State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VIII. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872. NO. 16.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

MART. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:; One year, $3; Six months, $2; Three months, $1; One month, 50 cents; Single Copies, 12½ cents.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

N. H. CRANOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
OFFICE—In Parrish's Brick Building, upstairs, Albany, Oregon. v7n48tf.

D. M. JONES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
☞Office: On south side Main street, over Beach's store. Residence: On Second street, south of the Cartwright Warehouse. v7n40tf

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
☞Office in the Court House. v8n2tf.

W. G. JONES, M. D.
Homœopathic Physician,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v7n20y1.

P. A. CHENOWETH. I. N. SMITH.
Corvallis. Linn Co.
CHENOWETH & SMITH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
☞OFFICE at the Court House. v6n27

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW and Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Parrish's Brick.
Albany, Oregon. v3n33tf.

L. STRUCKMEIER,
MERCHANT TAILOR!
HAVING RECEIVED FROM PORTLAND a splendid stock of goods, superior to any in this market, and more in the latest New York fashions, I guarantee to give satisfaction to all. L. STRUCKMEIER.
n34tf

GEO. R. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

PAPER HANGING CALCEMINING, Decorating, &c.
F. M. WADSWORTH WILL PROMPTLY give attention to all orders for Paper Hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c., in this city or vicinity. All work executed in the latest style, in the best manner, at the lowest living rates.
☞Orders left at the Furniture Warerooms of Chas. Mealey, will receive prompt attention. v7n14tf

C. B. BELLINGER. THEO. BURMESTER.
BELLINGER & BURMESTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
No 80 First Street,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
Special attention given to matters in Bankruptcy and all business in United States Courts. v6n24tf.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, Paints, Window Glass, Dyestuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.
First street, Post Office building, Albany. jul15v3n48y1

N. S. DU BOIS, H. W. MCCULLOCH.
N. S. DU BOIS & CO.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, etc., etc.
Wholesale and Retail.
We sell at the Lowest Living Rates, and deliver free of charge throughout the city.
☞Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's Drug Store, Albany, Oregon. jun10v5n43y1

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
☞Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.
v3n33tf.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY!
DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,

HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY and has the new invention in plate work, which consists in inserting teeth in the mouth without covering the whole roof, as heretofore. It gives the wearer the free use of the tongue to the roof of the mouth in talking and tasting. It is the Smith & Purvine patent.
☞Teeth extracted without pain. Plates mended, whether broken or divided. Office one door east of Conner's Bank, up stairs. v7n45tf.

DENTISTRY.
GEO. W GRAY, D. D. S.

DOES ALL WORK IN THE line of his profession in the *latest, best* and *most approved* methods.
Anæsthetic agents used for the painless extraction of teeth if desired.
Particular attention given to the regulation of children's teeth.
Dental consultations and examinations *free.*
Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Call at his office and examine specimens of his work.
Charges moderate. Office in Parrish's Brick Block, up-stairs. v3n1tf.

JOS. REILLY,
CONSTABLE AND GENERAL COLLECTOR,
North Portland Precinct.
Reference by permission to the following gentlemen:
His Honor Philip Wasserman, Mayor of the City of Portland; Hon. Eugene Semple; Dr. J. A. Chapman; Dr. J. C. Hawthorne; Dr. I. A. Davenport; I. S. Rosenbaum & Co.; Knapp, Burrell & Co.; E. J. Jeffries; Clarke, Henderson & Cook; S. G. Skidmore; E. Martin & Co; A. B. Richardson & Co.; Millard & Vanscuyver.
OFFICE—25 Washington Street, between First and Second. v7n47tf.

A SKETCH EROM LIFE.

BY MYRONA WILLARD.

"Maxie, are you sure that you love him well enough to be his wife?"

"Yes, Nettie. I believe that my love for Edgar is strong enough and true enough, to exist beyond the boundaries of time, into the life beyond."

And Maxie raised her dark eyes, swimming with bright tear drops, to the face of her friend.

"I have no wish my darling to cloud your prospect; and I cannot judge others by myself. Sometime I will tell of my life; but now we will talk of your prospects. I have no doubt that you love Edgar, but I have heard a slight rumor that Edgar partakes of the wine cup; and if it should be so, you will need to love him with a powerful love, to lead him to the path of right, lest his feet stray in the road to ruin."

