

# JOAQUIN MILLER,

# POET OF SIERRAS

## THE MISSOURI.

[Copyright, 1909, by C. H. Miller.]

Where ranged thy black maned woolly  
 bull  
 By millions, fat and unafraid;  
 Where gold, unclaimed in cradefuls,  
 Slept mid the grass roots, gorge and  
 glade:  
 Where peaks companioned with the stars  
 And propped the blue with shining white,  
 With massive silver beams and bars,  
 With copper bastions, height on height—  
 There wast thou born, O lord of strength!  
 O yellow lion, leap and length  
 Of arm from out an arctic chine  
 To far, fair Mexic seas are thine!

What colors? Copper, silver, gold.  
 With sudden sweep and fury blent,  
 Enwound, unwound, inrolled, unrolled.  
 Mad molder of the continent!  
 What whirlpools and what choking cries  
 From out the concave swirl and sweep  
 As when some god cries out and dies  
 Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep!  
 Yet on, right on, no time for death,  
 No time to gasp, a second breath!  
 You plow a pathway through the main  
 To Morro's castle, Cuba's plain.

Hear sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas,  
 Gray father of the continent,  
 Fierce fashioner of destinies,  
 Of states thou hast unpeared or rent,  
 Thou know'st no limit, Seas turn back,  
 Bent, broken from the shaggy shores,  
 But thou in thy resistless track  
 Art lord and master evermore,  
 Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!  
 Missouri, master of the deep,  
 From snow reared Rockies to the sea  
 Sweep on, sweep on eternally!



By JAMES A. EDGERTON.  
**C**INCINNATUS HEINE MILLER  
 he was christened, and nobody  
 can blame him for changing it  
 to Joaquin. That was not  
 only more poetical, but was a better  
 fit. Cincinnatus Heine would naturally  
 belong to a conventional person, properly  
 barbered, clothed in the mode and  
 in his right mind, while Joaquin would  
 not be so circumspect. Neither was  
 Miller. There have been unconventional  
 poets before and doubtless will  
 be again, but never one so unconven-  
 tional as Joaquin Miller.

Miller was born in November, 1841,  
 in a prairie schooner headed west.  
 He remained headed west until he arrived  
 in Oregon at about the age of twelve,  
 his parents accompanying him. His  
 father, whom he called "papa" even  
 after both had long whiskers, was a  
 Quaker who taught school occasionally  
 and pioneered all the time. The  
 poet's mother lived with him until a  
 few years ago, Joaquin building a cot-  
 tage for her adjoining his own, where  
 she remained until her death.

After arriving in Oregon the lad  
 soon caught the gold fever and went  
 to California, but got more poetry than  
 gold out of the trip. About this time  
 he became the comrade of an Indian  
 and later participated in several In-  
 dian fights. He also made "copy" out  
 of the career of a desperado, Joaquin  
 Murieta, which some people who did  
 not like desperadoes resented. At some  
 time in his early life Miller had stud-  
 led law and when he returned to Ore-  
 gon was made a judge.

**How "Joaquin" Originated.**  
 While on the bench he published a  
 book of verse entitled "Joaquin et al.,"  
 which gained the praise of the Over-  
 land, but was unmercifully gazed by  
 the lawyers. They dubbed Judge Mil-  
 ler "Joaquin," and he took the name  
 as his own, seizing the opportunity to  
 get rid of the mellifluous but rather  
 too elaborate Cincinnatus Heine.

There are no present records as to  
 just how good or bad a judge Miller  
 made, but at any rate the writing bug  
 got the better of him, and he abandon-  
 ed the woolsock. Bret Harte took him  
 up, and not many years later the two  
 of them drifted to London. Owing  
 perhaps to his more picturesque make-  
 up, Miller made an impression on the  
 Britons sooner than Harte. He first  
 published a thin book of verse called  
 "Specimens," and, these being approv-  
 ed by the reigning literary faction  
 known as the "pre-Raphaelites," he  
 followed up the samples by a regular  
 consignment, this being called "Songs  
 of the Sierras."

