

# AN OREGON JUDGE

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, Was a County Judge at Canyon City

(The Oregon Motorist)  
Ever since Joaquin Miller became famous in England as the American poet of the Sierras, he has been a much-talked-about figure in central and eastern Oregon for the mere reason that he was one of the few international figures who called Oregon "home."

He spent the major portion of his boyhood and young manhood in this state, to which he came in the early 50's with his parents from Indiana. He was valedictorian of the class of '59 of Columbia college, Eugene, the forerunner of the University of Oregon, was editor of the Eugene City Register in 1862 when his editorial friendship toward secession resulted in suppression of the paper by federal authorities, and was a struggling lawyer and county judge of Grant county, with headquarters at lively Canyon City, for four years.

Miller left Oregon because the miners and cowhands of eastern Oregon could not appreciate his poetry, but eastern Oregon has nevertheless since realized its appreciation of the man. In tribute to his memory, the boy scout of Canyon City erected a roof over the disintegrating Miller cabin on a hillside at the southern edge of town and built a wire cage around the house so that weather and tourists would wreak no further damage to it. A further memorial has been the naming of the Canyon City-Burns highway the "Joaquin Miller Trail." It passes along the foot of the hill in front of the cabin.

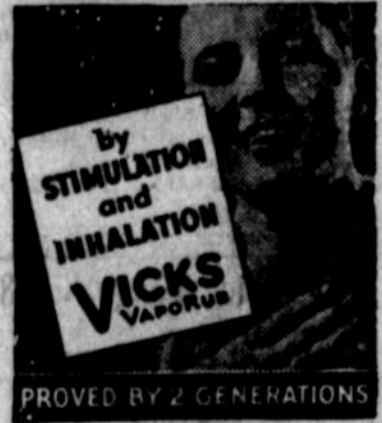
In search of biographical material about Miller's Canyon City career, the editor of the Motorist wrote to Edwin C. Hicks, deputy United States district attorney, who was vacationing at his parents' home at Canyon City, some time ago, and his request was turned over to Clint Haight, editor of the Blue Mountain Eagle. Mr. Haight obligingly ripped off 1200 words about Miller on the typewriter so well known throughout Oregon for its colorful style and dispatched it promptly to the Motorist with the following letter of transmittal:

"You asked Ed Hicks to give you some dope on Joaquin Miller. The sun-of-a-gun went fishing and handed me your letter and made me promise to do it. Like Miller, I'm too lazy to dip up a real life story, and so I just pecked off a yarn that might do well to circulate in the waste basket. But, anyway, I have kept faith with Ed Hicks and if the god pinches me for holding out a hundred thousand or two from my income tax, I expect the deputy D. A. to not make much of a speech before the jury when I come up.

"I wrote it hurriedly and have not even re-read it, so you will have to varnish it or chuck it away. Ed did his duty; I kept the faith.

"Sincerely, Clint Haight."  
But, Clint Haight's story about Joaquin Miller was too good to be either varnished or "chucked," and here it is, as he gave it:

## Ends a Cold SOONER



IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juices can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless it gets into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated and 4% of our food decays in our 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes. When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whiffed tomato, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "constipation" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a colonic (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and weakens the system in many people. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—35¢. ©1934, C.M.Co.

"On July 26, 1869, Joaquin Miller was the county court, appellate and supreme, of Grant county, Oregon. A county judge, at that time, was not a business man concerned with the doling of doles, the building of roads and dodging delegations who want their share of the county poke. The county judge was a gentleman who had leisure days to sip liquor and long tallow dip evenings to scribble poetry. Canyon City, in the happy days of yore, would make a sipper or a poet out of most any mortal. He had to do something. Miller might have sipped his liquor but that did not last as long as did his poetry.

"When we revert to 1869 we must visualize Canyon City as a capital city, a metropolis in a gulch, the hub of an empire—Grant county, bounded on the north by what is now known as the Pendleton Round-up, on the west by the 'Dog Star, on the east by Ft. Boise, and on the south by Bill Hanley. It was 180 miles to The Dalles, the way the pony express flew and some 225 miles to the military fort at Boise. That was Miller's kingdom; that is what he ruled as county judge.

