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"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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No. 1.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Where the tinkling echoes of the fairies merry foot-falls
Jingle in the hedges of the dew-bespangled leaves,
And the softened cadence of the tiny, floating lute-calls
Aids the victory each fairy chevalier achieves;
There the moonbeams shower silver o'er the tufted meadows,
'Neath whose brightness diamond-flowers sparkle to the night,
And across the tree-tops fly fantastic lights and shadows
As the happy fairies dance with hearts and bosoms light.
Hand in hand, with sprightly motion tripping in their gladness,
Circle they within the opening of the quiet wood;
Heart to heart they banish thoughts of every care and sadness,
While they light with smile and song the nightly solitude.
Dainty slippers, with a silver star upon each shining,
Crush the glistening dew-drops as they dance in joyous ring;
While the owl from his near tree-top stops his dull repining,
Listening to the happy song the merry fairies sing:

The earth and the air, with all that is fair,
And the depths of the Indian Sea,
Hath no creatures so bright, so airy and light,
So gay and so happy as we.
When the noonday streams in quiet dreams
Are lying soft and warm,
From the flickering shade of the margent glade
We watch each slumbering form.
By a mimic fell in a young hare-bell
Sleeps Titania pure;
And by her side, in his kingly pride,
Oberon lies secure.
While they sleep we fairies peep
From our covert within the fen,
And we sport by the bank of the streamlet dant
That lazily flows through the glen.

When the antlered deer from a thicket near
Walks down to the waters cool,
And tramples the edge of the reeking sedge
That borders the darkened pool,
We rustle each brake by the miniature lake
And laugh as his stately form,
With a sudden rise of his full-orbed eyes,
Leaps from a fancied harm.

The creatures who dwell in each roscate shell
Far down 'neath the singing sea,
'Midst the corals and pearls and sea-weed whorls,
Are never so happy as we;
For all day long each singeth his song
As sad as sad can be;
And they pine in the cell of their prison shell
Far under the glistening sea.

The mermaids who roam 'neath the ocean's foam,
In the halls of the slippery caves,
Have never a care but to comb their hair
Which is kissed by the amorous waves.
They steal the light of the twinkling night
And they weave a girdling band
Around each chaste, ethereal waist,
By the aid of a dainty hand;
And while they sleep the mermen peep
From the brown and jagged rocks;
And they place a sheen of sapphire green
In the midst of their misty locks.
When the swift ships glide o'er the heaving tide,
Through a path of billowy foam,
They often rise with their dreamy eyes
And guide the wanderers home.
But the mermaids fair, with their flowing hair,
Are never so happy as we;
For the ocean groans o'er the dead men's bones
That lie 'neath the moaning sea.

In the shallop crown of an acorn brown,
Or the leaf of a lily-bloom,
We are wafted o'er the lakes smooth floor
By the West wind's dense perfume.
And the fishes that rove through each coral grove

Rise up through the waters near,
And their gold fins glisten as they stop and listen
To our voices sweet and clear.

The Anemone with its winglets free
Doth bear us upon the wind;
And we laugh in glee as hill and lea
Are speedily left behind.
With the butterfly we gaily hie
Where the birds so merrily sing;
From bower to bower, from flower to flower,
We are borne on his weariless wing.

When daylight fades, and the evening shades
Are sprinkled over the land,
We assemble all at our trumpets call
In the midst of fairyland.

And we dance and we sing in a swaying ring,
Where the foot of man ne'er trod;
And we merrily beat with our flying feet,
The soft and the springing sod.

But we often gaze up the misty ways
That lead through the heavens afar,
And we wish them near, each sister dear,
Who roams by a distant star.

For while we are glad, the Peris sad,
Float, lone, through the heavenly waste;
They know of the bliss that Paradise is,
But its sweetness they never can taste.
In the chastened shroud of a tinted cloud
They mourn their fate, unseen;
Where the bright mists glow in the gorgeous bow,
They are hid by its dazzling screen.

