

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

Devoted to Literature and Information Incident to the Student's Life.

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WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

Founded in 1844. Chartered in 1853.

FLOATING AWAY.

Floating away, floating away;
From youth's glad shore, day by day!
Gliding out on the sea afar,
When the bright promise of sunshine are
In the glorious light of the dawning day,
Blithely and joyously floating away.

Floating away, floating away;
Hour by hour, and day by day,
Every stroke of the dripping oar
Bringing us nearer Eternity's shore;
In the fading gleam of the twilight gray,
Calmly and peacefully floating away.

SOCIETY.

Society is the key to our advanced civilization. It is the foundation of all human compacts or government. Perhaps it may never have occurred to the careless thinker that community, society or the small social circles, a part of which we are, is one of the grand group which make up our social compact or government. Then, whatever tends to corrupt the little circle of which we may be members, in a measure tends to corrupt our government. When the government of a people becomes corrupt it may be concluded with almost certainty, that the several societies which compose that government, are not pure.

Society is natural; and not only so with the human race, but the lower animals. It is natural for men to form compacts. Civilization is the natural outgrowth of society. Science, art, literature and inventions are its natural out-flow. A pure society—then follows a pure government, and the complete enjoyment of life, as the Creator so intended.

THOUGHTS ON MIND.

INCOLAS.

If you see an apple, you at once refer it to the tree that produced it. A book lies open before you, and you gather its thought, and at once refer the thought to the mind which produced it. Thus far the analogy is parallel, but let us carry it further. The apple is, comparatively, composed of the same element as the tree which produced it. The apple is matter, and so is the tree. This is not, cannot be denied. Thought is the product of the mind, but thought is not matter, is not substance, as is the apple, and hence the mind producing the thought cannot, according to the established law of nature, be matter, as is the tree.

We establish by this analogy that mind is not matter, and that, while mind and matter are concomitant, they are relative. The brain, or the seat of the mind, is matter, is composed of substance, as shown by chemists; mind being immaterial, or not substance, and brain being material, and substance, it follows that mind and brain are not the same.

Having established by careful induction from acknowledged premises that mind and matter are entirely distinct, it is not difficult to discover the governing principle in man. Any one who has observed much has seen that mind has the full control of the body, and governs its movements, as when trouble comes the mind oppresses the body, and not unfrequently the mind cures the body when sick.

It is not necessary to show what mind is; it has been shown that it is immaterial, because its product is immaterial. That is all that is necessary for our purpose. The mind, then, is distinguished from, and controls the body, which is composed of matter, it follows that mind controls matter.

Again, thought is indestructible, and throughout the countless ages of the past a thought thus produced never has perished and never will. It may have gone from the gaze of the world, but it never has perished. Then if mind can produce something imperishable, then it itself must be imperishable.

Any one who will trace the analogy and reasoning through, will find food for deep thought.

INDEPENDENCE.

If this is a synonym for freedom, who then are the freemen? Certainly not all who claim that as their birthright. The inter-dependence of man upon man, may be a help to each, a glory to all. It is such when it links the welfare of the individual with the weal of many, when it brings hearts into closer union, when it warms the fealty of the common brotherhood.

But the converse is also true. The very instinct by which we cling to others, too often degrades us. Leaning upon others, the power to stand erect is lost. Men allow others to think and act for them. It is really painful to see with what readiness the masses surrender the noblest prerogatives of manhood, and submit to be led by a few strong minds. How can we expect a pure government, an enlightened world, until men rise above this servile obedience to authority, to think and act for self. The demand of the age is not for better leadership, but for a truer, braver rank and file.

Make every man feel the worth of his own manhood, loose him from the shackles that bind him to the opinion of other men. Let him think for himself, and he will act for himself. And this is noble. Said Pope, "Let fortune do her worst as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and independence."

It is not generally known that Washington was a Marshal of France. It was not lawful for a French soldier to fight otherwise than under a Marshal, and when the French had concluded to aid the American cause, they elected Washington a Marshal of France in order that when the French soldiers came to America they might be under a French Marshal, and thereby act in accordance with the French law.

Is all the statistical matter which is being collected in the State relative to education, could be published in book form, it would be a valuable work to our State; and would give to the outside world an idea of our method of education.

The motive which prompts every action determines whether the action is good or evil. Sometimes the action may be good in itself, but the motive evil.