'I have heard that Edgar indulges in the use of wine sometimes," replied Maxie, "and in reply to my questions, he assured me that I never need worry; that he was strong enough to look out for himself; that he seldom partook and then sparingly."

"I hope and pray, dear Maxie, that for your sake he will renounce, entirely, the company that leads him on."

"Edgar told me the way it happened was this: After he graduated from Rowdoin, and went to New York, to the hospital, he was in company with Ned Rodgers; you know him. He was very smart, but he would take a glass occasionally. His excuse was that most of the physicians of our day did the same; and his influence over Edgar was not of the best. But now they are separated and I trust that Edgar will see that if he wishes to succeed as a physician, he must let drinking alone," said Maxie.

Maxie Raymond and Nettie Wilber had been friends for several years. They had been chums at school, and since, Maxie had been teaching and boarding with her friend.

Maxie was an orphan. Her father was suddenly killed by being thrown from his carriage while on his way to business. He had been in business for several years, but had been unfortunate, at the time of his death, left his feeble wife and only daughter, Maxie, in straightened circumstances. Mrs. Raymond's health failed rapidly and she soon sank under the terrible affliction and was laid beside her husband in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Maxie was left alone. She had no means left for her support but the education which her kind parents had given her, and which was all that she could call her own.

It was about this time that she formed the acquaintance of Edgar Everett, a young physician.

He was a fine looking man of twenty-five—about the medium height.—His eyes were deep blue, complexion fair, and hair a beautiful broan.

He had finished his course and was stopping with a friend in Boston, previous to selecting a place in which to locate.

On the afternoon that Mr. Raymond was thrown from his carriage, he was passing along M— street, on which Mr. Raymond resided.

He saw them carrying the senseless form of Mr. Raymond into his home, and knowing the necessity of immediate medical aid, he stepped to the door and proffered his services as a medical man.

When Dr. Everett left there he promised to call again. In the evening he called with the friend with whom he had been stopping, who chanced to be an intimate friend of Mr. Raymond's family.

Under the circumstances, he was doubly welcome, and soon the physician found that it was not only from a desire to assist the bereaved and suffering widow, that caused him to repeat his visits to the home of Mrs. Raymond, for he saw reflected in the beautiful face of Maxie Raymond a wealth of soul far more pecious than the beauty of face and form.

He saw with what strength and nobleness of soul she concealed her own sorrow, and with what love and tenderness she cared for her mother, who was so surely passing away, to leave her alone. Alone! Ah! it is a cruel word. It was not long before Edgar found that he loved Maxie Raymond with an earnest, passionate love, life for him would be one dreary space, unillumined by the love of the only woman that could be to him a leading star. And when Edgar told her of his great love, and besought her to be his wife her answer was—

"Dear Edgar, my love is yours, and I will be faithful to you while life remains."

Edgar's reply as he folded her in his arms, was:

"God grant that I may not be unworthy of the great trust that He has given me—the love of a pure and noble woman."

It was but a short time before they stood by two graves, and the plain slab of marble, with the words, "My Father," and "My Mother," marked the resting place of Maxie's parents.

It was arranged that Maxie should remain awhile with her friend, Nettie Wilber, and as soon as Edgar should make arrangements for a home, then Maxie should go with him.

Mr. Wilber, the father of Maxie's friend, Nettie, was a wealty merchant, of Boston, and resided a few miles ont of the city; and at the earnest solicitations of Nettie it was decided that Maxie sheuld be married at their house. Nettie loved Maxie as a sister, and it was while at her home that the conversation recorded at the commencement of our story, took place.

Mr. Wilber insisted on giving Maxie an elaborate wedding, saying, that he had plenty of money, and no children but Nettie, and that there would be plenty left.

But Maxie replied:

"Many thanks, for your great generosity, but I think it would be more suitable as Edgar and I are both poor and just commencing life, to have a plain, simple wedding. It would be more in accordance with my feelings;" and to Maxie's earnest wishes, Mr. Wilber and Nettie reluctanly acceded.

