

# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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

VOL. 1.

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NO. 2.

## WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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Faculty of Willamette University is not  
responsible for contents of the COLLEGIAN.

### MOUNT HOOD.

MEM LINTON.

We lift up our faces in worshipful wonder,  
We stretch out our hand to you, meekly and  
humbly,  
In a rapturous silence, helplessly broken  
Into fragments of words that never are  
spoken—  
That drop as the snowflakes, lowly and dumb-  
ly.  
O, King of Cascade, in your white robes of  
ermine!  
Can we speak with our ears a-tingling with  
thunder?  
You are old—you are wise and you shall deter-  
mine.  
If, haply, we did, what good would it do us,  
With all sense stricken out from the empty  
words  
By the cannon of heaven a-rumbling through  
us?  
The earth and the heavens alike are the  
Lord's,  
And both are alive with a sense of His pres-  
ence,  
Albeit we never can look at His face,  
If, certes, we draw too near to His essence.  
We straight are awed and struck dumb  
in our place.  
You are old—you are old—and we wonder  
truly,  
Could you number the years that have piled  
their snows  
To a stately, white pyramid, adding duly  
The terrestrial storms and inward throes  
That have beaten such scars in your kingly  
face.  
Like a veteran warrior's, rugged and brown?  
O, King of Cascade! from the height of your  
place,  
O'erlopping the forests and looking a-down.  
The valley to seaward, and reaching your  
hands  
In silent benediction over the town,  
A-blossom like a garden of Orient lands,—  
We but lift up our eyes to your ermined  
gown,  
We stretch out our hands to you meekly and  
humbly,  
In a rapturous silence, helplessly broken  
Into fragments of words that never are  
spoken—  
That drop as the snowflakes, lowly and dumb-  
ly.

### BRIGHT SIDE OF THE WORLD.

R. J. N.

What a world of beauty is this we  
inhabit. How pleasant are all her  
scenes, and how extensive in all her  
grandeur! The eye never becomes  
weary of viewing her in her loveli-  
ness, nor the mind in contemplating  
her wonders.

All that can satisfy want or please  
reflection, lies before us in lavish su-  
perabundance, and if we will only  
meditate with reason upon what we  
see, volumes of instruction will pour  
upon the soul. "Yes we will find  
tongues in trees; books in the run-  
ning brooks; sermons in stones, and  
good in everything." But there is  
a higher key yet untouched that

will add a charm to the music of  
nature. If, while viewing the grand-  
eur of the mountains or the ebb  
and flow of the ocean's tide, or while  
strolling through the winding walks  
of the forest, we can but raise our  
songs in gratitude and praise to Him  
who is the architect and builder of  
all we see, then how glorious the  
scene. All is beauty and gladness.  
"The waves of the ocean roll in  
light and the mountains are covered  
with day." It seems as though life  
went forth rejoicing upon every  
bright wave and every shining bough  
shaken in the breeze.

It seems that as if there were more  
than the eye sees,—a presence of  
deep joy among the hills and the val-  
leys, and upon the bright waters.

Why! all the beautiful things of  
earth seem to vie with each other to  
please the eye of the happy beholder.  
But pause! consider! Is it not pos-  
sible that we are deceived in these  
soul cheering strains that swell upon  
every breeze. Are we not being  
borne upon the crest of a raging bil-  
low that will dash us upon the rocks  
that line the shore? No! we are  
grateful for the consoling thought.  
Our rejoicings are founded in reason  
and the promise of our Savior. It  
is true we must leave these scenes  
that have afforded us such unbounded  
joy but it will be for something infi-  
nitely better. As we make our exit  
from the shadows of the valley there  
will be a glorious dawn. Heaven in  
all her celestial glory will open to  
our enraptured view.

With such a sublime prospect be-  
fore us can we think on such truths  
and still say this is a melancholy  
world? Oh! no! far from it. We  
would not change places with the  
fabled bird of paradise that has its  
abode in the skies and that sings  
songs so sweet that angels leave the  
heavens to hear. To you who are  
sad and disconsolate, burst the  
chains of voluntary bondage and  
emerge into the true world, lit up by  
the glorious sunlight of heaven.

### DEATH.

MISS A. M.

