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THE BERKELEYAN.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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brother's glory. Glow on, O! Sun, for thou remind-
est us that Truth must live forever. Shine on O!
Moon, for thou must ever bring to mind the possibility
of the Impossible. J. SMITH, '75.

Notes on Exchanges.

S. 22.

The *Harvard Advocate* for April 2nd, is before us. Passing over the lighter articles, we notice particularly a long piece on the Philosophical Department of Harvard. The writer criticises the action of the professors in that department in neglecting to give special elective instruction in Herbert Spencer's System of Philosophy, while so many other systems representing "ontological speculation and intuitive theories in psychology" are discussed and taught. He dwells on the special value of what Mr. Fiske has called the Cosmic Philosophy, considering it both in the light of its general character and in that of its special relations to the movements of thought in our own day. He argues that it combines scientific and philosophical thought, that it harmonises and saves from exclusiveness the various branches of knowledge, and, to use his expression, it inculcates the "dynamical" as opposed to the "statical" habit of thought, the disposition to search upwards in the indefinite series of cause and effect, as opposed to the habit of viewing things only as they are about us. "It would be difficult," he says, "to estimate the invaluable support thus given to accurate definite thinking, which is the soul of all scholarship." We agree with the writer to a considerable extent. That Spencer, as well as his exponent, Mr. Fiske, inculcates these valuable habits of thought, we admit. That Spencer is wholly unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries in his mastery of the highest Scientific generalizations, we do believe. But while we have every desire to study him and to be to a degree formed by him, we are not and hope we never will be worshippers of him. And such we fear the writer in the *Advocate* is, or soon will be. The Philosophical, the Metaphysical side of Spencer's system we have a suspicion of. We doubt whether his natural disposition or his training has given him the ability to be a great Philosopher, using the word in its old sense. The plane in which Plato and Aristotle and Spinoza, and Kant, stand, we fancy he can never reach. But in his own plane, that of the great scientific exponent of the highest Scientific investigation, he is no doubt the first thinker of our century. And in saying this we do not state our own opinion merely, but what seems to be the most authoritative view of the thinkers of our time.

The scientific ability of the *Qui Vive* is somewhat doubtful; but its self-confidence is not to be questioned. In its March number, it proceeds to settle the question of the antiquity of man. In doing this it naturally proceeds according to one of those "short and easy methods" of which we sometimes hear. Man's antiquity cannot be very great, because the idea is absurd. The idea is absurd, because we have always been taught that man's stay on the earth has been but a short one. This that we have been taught is true, because the denial of it is absurd. And so this circular motion continues indefinitely. Now if we are allowed to make a suggestion we would say to the writer we refer to, that such a matter is one that should be looked into more deeply before he becomes too certain of his views, about it. For example, let him try to find out, if he has any fancy for truth for its own sake, what were the facts which made Mr. Alfred Wallace assign so high an antiquity to the flint instruments in that cave

he mentions. Let him think whether those facts are to be passed over lightly. Our own slight acquaintance with them has impressed us with the belief that they are pretty powerful ones. Let him endeavor to look at the matter in an unprejudiced light. Then perhaps he will not talk so sneeringly about "credulity."

The *Qui Vive*, however, is not satisfied with its scientific exploits, but it feels the necessity of executing a grand historical flourish to round off rough corners of its sturdy argumentations. Here is the flourish. "Greece, founded by a colony emigrating North from Egypt, soon eclipsed her mother country," etc. Come Oh ignorant and superstitious Curtius, thou rude speculator on Ionian Migrations, and ye unnumbered wranglers over Dr. Scheieman's Trojan Antiquities, come and sit at the feet of the *Qui Vive* and learn of it; for it has found more by its own unaided sagacity than all of you together would ever have guessed. Greece founded by a colony from Egypt! Well we never would have suspected it, but such we suppose are some of the results of modern investigations. And now talk about "credulity," will you.

LITERARY NOTES.

The April *Scribner* has another of Boyesen's Norse tales. We do not think it is nearly such a success as the one we mentioned last month. It is artificial. We have when we read it a sort of suspicion that the Author is not giving his own genuine feelings, but is arousing some morbid fancy to make us think that he is a melancholy person. Of course we do not make such an accusation of insincerity against him. Probably this defect is in the execution, but it is none the less a defect.