It was a beautiful morning in the early Fall when Maxie received a letter from Edgar, saying that in one week he should be there to claim his bride.

Under Nettie's skillful management Maxie had really an ample outfit.

One week later, and Maxie, attired in a becoming suit of silvery-gray poplin, stood beside Edgar Everett, in the spacious parlor of Mr. Wilber, with no one save the venerable minister, Mr. Wilder and Nettie, to witness, and gave her life into the keeping of the man she loved.

Edgar had selected a flourishing village in Maine for a home, and soon they were comfortably settled.

The time passed swiftly and happily, and never was there a home more pleasant than that of Edgar and Maxie, the first few months of their married life.

One day Edgar came into the room where his wife was sitting, exclaiming:

"Well, Maxie, I believe I am most discouraged. Let's see! we have been here some six months, and I have not had practice enough to support us half decently."

"Oh, well, never mind, dear! We know that it always takes a physician some time to get into practice, and after you once get fairly started, then the people will begin to appreciate you;" and the young wife smiled fondly and proudly upon her husband; and as she stooped to kiss him, she noticed that his eyes looked strangely and that his cheeks were flushed. A terrible feeling of suffocation swept over her heart, but she said nothing, and Edgar who had thrown himself upon the sofa, soon sank into a deep slumber.

Time passed on, and they still struggled on as best they might.

The terrible conviction was forcing itself upon Maxie, that Edgar was trying to drown his disappointment, lack of success, in the wine-cup.

Every way in her power did she strive to encourage her husband, often thinking over her reply to Nettie's question,—"Do you love him well enough to be his wife?" and she would say to herself,—"God helping me, I will be faithful to him through life."

Time passed on, and people who had begun to like the appearance of Edgar, and were intending to employ him, when they saw that he was addicted to drinking, shake their heads and say,—

"I was terribly deceived in that young chap; I thought he appeared like a smart, promising fellow, and I was only waiting for some one else to try him; but this drinking business will never do. All about it is, he will have to reform or starve, for all the custom he will get here."

Maxie had advertised for a class, and by giving lessons in music and wax work, they managed to keep up a respectable appearance.

But the time drew on apace when she was unable to go from house to house, to give her music lessons; and in the secret of her own room, she prayed to God to spare her life, that she might still be a help to Edgar, and, if possible, save him from utter ruin.

A few weeks later, and from that darkened room rose the feeble wailing of an infant, and Edgar Everett now, for the first time for many weeks a thoroughly sober man stood by the couch of his pale wife and infant son. He approached her side, and bending his head low upon his hands, great, heavy sobs, like the rushing of mighty wind, bowed the once strong man.—The inmost fountains of his heart were reached, and he wept with tears of penitence.

Nettie Wilber, who had in response to Maxie's message, "Come to me, Nettie, for I need a friend," immediately came to her; and entering the room just then, she approached the weeping man, and laying her hand upon his arm, said:

"The doctor cautioned me particularly against having her excited. See! she has fainted."

A long weary illness succeeded, and only by the unwearied care of Edgar and Nettie did they keep the soul of Maxie from winging its way to the spirit land.

Edgar's conscience was deeply moved, and the terrible fact was to him very plain, that if Maxie, his darling wife, should die, he would ever be her murderer, that the terrible anxiety and care which she had suffered on his account, would be her death;—and there, alone with himself and God on his beaded knees, in the solemn quiet, he vowed that if God would spare him from the terrible crime of murdering his darling, the only being he loved, he would never again taste the soul-destroying cup.

God was merciful, and the life of that patient, noble wife was spared.

The little one was too frail for earth, but its life, though short, had its mission.

Edgar signed the pledge publicly; and the citizens, seeing him determined to reform, lent him a helping hand.

It was a severe struggle, for the habit had wound itself closely into his life. But perseverance, at length, had its reward.

When his wife was able to leave the room for the first time, to join them in the parlor, Edgar placing his arm gently around her waist, drew her toward the window, that overlooked the little mound of their babe, saying:

"Dearest, I have come very near losing both of my treasures, and all by my own folly; and God helping me, the remainder of your life shall never be darkened by wickedness of mine."