Joaquin Miller was not as famous in  
 London as Byron, perhaps, but for  
 some moons was a literary lion, lead-  
 ing duchesses out to dinner and being  
 the fad of the hour. His getup had  
 not a little to do with his vogue. He  
 wore high topped boots with the trou-  
 sers stuffed in the tops. His coat was  
 the unbuttoned Prince Albert, now  
 made famous by the governor of Okla-  
 homa as the "jimslinger." A flaming  
 red shirt heightened the poet's sar-  
 torial effect as an exotic.

He was a tall and striking looking

**Japan to Conserve Water.**  
 The Japanese government has sus-  
 pended the granting of water power  
 rights by provincial authorities and is  
 making a systematic survey of the em-  
 pire's resources of that nature.

**Rudder Weighs a Hundred Tons.**  
 The heaviest rudder ever known, a  
 100 ton affair, has been built for the  
 new transatlantic liner Olympia.

man, with long hair and beard, then  
 as ever the typical plainsman. More-  
 over, he had written some real poetry  
 with the swing and breeze of the west  
 in the lines. One can imagine what  
 such a combination meant in London  
 drawing rooms.

**Returned to America.**  
 After his return from England Mil-  
 ler lived for a time in a log cabin in  
 the hills near Washington. He then  
 shaved all his beard except a flowing  
 mustache and imperial, and his hair  
 was also cropped to an approximate  
 shortness. While there some Wash-  
 ington ladies called on him to write a  
 poem about a new statue that was  
 about to be unveiled. Miller refused  
 to write the poem, holding that most  
 of our horseback statues are mon-  
 strosities that sin against art and that  
 represent little of the noble or heroic.  
 Instead he wrote a poem that was not  
 read at this unveiling, but has been  
 perused by several million people  
 since. The first stanza ran:  
 The bravest battle that ever was fought—  
 Shall I tell you where and when?  
 On the maps of the world you will find it  
 not.  
 It was fought by the mothers of men.

The last home of Joaquin Miller is  
 on a wild and picturesque mountain  
 overlooking the Golden Gate. It is  
 about two miles back and one mile  
 up from Oakland. Here the poet  
 planted trees in the form of a cross  
 now visible from all the country round-  
 about. He made his mountain estate  
 of a hundred acres, originally a wild  
 and barren spot, a place of trees and  
 flowers. Here he erected three cabins  
 —one for himself, one for his mother  
 and one for his Japanese attendants.  
 On the very top of the mountain he  
 built himself a funeral pyre where his  
 body was to be cremated.

One of the chief reasons for making  
 his nest in the mountains was that he  
 might be alone. Sightseers, not re-  
 specting this motive, flocked to the  
 place in droves, running over his flow-  
 ers, scattering lunch baskets and their  
 remains about the place and poking  
 the poet out wherever they could find  
 him. It was his habit to do his writ-  
 ing in bed in the forenoons, and the  
 industrious tourists would even break  
 in upon him while in the middle of an  
 inspiration. There is nothing like be-  
 ing popular, especially when one tries  
 to run away from his admirers.

**"Columbus" Highly Praised.**  
 One of the most famous of Joaquin  
 Miller's poems is his "Columbus,"  
 which the London Athenaeum once  
 pronounced the best American poem.  
 It begins:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
 Behind the gates of Hercules,  
 Before him not the ghost of shores,  
 Before him only shoreless seas.  
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
 For lo, the very stars are gone,  
 Brave admiral, speak. What shall I say?"  
 "Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on and on!'"  
 Even better known are his lines  
 which he afterward said were written  
 by the grave of Burns:

In men whom men condemn as ill  
 I find so much of goodness still,  
 In men whom men pronounce divine  
 I find so much of sin and plot,  
 I hesitate to draw a line  
 Between the two where God has not.

**World's Rainiest Spot.**  
 The Khasia hills, 200 miles north of  
 the bay of Bengal, are the rainiest re-  
 gion in the world, the annual precipi-  
 tation frequently exceeding 400 inches.