But they often rove from their home above,
To the bowers and gardens of earth;
And the fragrance sweet of the flowers they greet
With never a sound of mirth.
While mortals sleep they ever weep
O'er their sad and dismal doom;
And their tear-drops dim the flowret's rim

As they drink of its rich perfume.
But merry are we and careless and free
As the white of the thistle-down;
Our light songs well through the rose-hued dell
That is lit by the night-queen's crown.
All night long with dancing and song,
We feast the advancing Hours;
Till bright-eyed Day doth lure them away
With joys more enticing than ours,
And they are bathed in the hue of the crystal dew,
And the sweets of the morning flowers,

LEW.

CALIFORNIA—ITS SCENERY.

There are few things more delightfully refreshing
amid the fierce fever of mid-summer than to forsake the
sultry, dusty and polluted atmosphere of the city for
the cool breezes of our forest suburbs. A freshened
elasticity seems to glide through the languid system,
bracing up the loosened fibres of the body; the nerves
thrill with renewed intensity; the vital flood courses
with fuller gush, and leaps onward with more bounding
buoyancy in its fevered channels. Every one of us has
experienced this sensation. The city retreats slowly
from our sight, and fades away into the dim, blue dis-
tance; while our noble steamer fast conveys us into
scenes fresh with the verdure of Spring, and teeming
with an enchanting beauty, apparently made for our-
selves alone. The mind in unison with the body, par-
takes of the natural beauties, which catch the eye at
every turn. And if the snow chilled, but warm-hearted
patriotic New Englander can sing:

"My native land, my native land,
Though bare and bleak thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me."

With what exuberance of heart-felt joy and pride ought
we Californians exult over our dearly loved State;
its vastness and productivity; its position, wealth and
commerce; but above all the wonders of scenery with
which nature has been so lavishly prodigal towards us
are all worthy of our devoted admiration.

Up and down the length of our land extend those
eternal hills, the Sierras, the back-bone of the State,
whence spring swift, turbulent streams, carrying life
and animation wherever they go; enlarging themselves
with gentler current to receive on their kind bosoms the
ship of trade.

Away into the North, high-towering Shasta lifts its
rugged summit, clothed with an everlasting snow-white
mantle, far into the heavens; grand and majestic in its
loneliness; unscaled by the foot of man, reposing in a
solemn stillness, unbroken save by the roaring of the blast
or the shrill shriek of Jove's fierce eagle, floating high
above its pathless steep. Olympian Zeus might well
hold here his court. And many are the lofty peaks on
which his fleet-winged messenger could rest his weary
pinion. They uprear their stupendous magnitudes, and
pierce the skies with their cloud-capped, lightning-riven
summits; while their uncultivated slopes, plucked by
yawning ravines by the descending torrents of centu-
ries; bristling with shaggy pines, afford lurking places
for the dreaded grizzly. They stand amid all their
cloudy magnificence, as Coleridge says: "Precipitous,
black, jagged rocks, forever shattered and the same
forever," in an unending, untiring watch, warders
over the gateway of the Western Continent to the vast
Pacific.

Descending with Cicero, "a caelestibus rebus ad
humanas"—to lower grounds, yet to localities replete
with loveliness, we travel sunny vales enconced
amid encircling russet-mantled hills, joyous with the
birds' cheerful notes; soothing with the fragrance of
flowers; enlivened by the flight of the gay-crested wood-
pecker, or the whirr of the quail as it scuds away to
the friendly covert of the manzanita. The timid hare,
the nobly-antlered buck, the gentle, graceful doe, fre-
quent the sequestered glades. These scenes are those
of an Elysian, and we would fain dwell here forever,
viewing nature in her peaceful, pleasant moods.

But the mind soon grows weary of unalloyed pleas-
ure, and longs for something more impressive, as the
venerable grandeur of one of our aged forests. When
the traveler enters the depths of the dark old woods,
leaving sunny scenes behind, a cold chill runs over
him as if standing upon the threshold of a sepulchre.
A cheerless twilight, unbroken by the twitter of bright-
plumaged songster, awful in its solemn silence, reigns
over all. Ferns and mosses carpet the spaces inter-
vening between the charred stumps and the rough enor-
mous trunks shooting up straight into the air, stretch-
ing out their huge limbs, and tracing upon the blue
above a delicate network with their leafy tops. Stout
wild vines clasp the trunks in their deadly, parasitical
embrace, while the tender ivy and pensile wood-bine
cluster around the aged giants, striving to veil the rav-
ages of time, tempest and fire with their mantling
tapestry. Perchance some tall monarch of the forest
o'erborne by the weight of years, falls. An ominous

SONNET.