And well he kept his word. In time, by persistent and unwearied efforts, prosperity dawned upon them, and in happiness did they together walk the path of life.

And Edgar would often say—

"I owe it all to my faithful wife.—If she had deserted me in that terrible folly of mine, to-day we would not have been here enjoying life and its blessings together;" and Maxie, laying her hand in his, gently whispered:

"Do you remember my promise,—'I will be faithful to you while life remains?' And so I trust I shall ever be, till we enter the dark valley."

[From the Liverpool Daily Post]

DICKENS AND HIS WIFE.

Forster's Biography—Young Dickens Champions His Mother.

A story reaches us from London which will be read with eagerness by all who are interested—as who is not?—in the life of the late Charles Dickens. Under ordinary circumstances it would be rightly deemed beyond the ken of a public journal, but Mr. Dickens' own deliberate choice made his separation from his wife a public topic and it would be affectation to keep out of print gossip which, though at present that of an inner circle, is sure to become, very soon, the common talk of literary society. The rumor is that Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. 2, which the world is anxiously expecting, hangs fire. The biographer thinks that he ought to tell the story of the separation of Dickens and his wife, and of course is disposed to throw all the blame of the separation upon Mrs. Dickens. But young Dickens, who, it is said, always sided with his mother in that matter, and thinks that scant justice was done to her by his father when the matter was made public, says that if amends be not made to her by Mr. Forster, a "plain, unvarnished tale" shall be published in All the Year Round. How the matter will end it is impossible to foretell. Perhaps the best way would be to leave the tale untold, if young Dickens would consent to that course. At all events, one cannot but admire this young man's affection for his mother, and his chivalrous determination that at all cost to the reputation of his father her good name shall not be blurred. It will be remembered that Walter Savage Landor suddenly separated from his wife, and never saw her again. Mr. Forster, in his biography of Landor, hurries over the business swiftly, like a skater over dangerous ice, but he manages to throw the blame rather upon Mrs. Landor than upon his hero. But having read this biography and got a pretty correct notion of this hero—his extreme irritability, his lofty notion of himself, his craving ambition for homage from everybody—we can easily imagine that the offense which his wife—who seems to have been a very quiet, amiable lady—committed was very slight. Mr. Forster so tells the story as to make the world believe that certainly Mrs. Landor was most to blame, but it is questionable whether Mr. Forster, in dealing with cotemporary heroes, does not carry his worship to the verge of flunkeyism. Better leave the story of Dickens and his wife untold if the son would consent to it. But perhaps he will not; perhaps he has long felt the injustice to his mother rankling in his breast, and is now determined to have the truth published. If so, there will at least be one advantage—the revelation will put a welcome end to the vexatious disputations and improbable exclusive explanations which are always forthcoming at dinner tables and elsewhere when the name of Dickens is mentioned.

COMPOSERS should be more careful in selecting their musical gems, for very frequently the oddest mistake arise from this idosyncrasy. The following instance of occasional mishap is told by a correspondent:

A very pretty and exceedingly modest young lady the other morning stepped into a well known music dealer's to make some purchases, and was waited upon by an equally modest shopman. Throwing back her vail, the lady said:

"I want Rock me to Sleep."

Procuring the music the young gentleman laid it befor her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee.'"

The shopman bowed, and this was also procured.

"And now," exclamed the purchaser' with a most bewitching smile, "Kiss Me.'"

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?" he at length found words to say.

"'Kiss Me.'"

"I ca—can't do it," he gasped in agony; "I never kissed a young lady in my life."

The vail instantly dropped, and the would-be purchaser, hurriedly laying the music on the counter, took a hasty departure. The young man only recovered after a spirited explanation with the proprietor; but hereafter the new composition "Kiss Me," will be conspicuously posted at the entrance of the establishment.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would come when he should,

"Rest calmly in a shroud,
With a weeping willow by his side,"

but, to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly in a shawl,
With a whopping widow by my side."

Those resolute women who go away out on the frontiers to live are not to be trifled with when they get there. A married man in Idaho tried the little experiment of eloping with a fascinating young girl, and his indignant wife pursued and overtook him, and having administrated a severe castigation, bore him home in triumph.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph. Because Pharoah made a rule of him.

