

PUBLIC LEDGER.

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J. WHITMORE, Publisher and Proprietor.

JOAQUIN'S WIFE.

Minnie Myrtle Miller Again on the Rostrum—Another Reading of the Poet of the Sierras.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Nov. 13. Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller delivered her second lecture on "Joaquin Miller, the Poet and the Man," to an audience of about three hundred persons.

Her lecture was delivered in clear, ringing tones, and abounded in the most delicate satire.

Her sarcastic allusions to her illustrious and romantic life were highly appreciated by her hearers, and so sharp and cutting was the vein of wit and satire running all through it that the audience was kept in continual smiles and good humor.

Punctually at eight o'clock the lecturer emerged from the waiting-room and ascended the rostrum with a quick, decisive step.

She was greeted with applause, which she acknowledged with a grateful bow.

She unrolled her manuscript, arranged it on the table before her and began her lecture, speaking in a clear, quick tone and an earnest manner.

She began by apologizing for her appearance before a San Francisco audience again, and returning her thanks for the warm and hearty reception she had met with in this city, where she was an entire stranger.

Having briefly explained the hard necessity which drove her into the lecture field in the hope of gaining support for herself and her helpless children, and assured her hearers that, distasteful as it was to her, she gladly made the sacrifice in order that her babies might not go hungry, she turned her attention to the subject of her lecture.

She said: "I think I know whereof I speak when I speak of Joaquin Miller. When I speak of the Poet of the Sierras I speak of one greater than I, the lecturer of whose literary shows I am not worthy to loosen. He is a very sensible man, a wise man, a practical man, and he will view this matter in a common sense way.

He was always very anxious about discouraging me whenever he thought I would not succeed, and this was wise and necessary. Of course, if he sees that I am likely to fail in this business, he will condemn me for it with his usual earnestness; but if he sees that I am likely to succeed, I know his nature well enough to know that he will proffer his kindly assistance in getting up the lectures—and consent to share in the profits.

She referred to an article published in one of the newspapers recently, in which she was styled a venerable emigrant of the poet's affections, and purporting to show how, as she said, the guileless young poet came down from the Sierras, fresh from his wigwam fires, to be ensnared by a woman many years younger than he, and made more miserable need.

She sketched the life of the poet in the mines, where he wheeled dirt and shoveled slum for one month, when a flood washed away all the fruits of his labor and he threw up mining in disgust, and, after roaming the wild woods for a while, went to editing a newspaper. But, perhaps, his greatest misfortune was his meeting with the venerable emigrant of Point Blanco. He grew tired of writing editorials, grew tired of all labor, and told his printers he must go to the sea-coast for his health.

So one morning he mounted his spotted courser, that stood impatiently waiting for his rider, and, raising his hand to a smiling groom who stood at the door, rode gracefully toward the west. Never was there a more graceful rider, and never one who was prouder of his horsemanship. He rode on through the shadow of the deep woods, past the Three Sisters, through the narrow valley of the Umpqua, with its yellow stubble-fields and its laden orchards toward the sea. The scenery was grand and inspiring, and the poet, gazing on its beauties, became oblivious of all else, and the spotted courser led him astray. At night the editor of the Eugene City Register was lost in the mountains. It was nothing to him to tramp in the woods in blankets, and the next morning he found the trail, and at twilight arrived on the bluff overlooking her home.

She then gave a very beautiful and poetic description of her home in the fisherman's cottage by the seaside. He rode up to the door, leaping the spotted horse over the logs that lay in front of the house, and dismounted, removing his ponderous spurs that made his heels so dignified. She described their meeting, and the days they spent together in rambling on the beach and sealing the crabs overhanging the ocean.

He knew nothing about boats or canoes, while she prided herself on her skill in managing a canoe. One day they started to go across the river in a canoe to gather shells on the opposite bank. She let the boat float down the river, and it finally was caught in the ebbing tide and carried among the breakers at the mouth of the river. She struggled hard against the waves, but her hair was blown about by the wind, and she was shouting, "Pull, Minnie, pull for God's sake!" Her struggles were unavailing and they were carried farther out, and were every moment in danger of upsetting. Suddenly the poet arose and threw off his coat, pulled off his boots, and the two men about jumping overboard, and breaking her to her knees, when a wave caught them and landed them both high on the beach. She was vexed and disappointed, and young ladies who had

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LEDGER.

PAPER. Paper! Paper! Paper! OF ALL KINDS. A. V. DU PONT & CO. Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers, Louisville, . . . . . Kentucky

The pleasure of reading ten-cent novels would understand why she was angry. She had expected her hero to plunge into the waves and save her from drowning, but after several years' experience with him, and especially after reading "Kit Carson's Ride," and other poems of his, she had grave doubts whether he would have saved her or left her to take her chances. At any rate she was repelled now to having been saved by the waves.

Joaquin Miller was a true son of the gods. He was the most poetic man she had ever seen, or heard, or read of. It was the essence of poetry which pervaded his life, that had made him the marvelous mixture of good and bad that he is. There was nothing on the face of the earth which accords with his notions of poetry that he would not do, if he could, and nothing devoid of poetry that he would willingly do. It was very late in life before he studied religion. His father was a devout Christian, and when Joaquin heard him repeating the Lord's Prayer he loved it for its poetry. He paid little attention to creeds or religions, judging all by the elements of the poetical that entered into them. He regarded the Bible as one of the greatest of literary productions—nothing more or less. He recognized Christ as one of the greatest men that ever lived, and admired him for his poetical career and tragic death. He liked the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic church simply because they were mysterious and beautiful. It would be found on examination that he never did anything, nor sustained an opinion, except in the light of poetry. In this way his religion was formed. He took all the poetry out of the Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Pagan religions, and out of this made up something which he called his religion. There was much in the Indian character and worship which he admired. He said the sun was light and heat, therefore it was God, and the children of the sun were not entirely wrong.