**Developing New Zealand's Electricity.**  
 New Zealand plans to spend about  
 \$10,000,000 in the next four years to  
 develop electric power from her lakes  
 and rivers.

## SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Luke Lea, New Senator From Tennessee.



Luke Lea, recently elected United States senator from Tennessee to succeed James R. Frazier, is owner and publisher of the Nashville Tennessean and American. Mr. Lea is but thirty-two years old, and when he takes his seat among the conscript fathers will be the youngest member of that august assemblage.

The United States senatorship is Luke Lea's first office. He has been active in politics since 1905, but never before was a candidate. In 1906 he made possible the nomination of Malcolm R. Patterson for governor. Governor John I. Cox was a candidate for renomination. The chairman of the Democratic state convention becoming confused, Lea seized the gavel, brought order out of turmoil, and Patterson was nominated. When Governor Patterson sought renomination he favored a county unit primary plan. Lea opposed this and in his newspaper, the Tennessean, boldly denounced Patterson and his plan and espoused the candidacy of the late Senator Edward W. Carmack. Patterson was renominated and re-elected. Senator Carmack was editor of Mr. Lea's newspaper when he was slain in 1908. From the time they split Mr. Lea has been unrelenting in his fight against Patterson, and he made impossible the re-election of Patterson last fall. In that campaign Lea had much to do with the nomination and election of Ben W. Hooper for governor. Hooper was the joint candidate of the Republicans and the prohibition Democrats and is the first Republican governor of Tennessee in thirty years.

**Mr. Lippitt of Rhode Island.**  
 Henry F. Lippitt, elected to succeed Nelson W. Aldrich as United States senator from Rhode Island, is a wealthy business man and a noted expert in the manufacture of cotton. For more than thirty years he has been identified with one of the great manufacturing industries of New England as employee, manager and owner. When he was but twenty-four and



HENRY F. LIPPITT.

had only two years' experience in the manufacturing of cotton goods his father made him superintendent of the Pacific mills at Lawrence, Mass. This was a mill of 40,000 spindles, employing some 500 hands. He made good and has since become known through-  
 out New England as an authority on textiles.

The senator elect is descended from John Lippitt, who settled in Providence in 1638, two years after the arrival of Roger Williams, and was assigned one of the so-called "home lots" in the original Providence plantation. The home of Senator Elect Lippitt is built on a part of that identical property. It has always remained in the family. Outside of his business interests Mr. Lippitt is most interested in yachting. He owns several fast ones and always sails his own craft. He will be fifty-five years old next October.

**The Galloping Reporter.**  
 W. R. Holt, the "galloping reporter" from London, described neatly at the New York Press club the essentials of good reporting.

"A good reporter," he said, "should be able to handle a man as an astronomer handles a telescope—that is, he should be able to draw him out, see through him and shut him up."

## THE SOLDIER WHO DID NOT RETURN

Sad Incident of the Spanish-American War.

Having business in the country, I stopped one morning for breakfast with an old woman who lived alone. She cultivated a little patch of vegetable garden in rear and a few flowers in front of her cabin, the latter being chiefly morning glories. They are rightly named. No flower is more in keeping with a bright summer morning; none more delicate reflects its glory. Then, too, there was the fragrance of the country, heightened by a newly mowed field on the other side of the road. After having eaten my breakfast I sat on the porch enjoying the delicious country landscape, the odors, the songs of the birds. After the old woman had cleared away the breakfast dishes she came out to do some pruning, and I fell into conversation with her. During our chat I mentioned that I had recently returned from Cuba.

"Cuba?" she said, a slight tremor passing over her. "You have been to Cuba?"  
 "I came from there a month ago."  
 "Did you see anything of my son there?"  
 "Your son? What is he like? What is his name?"  
 "He is tall. His hair and eyes are like that bird cawing in the tree over there."  
 "His name? You have not told me his name."  
 "Harry."

By this time I saw in the faraway look that there would be no practical use in getting information from her and let her talk on according to her own sweet will.