All things that exist or have exist-  
ed give evidence of the march of that  
great Destroyer, who is ever on the  
watch for new victims. Generation  
after generation have passed away,  
as regularly as the winter succeeds  
the summer, and still another gen-  
eration is following in the footsteps of  
its ancestors. Ecclesiastes said truly,

"The thing which hath been, it is  
that which shall be; and that which  
is done, it is that which shall be done;  
and there is no new thing under the  
sun."

Our ancestors were people who  
lived and hoped, suffered and died;  
and some of them achieved names in  
the world's history, and filled stations  
of honor and trust in their nation;  
but they have passed away, and, lo,  
on their departing footsteps presses  
another generation like unto the  
first! who struggle onward and up-  
ward toward the heights of fame;  
envious of the riches and honors of  
this world, forgetting the uncertain-  
ty of life and the certainty of Death.  
To-day we may be surrounded by  
loved ones, in the full enjoyment of  
health; we may be the gayest of the  
gay; and who shall say that the  
morrow shall not find us mourning  
the death of some near and dear one;  
what heart does not give an unwill-  
ing assent to the power of that invis-  
ible agent, Death; who is there but

Sighs for the tones of a voice that is stilled—  
For the glance of an eye with lovelight filled;  
For a hand that clasped with a loving trust,  
But has long since mouldered into dust.

Death comes in many different  
forms. We have seen consumptives  
waste slowly away, suffering from  
day to day the agonies of death, and  
at last dying so calmly, so peacefully,  
that they seemed only in a sweet  
sleep; others, who suffer but little in  
the consuming process of that Great  
Destroyer, finally suffer untold ago-  
nies in the death struggle; but death  
comes not more surely to the con-  
sumptive than to those in the full  
bloom of youth and health—in the  
morning of life, when, it may be,  
they are inclined to laugh at the  
thoughts of death, or, at least, to re-  
gard it as something far off; and yet  
how often are we warned by the  
early death of some young compan-  
ion, that death is not for the old, the  
poor and the sickly alone, but for  
young and old, rich and poor, healthy  
and unhealthy, without regard to  
sex, rank or nation, all over the uni-  
verse. It comes so suddenly, so un-  
expectedly, in so many different  
forms, that not for one little hour  
are we safe from its power. How  
many ask with Mrs. Hemans that  
unanswerable question, "Who shall  
teach us when to look for Death?"  
It is so true that I beg leave to quote  
it;

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's  
breath.  
And stars to set;—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh!  
Death.

## DEBATING SOCIETY.

D. P. S.

The Debating Society is the guar-  
dian of American institutions, and  
the protector of our liberties. With  
the sword of investigation and the  
buckler of discussion it wards off the  
evils incident to imperfect human  
government. It fosters investiga-  
tion, which is the inalienable right of  
every American citizen. We are not  
compelled to take anything for  
granted, but may seek until we reach  
what seems to be the truth, and it is  
well it should be so, for as soon as  
the American people begin to be care-  
less about their institutions then will  
begin the era of their decadence.

Discussion follows investigation,  
and is the crucible into which goes  
every question that concerns the  
public welfare. No question can  
long remain enshrouded in mystery  
when open for discussion. No church,  
party or despotism can chain the  
mind as long as men have the right  
of discussion. Then as a public  
institution, for schooling the young  
in art of self government, the Debat-  
ing Society has no equal. Every  
lad in the land is preparing himself  
the better to discharge the duties of  
citizenship by becoming familiar  
with the forms and skilled in the use  
of the weapons of debate.

"Pour in knowledge gently." Pla-  
to, one of the wisest men of ancient  
Greece, observed that the minds of  
children are like bottles with very  
narrow mouths. If you attempt to  
fill them too rapidly, much knowl-  
edge is wasted and little received,  
whereas with a small stream they  
are easily filled. Those who would  
make prodigies of young children  
act as wisely as if they would pour  
a pail of water into a pint measure.

The University at Oxford, Eng-  
land, recently celebrated its thou-  
sandth anniversary. Popular tradi-  
tion assigns King Alfred the Great  
as its founder, about the middle of  
the 19th century.

Teacher—Is it a matter of fact or  
opinion that the moon has or has not  
mountains?

Student—Yes, sir; I think it is.

Teacher—Which?

Student—You have me there, for,  
to tell the truth, I haven't the slight-  
est idea.

Russia, to make up for lost time in  
the matter of education, has recent-  
ly organized fifty thousand public  
schools.

## The Willamette Collegian.

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### COLLEGE EDUCATION.

