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THE BERKELEYAN.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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The Berkeleyan.

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THE Editors of the BERKELEYAN desire to announce to their contributors, that all articles for the paper, not written by the editors, must have some signature, real or fictitious. If articles are handed to us without signature, we shall take the liberty of giving them one ourselves. This is done in order that we may furnish some means of certainly distinguishing editorial from contributed articles.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The University has taken many steps in the right [illegible] the past year. The College of Mines has been started, and also that of Industrial Mechanics. The Faculty has received valuable additions, in Prof's Hilgard, Hesse, and Ashburner; the military department is tending toward what it should be; in short we are advancing. That which *has been* done, speaks of earnest work, and good plans; that which *is being* done shows an energetic, *onward* movement.

We owe all to the people of the State; we *owe much* to their representatives, the Regents; we owe a great deal to our *friends*, the instructors in the University.

The next thing to enjoying a benefit conferred by others, is to have a part interest in the concern. Every student should take the welfare of the University under his especial care, nothing should be dearer to him than his Alma Mater. Knowing the watchfulness necessary for her protection, we, as students, should be the first to tender our aid in furthering her interests. That which we would like to do, may be beyond us; but let us do something, and remember that every little helps. Having announced the text, and made the customary remarks, we proceed to pass the plate.

We earnestly request the aid of the students in behalf of the Circulating Library. This is to be a factor henceforth in our University life, and no one thing connected with the institution will, in the future, exercise a stronger influence upon students, and student life, than this collection of books. The main library is for reference, the circulating branch is for use. In the first you form passing acquaintances, in the last you encounter literary friends, whose influence shall last a life-time. Books which students should read, always improve upon acquaintance, hence the value of having access to them in a more familiar way.

There are many reasons why the Circulating Library should receive *our* attention. Those books which we could give would more nearly meet the wants of coming students. It is the first step in the right direction, if we can be brought to see what a little exertion will do in the present case, we shall in the future find many ways of helping our University, and those who are to follow us. I hope in this connection, that the Alumni of tne University will never be represented in the Board of Regents, until they have *done* something for their Alma Mater, and thus shown that they have her welfare at heart.

It is difficult to say what coöperative action upon the part of the students may not effect. We know that every student can do something for this branch of the Library. It certainly should be a pleasure to feel that while thus performing a plain duty, you are conferring benefits upon future generations of students. We doubt not that we shall soon hear the Circulating Library spoken of as a success.

The Senior class has taken the initiative, and gives its mite, wishing it were more, and hoping that each succeeding class will outdo the class of '75.

THE VASSAR MISCELLANY AND "MIDDLEMARCH."

S. 9.

A contributor to the *Vassar Miscellany*, expresses quite a remarkable idea as to the effect of the connection of events and the portrayal of characters in "Middlemarch," on the mind of the reader. This idea is, that the author leaves the impression that she has no hope in the tendencies of life, no trust in the power of ideals, and is inclined to treat ironically questions relating to morals and religion. We dissent. It is the fashion among a certain class to regard George Eliot as a being who must be admired for her power as a novelist, but must be pitied for her gloomy views of things in general. All admit that it is well to read her novels as studies of human nature, but the class referred to think it best to take a dose of some kind after reading her books, to prevent any injurious effects on their moral activity. And to this class the writer in the *Miscellany* seems to belong. "Middlemarch" is a fine novel, but its tendencies are weakening; such is the verdict of this writer.

Now all this seems to us a sign of what we are compelled to call a want of good theoretical moral training on the part of those who hold such views as this. The weakening tendencies are in themselves; not in the writer whom they criticise To show this let us analyse the points brought up by the contributor to the *Miscellany*.

First, "Middlemarch" is marked all through by the ironical way in which matters of religion and morals are treated. That is, we suppose, the novel is not immoral out and out; it does not inculcate immorality; it only teaches that people will not be moral and that it is no use to try to be moral. Such must be the meaning of our critic. Now in so far as George Eliot is speaking of the prevalence of moral weakness, is demonstrating that prevalence, in some cases, where that is possible, is ridiculing it, she is merely honestly stating the facts of the case, and boldly denouncing the evil. For this she cannot be blamed. But if the criticism is that she teaches that moral strength is not worth seeking for, or that moral weakness is not to be struggled with, then we utterly reject the idea. The critic who advances it is very far indeed from appreciating George Eliot. It would no doubt be fair to say that, in so far as questions of religion are concerned, the peculiar theological views of the author lead her to believe that there is something higher than religious life as it is ordinarily conceived. But whatever her own views may be, she never speaks ironically of anybody's faith. If such were her intention, we should not be so interested in that whole-souled impersonation of faith, Dorothea. We should not have been helped by the stories of the lives of Maggie and Romola, in her former books. In short, none of George Eliot's characters would have been what they are, unless she had the liveliest respect for every deep-seated quality of the soul, inclusive of faith. The religious emotions are all dealt with by her with the most judicial calmness, joined constantly with the kindest sympathy. If she does not believe in them, she lets us know it. But to ridicule them, or to portray them with contemptuous pity at any weakness in them, that she never does.