"When the war came," she said, "Harry was just eighteen years old. He wanted to go as a soldier, but he saw that it would break my heart to part with him, and he promised to stay with me. But I saw that he had come to an age when to stay in this little nest was not natural, just as the young birds fly away when they are grown, so I told him he had better go. For a week longer he kept his promise, though I had released him. He used to walk back and forth in the road, and I knew he was thinking of the exciting scenes going on in the war, and again I told him that he must not mind me, but go. Then he gave in and, going to a recruiting station, enlisted."

The old woman paused to wipe a tear from her eye. She was lost for the moment in a parting which she did not need to describe in words, for it was painted in the expressive lines of her face.

"Did you hear from him occasionally?" I asked.

"I heard once a week or oftener till they got to fighting down before Santiago. The last letter I got said they were fighting all the time. Harry wrote that every day they were drawing nearer to the town and when it was taken they would all go home—he would come home to me and never go away any more. I haven't heard a word from him from that day to this."

There was a tremble in the voice when she spoke the last sentence.

"And did no one of his comrades ever tell you anything about him?"

"His captain came to see me. I remember every word he said, for I have repeated them every day since he spoke them. 'Harry was the best man I had in my ranks,' he said, 'until he was wounded and sent to the hospital the day before the surrender. I went there to see him, and he told me that he wanted to get well for the sake of his old mother, who was counting the days till he would come back to her, and he made me promise that if I—if I went north—first—I would go to see you and tell you about him. So I've come to tell you that—well, he wasn't well enough to come with us, but when he's better he'll surprise you some morning by walking in on you as sound as he was the day he left you.'"

It was plain from these words that the captain, though he might have been brave enough to face the Spaniards, was too cowardly to tell this old woman that her son had died for his country. Five years had passed without tidings, but they had not deceived the mother, who hoped one that she had nursed as a babe, who had toddled in and out of her cabin as a child and left her on the verge of manhood, would return to her. I was not sure that my surmises were correct, and had I been sure I would not have taken away the old woman's hope. When I left her I spoke no word of encouragement, nor did I tell her that I considered the chance of her son's return not one in a hundred. The last words I heard her say were: "He'll come."

A year later I went to the country again. I found the old woman's cabin deserted. Neighbors told me that her son had not returned. She had gone to him.

**Simplicity of Expression.**  
 A story was told on Martin Lomasney at the Cape Cod commercial travelers' dinner by Representative Pope of Leominster: "Last session Lomasney was seen talking to some one in one of the corridors, and as I passed I heard these words: 'Shall I write him?' 'No,' said Lomasney; 'never write a thing when you can talk, and never talk when you can nod your head.'"—Boston Record.

# Roll of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

## Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States  
 Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.  
 Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$527,342.88  
 Total ASSETS, \$2,951,048.26

Honesdale, Pa., December 1, 1910.

**REGISTER'S NOTICE.**—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the second Monday of March next—viz:

First and final account of F. W. Osgood, administrator of the estate of Annette Shaffer, Lake.

Second and final account of George W. Frey, administrator of the estate of Margaret Fasshauer, Texas.

First and final account of H. E. Bassett and C. L. Bassett, executors of the estate of Electa K. Bassett, Honesdale.

First and partial account of Vere B. Stone, F. J. Stone and W. E. Perham, executors of the estate of H. K. Stone, Honesdale.

First and final account of Agnes C. Purdy, executrix of the last will of George S. Purdy, Honesdale.

First and final account of Alissa S. Kennedy, administratrix of the estate of Porter Kennedy, Mount Pleasant.

First and final account of Nellie C. Keeney, administratrix of the estate of W. Bruce Keeney, Preston.

Second and final account of Nellie Woodward, administratrix of the estate of C. H. Woodward, Hawley.

Register's Office, Honesdale, Feb. 16, 1911.

E. W. GAMMELL, Register.

**APPRAISEMENTS.**—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, March 13, 1911, viz:

John L. Burcher, Honesdale: Personal property.