There is a wide spread prejudice existing against a college education, which, is based upon unreasonable grounds. It is urged that the education which the college student receives is not adapted to the real wants of practical life, and in support of this assertion, the existence of what is called "college lumber" is cited to. We find in all conditions of life graduates from colleges who make no use whatever of their education, but what does this argue against the utility of college education? If a college imparts education to their students it is not responsible for the use to which they put their education. No institution of learning, however high its grade of scholarship be, can ever make its students useful to society if they will not exert their own individual energy. Every one is responsible for the use to which he places his education and not the institution from which he received it. The prejudice against the college graduate is unfounded, when we consider every one is the architect of his own fortune, and no school of learning can make its students useful without the exercise of their own energy. Statistics prove that the college graduate, as a rule, are morally and mentally better qualified to occupy influential positions than any one else. To the cry "give us self made men and women," we would reply that every man or woman who succeeds, whether graduate or not, is self made. Journals of commanding influence edited by graduates from colleges have introduced purity into the field of literature, so corrupted by unscrupulous writers who have never had their character moulded into moral shape in the college chapel.

### PRESS ON.

The difficulties which encompass the student, are the stepping stones with which he mounts to success. That student who has the true grit in his nature to rise every time he falls, with determination to renew the struggle, will succeed in reaching his aims. Tom Payne, though an infidel, used the expression, "I thank God that he has given me a little of that spirit which smiles at misfortune and gathers strength from failure," and the force and beauty of this quotation will be apparent to all who approve of the sentiment it contains. It will find an echo in the hearts of thousands who are to-day pressing on through shadows to some position in life where they will be useful to their fellow beings. The success which attends one who adopts the sentiment of the extract as inspiration for renewed energy, ought to be an incentive to all to

press on "against wind and tide." Just such men who have battled against opposition are now required by the age in which we live, and just such men obtain grand success in whatever they undertake. Greeley, Pomeroy and Bennet were once scarcely worth a farthing, but they established powerful journals of commanding influence. The way is still open, history may repeat itself, and still greater men and more profound thinkers may rise from the hamlet walks of life, by their own efforts. It is not the transparent scintillation of genius that makes the deeper impress upon the rock of ages, but the mind, strengthened with toil and conflict, and whose thoughts are deep and broad as the mighty ocean.

### TOILING ON.

The realities of life force themselves upon us as something more tangible than a dream. Memory ever keeps before the mind the struggles and sorrows of the past, and the actual present, with its toil and sadness, that we live in reality. We are everywhere met with the assurance that "life is real, life is earnest," and this assurance is ever calling forth our most active energies to combat against opposition. Life is but the beat of a pulse in the onward sweep of time. We live and then pass away. Somebody carries our remains to their last resting place, and perchance heaps a small mound above us, plants a few flowers in the cold sod, a kind friend may erect a marble slab, with an inscription, that such a one "whose name was written with certain letters once lived, flourished and died,"—but time will smooth the mound above us, and obliterate every trace of our resting place. The picture is dark but it is real; and yet there is something bright that takes away the gloom. Somewhere in the Good Book we find the assurance of a companion who will be with us as we pass "over the dark river." Then "toiling on" in this world, let us remember that there is rest for those who labor and suffer in God's vineyard here below.

### HOW WONDERFUL!

The power that wields an influence upon all things—animate and inanimate, material or immaterial—and created the insect, visible only by the microscope, created this world—the stars, that resemble brilliant studs upon the bosom of heaven—and sent it whirling through the immensity of space with a velocity of 68,000 miles an hour. The grandeur of the planetary system fills the mind with awe and bewilderment; and we find ourselves lost in amazement when we attempt to survey and contemplate the infinite space of the universe, occupied by thousands

of opaque and luminous bodies, flying at immense velocity and momentum. Strange questions and startling themes crowd upon the dazzled vision. What power sustains them in their vast revolutions around their mighty orbits? What grand and all pervading force imparts the motion that enables them to traverse the illimitable immensity of space without falling into confusion, followed by mad vortex of elemental warfare on the broad battle field of eternity and incomprehensibility? But the soul of man sinks when these awful questions are presented to him for solution, and he trembles in fear and awe, when in the presence of such a sublime exhibition of Divine might.