He wanted the children to be pale and puny, because, he said, children of literary parents were almost always delicate and pale. He was annoyed because Maud was strong and fat, and had a perfectly healthy organization, and often took comfort in the thought that Brick was weak and puny. He had an idea that illegitimate were more precocious and better adapted to literary pursuits than those born in wedlock, and he often said to her of their children: "I don't care for these children; they are legitimate." He was always contemplating death, and made his will about once a month. It got to be amusing to see what varied dispositions he made of his effects at times. He never willed anything to her except his love-letters. He always wanted to be burned after death. He liked nearly everything which did not meet the approval of the world at large. Everything wild and romantic was his delight. He took particular pleasure in contemplating the lives and deeds of criminals. Outlaws and desperadoes were his especial pets, and he was fond of every criminal from Joaquin Murietta to Victoria Woodhull. The only speech he ever made as a lawyer was in defence of a horse thief.

She was not prepared to give any information in regard to his connection with the Indians. He usually talked to her about a young woman of his acquaintance who used to wear tar on her face and quills on her nose. He often said to her that this woman never annoyed him by wanting to take her sitting and go visiting when he wanted her to stay at home. He always insisted that every man should be absolutely master of his own house, and as she was brought up to the same belief she yielded everything to his will, and so accustomed did she become to it that her friends often said to her, "You make a god of him," and for a time it was true.

The lectures then passed to a critical dissection of Joaquin's poetry. She said he was graceful in his flow of rhyme, graphic in his descriptions, and vigorous in style. He lacked something of the noble nature, and did not seem to have those fine emotions which characterize many of the poets. But he had many of the qualities and all the genius of a true poet, and the world, she predicted, had not yet heard the prelude of the grand songs he would sing. But he was unstable, and never knew his own mind. One day he believed one thing, and the next day he didn't believe it. In proof of this, she referred to his interview with a reporter of the New York Sun, recently, in which he said in one place that he was very poor, and in another place he said his publishers sent him large sums of money for everything he writes. She said that perhaps she did not know him. Perhaps there were others who knew him better than she did. If so, let them come forward and speak. She would welcome them, and they would mingle their tears together, she said.

Here a chambermaid entered. Mr. Miller said, "Excuse me," and she left, with a smile.

"The poet—poor creature! poor creature! These poor chambermaids come to me and tell their stories, the history of their lives. This poor girl only gets nine dollars a month. I know them all. They all come to me, and tell me of their sufferings. Poor creatures (sady). This civilization is a monster."

Yes, said she, they tell him of their sorrows, these poor chambermaids. What can be more touching and poetical than this sympathy for chambermaids!

Mr. Miller closed with a few words in defence of her own course. She said she came from the wild woods of Oregon, without any experience in the lecture field, and with no friend to assist her. Her children were living with her mother, who was keeping a lodging house in Portland to support them. She had started out to make something with which to provide for them, and the few souls who knew and trusted her would yet see her succeed. She again thanked the newspapers for their favorable notices of her lecture, and assured them that she aged mother and the little babies who daily watch and wait and cry for her return would join her in her grateful acknowledgments.

At the close of her lecture, which lasted about an hour, a number of ladies and gentlemen went up to her and congratulated her on her success as a lecturer. She indicated that she would return again, on an entirely different subject before leaving the city.

G. D. Abies has given to the Annapolis Naval Academy a compass.

Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, is a queer looking man, with an anxious face. He always seems to be walked nearly to death. You can see him away out in the suburbs, with large shoes on his feet, his white mutton-chop whiskers waving in the wind, as if he were the Wandering Jew and had to move on. He has been, however, a very true and good friend of the United States, perhaps as kindly and loyal to the new Britain as to his native country. All the delay and fuss about the Alabama Treaty fell on Thornton's shoulders, for he devised the scheme of settling the difficulty, by restoring the war of good feeling. Whenever an Englishman comes to town, Thornton makes him put on his boots and go on a walking trip, and the man is fortunate if he returns to Washington without rawness around the ankles and heels. What in the world they talk about in these long walks is a subject of great anxiety among the average Washingtonians.—Chicago Tribune Letter.

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N. Y.—Shirts. We make a specialty, and make to order when required.

RAILROADS. MISSISSIPPI & TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME, COMMENCING Monday, October 28, 1872.

Trains will run as follows: LEAVE: ARRIVE: New Orleans Mail, daily, 1:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m. Express Train, daily, 4:30 p.m., 8:50 a.m. Freight Train, daily, 6:30 a.m., 6:10 p.m. Ticket office, 27 1/2 Main street and at Depot, foot of Main street.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE GREAT SOUTHERN RAILROAD

Winter Schedule, Oct. 27, 1872.

Express Train leaves daily (except Sunday) 3:55 a.m. Mail Train, daily, 6:10 a.m. Breckerville Accommodation leaves daily (except Sunday) 4:10 p.m.

No change of cars by this line for Louisville, St. Louis or Nashville. Fall and winter sleeping-cars on all night trains. The through car for St. Louis, Chicago and the West will be run on the 4:10 p.m. train, etc. on Saturdays, when it will be run on the 2:10 p.m. train. Passengers by the 4:10 p.m. train will have connection at Humboldt for all points on the Mobile and Ohio and Mississippi Central rail roads. For tickets or information, apply at Ticket Office, 237 1/2 Main St., Memphis. JOHN T. FLYNN, Superintendent. JAMES BRECK, Ticket Agent.

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