BRIEF EDITORIALS.

QUITE a reduction has been made in the allowance to the students at West Point. It has also reached the salary of the Professors of West Point. This is reform with a vengeance.

THAT young man who could keep a young lady walking the streets for an hour or two after church in a blinding storm, without furnishing even the shelter of an umbrella, is certainly either possessed with a poet's inspiration or is ready for a pass that will take him to the free-lunch house at East Portland.

A YOUNG man was once attending one of our public schools who was not overly remarkable for habits of personal cleanliness. One of the fair sex, having compassion upon the youth, and having his interest at heart, carefully wrapped up a piece of perfumed soap, and sent it to the innocent youth, and ever afterwards his appearance was neat and clean. Good for the soap!

A STRIKING malady has lately made its appearance among the sophomore class. Alas, many a brave form, impervious alike to the shock of battle and winter's storm, has bowed before this terrible plague. Whether or not the one in particular be dangerous we will allow the reader to judge, but the following, in a highly perfumed envelope, was found in one of his books:

ADORABLE:—What evil genius could prompt you to return me such a cruel, cruel answer. Oh! if you could only, with one perspective glance gaze into the innermost depths of my heart you would then not see a single chord but that beat for thee and thee alone. If you could only realize how my blood boils, how my veins run with fire and vengeance, when that heartless wretch smiles on you, you would then have mercy and deliver me from this worse than death. Oh! for the hand of a Raphael, that I might paint—

But why further seek his symptoms to disclose? He has it bad, and if we were his physician we might prescribe for him.

THE volition of an act bears no proportion to the consequent result. It requires but a moment to execute a volition, but its results last forever whether it be for good or for evil. A moment may bring sorrow which will last through our lives. When a volition is once made, its consequences are beyond our control.

The Willamette Collegian.

L. H. WELLS,
R. KELLY, Editors.

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THE COLLEGIAN.

Our connection with the business of the COLLEGIAN has ceased, that hereafter devolving upon the publishers, Messrs. Munkers & Redington. The editorial department will remain the same.

WELLS & KELLY.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We hope every student and friend of the University will assist the COLLEGIAN by subscribing for the paper at once. We would also call the attention of the business men of Salem to our advertising facilities, and hope they will encourage the paper in that line.

While we do not expect to be able to convert the COLLEGIAN into a large-sized daily very soon, we promise to either enlarge its dimensions or issue it semi-monthly just as soon as our advertising and subscription patronage will justify us in doing so.

M. & R.

EXPRESSION.

There is nothing which the student so much dreads as composing. Books and rhetoric have multiplied without number, treating the various modes whereby compositions may be rendered easy, and yet it is not easy. The trouble, we think, rests not with the fault of the books as with the student. Every thought has in itself the method of expression, and in acquiring any thought or idea, we may acquire the method of its expression. The student then in any study, should always endeavor to acquire the contents of the study itself, and invariably should seek to learn how to express what he studies.

Language is natural, and every object in nature represents some thought, has some spiritual idea, which can only be reached by studying combination of these natural objects, and learning how to express the idea which they represent. Everything has a "way" of its own expression. Learn that way and composition will be delightful employment.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

In reading, as well as in study, the student should give the subject matter his closest attention. A loose, listless habit once fixed and grounded in the nature cannot always be rooted out.

FREE SCHOOL SONG.

The Free School Song which appeared in the January number of the COLLEGIAN, and which was sung in the Chapel at that time, has had some effect. The "Archangel," (!) organ of St. Michael's Academy, Portland, Oregon, has taken grave offense at its publication, and showers upon its author a bath of burning (!) ridicule. We are not surprised that the song should not meet the approval of the Archangel (!) as the system the song was written in praise of stands opposed to the denomination which that paper represents. The song smacks too much of the spirit of liberty of conscience and freedom of thought to meet the approval of the Archangel (!). So long as free schools remain, the black, murky stream of slavish ignorance which characterized the middle ages, and degrading superstition will be kept from sweeping over and inundating our free institutions. While our grand free school system stands, no bigoted creed can ever enslave our nation with priest-craft, as Italy and Spain have been for centuries. The denomination which the Archangel represents has a history in almost every nation in Europe—black, bloody, hideous. Driven from Europe, it seeks to propagate under our free government, and already has made itself odious throughout the United States. It began its opposition to our free school system in New York in 1840 under Bishop Hughes, and has carried on a continued warfare ever since. It will continue that opposition so long as free schools stand as a barrier to the re-enactment of the bloody days of the Inquisition, and so long as it guards the outposts of our liberal enlightenment. We would remind the Archangel that the free school system will stand in defiance of any bigoted creed which seeks its overthrow. The Free School Song will never cease to be the inspiring music which will animate the defenders of the boon which our grey-haired ancestors have bequeathed to us.