### DEEP AND BROAD.

The fountain from which the stream of pure literature has been flowing, is deep and broad. It seems as the world grows older thought becomes more practical and concentrated; and that the various channels of thought flow in the same direction to the same grand center, as the streamlet and the mighty river sweeps on to the ocean. Here it is taken up into the clouds and scattered over the land, rendering the soil rich and productive. So are the thoughts gathered into a reservoir, and then reduced into simple forms, placed within the reach of all as brain food for intellectual culture.

### BLUE MOUNTAIN UNIVERSITY.

The corner stone of this school was laid at La Grande, Union county, Oregon, one year from last Fourth of July, and is now rapidly nearing completion. The building is made of brick and will meet the requirements of that section of country for many years. This school was first placed on foot by G. W. Adams, and bids fair to become a school of considerable importance in time. It is under the management of J. L. Carter, formerly a student in Willamette University, and has a large attendance.

### NOTES ON THE ALUMNI.

Miss Libbie Brown, of the class of '73, is now residing in Bakersville, Atlantic county, New Jersey. She was well and favorably known in the University while in attendance, and now, wishing to be informed in regard to the progress and interest of the school, writes for a copy of the COLLEGIAN.

C. B. Moore, of the class of '70, now resides in Philadelphia, reading law under "the masters." He requests our paper to be sent to him.

S. O. Royal, of the class of '74, is attending Drew Theological Seminary, New Jersey.

Electrical experiments next Friday.

### BRIEF EDITORIALS.

A male student in a city school, when called upon to parse "girls," responded thus; "girls is a peculiar noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, immediate tense, in the expectation case of matrimony, according to the general rule." He was at once sent to the head of the class.

Though the waters of a beautiful lake may be ever so protected from the tornado its crystal elements will sometimes be disturbed. So with friendship—difficulties will arise, but like waters of the lake if that friendship be true it will resume its original condition.

A verdant freshman of the Willamette University some years ago came across this sentence in Ovid, "Haud scio inquit philosophia," and translated it "How far is it to Scio? inquired the philosopher."

The best way to correct our own faults is by comparison and measurement of ourselves with our superiors. We can then better appreciate our weaknesses.

Do not grow discouraged—let the storms beat and the winds howl, ever be faithful and God will carry you safely through.

A member of the Caesar class in explaining how she got her lesson, said: "O, I hunt out the words and have some body to stick 'em together."

A consideration for the feelings of others is the characteristic feature of a true gentleman.

**JOKE**—A city contemporary claims to be the only religious paper in Oregon.

Modesty does not consist in mere affectation—there something deeper than show.

Whatever we attempt to do we should endeavor to do the very best we can.

The sun sometimes shines from behind a cloud—so does that of prosperity.

Mr. Ladruj Royal, Principal of Sheridan Academy, was compelled by illness to resign that position.

### DELAYED.

On account of the death of E. D. Williams, the publication of our paper was delayed.

### CLOSING OUT.

S. FRIEDMAN is now closing out his entire stock of Goods regardless of cost. He intends to replenish his stock with an entire NEW SUPPLY.

The Drug Store in connection with his establishment will, however, not close out.

Students and others, wishing bargains, give him a call. Next door to Post Office.



## The Willamette Collegian.

### College B. B. C.

The College Base Ball Club was organized in the spring of 1870, but did not come into notice until the following year when receiving a challenge from the Marions of Salem, then a club of considerable note. They defeated them in a closely contested game upon the fair grounds, and the following week the second game of the series was played in Salem, when they again came off victors. They won several victories of lesser importance during the season, and in the following spring (1872) they played the Monmouth club at Monmouth, being defeated by a very small score, but on the following Saturday they defeated the same club at Independence, over three to one. In 1871 they played the Pioneers of Portland, then champions of the State, defeating them fourteen runs. The second game was played at Portland in which the Pioneers were victorious by two runs. The third and decisive game of the series was played during the State Fair, in which the College boys came off victorious by thirty runs. In 1874 they played a series with the Arcadians, of Portland, in which they were victorious in the first and third games. In 1875 they were defeated by the Aldines, of Salem, and during the last State Fair they played for the championship and a premium, defeating the Pioneers, of Portland, and the Aldines, of Salem, carrying off the blue ribbon and the prize. The following names compose the club: James Coleman C., Geo. W. Belt P., Jas. McCully S. S., John Belt 1 B., Wm. Basket 2 B., R. A. Miller 3 B., R. D. Rickey L. F., Wm. Hawkins C. F., Oscar Taylor R. F.