Lone Spirit of the Autumn! I have viewed
Thy strange face where the weary waters gleam;
And marked thy image in the silent stream
That wanders, lonely, in its solitude.
And oft' within the dreary stretch of wood,
Where each bare limb grows 'neath the sun's bright beam,
Unseen, I've heard thee chant thy awful theme
Of Death; then, silent o'er the tree-tops brood,
O'er glistening stubble and through quiet vale,
Where Earth lies sadly dreaming of decay,
Borne on the drooping winds thy dying wail
Is feebly echoed by the listless day;
Till fierce December o'er the months prevail—
Then on the sweeping blast thy soul doth pass away.

LEW.

RECENT DISCUSSIONS ON CLASS FEELING.

The establishment of the University at Berkeley, and other circumstances attending its increased size and its more settled condition, have given rise to a series of discussions of considerable interest and much importance to the future of the institution, which may all be classed, at least as to principle, under the above head. The discussions referred to, if they do not directly relate to class feeling, do relate to some kind of feeling similar to it; they have all been occasioned by circumstances of considerable moment to those concerned, and have all helped to excite a general desire to find some means of reconciling a University spirit with loyalty to the various ties of Class and Society.

Our own is yet a young University. We are not yet bound by the traditions of older institutions; and some of our number have expressed a hope that we never shall be bound by those traditions, at least in so far as they tend to enforce obedience to arbitrary regulations of class and clique, and to create all those little jealousies which are so much lamented in colleges. But all confess that it does not seem as if we were to retain our freedom long. Every term brings to our knowledge some newly-developed but vigorous root of bitterness, and strife among us is by no means being extirpated. I need not, however, state the question in full. Every one of us has heard it discussed, and it has already occupied the attention of writers in the University papers. We may best, therefore, consider the matter in the phases most familiar to all, and I shall, consequently, direct my remarks in particular to the article by "Marion," in the last number of the *Neolan Review*, and the one by "B. True," in the last number of the *Echo*. There is a point, just here, which seems to me to be more or less forgotten by these writers and by many in discussing the matter, which I think that all students will agree with me in. Whatever objections we may have to quarrels and jealousies between the various University organizations, there is one kind of class-feeling which is, must be, and ought to be beyond the reach of all attack. I mean that feeling that knits members of the same class together in a firm, life-long friendship that knows no distinction of wealth or social position. I appeal to anyone who either is or has been a member of a University in which instruction is given to classes separately, if it is not the case that around the name of his class there cluster memories that he would not, if he could, part from—memories of friendships first made because those who became his friends had already become classmates, but friendships which have been of pleasure and profit to him; beyond what they could have been under other circumstances. It seems to me that it is impossible that a truly warm-hearted young man can pass through his college-life without feeling towards some at least of his classmates,

a feeling that he feels towards none else, and that has originated at least in the fact that they were classmates. This feeling is by no means confined to colleges. Everywhere in the world when men are engaged in undertakings in which they feel a common interest, when they conquer the same difficulties together, a feeling of friendship always grows up among them which is the stronger, since each of two friends knows the weakness and strength of the other.

I have very little doubt that both of the writers mentioned above agree with me in these sentiments, and it is only because one of them has failed to refer to it, so far as I can see, altogether, and because the other has, perhaps unintentionally, conveyed the impression to some that he thinks this proper class feeling can be more or less swallowed up in University feeling, it is only, I say, because of these things that I have thought of laying stress upon this matter.

But it is admitted on all hands that this class feeling—as well as that other feeling which is, perhaps, stronger, though of the same kind, society feeling—has seemed to run considerably in excess, and both of these two writers desire to repress this excess or show how it may be done. And, first, the writer who signs himself "Marion," in the *Neolan Review*, takes occasion to read a moral lecture, in rather strong English, to those who have entered into this excess of feeling. He does not suggest any means of directly checking the evil, but he seems to hope that, by appealing to the honor and pride of all concerned, he may do something towards that end.