He did not come to Canyon City to write poetry. He did not come to dig gold, play poker or tend bar like many a mighty man did and who passed out of the picture without leaving a gilded frame for suffering humanity like Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller shoveled no golden gravel into sluice boxes like the rest of the boys, for, like many good county judges and first class poets, he was lazy. He prided himself on being lazy and some of his more or less indifferent fellows said that he always 'threw the sour beans, bacon rinds and dishwasher into the fireplace; it was too far to the back door of his one room shrine.

"But that is not what we started to say. We started to say that on July 26, 1869, he was the county judge of Grant county and the evidence of this will require a little documentary and expert testimony. In the office of the Blue Mountain Eagle, in the aforesaid balliwick, is the mortal and immortal remains of a newspaper, called 'The City Journal.' A rather pretentious newspaper for those days, size 8 by 10 and published semi-occasionally. Among the professional cards the following ravished the seeking eye:

C. H. MILLER  
Attorney, etc. Will practice in all the courts except the county court. Office in the old Court house. Canyon City.  
"That was the immortal Poet of the Sierras. And it becomes evident and apparent that he did not come to the famous gold camp to write poetry or shovel gravel. He came, or became, an 'attorney, etc.' His detractors of the old camp whispered that he did not practice law. There was none to practice and so he added the 'Etc.' after 'Attorney.'

"And all went well until he was appointed county court judge after the official set up of organized government and before the voters had an opportunity to select one. He practiced in all of the courts except his own court and the other court was presided over by Judge Lynch who, in the minds of the gangsters of 1862, typified hemp. And they had good rope in those days. Miller knew that and his vile defamers said that he knew it so well that he left his camp and gulch and his court and shingle between the setting and rising of the sun, on another man's horse. That gave him color; like Edgar Allan Poe and the D. T.'s and DeQuincy and morphine, Lord Byron and his lady escapades. That was his exit.

"Next he stalked across the stage with a horse thief from whom he purloined the rhythmic soubriquet of 'Joaquin.' But Canyon City can not be held responsible for what the poet did after he shook the gold dust of the camp from his boots. And so, for a moment or two let's slip back to the camp.

Mr. Miller revisited his old home here in 1907; just as odd, just as peculiar as the day he left. He carried his poetic license into his dress, his demeanor and his life and, I guess that he carried it through to the pearly gates. When he was here in 1907 he looked upon the old house where he lived. His long, gray or rather white whiskers sort of drifting from his chin, and surveyed the scene.

"Well," said the poet, "It looks like it did when I left here, except for that washing out on the line."

"The washing had been put out by a woman and no poet, sordough miner, prospector or bachelor ever put out a clean, spotless, white washing like a woman and Miller knew it. Miller's washing back in '69 probably consisted of a couple of pair of homespun socks, a shirt and a bandana handkerchief, which was not an elaborate wardrobe for an 'attorney etc.' but considerable for a poet, even then as now.

"And so when you come to Canyon City you can see where the Poet of the Sierras hung his washing; you can see where he lived and had his bright abode. The old shack has been preserved and the boy scouts have put a false roof over it to pre-

serve it from the ruthless tooth of time. Lots of people like to see these old shacks and it is fair to presume that if one of the poet's old socks were hanging on this self same line it could be auctioned off for a \$10 bill and maybe \$15. Lots of people would even give \$20 for an old sock that belonged to the author of the "Mothers of Men."

"Speaking of poetry it is no more than right and justice to Mr. C. H. Miller than to have his old home town, even at this late date give to the world a poem from the pen of its first appointed county judge. This poem is printed in the City Journal, July 26, 1869, and in the same issue that appears the advertisement of Mr. Miller to practice law, etc. It has all of the Miller random rhythm:  
"Two little girls, with brown feet bare,  
And tangled, tossing, yellow hair,  
Played on the long, thick coat of green.  
Around a great Newfoundland brute,  
That lay half resting on his breast.  
And with his red mouth open wide,  
Would make believe that he would bite,  
As they assailed him from left and right,  
And then sprang to the other side,  
And filled with shouts the willing air,  
Oh sweeter far than lyre or lute,  
To my then parched and thirsty heart,  
And better self, so wholly mute,  
Were those sweet voices calling there,  
Tho' some sweet scenes my life has seen,  
Some melody my soul has heard—  
No song of nymph, or maid or bird,  
Or gorgeous, melting, tropic scene,  
Has my imprisoned soul so stirred,  
Or thrilled my every part—  
Or filled me with such sweet delight  
As those young angels sporting there."