But how she can be accused of ironically treating moral subjects, except in those cases where she turns her irony against weakness of purpose in moral matters, or against positive immorality itself, is an utter mystery to us. We thought that all admitted that she laid great stress on morality. The only thing in this matter for which she has been blamed heretofore, has been the supposed lack of moral incentive in her works. It has been said that she teaches morality, but does not furnish the most effective reasons for being moral; that she respects and loves morality highly herself, but has not the power to make others enthusiastic for it. This as well as the other point our critic seems to bring forward, but for the latter, the accusation of ironical treatment, we fail to see the slightest ground.

The reproach of a want of moral incentive, however, is the one which we wish to notice most particularly. It is the one which makes us infer a certain lack of strength, not in the characters, so much as in the moral theories, of those who blame her for this. It is, first of all, incorrect to say that she sets up no high ideals for others to attain to. She does. She is ever dealing with ideals. To be sure, she no sooner suggests an ideal than she makes us feel how difficult it is to be attained. She does not alter that realistic treatment of characters and facts which is so prominent a feature in her style, to suit that ideal, or to make it seem easier of attainment. She even goes so far as to show that individuals are so unhappily under the control of circumstances, that the best efforts after the better and higher are often utterly thwarted. And it is for this that she is blamed chiefly. It is said that she either

does not believe in high ideals herself, or else wants to dissuade other people who are not geniuses from troubling their minds with them. And the whole foundation for this blame lies in the moral theories of her opponents. They apparently think that the only incentive to morality worth furnishing to common people is certain success, attainable with moderate trouble. So they would have a novelist paint life as a constant victory of good people over bad people, of good influences over bad. They would have it, if they were to write novels, that no one should start out to rise upwards without succeeding; that, after passing through a certain series of troubles, to be measured by the thickness of the book and the size of the type, all the excellent characters of the work should either settle down into easy life, or die after an artistically encouraging fashion, while all the bad people should receive opposite fates.

Now there are two questions to be asked such people. First, what are the facts? Do all excellent people meet with such fate as they would portray, these truth-loving critics, if they wrote novels? Secondly, if it be admitted that the facts are that thousands of noble ambitions are quenched in misfortune, that thousands of the good meet not only with external ill-success, but with troubles that seem almost irresistibly to wrench them from their moral moorings, and to put them in danger of total downfall, that numberless lives are made failures through the results of a little yielding to the stronger and tenderer emotions of our nature, is it better to bring out this fact or not? Shall novelists, whose business is above all other artists, to tell us the truth as to life, endeavor to suppress the truth in this case? Ought they not rather to let us know the facts, while they make us feel, as George Eliot everywhere does, that moral endeavor is its own proper reward? Is it not best for them, following her example, to say plainly that if we have high aims in our lives, the probabilities are that those aims will never be fully realized, but that the very fact that we have such aims, that we work for them, that we are not driven from them by misfortune, is enough to make us nobler, more admirable, truly happier, than if we had remained on the lower plane of indifference.

Such is the object we find in George Eliot. If she has a deep tinge of melancholy, it is the result of the melancholy of real life. Let the one who has seen enough harmonious and perfected lives to fill a book with the account of them, blame her for not having been so fortunate. Let the critic who thinks the ideal is so easy to attain, and so certain to be attained by any moderately patient person, take offence at the difficulties she has found in the pathway. For our part, we rather find encouragement in the fact that so many of life's vexations and dangers have been anticipated and pointed out by so truthful and sympathetic an adviser as George Eliot.

REFORMER AND POET.

Have you ever noticed the strange correspondence between the world's great poets and its great reformers; between the men who feel what others only try to feel, and the men who do what others strive in vain to do? There is a striking resemblance. Both must have some of the same qualities of emotional nature. Both must, in order to become great, leave their bitter disappointments scattered all along their early pathways. Both of them can see visions, when other men are buried in cold indifference; can be awake and grappling all the night with mysterious spirits in fierce struggle, while other men are stupidly sleeping. But the one transforms the outward world because he there meets with influences that are but waiting for a leader to conquer in humanity's battle. The other transforms the inner world of men's hearts, because he there finds chords that vibrate to his music.