The free schools forever! hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Up with the banner, bright with the stars!
While we rally to the call, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

PROSPECTS FOR THE TERM.

The prospects for the present term seem very flattering, and everything indicates that a pleasant and profitable term will be spent. Many students have severed their connection for the present term, from the University, as is usually the case this time of the year; and yet there remains a number equal to that which the University usually has at this time of the year. The various classes have been formed and the actual work for the quarter has now fairly commenced.

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

As in almost everything else America differs from Europe in her Colleges. An altogether different atmosphere seems to pervade our College Halls when compared to the institutions of Europe. We may here be asked how we know there is this dissimilarity? Why, from the testimony of foreigners who have visited and examined our College system.

Those from Europe, visiting our institutions, who have not been previously prejudiced against them, frankly confess our schools make more practical men in the active duties of life, than their own. However this may be, we have the testimony to that effect of Charles Dickens, who, quoting from his "American Notes," says: "Whatever the effects of American institutions may be, they disseminate no prejudice; rear no bigots; dig up the ashes of no old buried superstitions; never interfere between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious belief; above all, in their course of study and instruction, they recognize a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the College walls."

The American University is a miniature theater, in which those in attendance are rehearsing parts to be performed in active life. Nor are these parts learned only by rote, but they are ground into the student's nature until they become a part of his being. A large number of students attending our institutions are depending upon their own exertion to make their way to education. Between those and the rich there is scarcely any distinction, except it may be noticed that the former are generally the better students.

What American Colleges may lack in thorough scholarship is made up in thoroughly practical education. Indeed, our institutions are intensely practical. This is what the age demands, and what makes useful men.

A SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION.

"I am a pretty small-sized boy, but I can tell you a pretty large-sized fish story. These animals called fish live in the Pacific Ocean and Mill Creek, and some in South Salem Slough. When they are small they are codfish and suckers and sardines; but when they grow up they are called whales. Whales is very useful; they sometimes swallow a whole ship and some of the crew. The fat of whales is cut up and biled and made into kerosene oil; their bones is made into whalebone for ivory pinner-keys and dominoes; also for jack-knife handles and horn buttons. I wish a whale would swallow my school-teacher, you bet! Fish is eat Friday—darn a fish, I hate 'em; there is too many bones to pick out; I'd rather eat a paper of girl's hair-pins fried in butter, you bet. A whale could lick thunder out of all the boys in Willamette University. I am going to write a book about fish. It will be a big book, and will be printed by Munkers & Redington."

LOTS OF LAW, BUT LITTLE JUSTICE.

G. FORDHAM.

The present Grand Jury system is in direct antagonism to justice, for the reason that the accused is arraigned before a tribunal in which he has no voice; that he cannot impeach the testimony offered against him, nor prove his innocence, and because it permits cowardly miscreants to vent their spite upon individuals in secret. Under the present system any man may be held up to the community as guilty of a crime against the law of the land without the slightest particle of evidence to make good the charge; in fact the Grand Jury room is little better than an inquisitorial chamber, where often the reputations of pure and honest men are passed upon and covered with the slime of suspicion.

The hardship of the present system lies in the fact that only the prosecution is heard. Were it otherwise, two-thirds of the cases that are now sent before the courts for trial would be terminated in the Grand Jury room, the accused being thereby saved from scandal and heavy expense, while the time of the courts would not be expended in hearing frivolous charges and awaiting verdicts of acquittal.

When personal spleen and malice run to such fearful lengths, honest men are frequently charged with crime by irresponsible and malicious persons, sometimes for the purpose of levying blackmail, and sometimes through a desire to blast the fair fame and reputation of the party accused. Frivolous charges are often deemed sufficiently well-founded as to warrant a trial before a petit jury, and thus the reputation of the wrongfully accused party receives a stab from which it may never fully recover. The one-sided Grand Jury system should be abolished or modified, so as to give the accused an early opportunity to establish his innocence. Let us have less law and more justice!