The rest of this story about C. H. (better known as Joaquin) Miller is brief; a hasty sketch of his life. His father was Hulings Miller, a Cincinnati school teacher, and his mother was a cousin of General Burnside. The boy was the second oldest of three boys and a girl and he was born about 1842 in the Wabash district of Indiana. He was christened Cincinnati Hiner Miller. His first name was derived from the name of the city in which his father had taught and his middle name was said to have been taken from the name of the family doctor who ushered the boy into the world. The middle name later became Heine, apparently after the poet by that name.

At the age of 9, the boy came to Eugene, Oregon, with his parents. He was called "Nat" by his parents and "Hiner" by the other boys. While still quite a small boy, Nat was on his way to school with Will Willoughby, a neighbor youngster, when the two boys loitered to roll boulders down a hillside. One of the rocks struck and injured a cow and the boys fled in fear of the consequences. They dared not continue to school, and feared to return home, so they decided to go to southern Oregon to mine for gold.

The next few years were restless ones in which the lad grew into young manhood with miners, 'adventurers and Indians. He joined an expedition to Nicaragua and returned safely to American soil. After five years away from home, he returned one day with \$100 which he presented to his father. He remained at home for several years and studied diligently at Columbia college, graduating with honors, and conferring upon the class one of his best early poems.

Following graduation, he taught school for a term near Vancouver, Wash., but the adventuresome spirit bested him and he was soon off to the Salmon river mines of Idaho where he and a partner operated a pony express route. He accumulated considerable wealth in this venture and returned to Eugene to set himself up in the newspaper business.

It was at the age of 20 or 21 (he was not certain of the exact year of his birth) that he began publishing the Eugene Register and leaned heavily in his writings toward the southern cause. The Civil War had been carried on for a year and Oregon was under the firm hold of the unionists. The result was denial of the use of the mails to Miller's publication, which was forced to dissolve. Two months later, November, 1862, the Eugene Register came into existence with Miller as editor upon his assurance that he would be nonpartisan, but his fiery nature would not be held in leash and in January, 1863, he hoisted the democratic flag. A few weeks later he was forced to resign and sell out.

By that time, Miller was married. He continued to read law, a side-line he had taken up during his college days, for about a year. With his bride and their eight-weeks-old baby, he set out for Canyon City to start in anew. He erected the shack which now stands on a Canyon City hillside, less than a block from Clint Haight's home and two blocks from his office, and planted a number of fruit trees to make his new abode more livable. During his first year in Canyon City,

he marched at the head of a band of citizens against renegade 'Indians with singular success. His reward was appointment in 1866 to the county judgeship which he held for four years.

During this period he continued to write poetry but American publishers gave little attention to his efforts. In 1870 he suddenly left his law office and bench for England with the explanation that he was going to a land where he would be appreciated. Apparently he was appreciated in the land of Shakespeare for his first book of poetry, "Songs of the Sierras," was shortly published and he became a social lion. His flannel shirt and western sombrero fitted the Britisher's conception of a western American.

After a number of years in England, Miller returned to the United States, locating in New York and Washington, D. C., and in 1887 he returned to the Pacific coast to make his home. But this time he settled in a cabin near Oakland, Cal., where he remained until his death in 1913. He made a number of visits to Oregon to renew friendships.

It was during his declining years that Miller published in his autobiography his attitude toward the Indians, of whom he was a lover. "All I am or ever hope to be," he wrote, "I owe to them. I owe no white man anything at all. The Indians are my true and warm friends."

