

of profound though smothered indignation, because it was believed that this young merchant's yacht was wrecked designedly; that he was assassinated with his wife and friends. And for what? Because he had established an opposition ferry to relieve from a ferry-boat monopoly the people who pass daily between Staten Island and New York. The suspicion that this monopoly resorted to such a criminal outrage to maintain itself was probably false; but the astonishing thing is that it could be harbored, that the public had reasons for deeming it not improbable. Since that time a telegraph monopoly has been compelled to pay a rival company half a million dollars in damages for cutting down and destroying its wires in the same city. To crush a rival with pitiless disregard of consequences, to attempt with capital and a certain knowledge to rob those who have capital but not that knowledge, a transaction which is called a "corner," if not recognized as entirely legitimate transactions, are acknowledged to be "business."

The sixty-eight thousand votes cast for the election of Henry George, as mayor of New York, are admitted by his successful rival to signify that something besides the application of physical force and the laws of trade is required to make our civilization, not satisfactory, indeed, but endurable. At the beginning of the wonderful development which I have briefly outlined, our progressive Aryan race erected a banner of "rights," and under that sign we conquered. To convert our achievements into blessings, we now need to inscribe "duty" and "*noblesse oblige*" upon our banner, and with those as our watchwords we shall advance to nobler issues. We have derived all the benefit that is possible from crossing the continent in six days, if our object be only selfish and greedy. In the Christmas tide, upon which we are now entering, there are many who will share the spirit of the occasion without acknowledging it as the anniversary of the birth of the true Messiah. In a certain real sense, it must be admitted by those who celebrate His birth, that He is yet to come, and all who appreciate what His coming means, "when all men's good shall be each man's rule," will say, with the poor and suffering woman—a child, rather, of sixteen years—a "crazy" poetess who had looked deep into the heart of Christ, and then been frenzied by the cold selfishness of Christendom:—

Oh, that He would come! We want the Christ!
We want a God to burn the truth
Afresh upon the forehead of the world!
We want a Man to walk once more among
The wrangling Pharisees, to drive the boasters
And money changers from the courts;
To bring the Gospel back again, and prove
How all unlike the churches are to Christ.

We want that Christ to tell again the saints
Their sins,—that they were sent to bless the poor,
And they have sold themselves unto the rich;
To give the world a passion for the truth,
To inspire us with a holy, human love,
To make us sure that ere a man can be
A saint, he first must be a man.

S. B. PETTENGILL.

THE COQUILLE BAR.

A retrospective view of the condition of the bar at the mouth of the Coquille river will surprise the majority of our people. The work of improvement has, of course, been conducted slowly, but nevertheless surely, and few are, perhaps, aware of the extent and value of the labor already performed. Since the commencement of the work, the channel has been forced northward several hundred feet away from the dangerous reef through which the channel formerly passed. It now sweeps straight out to sea, in a direction almost due west, through a space entirely free from troublesome rocks, with one exception, and that lies some distance inside the mouth of the river. That obstruction, however, will shortly be no more, for Capt. Littlefield has been drilling the rock preparatory to blowing it to pieces, and before long the only dangerous obstruction to the present channel will be removed.

Since the work of improvement was inaugurated, there has been an increase in the depth of water on the bar, that has materially affected our shipping interests, and as a standing proof of the benefit derived from the money and labor expended, the carrying capacity of the vessels coming into our port has been doubled—that is, vessels can cross our bar now with twice the cargo they formerly carried.

The jetty has been extended about fifteen hundred feet, and the abutment now stands squarely out into the sea. This withstood the terrific battery of breakers and drift during the whole of last winter, and particularly the terrible storm in mid winter, successfully resisting the immense power brought to bear against it, with the exception of about sixty feet in the middle, where a few loose piles were knocked away from the top of the jetty. The ballast, however, was not disturbed, and the great stories that were circulated at that time about the channel forcing its way through the breakwater, were untrue. The work being done at present is prudently confined to strengthening the part already built, to make a surer safe-guard against the storms of the coming winter.—*Coquille Herald*.

For the first time in its history, Oregon has a State Printer in fact, as well as in name. Since his election to that office, Mr. Frank C. Baker has purchased a large outfit, consisting of three presses and a great quantity and assortment of type, which he has placed in position in the new quarters assigned him in one wing of the capitol building. Although his term of office does not begin until January, he is already doing all the state work under contract with W. H. Byars, the retiring official. He employs twenty-two men, and has one of the largest and most complete offices north of San Francisco. His facilities admit of a large increase of this force whenever the exigencies of the service require it. There is every prospect now of having our statutes issued before they are totally forgotten.