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The Printing Press

(The following poem, written by Robert Starkey, of this city, and published in the Washington, D. C. Vedette, several years ago is reproduced here as the best specimen of the work of one of Coos Bay's poets.)

My advent 's hailed in every land
With unmistakable glee;
The nations bound with tyrant hand
Rest their chief hope on me.
I'm feared by those who are unjust;
The despot dreads my might;
My power, tho' truth lies in the dust,
Will bring it into light.
I'm loved by those whose lives are pure,
And hated by the evil doer.
I search the records of the tomb
And scan the silent bier,
Save from obscurity and gloom
The fame that man holds dear.
I raise the form that has been flung
Down by oppressive hate;
I soothe the aged; teach the young,
And help to rule the State.
My path is peace; my precepts good;
I am chief of a world-wide Brotherhood.
I am impartial, and I claim
That thus I've ever stood.
My mission has no selfish aim,
But universal good.
I bow the knee to none, nor will
Base persecution mind;
My course is clear—my object still
The welfare of mankind,
Tho' tyrants crush me out of sight,
Still I will struggle for the right.
Empires and kingdoms may be cast
Down by the hand of fate,
Still I remain—the conflict past—
Secure in my estate.
My army is a peaceful force;
To peaceful arts I cling;
My store of wealth, a fruitful source,
And never-failing spring.
Draw near, 'tis knowledge I supply;
The fountain 's free, and ne'er runs dry.
I am the true, the great, free lance
To pierce pretentious power
In those who would, thro' ignorance,
The peoples' standard lower.
My aim has been, from time of birth,
To raise man from a clod,
And see him stand in moral worth
Much nearer to his God!
Then read—my banner 's aye unfurled—
The legend—"Educate the World!"
Humanity we know is frail,
That is the common lot;
And if my agents sometimes fail,
'Tis but a transient blot.
With truth my cause is always strong.
My boys the truth will mix—
They draw the bow and stretch it long
In party politics.
Still millions love where thousands hate,
The chief of an undivided State.