### League of Oregon Cities Session to Be in Bend

City officials and citizens of Coquille interested in civic affairs are invited to attend the regional meeting of the League of Oregon Cities, to be held at Bend on Thursday, January 10, according to word received here today from Herman Kehrl, executive secretary of the League and director of the Bureau of Municipal Service at the University of Oregon. Mr. Kehrl and other officials of the League will be present to meet with the civic officials from this district. Newly elected officials are especially invited to attend the session.

Unusual interest is expected for the meetings, since the legislative committee of the League will submit a tentative program providing for amendments to the revenue feature of the Knox law; correction of present abuses of the initiative, referendum and recall laws; parity between state and local units in apportionment of tax collections; and interim commission to study problems of municipal administration and finance including sharing of gasoline tax revenues with cities for street purposes and collection and foreclosure of city liens by the county sheriff.

Other than the report of the legislative committee there will be no set program. Officials attending are invited to offer suggestions and take part in any discussions. Representatives of the state relief committee, the Northwest Regional Planning commission and the Oregon State Liquor Control commission have also been invited to be present.

### C. E. Niles Tells About the New V-8 Ford

"Out of the depression with Ford!" That is the battle cry which C. E. Niles, local Ford dealer, brought back from the annual meeting of dealers operating under the Ford Motor Company Richmond, California, branch.

According to Mr. Niles the San Francisco sales conclave was the largest gathering of Ford men ever held in the West. Approximately 1250 Ford dealers, sales managers and company officials were present, representing every section of Northern California, Nevada and Southern Oregon. It was estimated in advance that the total attendance would be 900.

One of the highlights of the meeting was a national telephone hookup and addresses from Ford headquarters at Dearborn, Mich., by Henry Ford, Edsel Ford, and other Ford Motor Company home office executives. These telephonic talks were received with great enthusiasm by the assembled dealers, Mr. Niles says, and they all pledged themselves and their organizations to greater effort in 1935.

According to Mr. Niles, the whole theme of the meeting was, "End the depression in your community by doubling your sales of 1934."  
"When Mr. Henry Ford spoke to us over the telephone," said the local dealer, "he told us to remember that as we prosper we make others prosper. So, with an improved car and increased buying power, with new determination and new confidence, we of the Ford organization are pledged to move forward with Ford and pull out of the depression in 1935."

**Color of Lightning**  
Lightning is usually white or yellow, but on rare occasions green lightning is observed.

**Trees 3,000 Years Old**  
Some of the largest of the big trees of California indicate an age of over three thousand years.

Charter No. 6849 Reserve District No. 12 Report of Condition of the

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Coquille in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on Dec. 31, 1934.

ASSETS	
1. Loans and discounts	\$ 55,188.48
2. Overdrafts	2.99
3. United States Government obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed	79,775.00
4. Other bonds, stocks, and securities	123,103.82
6. Banking house, \$36,000.00. Furniture and fixtures, \$1,800.00	37,800.00
8. Reserve with Federal Reserve bank	42,303.97
9. Cash in vault and balances with other banks	230,603.58
10. Outside checks and other cash items	1,490.63
11. Redemption fund with United States Treasurer and due from United States Treasurer	625.00
14. Other assets	1,032.76
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$571,926.28</b>

LIABILITIES	
15. Demand deposits, except United States Government deposits, public funds, and deposits of other banks	\$285,179.51
16. Time deposits, except postal savings, public funds, and deposits of other banks	154,076.67
17. Public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivision or municipalities	36,398.67
18. United States Government and postal savings deposits	1,188.67
19. Deposits of other banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding	11,821.14
Total of items 15 to 19:	
(a) Secured by pledge of loans and/or investments	\$ 14,245.11
(b) Not secured by pledge of loans and/or investments	474,419.55
(c) TOTAL DEPOSITS	488,664.66
20. Circulating notes outstanding	12,500.00
32. Capital account:	
Common stock, 500 shares, par \$100.00 per share	\$50,000.00
Surplus	10,000.00
Undivided profits — net	10,761.62
<b>TOTAL CAPITAL ACCOUNT</b>	<b>70,761.62</b>
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>	<b>571,926.28</b>

