble and pure. Being noble and pure, though it sometimes stooped to corruption, it did not fear to lose thereby its purity and nobleness. This willingness to deal with other than the most exclusive society, in which he must have been perfectly at home, is, as it seems to me, but a mark of the exaltation of his character. He despised none of God's creatures; and could find something instructive in the weakest, humblest, or most vicious of those of His image. He loved man, in all his spheres; a philanthropist in the purest sense of the word. May we not put the words

of Harry of Monmouth into the mouth of Shakspeare?

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
"The unyoked humor of your idleness;
"Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
"Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
"To smother up his beauty from the world,
"That, when he please again to be himself,
"Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
"By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
"Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him.
"If all the year were playing holidays,
"To sport would be as tedious as to work;
"But, when they seldom come, they wished-for come.
"And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents,
"So, when this base behavior I throw off,
"And pay the debt I never promised,
"By how much better than my word I am,
"By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
"And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
"Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
"Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
"I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
"Redeeming time, when men least think I will."

He wrote for his own time. Hence we find many reprehensible things. But as the general characteristics of society and of individuals always remain unchanged, however they may change in particulars, so will the entirety of his writings continue by their beauty to live forever.

But as to these minor blemishes; for blemishes to us they seem. One of these is the inevitable pun. Quibbles are in the mouths of all.

—"and, kind cousin
O the devil take such cozeners,"

is but one of a multitude. But this fault does not lie with the man, but must be attributed to the time, and we can not censure him for that we would not permit in a poet of the nineteenth century.

So likewise is it with a more serious offence, vulgarities, which occur much too frequently. But must we not forgive his vulgarities and immodesties? Rather must we not open wide our eyes, so that, as the morning sun beautifies the black cloudlets floating in the sky, or quenches them by its own brightness, so may his faults be drowned in the pure brilliancy of his noble genius.

I. I. '75.

On January 8, occurred in New York City the Inter-Collegiate Literary and Oratorical Contests. Six colleges were represented. The Universities of New York and Cornell, and Princeton, La Fayette, Rutgers and Williams Colleges. The first prize (\$175), in oratory was awarded to J. C. Tamlinson, University of New York. Second, (\$125), to W. D. Edwards, Williams.

There were two first prizes (\$150 each), for essays, there being two classes of subjects. The one on the Utilitarian System of Morals was awarded to Allen Marquand of Princeton. Honorable mention to W. R. Thompson, University of New York. On a Shakespearian subject, the first prize was awarded to G. C. Fitch of Cornell. Honorable mention to J. F. Cluck, also of Cornell.

This is a strange story not to be used in the Sunday School. An Albany man, out of work and nearly starving, turned for comfort in his extremity to his sainted mother's Bible, for the first time since her death in 1867. To his surprise and delight he found a ten-dollar bill between the leaves and immediately fell on knees for the first time since 1840. With a light heart and glittering eye he prayerfully started for the baker's to obtain a loaf of bread. There he found that the bill was a counterfeit, when he swore bitterly for the first time in three hours.

Notes on Exchanges.

Some of our Western College Exchanges are undoubtedly giving no justification for their existence. We do not want to be hyper-critical. We suppose that they do the best they can, but nevertheless it is a rule, and a good one too, that matter has no right to be put in print when it is written for the sake of filling up space.

The *Volante*, however, of the University of Chicago, and the *Chronicle*, of Michigan University, are undoubted exceptions. Among the articles in the former, is one on the Value of Metaphysics. We find ourselves quite in sympathy with most of the author's views. In fact we feel somewhat like having a friendly chat with him, for we too have quite an idea of the value of the study of metaphysics in the way in which he seems to study it. It is quite curious to notice what a fancy some of us younger students have for playing with these insoluble questions. Of course we do get benefit from them, practical benefit. But that is not what makes us so eager for them. There is a kind of excitement that is quite healthy, if it does not go too far, in discussing theories of idealism and realism, in wondering whether force is not the prime object of our consciousness, or whether the subject and object are really both given in every act of consciousness, as our instructors, of the German School of thought and Mr. Spencer agree in teaching or on the other hand, whether it is not true that neither subject nor object is originally presented in consciousness, as Mill spends two chapters in proving. It sets the pulse to beating with a sort of comfortable thrill to find ourselves puzzling over the inmost nature of things about us, while at the same time we do not cease to enjoy those things when we analyze them. But best of all, when we enter in thought the regions of philosophy, we are so far removed from the passions and the struggles of common life, there is such a pleasure in knowing that the mind is able to rise above its cares and its sorrows, and to float calmly in the region of pure thought, unattracted by anything save the love of thinking, that we who have ever fancied Metaphysics, are not very apt to dislike it because its problems are insoluble. Maybe we shall all grow older some day, and youthful ambition and Subjective Psychology shall seem alike nonsense to us. But we think we shall be no less fitted for life's work by the fact that we have had, when we were young, fancies that proved misleading; and thoughts that were fruitless.