### Base Ball Tournament.

One of the most interesting features of the late State Fair was the games of base ball played for the premiums which were offered. The College and Aldines, of Salem, and the Pioneers, of Portland, entered. The premiums were \$50 and \$40. The first game was between the College and Pioneer Clubs. At the commencement of the game the Pioneers held their own, but the old College iron soon began to tell, and at the fifth inning the College made a run of 18. From this to the close of the game the College Club gained heavily, making 18 runs; Pioneers four. The College Club took the game by 42, to the Pioneers' 13 runs. On the following day the game between the gallant Aldines and the College Club came off, which resulted in favor of the College Club, by 24 to 13. The Aldines were not in the best condition, their catcher, just recovering from sickness, or the game would have been very close. As it was the Aldines played well under the circumstances.

In the afternoon of the same day the tired Aldines were compelled to meet the Pioneers of Portland, and although their catcher and short-stop could scarcely stand, they led the game until the sixth inning when the Pioneers made a heavy score. At the seventh inning the score was 18 to 17 in favor of the Pioneers, who knowing if they played farther they would suffer another defeat, withdrew from the game and made tracks for home. The Umpire decided the game in favor of the Aldines and thus the College Club and the Aldines took both premiums. Portland—nehil est.

### Aldine B. B. C.

Was organized in April 1875, and the following nine was chosen for the season, though it has been changed since from necessity: Captain J. L. Wortman C., F. M. McCully P., W. D. Fenton S. S., J. N. Moores 1 B., E. D. Crandall 2 B., John Riggs 3d B., M. G. Royal L. F., G. A. Peebles C. F., Horace Knox R. F. The Aldines played the College Club on June 4th, making 30 runs to the College 17, and with the same club on the 18th they played, winning by 24 to 14. The Aldines entered the contest for the premiums offered at the late State Fair and took the second premium, defeating the Pioneers by 9 to 0. They were defeated by the College club, making 13 to their opponents 24.

### Personal.

During Fair week Mr. J. L. Wortman, one of our ablest contributors was in Salem, and did much towards "scooping up" the Pioneers. We understand he is in a fair way to receive the appointment to the military school at Annapolis, Maryland. No one is better qualified for that position than he, and his many friends would feel proud to see him secure the appointment. If he should not receive the appointment, Alka Society will still retain one of its best members, the Aldines its surest catcher, and the University an excellent student.

### Supplement.

Until further notice subscribers will be furnished with the songs used at Friday afternoon exercises. These songs will be in supplement form, for each succeeding two weeks. An error occurred in the chorus to "Forgive and Forget" in to-day's supplement, which was not noticed until it had been printed. We hope students will take warning from our ignorance of music and join Mrs. Patterson's class in music.

### Beautiful Poem.

This month's paper contains a poem written for the COLLEGIAN, by the renowned authoress, "Mem Linton." The subject, as will be seen, is on Oregon scenery. The thought is sublime and the language used elegant. The same author has consented to honor our paper with more contributions from her facile pen.

### Pleased.

Many former students in the Willamette University attended the State Fair and while so doing, put up at the Chemeketa Hotel. They express themselves pleased with the treatment they received from Mr. Smith, the proprietor, and say he keeps a first class hotel.

### The West Shore

Is the title of a literary paper, published in Portland, Oregon, by L. Samuels. It is an eight page paper illustrated with Oregon scenery. It is handsomely printed, ably edited and devoted to art and literature.

### Miss Gerlie Holmes,

Formerly a student in the University, has been spending some time in the city with friends. Many friends would greet her return to the University with pleasure.

### Joint Meeting.

It is intended by the Alka and Athenaeum Societies to have a joint meeting in about four weeks. These meetings are very interesting and pleasant.

### Natural History Lectures.

The lectures on Natural History, by Rev. P. S. Knight will commence Tuesday night, November 23, and continue every week for five weeks, at the Chapel of Willamette University.

A. F. McAtee, formerly a student in the University, met with a severe accident a short time since. He is now in Portland undergoing treatment for the injuries received and we trust he may soon recover.

W. W. Martin will either furnish customers with elegant watches, or repair your old ones in good shape.

### Programme.

The following is the programme for the afternoon exercises next Friday, Oct. 29th:

#### MUSIC.

Declamation.....Jno. E. Payton.  
Composition.....R. J. Nichols.  
Recitation.....Maria Starr.  
Declamation.....Lorenzo Shirley.  
Declamation.....A. P. Stansbery.  
Composition.....Isaac McCully.  
MUSIC.