Now I do not think that, for those young men who deliberately enter into the business of hazing, a moral lecture will do any good; not that I think them extremely depraved individuals, for I do not. So far as I can judge of their motives, I should say, that, having set out to obey the traditions of college life, they have already counted the cost, or at least have determined to think no more about the cost, and, that, however honorable or high-spirited they be, an appeal to either honor or pride in this case will have no effect. I do not pretend to excuse them, nor to give the reasons why they have come into this state of mind; but I wish simply to consider what seems to me to be the real state of the case. As for what "Marion" has to say to the Freshmen, I would remark that, while his advice might keep this or that particular Freshman from being hazed, if he were able to carry out the advice, I do not see that the general question of restoring a proper feeling to the Universities would be any nearer solution.

With regard to the idea proposed by "B. True," I do not think that any form of general organization could be effected which would be any more effectual in quelling jealousies, than what we have now. The experience of a certain literary society, not long since, shows that even the ties of a prosperous and well organized debating club were unable to make the "lion and the lamb lie down together," in a case where the cause of hard feeling was the existence of a secret society. Without entering into the merits of this affair in the slightest, I think all who were either concerned in it, or were simply witnesses, as I myself was, will admit that a union such as is a debating club cannot conquer jealousy, whenever it exists to any great extent. In view of these facts, I do not see how "B. True" expects a congress of class unions will be a remedy for all or even any of the evils under discussion. Such a congress could never be compared to a class union, as "B. True" seems to compare it. The union would not, could not, be nearly so strong, and such feeling of union as there was would have constantly to contend against the jeal-

ousies of four classes and two secret societies, which jealousies would be constantly aroused by every circumstance attending the organization.

For these reasons, I do not think, that, so far as our University is concerned, the problem of removing bad feeling is anywhere near its solution. It is assuredly one in which we are all interested, and which should occupy much of our thoughts. If there is a solution, or a partial solution, it is our duty to find it.

J. R., '75.

By words and tender artifice
He gained consent and kissed her;
He said it caused ecstatic bliss—
She said it caused a bliss-ter.

LECTURES AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The Fifth Annual Course of Saturday Evening Lectures, by Professors in the University of California, at the Mechanics' Institute, began Jan. 3d. The following is a list of the lectures:

January 3d and 10th—President Gilman—Two Educational Problems. First, "Modes of Promoting Scientific and Industrial Education in Large Towns." Second, "How Six Universities were Planted and Grew."

January 17th, 24th and 31st—Prof. Joseph LeConte, on Mountain Formation. First, "Question of the Interior Condition of the earth." Second, "Outlines of a True Theory of the Formation of Mountain Chains." Third, "Application of the Theory, in Explanation of Structure and Position of Mountains and Phenomena of Volcanoes and Earthquakes."

February 7th and 14th—Professor Carr—Forests and their Influence upon Climate. Second, "Mineral Waters and Mineral Springs."

February 21st and 28th, and March 7th—Prof. John Le Conte—Illustrations of Modern Physical Research. First, "Wave Motion;" Second, "Sound;" Third, "Light."

March 14th—President Gilman on Deep Sea Soundings.

March 21st—Prof. Kellogg—Roman History Illustrated by its Monuments.

March 28th and April 4th—Prof. Swinton—First, Transition Period of Modern History, Part 1; Second, Transition Period of Modern History, Part 2.

April 11th—Prof. Soule—Twilight.

Any student can obtain a free ticket to any of these lectures on application to the lecturer of the evening; or for the course, on application to the President.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

Wells, Fargo & Co., through their agent, M. Valentine, have kindly consented to transmit from any of their offices in this State, any package for the Museum of the University, free of charge. Every one knows that the museum of a college is one of the most complete and satisfactory means of conveying information, and, that as a stimulation to research and investigation it is unrivalled. We have already a fine collection, thanks to the generosity of kind friends, and are anxious to increase it in every way. Throughout the State, especially in the mountains, nearly every one has more or less of a collection of what are termed specimens; and if the idea was only presented to some of these that by sending their duplicates to the University they would materially assist it, no doubt we would soon be in receipt of specimens of value and rarity. The generous offer of Wells, Fargo & Co., will go towards assisting this, and if the item was mentioned about, it would doubtless be of great benefit to us.