Andrew Bayer, Paupack: Personal property.

S. T. Palmer, Hawley: Personal property.

M. J. HANLAN, Clerk.

M. J. HANLAN, Clerk.

**AUDITOR'S NOTICE.**  
 SARAH E. NEWCOMB,  
 Late of Vestal Center, N. Y., deceased.  
 The undersigned, an auditor appointed to report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on

SATURDAY, March 4, 1911.

at 10 o'clock, a. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

C. P. SEARLE, Auditor.

**AUDITOR'S NOTICE.**  
 Estate of JOHN GROMLICH,  
 Late of Lake Township, deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed to pass upon exceptions, re state the account if necessary, hear and determine all claims on the assets and report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1911.

at 2 o'clock p. m., at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

W. M. H. LEE, Auditor.

Honesdale, Feb. 7, 1911. 5w3

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmick  
Office, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Office over post office. All legal business  
promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW  
Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the  
Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

HARLES A. McCARTY,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Special and prompt attention given to the  
collection of claims. Office over Reif's new  
store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW  
Office over the post office Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW  
Office in the Court House, Honesdale  
Pa.

PETER H. LOEFF,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Office—Second floor old Savings Bank  
building, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON,  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW,  
Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle.

CHESTER A. GARRATT,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,  
Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. E. T. BROWN,  
DENTIST,  
Office—First floor old Savings Bank build-  
ing, Honesdale, Pa.

DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa.  
OFFICE HOURS—8 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Any evening by appointment.  
Citizens' phone, 33 Residence, No. 86-X

Physicians.

P. E. PETERSON, M. D.,  
1123 MAIN STREET, HONESDALE, PA.  
Eye and Ear a specialty. The fitting of glasses  
given careful attention.

Livery.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has re-  
moved his livery establishment from  
corner Church street to Whitney's Stone  
Barn

ALL CALLS  
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
FIRST CLASS OUTFITS. 75y1

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE  
FOR THE YEAR 1911.

The following named persons  
have filed their petitions for a li-  
cense, and the same will be present-  
ed to the Court of Quarter Sessions  
on Monday, March 13, 1911:

**HOTELS.**

Canaan—James Gildea.

Clinton—H. T. O'Neill.

Drerher—H. B. Smith, O. E. Si-  
mons, Charles F. Wirth.

Dyberry—Asa K. Kimble, Mat-  
thew F. Clemo.

Hawley—Christian Lehman, Mar-  
tin Reader, August H. Frank, Geo.  
Kohlman, F. J. Hughes, Frank J.  
Denison, F. J. Crockenberg.

Honesdale—Frank N. Loyd, Jr.,  
P. F. Lennon, and M. F. Coyne, Al-  
bert G. Loomis, Charles McArdle,  
Clint Doyle.

Lake—Flora M. Schadt.

Lehigh—C. W. Garagan.

Manchester—Benj. F. Westbrook,  
William A. Bleck, Frank and Martin  
De Breen.

Mount Pleasant—I. W. Bunnell,  
William T. Davis.

Preston—Anthony Yeager, P. F.  
Madigan, Warner Knapp, W. J. He-  
aley.

Salem—H. F. Nicholson, Ralph  
Footo.

South Canaan—John Bentham,  
Starrucca—John Woodmansee.

Texas—Thos. Gill, Frederick  
Kranz, James Mundy, F. W. Bun-  
nell, Charles H. Murphy, George  
Meyer, John C. Smith, Victor Mes-  
ler, J. Monroe Austin, Frank Man-  
gum, Waymart—Walter J. Mitchell.

**RESTAURANTS.**

Canaan—James J. Burnett, Trus-  
tee.

Clinton—John Opeka.

Hawley—Mary Deitzer, Jacob  
Adams, Louis Geisler.

Honesdale—Christopher Lowe,  
Henry Buerket, John H. Heumann,  
Fred O. Gelbert, F. W. Michels,  
Benjamin Loris, Jr., Albert R. Taub-  
ner, Lawrence C. Wen