[From the S. F. Chronicle, Nov. 15.]

JOAQUIN'S WIFE.

Minnie Myrtle Miller Again on the Rostrum.

Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller delivered her second lecture on "Joaquin Miller, the Poet and the Man" to an audience of about three hundred persons, in Pacific Hall last evening.—The lecture was delivered in a clear, ringing tone, and abounded in the most delicate satire. Her sarcastic allusions to her illustrious and romantic liege 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 8 o'clock the lecturess emerged from the waiting-room and ascended the rostrum with a quick, decisive step. Her appearance was greeted with applause, which she acknowledged with a graceful bow.—She was attired in a modest dress of black silk, with white lace mauve, and a delicate pink knot at her throat. Her hair fell in long flowing curls down her back and shoulders and her hands were encased in white kid gloves.

A PRELIMINARY APOLOGY.

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 appologizing 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 to enter the lecture field in the hope of gaining a 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 latchets of whose shoes 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."

THE VENERABLE ENSNARER.

She referred to an article published in one of the newspapers recently in which she was styled a venerable ensnarer 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 much more inexperienced. 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 business in disgust, and after roaming the wild woods for a while he went to editing a newspaper. But perhaps his greatest misfortune was his meeting with the venerable snarer of Point Blanco. He grew tired of writing editorials, grew tired of all labor and told the printers he must go to the sea coast for his health.

THE PINTO PEGASUS.

So one morning he mounted his spotted courser that stood impatiently waiting for his rider, and, kissing his hand to a smiling widow 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 faded 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 encamp in the woods within blankets, and next morning he found the trail and at nightfall 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 scaling the crags over hanging the ocean.

JOAQUIN AS A HERO.

He knew nothing about boats or canoes, while she prided herself on her skill in managing a canoe. One day they started to cross 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 it, but her hero sat all the while transfixed with fear and shouting, "I ull, 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 was just about jumping overboard and forsaking her to her fate when a wave caught them and landed them both high on the beach. She was vexed and disappointed, and young ladies who have had the pleasure of reading ten cent novels would understand why she was] angry.—She had expected hero to into plunge 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 reconciled now to having been saved by the waves.

THE POET'S CHARACTER ANALYZED.

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 nor less. He recognized Christ as one of the greatest men that ever lived and admired him for his poetrical 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 entertained any 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.

HIS DOMESTIC ECCENTRICITIES.

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 children 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 Murieta to Victoria Woodhull. The only speech he ever made as a lawyer was in defense of a horse thief.

THE POET'S LOVES.

She was not prepared to give any information in regard to his connection with the Indians. He used to talk to her about a yonng woman of his acquaintance who used to wear tar on her face and quills in her nose. He often said to her that this woman never annoyed him by wanting to take her knitting and go visiting when he wanted her to stay at home. He always insisted that every man should be absolute master of his own house, and as she was brought up to the same belief she yielded in 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.

JOAQUIN AS A POET.

The lecturess 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 send him large sums of money for everything he writes. He said that perhaps she did not know him. Perhaps she did not. 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.

THE CHAMBERMAID'S FRIEND.

Referring to the interview again, she read: "Here a chambermaid entered. Mr. Miller srid, "Excuse me," and she left, with a smile.

"*The Poet*—Poor creatures! poor creatures! These poor chambermaids all come to me and tell me their stories, the history of their lives. This poor girl only gets $9 a month. I know them all. They all come to me and tell me of their sufferings. Poor creatures (sadly). This civilization is a monster."

Yes, said she, they tell him their sorrow these poor chambermaids.—What can be more touching and poetical than this sympathy for chambermaids?

Mrs. Miller closed with a few words in defence of her own course. She said she came from the wildwoods 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.

[From the New Orleans Times, October 28th.]

ENOCH ARDEN.