—English and American critics have been uniting lately in encouraging the efforts now being made to do justice to the much-defamed memory of Edgar A. Poe. The London *Athenaeum* is especially just in its remarks on the subject. It seems to be generally acknowledged that Poe's eccentricities, his originality, his imaginativeness, his gloominess, can never be understood by means of the common explanation that makes him a compound of the human and the demoniacal. We must go deeper and find out more of him. In order to save ourselves trouble we have done a poet and a being of exquisite sensibilities the greatest injustice by believing calumnies about his private life, and at the same time we have failed to appreciate the real cause of his power and to discover the true rank of his genius. It is indeed high time to take another course in the matter.

—The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is quite fully reviewed and both sides of the question fairly and clearly stated in an article in *Scribner's* for April. No attempt however is made to advance any new view, and the author confines himself to stating the two cases without giving in his adhesion to either side.

Albany has had her nobleman, too; it was Count Barli. Of course he was a rogue in grain. By any other name he did not smell as wheat, so when they detected his imposition he acknowledged the corn, and left to escape a thrashing.

THE Professor stopped a moment, his voice quivered just a little as he took up a large fossil shell: "Gentlemen," he said at length, "it is with sadness that I think that in the Cretaceous California produced such oysters and there was no one to eat them." There were tears in the eyes of all as he finished.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON!

THE FIRST ATTACK OF SPELLING MATCH

Immense Throng of Spectators—Albino the first man down—the Governor drops his H's—Parker flunks on "easel"—Consternation produced in female ranks by "Chalcedony."

TIN CAKES, ICE CREAM, Etc.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

The inhabitants of Berkeley were excited to fever heat by the announcement that there was to be a spelling match at the Church. A special car was immediately chartered to bring out spelling books, and all began to arm themselves with polysyllables for the fray. The mere announcement carried us back to the time when we were noted for our accurate orthography; when metempsychosis and idiosyncrasy were but two of our *pieces de resistance*. We remembered that other little boy who aspired and whom we worsted—every time the teacher was impartial. We also recall, what an ardent wish we entertained that Noah Webster might look in upon us, thinking to give him certain ideas upon memory and orthographical fluency which had as yet escaped him.

The management made a great mistake in not providing the doorkeeper with a slate, as many students were thus excluded from the entertainment. The noisy throng was at last quieted and the stage manager announced that the trouble was about to begin. The first gentleman called was a lengthy, weak-kneed individual who hesitated, blushed, and then yielded to the force of public opinion. We cannot think why this gentleman was chosen to head the class, it was probably for appearance sake. The sides were at last satisfactorily formed although great dissatisfaction was felt by the students, at the tutors being ranged upon their side, thus lessening their chances. Albino, the gentleman whose name has been apostrophized so many times, was the first to resign. He had confidentially informed me of his intention to be "in at the death." He was not, however, he probably changed his mind. "Scallop" was too numerous for him and he smiled at us as to say "quite out of my line, you know." The bell actually refused to ring, it tolled, when this great man fell. The "Governor" was the next man. He has studied rhythm and metre, but when rhythmic was propounded he failed to meet her and retired with an aggrieved air and entered into a long argument to prove that he had sacrificed his position for a smoke. Meanwhile the young ladies were suffering from this continued fire. The word Polemical was given out, a young Miss spelt Prolmey with wonderful accuracy and took refuge in flight. Another was asked to spell Conduit, and declined with thanks. Tutor P. was the next to succumb to force of circumstances. He was asked to spell easel, and after torturing his intellect for some time, evolved the following ingenious method E-e-z-l-e. The stage manager nearly broke the lamp in his haste to get the bell, but P. who is noted for his graceful falls, covered his retreat by mildly asking whether it was an animal. Tutor B. was here asked to spell irresistible; this was considered a mark of favor, as we all knew he could spell it. And he did spell it to, without once stopping for breath. This feat enlisted the public favor upon the side of this scholar, so young yet so accomplished. And now the contest had narrowed down till there was one young lady and eight students