Recitation.....Ella Wright.  
Composition.....Koto Yamanaka.  
Declamation.....George Nickerson.

#### ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS—SONG.

### SOCIETIES.

#### Concordia Society.

OFFICERS—President, Annie Lawrence; Vice President, Etta McKinnay; Secretary, Mary Powell; Treasurer, Ella Mooney; Librarian, Laurena Marks; Censor, Emma Jones. The Concordia Society meets at the close of school on Friday evenings. Held with the Pioneers, in the third story of the building. Visitors are cordially invited to attend.

#### Hesperian Society.

OFFICERS—President, T. M. Johnson; Vice President, John E. Payton; Secretary, D. F. Stoffer; Treasurer, W. A. Graves; Librarian, W. E. Rinehart; Censor, T. G. Jory. Hesperians meet on Friday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Hall in the third story of the University, opposite the Cabinet. The society is governed by Cassin's Manual in all points of order. Civil, Political and Scientific questions are discussed by the society, but no religious questions.

#### Athenaeum Society.

OFFICERS—President, Ida Hutton; Vice President, Mary Strong; Recording Secretary, Olive Chamberlin; Corresponding Secretary, Emma Hevendon; Treasurer, Elizabeth McNary; Librarian, Ella M. Hendrick; Censor, Sarah W. Griffin. The Athenaeum Society meets immediately after the close of school, Friday afternoon, occupying same Hall as their Alka brothers.

#### Alka Society.

OFFICERS—President, Richmond Kelly; Vice President, A. N. Moores; Secretary, X. N. Steeves; Censor, J. E. Nichols; Treasurer, R. A. Miller; Librarian, Harry W. Wells. The Alka Society meets in their Hall on the third floor, at eight o'clock, Friday evening of each week. Their hall is beautifully decorated and is in every way attractive. Visitors are invited to be present at meetings.

## WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

T. M. GATCH, PRESIDENT.

### Faculty of the Department of Medicine.

SESSION OF 1875-76.

H. CARPENTER, M. D., Professor of Civil and Military Surgery, with Clinical Surgery.

DANIEL PAYTON, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, with Clinical Midwifery.

C. H. HALL, M. D., Professor of Pathology and Practice of Medicine, with Clinical Medicine.

D. M. JONES, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

JAS. W. McAFEE, M. D., Professor of Surgical and Descriptive Anatomy, with Clinical Surgery.

L. L. ROWLAND, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Microscopy.

O. D. DONE, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

C. F. A. PLUMMER, M. D., Professor of the Science of Hygiene.

HON. RUFUS MALLORY, U. S. District Attorney, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.

The Tenth Regular Course of Lectures will commence with the Public Address on the evening of the 7th December, 1875.

For further information see Circular.

\* H. CARPENTER, M. D., Dean of Faculty. Salem, Oregon, September, 1875.

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## TIDAL WAVE OF PROGRESS.

INCOLAS.

Starting from the plains of Central Asia in primeval times, man has moved on towards the setting sun, keeping step, in his westward march, to the music of flowing ages. On and on, across continents, seas and deserts, he has moved with the certainty of fate, as though following the direction indicated by the finger of destiny. Generations perish, but posterity takes up the march; nations crumble, empires collapse—six thousand years have rumbled into the vaults of eternity, and still the "tidal-wave of progress" sweeps on, founding cities, building trans-continental railroads, endowing institutions of learning, growing in intelligence, improving in the arts, worshipping God.

Thus it has been and thus it will continue to be, so long as man exists with his God-given intellect—and who can tell but that civilization, as it rolls on measuring the length of latitudes and the width of zones, will leap, with a single bound the chasm of the Pacific—subdue the ignorance and superstition of Oriental nations, and then sweep round to its old mustering point and be reconsecrated and re-baptized amid the hills and vales that cradled its infancy. As with retrospective glance we view the pathway humanity has made in its westward surges, we perceive the impress of man's intellect everywhere manifested, and the legible gleamings of his powerful genius written in the laws, customs and literature of nations. Each succeeding age has been the outgrowth of the one preceeding, and all have contributed their thought, invention and intelligence towards moulding the proud civilization of the 19th century. The energies of the human race have never flagged in the field of science and social improvement; and all along the pathway of man's westward march may be seen broken monuments of ignorance, that have crumbled before the advance of learning, and these are the mile-stones which indicate the advances he has made in art and science. The shadowy gleamings of something beyond the reach of man's intellect have spurred on his energies to their highest tension, and the result has been our wealth in literature—our poetry and eloquence—our practical-progressive-liberalism. The age in which we live is essentially the product of all the ages that have preceded it, and to-day the brain of the world endowed with the rich experience of centuries, is engaged in the production of living thought and invention with which to meet the growing demands of the living present. Old notions of science and