Twenty years ago there was known to the American stage a Mr. X——, an actor of considerable local celebrity in New York and Boston, and many there are yet in those cities who recollect him as an artist of more than average ability. In the heyday of his years and fame he married a beautiful actress, but their marital happiness was shortlived, for failing to find in each other's companionship the fulfillment of hope's bright visions, they parted, he remaining in the old field of his labors, while she wandered through the land, gaining much success as an exponent of the "horse duama," but through all these years they never met nor knew the one that the other still lived, except as the knowledge was borne by the world's current history. Five years ago the lady appeared at the St. Charles Theater in this city, as "Mazeppa," under the name of ——, when one night, while making the "run" lashed to her steed, she met with a severe accident, resulting in her immediate withdrawal from the stage, from which time she faded out of existence; nothing was known or heard of her, and the husband, in common with many, thought her dead. Meanwhile the fortune of X—— varying, as ever are the fortunes of actors, had led him, now grown old, to join Mr. Aiken's company, finally bringing up in New Orleans Monday last, on which day, soon after his arrival, he started out for a walk. Wandering through the streets of the Third District, he came upon the figure of a woman standing in the door-say of a cigar store. Upon her features he gazed as upon one who awakened recollections of other days. He looked again, and, as if by magic, he recognized the wife of his early years. With the revelation there rushed through his mind a host of memories, and in an instant he had fainted away dead on the banquette. He was conveyed to his hotel, and upon his recovery immediately instituted inquiries, which revealed to him that after her accident she had married and was then living with her second husband.

Of course, she knows of his presence here, but he has made her no sign, and both, so strangely met, will still journey on apart, to meet again—never, perhaps, this side of eternity.

AN ENGLISH GHOST.—I will relate a story which was recently told me during a little sojourn in the country. In the castle of Lord S. there is a haunted room. Haunted rooms are not uncommon in castles, but this one was persistently haunted. Every night anyone who occupied it saw a ghost in it which flitted through the apartment. A young gentleman from London, visiting the family, was very curious about this apparition, and was surprised to learn that no persons who had seen it had ever had the courage to speak to it. At his request he was put to sleep in the apartment, and early next morning the family crowded around to learn his expirence.

"Well," says Lord S., "did you see the ghost?"

"Oh, yes," replied the gentleman, cheerfully, "and I fancy I have put an end to that ghost's wanderings."

"What? How? Did you speak to it?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what did you say?"

"I asked it to subscribe for the repairs on Warwick Castle, and it immediately vanished."—*London Letter.*

A PARTY who proposes to publish a new housekeeper's guide sends to the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* the following extracts from the forthcoming work:

Plain sauce—an interview with the Saratoga Hotel clerk.

To make a good jam—ask any horse car conductor.

To boil a tongue—drink scalding coffee.

To make a good broil—leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it.

How to make an Indian loaf—give him a gallon of whisky.

A plain loaf—a visit to the prairies.

How to make good puffs—send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

How to make pi—jostle the printer's elbow.

To "bone" a turkey—take it when the poulterer is not looking.

To corn beef—feed your cattle at a brewery.

How to select a foul—ask the umpire of a base ball match.

A plain stew—a trip in an old-fashioned street railway car on a warm day.

The fleshy owner of a crow-bait span was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything that he could think of—condition powders and all other specifics—but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh. A stable-boy of Irish persuasion, whose symphathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the story and modestly asked, "Did yees iver try corn?"

M. Pradhamme, in the decline of life, was talking to his nephew, to whom he told stories of his youth. "But uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	2 M	6 M	1 YE
1 Inch,	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	15 0
2 In.	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 0
3 In.	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 0
4 In.	4 00	7 00	12 50	18 00	27 0
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	35 0
½ Col.	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 0
¾ Col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 0
1 Col.	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 0

Business notices in the Local Columns, 2[illegible] cents per line, each insertion.

For legal and transient advertisements $2 5[illegible] per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion and $1 00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Scraps from a Fued of Fun.

PORDUNK VALLEY HOTEL.—BI-LAWS AND KONSTITUTION.

Hash will be served up at this hotel three times a day, at the pounding of the gong.

Hash made out of beef's pluck and sheeps liver will be charged extra for.

Enny man knaght sticking up his noze at the hash will hav his noze lowered suddenly.

Hash iz the first law of natur, and this hotel will stick tew the law or bust on natur.

Korn beef hash with cold sausage in it for Sunday dinner.

Hash made yesterday, and warmed up for to-day, kounts the same as nu hash.

Bridle parties served with hot or kold hash on five minutes' warning.