The prattle of children is agreeable by way of variety, and much in the same way even the hoot of an Owl may attract attention, when contrasted with more pleasant sounds. Our venerable friend at Santa Clara grows facetious in his old age. He (or she) calls us "Sweet Berkeleyans," and asks us for an idea. We call upon his readers to notice that he has not realized the necessity of ideas before. We should be pleased, "Beautiful Owl," to give you a thought, but we have none suited to your calibre; we advise you to read "Oliver Optic." We have a few words to say upon that seal question. We will accept the rooster situation, if you will remember that you are an owl. Roosters do most of their crowing in daylight. Owls don't. The light hurts their eyes. We object, "gentle Owllet," to your making direct assertions about religion and education, and then turning your feathers the wrong way when you are answered. This is very inappropriate in a bird of your habits and importance. The assertions, savoring of the last century, which you have

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made, together with your inability to prove them, lead us to the following conclusions. The *Owl* is a wise bird, but cannot talk; he has very large eyes, but cannot see.

The *Chronicle* is at present engaged in the discussion of a question, now under consideration at Michigan University, as to the feasibility of giving the Independents a larger representation in the management of the paper, as compared with the representation of the Secret Societies. The two have heretofore been granted an equal footing as regards the number of Editors elected by each. The former are however much more numerous, and they naturally claim a fuller representation. They hint that one hundred and seven persons (that being the number of Society men), do not represent one half of the intelligence of the institution when the number of literary students is four hundred and seventy-six. They deny that they would unite for the election of their own men in all cases, unless the latter were more meritorious than the Society men. The Societies claim, on the other hand, that the disputed article in the Constitution of the paper, was originally adopted to prevent such a display of antagonism as would lead to the election of men for party reasons, and not for excellence, and to insure the support of both sides. They say that to drop this article would enliven old disputes and cause the paper to suffer. We think that the whole controversy would make quite an interesting chapter in the history of college-life in America, were it not for the fact that discussions of the sort are so common in our Colleges. Nevertheless as to the merits of the case, we would like to remind our friends of the Independents in Michigan University, that, although abstract justice may be on their side, although they are one hundred and seven may not have a right to an equal representation with the rest of the four hundred and seventy-six, other things being equal, yet the fact that a change might materially alter the now prosperous condition of their paper, and that it might arouse serious disputes, should make them very careful in altering an existent clause in their Constitution. Our experience is, that where there is no grave difficulty already aroused, it is best to let well enough alone, especially if the feelings of class or clique might be excited by any proposed change.

The Harvard *Magenta* opens up a brisk fire on a poet of Yale, who has been relieving his pent up soul in print. We have no special desire to defend him, but we remark a little injustice in at least one point. The *Magenta's* criticism reads thus—

"We should like to hear
the dying groan
Deep wrung from hearts too full to weep,"—
interesting case of determination of tears to the heart, thus causing congestion of that useful organ."

If such criticism as this were just, Shakespeare would be the first to suffer, and then who among the great poets would "scape whipping?" But it is no doubt using every man a good deal worse than "according to his deserts," to attack him for such a thing as this. Has the *Magenta* forgotten those lines of Tennyson;

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
On looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

What does our critic think of that for physiology? We do not know and do not care what he thinks of it as poetry, and we do not suppose Mr. Tennyson does either. But what we do mean is that so far as the heart is concerned, Poets were long ago granted the privilege

of making unlimited suppositions about its condition, without reference to the physiological facts of the case. They are permitted to call it cold or warm, heavy or light, as they think best. They may speak of it as 'leaping,' or describe it as 'black,' or tell how it was 'filled with light,' in fact what they are describing when they speak of it is always the state of the feelings, and never, or at least only incidentally, the physical condition of the organ. If the Yale poet committed any fault in the line spoken of, it lay in the fact that he took the figure bodily from better poets than he is or can ever hope to be.

The *Tripod* has turned over a new leaf and does not intend to be hard on its exchanges any more. We are thankful. Now at last we can sleep quietly o' nights, without being disturbed by fears of what the *Tripod* critic may do unto us.