In a class of young Latinists, the teacher gave the following sentence to be translated: "Plerique pomas belli sustinuerunt." Teacher said, "Andrew, translate literally." Andrew—"The greater part sustained pains of the belly." "Tom, you give a better translation." Tom—"The greater part of the soldiers had the belly ache. Consequently," he added, "they were not disposed to fight."

STUDENTS!

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The Willamette Collegian.

[From the German.]

UNDINE.

CHAPTER III.

Huldebrand was more anxious than ever as he sought under the dark shades, and the thought that Undine was no more than a forest apparition came to him with new power under the howling of the waves and the cracking of the trees, and throughout the stormy night he heard the anxious cry of the fisherman for Undine. Finally there came a clear space, and they saw in the moonlight that the whole region was changed, and that the peninsula had become an island.

Now the storm howled with two-fold power. A cry of terror escaped him—he stepped from stone to stone, supported by a pine staff, as he was endeavoring to cross the rising stream and suddenly it occurred to him that he saw a tall white man nodding and grinning at him from the other shore; but even this had no power over his feelings, as he thought that perhaps Undine, on the other shore, might be suffering mortal agony.

He seized his staff and pressed forward into the flood, when there cried out near him a lovely voice, "Venture not! venture not! He is malicious, the old man of the stream!"

Huldebrand knew the voice, and stood bewitched under the shade of a tree.

"Art thou really there, thou dear, dear Undine?" With these words he stepped boldly forth into the stream, and a few more steps brought him safely through the flood that rolled between him and the maiden. Now he stood near her on a small grass-plot protected by the overhanging branches of the trees. Undine had arisen, and now coming toward him she threw her arms around his neck and drew him down on the seat beside her.

"Here, now, thou wilt relate to me, thou dear friend," said she, whispering lightly. "Here the morose old parents will not hear us. And is this not worth more to us than their poor cottage?"

"This is a delightful place," said Huldebrand, kissing the smiling beauty.

Then the fisherman, coming to the other shore, cried out to the young people:

"Ah, Sir Huldebrand, I have entertained you as a more honest man, and now you secretly enslave my foster-daughter."

"I have but just now found her, a father," answered Huldebrand. "That is better. But now bring her over to this side."

However, she preferred to remain

in the forest than to return to the cottage, where no one would do her will, and with lovely voice she sang:

"A wave flowed out from the darkness vale,
And sought the bright seashore;
It came to rest
In the ocean's breast,
And then ran back no more."

The fisherman wept bitterly at her song, while she caressed her companion until he said,

"Undine, if you care not for the sorrow of the old man, I do, and we will return to him."

She turned her blue eyes upon him, saying,

"If you think it best, we will go; for all is right that thou thinkest best. But before I go, the old man yonder must promise me that he will permit you to relate to me what you have seen in the wonderful forest."

In reply to this the old man stretched out his hands over the flood, and nodding with his head as if giving assent, Huldebrand took her up in his arms and bore her safely to the other shore. When they had reached the cottage, the old parents almost overpowered her with embraces and kind words.

At last, when recovering from their joy, they perceived that already the morning red was lighting up the lake, while the little birds joyously sang from the moist branches. Now Undine again asked for the promised relation of the Knight, while the old people joined in her request. One brought the breakfast under the tree which stood between the cottage and the lake, whereat they all sat down, Undine near the feet of the Knight. Then Huldebrand began to relate in the following manner:

(To be continued.)

A GOOD STORY.

Among the many amusing incidents that occurred during the life of Joe Meek, none is more ludicrous than the one related of him by W. L. Adams, in the West Shore. Meek had just received the office of Sheriff and the court at which he attended as an official was in session. Meek was not much informed in court procedure, and the clerk ordered him to call John and Jas. Johnson. Meek went to the window as directed and called, "John and James Johnson, John and James Johnson."

"Call one at a time," said the clerk. Meek again cried out, "Come one at a time, come one at a time."

"You've fixed it now," said the clerk.

Whereupon Meek called, "You needn't come, they've fixed it without you, you needn't come, they fixed it without you."

If the mask which covers up the secret action and thoughts of man was torn aside it would expose a sight few would care to look upon a second time.

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