No pound kake or other konsense allowed at this hotel.

If this hotel understands what she knows, and she thinks just ez likely az not she duz, her hash kant be outmixt by enny other kousern.

Hash served up on the jump at all hours between regular hash.

5 dollars reward tew enny man or woman who kan find enny shingle nales or shu strings in our hash that don't belong thare.

We invite the hash publik to examin in our mixt food, for we mean to make our goods the hurrah and consolashun ov the world.

JERRYMIAH BANGS & SON., Props.

SKORPIO, THE ZODIAK SKORPION.

Next to the honest hornet the skorpion seems tew me to be pretty much all ded loss. I never had much faith in enny kind ov a kritter who was bilt only to bite. Skorpions do the best in a hot naberhood. If a man should take all the skorpions in the world up into the northern part ov Nu Hampshire he would loze money on them. They wouldn' thaw out thare in time for bizness. I never have seen a skorpion only in the Zodiak, and I aint sory for this. If there should ever be a fite in the zodiak I hope it will be a crab and scorpion. This would be a fite in which no one would care which whipt. I kant tell you just now how the skorpion got aboard of the zodiak, but bi looking at hiz pictur I should say he stood 2 good chances to do it; one was to enter hed fust, and the other waz to change ends and go in that way.

LOST.

A bright poodle dog, 5 dollars reward, ov a warm natur, and no questions asked, with one white foot be hind, will be paid for his return when he stole away, with flowing ears, or was strayed by somebody, answers tew Kristopher Kolumbust, with a brass kollar, exchange papers plenze copy, and has a frantik tale.

FOUND.

A malteeze soprano kat, about 12 months old, singing old hundred on a picket fence, late Thursda nite, whichever person owns sed kat will find him (or her, according tew circumstances) in a vakant lot, just bak ov our hous, still butiful in deth.

ALSO.

fouud an old blew kotting umbrel worth nothing, in place of nu silk one worth 12 dollars and fifty cents, if the person who lost the blew knotting umbrel bi finding the other one, hasn't had time enuff yet to repent ov his blunder, 60 days longer will be granted him tew weep over the ackeident.

EPITAFF.

Here she lize—the queen ov pize,
Aunt Sally Ann Von Hilxen.
Apple and mihee, kustard and quince,
She couldn't be beat in mixen.

Sakred this spot—stir her up not—
Her grase all lay in pi fixen;
Better, az I, go without pi,
Than wake up this old vixen.

FOR IMMEDIATE ADOPSHUN.

A mail child, eleven months old, well broke tew the bottle, 9 teeth kut, lite sunset hair, without spot or blemish, no parents of ackount, hard tew kry, don't bite, shows signs of genius, and has had wacshination.

Enquire within.

FLASHES OF WIT AND WISDOM.

Silence iz one ov the lost arts.

Ridicule that ain't true has no partikular power.

Politness iz not only the cheapest but the most powerful argument that i know ov.

Take all the phools and good luck out of this world, and it would bother the rest of us to get a living.

A phools money is like his branes—vary oneazy.

There iz this difference between a jest and a joke—a jest may be kruel but a joke never iz.

Sins are the only things that I repent of. I never kould make anything repenting ov blunders.

Human knowledge iz not very comprehensive after all—i hav seen men who kould kalkulate an eklipse to a square inch, who kouldn't cum within 30 feet ov harnessing a hoss.

The owl iz remarkable for two things—gravity and stupidity.

Integrity in youth iz almost ce ain tew bekum wisdum and honor in old age.

There aint nothing that iz a sure kure for lazyness, but i liav known a second wife tew hurry it sum.

It iz the surprizes ov life after all that give it its zest—even a rat makes things interesting bi the natral suddenness with which he cums out and goes into his hole.

The greatest problem ever given to a man to solve, and the one which he has made the least progross in, iz "know thy-self."

Whenever you see a dokter who alwas travels on the run, you kan bet he iz out of a job.

After a man has got a fust rate opinyun ov himself the next best thing tew hav iz the good opinyun ov others.

I don't kno az i want to bet enny money, and give odds, on the man who iz alwus anxious tew pra out loud every chance he kan git.