In the *Yale Courant* for Jan. 30, appears an article entitled "As Concerning Morality." Yale must be quite a bad place if what the writer says is the truth. In fact we in the University of California should not forget to be thankful that we "live in a Christian land," and do not go to Yale, whence they are accustomed to send out into the world "drunkards, gamblers, and libertines." Of course as the tone of public opinion amongst us is perfect, as we all have the courage to "show disgust at a vile story or joke," as we all "frown" when we have the misfortune to be "present when classmates are reported to have been drunk," as we all do our duty in rebuking "a friend who is morally filthy," we may comfort ourselves by reflecting on our own purity, and on the fact that they do not commonly do any of these acts of morality or courage in Yale, if the writer in the *Courant* is to be believed. But if any one of our number is inclined to doubt our own perfection, and to believe with a writer in the *Courant* of Feb. 6, that the other correspondent exaggerates the evil in Yale, such persons may have some reason to suppose that we are not much better than older institutions anyway, and that quite an article "As Concerning Morality" might be written about us.

A writer who produces a first page article in the *Cornell Era* for Feb. 5, has an argument against co-education, derived from his own experience. Setting out with high literary ambitions, he fell in love with a female fellow-student during his first year, and his literary ambitions, having no root, have withered away. The moral he draws is that co-education is dangerous. The moral we should draw is that children, idiots, and lunatics, should be carefully taken care of. The connection between love and the loss of a literary ambition is a truly mysterious one. Perhaps more of this class are to be found in his part of the country, or else their imbecility is developed there, more than here, by some special cause, say the exceptional beauty of the young ladies of Cornell. At any rate, whether because they are less beautiful, or more sensible, or both, or neither, (for we are not inclined to decide such delicate questions) the young ladies of our institution have never succeeded in blighting very many literary ambitions in so far as we know.

We notice that, according to an Editorial in this number of the *Era*, Class-day in Cornell "is coming to be considered a better exponent of the natural ability and literary training of a class, than either Commencement or the Woodford competition." This is just our idea of what Class-day should be looked upon as being in all colleges. But there is considerable difference on this point among us. Some even maintain that the Literary exercises of Class-day should be reduced to a minimum. The question is an open one.

AGRICULTURAL PRIZES.

In the *Rural Press* lately appeared an article reflecting on the "managers of the University," because, having offered, according to the writer of that article, a long list of prizes for excellence in various branches or for essays on various subjects, they have neglected to offer any prizes whatever for excellence in Agriculture. It shows, on their part, in the opinion of the *Rural Press*, a want of interest in Agricultural Studies. This article is evidently one written without any deliberation. If the writer had examined the Schedule of Prizes as published some time ago in the *BERKELEYAN*, he would have seen the unsoundness of his objections. Our attention has been called to the matter, and we are glad to be able to correct what is an evident misrepresentation on his part, and what might cause a very serious misunderstanding on the part of those who do not know the facts in the case.

The various prizes offered on the Schedule are all of them from private individuals. Not one of them is given by the "Managers of the University." Various gentlemen, some of them belonging to the Faculty, some of them outsiders, have offered these prizes for success in branches in which they were individually interested. The distinctions noticed are those made by their private tastes, and have nothing to do with the policy of the Institution. If the friends of Agriculture desire to have prizes given in their branches, let them offer such prizes, and the authorities will no doubt receive them thankfully, as they do all endowments. If however, the friends of Literary studies, or of Engineering or Chemistry studies, chance to be more forward or more liberal, than those of Agricultural Studies, it is a fact which is much to the credit of the former, but which cannot possibly bring any suspicion of the slightest partiality on the managers of the Institution itself.

THE ORATORY CONTEST.

THE Contest for the President's prize in oratory took place Friday Feb. 26, in the Assembly Hall, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Two of the gentleman who had been invited to act on the committee of awards being unavoidably detained away, their places were filled by others who acted by request. The committee thus consisted of Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Putnam, and Mr. Stearns. The order of speaking and the subjects were as follows: J. Royce, "Truth in Art;" F. V. Holman, "The Life and Work of Agassiz;" Wm. C. Jones, "The Rights of the Minority;" J. F. Alexander, "Truth in Art;" L. S. Burchard, "The Future of the Indian as affected by the Recent Policy of the Government." There was music during the intervals between the orations. After the exercises, the committee announced their decision, awarding the prize to J. Royce. The Senior Class of Mills Seminary was present by invitation. We sincerely hope they were able to spend the time pleasantly and that they have not been disappointed with the appearance of things at Berkeley.

WE have received from J. D. Strong, photographer, corner Broadway and 13th st., Oakland, copies of some of his photographic views of the grounds. We are very much pleased with their appearance. We return our thanks for them and recommend them to our readers.