This striking likeness can be noticed in comparing Luther with any great poet. Luther, indeed, had the disposition of a poet. That strange, strong, intolerant, yet loving being, who felt himself ever in conflict with the powers of evil, who met, as he thought, in bodily presence, or at least in continual soul-conflict, the Arch-Enemy himself, whose imaginations are so vivid that we should laugh at them if they were not his; who does not see the resemblance between his nature and that of a poet? The resemblance is no doubt caused by the deep-seated and necessary connection between great actions and great feelings. The former must be founded on the latter. But still it is not true that feeling, however strong, gives rise to action. Some men there have been who knew all the possibilities of emotion, but who were never capable of great action. They could express their feelings, and could do little more. They have been the world's immortal poets. But others there were who also felt; not so universally perhaps as the poets, but quite as strongly; and their feelings found their vent and their principal embodiment in action. These were the world's reformers.

UNKNOWN.

It sounds somewhat singular to a student to be asked such questions as: What kind of a school have you at Berkeley? How many teachers have you? What is the monthly tuition? But nevertheless these, and similar questions, are asked some of us every vacation, and sometimes even during the term. I remember, on one occasion, of being asked whether we finished arithmetic and algebra while in this school.

These questions, of course, are generally put by persons who have not had the benefits of a College or University education; but such is not always the case by any means. Now such interrogations demonstrate to our minds that our Alma Mater is unknown to many of the inhabitants of this State. At first this fact may seem to have little weight in deciding the destiny or determining the prosperity of the University, but only for a moment can we be blind to the importance of being well known and, above all, favorably known. For, from the country partly, we must look for students—from the legislature and people—the "wherewith."

The supply of students is the matter of which I wish at present to speak. Even though we take into consideration the fact that the University has been established but three years, and that preparatory schools are few, there still seems to be a small number of applicants for admission, in proportion to the population of the State—only seventy in the Freshman class and two hundred and thirty in all four classes, and many of this number got here by a kind of accidental drifting process, they hardly know how.

The University Register, Regents, the Faculty, students and friends, and the BERKELEYAN have certainly informed many and influenced them to prepare for and enter the University. But after all, much more might be done; and why not make the BERKELEYAN instrumental in this work?

Why not offer sufficient inducement to students "who are working their way through college," to increase the circulation three, four, or ten-fold, and let everybody know what is here for them, "without money and without price?"

Neither the body of students, nor the debating societies, have ever made a dollar in publishing the paper, and the Business Managers are obliged to spend considerable of their time, gratis and without thanks, in attending to the financial department. Now it seems to me that we might put the publication and general business of the paper in the hands of these Business Managers and let them work as hard as they please, pay all the expenses and make whatever they could, besides.

By this means the circulation would be increased, no gratis labor would be expected of Business Managers, and the BERKELEYAN would reach many more firesides, lead recruits to our ranks, and give all equal chances to obtain a University education.

Then we would no longer be asked, "whether the University prepared boys and girls for the Normal School? whether the girls and boys played together during recess;" and publishing Joy [illegible]d not send circulars offering to supply us with third readers and spelling books at reduced rates.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

This is the name of a society recently organized in the University. Its purpose is sufficiently indicated by its name. That element of student life which tends toward art, and music, has been neglected. This society proposes to foster our taste, improve it if possible, and in this way give us pleasant enjoyment, and lay a foundation for others to build upon. We would, therefore, wish the Club considered as a University affair. It consists, at present, principally of the Post Graduates and Seniors. The aid of under-class men is needed, not only to share the pleasures of the society *to-day*, but also to care for it in the days which are to come, when others shall stand in our places.

The officers of the society are: Pres't, J. F. ALEXANDER; Sec'y, E. A. RIX; Treasurer, H. DWINELLE; Conductor, E. A. RICHARDSON. Committee on Music, Messrs. RICHARDSON, PARKER and CHAPIN.

WE are sorry that we are not able to publish a full account of the Memorial Service in honor of the late President Durant, held in Oakland, Sunday Feb. 7. We have no space to print the addresses delivered, and at any rate they will doubtless hereafter be brought out in a separate form. We have not therefore thought it best to publish in our paper, any one of them. The addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, President Gilman, Prof. Kellogg, and J. B. Felton. A paper, prepared by Mrs. Dr. Carr., was also presented to the meeting, and was read by Mr. Campbell. The services were long and full of interest.