social economy have given place to the product of rich experience, and you may just as well go back to the Egyptian catacombs, bring forth the mummies that have slumbered for ages and call them the living thinkers, as to engraft old foggy ideas and obsolete notions upon our living intelligence.

Thus has the "tidal-wave of progress" swept over the world, gradually forming a solid social compact between science and religion, opening new fields of labor. We behold the grand old temple of science unveiled to our observation and its beautiful proportions exposed to our view; the mysterious sanctuary of philosophy and logic have been invaded; and the two great volumes of nature and revelation have been opened,—to-day, "Progress!" is the shout of nations starting from the slumber of ages.

## LEGEND OF THE WALLOWA.

INCOLAS.

We shall locate the scene of our brief narrative in Eastern Oregon, in Wallowa Valley. The valley here mentioned surpasses the finest conceptions of the imagination in native beauty and elemental grandeur. It would seem as though some powerful subterranean force had tossed up huge mountains, inclosing a most beautiful valley within solid walls of rock of massive formation. Cold streams leaping from cleft to cleft, rush into the valley, forming a magnificent lake near the center; and from this lake a stream winds its devious way through the mazes of the valley, like a sheet of silver, glistening in the gorgeous sun-light. Far up the mountain side, beneath the protecting shadows of giant pines, and by the side of a crystal spring, dwelt an Indian family, one member of which was a dusky maiden. An Indian chief paid his addresses to her, which were received with favor. One day while her lover was on the chase the maiden chanced to stray from her father's home, when she was attacked by a fierce monster, she fled to the borders of the lake, still pursued by the monster, and, being an excellent swimmer, swam to the center of the lake, the monster following, where they both were drowned. The Indian chief returned and ascertaining the end of his betrothed went to the lake where, it is said, his own body assumed the form of a spirit, and was seen no more. To-day the Indians of the Valley refuse to enter the water of the lake, as they claim it is sacred to the two Indian spirits who hover around its surface.

It was a bright boy who told his teacher that there were three sects—the male sex, the female sex, and the insects.

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# Supplement to The Collegian.

## O, MY NATIVE LAND IS FAIR.

Oh, my native land is fair!  
Sweet its breezy mountain air!  
On the wild paths of her mountains,  
By the clear waves of her fountains,  
On her verdant pastures rare:  
Oh, my native land is fair!  
Oh my native land is fair!

Oh, my native land is fair!  
Fresh the winds that wander there;  
Pure the hill brooks' silvery gushing,  
Down from rock to rock swift rushing;  
And my father's cot stands there;

Oh, my native land is fair!  
In its breezy mountain air;  
'Mong her mountains, brooks and wild-  
wood,  
Pass'd my careless days of childhood;  
Swift the moments fled there;—  
(Page 67 "Hour of Singing")

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Oh, forgive and forget, for this life is too  
fleeing  
To waste it in brooding o'er wrongs we  
have met;  
It is better, far better to smother our an-  
ger,  
To teach the proud heart to forgive and  
forget.  
Oh, teach your proud heart to forgive  
and forget,  
Oh, teach your proud heart to forgive  
and forget.

In the path we must tread, leading down  
to the valley,  
Are crosses and trials to lift and to bear;  
And the chalice of life, from which we are  
now drinking,  
Often bears to our lips drops of sorrow  
and care.

But this life is so short, be it sunshine or  
shadow,  
That we cannot afford to brood over a  
wrong;  
Let us lift up our burdens, and bear them  
on bravely,  
We'll lay them down shortly, it cannot  
be long.

Then forgive and forget, if the friends we  
lov'd fondly  
Prove themselves to be false and unwor-  
thy of trust;  
Oh, deal with them kindly, for they are  
but mortals,  
Erring like us, for we too are but dust.  
Oh! deal with them tenderly, pity their  
weakness,  
We know every heart has its evil and  
good;  
We all have one Father in heav'n, hence  
are brothers,  
Then let us forgive and forget as we  
should.