### MEMORANDUM: Loans and Investments Pledged to Secure Liabilities

33. United States Government obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed	12,500.00
34. Other bonds, stocks, and securities	29,700.86
<b>TOTAL PLEDGED (excluding rediscounts)</b>	<b>42,200.86</b>
37. Pledged	
(a) Against circulating notes outstanding	12,500.00
(c) Against public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivisions or municipalities	29,700.86
<b>(i) TOTAL PLEDGED</b>	<b>\$ 42,200.86</b>

State of Oregon, County of Coos, ss:  
I, E. D. Webb, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
E. D. WEBB, Cashier  
Correct Attest: L. H. Hazard, O. C. Sanford, H. A. Slack, Directors.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of January, 1935.  
(Seal) Joseph E. Axtell, Notary Public.  
My commission expires April 2, 1935.

### Church of Christ

Earl F. Downing, minister  
Bible school at 9:45 a. m.  
Morning service, 10:45 a. m. Sermon topic, "The Man That God Can Use."  
Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.  
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.; sermon topic, "The Christian and His Diseases."  
Midweek service, Wed., 7:30 p. m.

### Coquille Assembly of God

Hazel MacLeod, pastor  
Friday, 7:30 p. m. The first in a series of studies in the book of Hebrews, by the pastor.  
Saturday, 2:30 p. m. Children's Church. All children welcome.  
Sunday, 9:45 a. m. Sunday School  
11:00 a. m. Morning worship and communion service. Members meeting following.  
6:45 p. m. Young people's meeting  
7:30 p. m. Evangelistic service.  
Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting

### Hatchable Pullet Eggs

If pullets have been in production from 60 to 90 days before the eggs are selected for hatching and have been mated with vigorous cocks the chicks should be satisfactory, according to North Carolina State college. The factors of good management for the pullets, however, will have considerable bearing on the question. A balanced ration should be fed, reinforced with a biologically tested cod-liver oil where green feed is not available. The houses should be well ventilated.

### Feed for Producing Hens

Hens will not lay many eggs on any rations unless they have all the oyster shell or other lime-bearing material they need for the formation of shell. They must also have a reasonable amount of green feed in the form of vegetables or clover, preferably alfalfa in ground or fine chopped form. Oats and barley have good qualities, but are not heartily relished with the hulls on. Wheat and cracked corn are both nourishing and fattening; so, should be fed only moderately to layers.

### His Whiskers

Uncle Ab says that whiskers add no distinction to a person who is not otherwise distinguished.

**Egyptians Expert Weavers**  
The ancient Egyptians wove linen so beautifully even in texture that modern manufacturers marvel at it.

### The Holy Name Catholic Church

Sunday, Jan. 6, Mass at 8:00 a. m.  
Father M. G. Hart, Bandon.

### Methodist Episcopal Church

Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.  
Preaching at Bandon 11 a. m.  
Scriptural, spiritual preaching. Everyone welcome.  
G. A. Gray, Pastor.  
107 E. 2nd St., Coquille, Ore.

### St. James Church (Episcopal)

Church school every Sunday at 10 a. m. C. Osika, superintendent.

### Seventh Day Adventist Church

Second and Collier Streets  
Sabbath School (Saturday) 9:45 a. m.  
Preaching service 11:00 a. m.

### First Church of Christ, Scientist

Coquille, Oregon  
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.  
Sunday Service at 11 a. m.  
Subject for next Sunday, "God."  
Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.  
Free public Reading Room open in Church Building every Tuesday and Friday afternoons except holidays from two to five o'clock.  
The public is cordially invited to attend our services and to visit the Reading Room.

### Church of God

Sunday School at 10 o'clock with classes for everyone.  
Morning service at 11 a. m.  
Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.  
Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock.  
Prayer meeting 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening.  
The public is cordially invited to all these services.  
Edward E. Watkins, Pastor.

### Ohio's Law Library

The law library of the Supreme court of Ohio is one of the best collections of legal publications and one of the best housed in the United States.

**Kings' Purple**  
The famous Tyrian purple, worn by kings, came into use about fifteen centuries before the Christian era.