

NATIVE LAND.

The figures of the estimated product of this country's labor for 1883 makes one dizzy. Look at them! Wheat, 420,000,000 bushels; corn, 1,600,000,000 bushels; oats, 500,000,000 bushels; barley, 50,000,000 bushels; cotton, 6,000,000 bales. The wool, hay, butter, beef, cheese, fruit and tobacco are in proportion; the gold and silver will hold their own. The lumber yield will be equal in value to all the commerce of the fathers. The manufactories will turn off a product which would have been incomprehensible a few years ago. Nearly 12,000 miles of railroad, representing \$700,000,000, have been constructed. The houses and bridges constructed this year will aggregate a sum more than sufficient to found a state. Probably 600,000 immigrants have come from abroad to make their homes with us, and yet all has moved so smoothly that no honest man has felt the friction of the law, and not one restraint has been placed on any man's right to win for himself any place or any part of this wealth which he might honestly acquire. The conquests of the ancient world seem barren indeed before this spectacle of our people moving on to the full possession of this continent. There have been triumphal marches in the past; there have been pageants which with pencil and pen have been illustrated; but no such sovereign picture as is daily presented by the achievements of the American nation has ever before been sketched on canvas or invoked to make history luminous. And new voices are being awakened daily. The roar of the rivers is drowned by the roar of new factories; the nights are lighted by new fires where forge and furnace have been put in blast; the drowsy bird of prey which went to sleep dreaming that his cry was secure is startled by the apparition of a new star which is the headlight of the locomotive being pushed into the wilds; in towns which did not exist a year ago the two hostages for order and peace—the deep respiration of the power press and the songs of children, as with swinging satchels, they go to and return from school—are heard; on mountain crests, which a year ago were but signal stations for the eagle, the deep breath of the hoisting engine and the roar of stamps are heard; out on the prairie, which, until this year, waited through sun and rain and through the processions of succeeding seasons for a possessor, now in comfortable homes mothers are lulling their babies to sleep with songs which will bind the east and west together with new ties. It is a winsome picture and might be drawn out indefinitely, but it is not necessary. — Walla Walla Union.

Secretary Teller's annual report will, it is said, be freighted with an idea. It is that congress will subvert the public interests by cutting down the Crow reservation, which now amounts to about 3,000 acres for every Indian concerned. Mr. Teller says that while the government is exercising its whole power to hinder the white man from getting more than 150 acres of land, although he may speedily make it productive, the Indian is permitted to keep thousands of acres more than he can use. The secretary would cut down all the great reservations to the actual needs of the Indians, paying just what the surplus is worth, and spending the money in educating their children and in furnishing the Indians with supplies and farming implements.

The annual report of the paymaster-general of the army to the secretary of war shows the receipts for the last fiscal year to be \$15,490,310; disbursements, \$13,382,164. The remainder was deposited in the treasury. Since the last report, five officers of the pay department have retired, having attained the age of 64, one died and one was dismissed for misappropriating public funds.

The First Printer on the Pacific Coast.

Died—At Falmouth, Maine, September 19, 1883, Hon. Edgar Oscar Hall, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Hall was the first printer on this coast. He was born in Walpole, New Hampshire, October 21, 1810. In January, 1834, he made a public profession of religion, and feeling called to a special service for his Master he offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Being a practical printer of New York city, he was sent out the next year, with his wife, Sarah Lynn Williams, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to the Sandwich Islands, in company with Rev. Titus Coan and others, as the sixth reinforcement to that mission which had been established fifteen years before. He was commissioned as assistant secular agent and printer. For fifteen years he labored in the work, having charge of the mission press, and translating and printing bibles, hymn books, books of theology, mathematics, geography, history, science and the like in the Hawaiian language. In 1839 the Hawaiian church at Honolulu donated to the Oregon mission of the American Board among the Indians a printing press, a small font of type, with paper and other things valued at four hundred and fifty dollars. The health of Mrs. Hall being poor it was hoped that a trip to Oregon would benefit her, and as none of the members of the Oregon mission were printers, it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Hall should come with the press, set it up, begin the printing and teach others the art. Accordingly they left the Sandwich Islands, March 24, 1839, and came to Oregon. The press was taken to Lapwai, now in Idaho, and during the summer, the first printing west of the Rocky mountains, as far as known, was done there by Mr. Hall, the first work done, being a small elementary book in the Nez Percés language. Mr. Hall taught others, both whites and Indians, how to print, so that when he returned to the Sandwich Islands the next year, probably, those who remained were able in a small way to carry on the work. The press remained at Lapwai until 1847, when it was taken to the Tualatin plains, near Hillsboro, and the Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist, the second newspaper of Oregon, was printed on it, under the proprietorship of Rev. J. S. Griffin. The press is now at Salem, in the Historical rooms of Oregon. — Post-Intelligencer.

There is a striking passage in which a great philosopher, the famous Bishop Berkeley, describes the thought which occurred to him of the inscrutable schemes of Providence as he saw, in Saint Paul's cathedral, a fly moving on one of the pillars. "It requires," he says, "some comprehension in the eye of an intelligent spectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole or the distinct use of its parts, was inconspicuous. To that limited view the small irregularities on the surface of the hewn stone seemed to be so many deformed rocks and precipices." That fly on the pillar of which the philosopher spoke, is the likeness of each human being as he creeps along the vast pillars which support the universe. The sorrow which appears to us nothing but a yawning chasm or hideous precipice may turn out to be but the joining or cement which binds together the fragments of our existence into a solid whole! That dark and crooked path in which we have to grope our way in doubt and fear may be but the curve which, in the full daylight of a brighter world, will appear to be

the necessary finish of some choice ornament, the inevitable span of some majestic arch! — Dean Stanley.

While the new world is busy with canal projects, from Chagres to Choptank and Choptank to Cape Cod, no less interest in this sort of engineering enterprise is felt in Europe. Among the lately revived undertakings is the old one for connecting the North Sea and the Baltic. The first practical steps toward severing the Danish peninsula was taken just a century ago. The Eider empties into the North Sea below Tennington, and the deepening of that stream in 1784 went far toward opening a waterway from Kiel, on the Baltic. During the past fifty years the project of a regular ship canal has from time to time been broached; and now Germany, having possessed herself of Holstein, is in a position to build it within her own domains. The canal, of course, would have military as well as commercial aims, as it would enable the Baltic and North Sea squadrons of Germany to promptly re-enforce each other.

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