

Rousseau.

[From the "Golden Era."]

"Let me behold once more that glorious setting sun."

Slowly were the life-tints fading
From his dim, strained eye away;
And his haughty soul was spurning
Contact with his freezing clay:
Near him leaned and wept unheeded,
My a kind and earnest one;
But with lips all pale he pleaded,
"Let me look upon the sun."

In his quivering breath there lingered
Not a murmur of regret
For the true, tried ones, that pardoned
All his faults and loved him yet;
Every tie of earth was broken,
In his post-heart, but one.
Ere his latest words were spoken,
"Let me look upon the sun."

All that made his strange life holy—
All that bent his spirit's knee—
Was the beauty of the setting sun
To the throne of Delly.
This his world-blamed heart had cherished,
Till its life of dreams was done,
With his latest breath he perished—
"Let me look upon the sun."

SARAH E. CARMICHAEL.

Klamath Lake.

Fine view of the Lake—An inverted landscape—Utilitarian view of Klamath—Colonization society—Indian muck-muck—Mud hen—Prairie on fire—The return—Taking the oath—Dr. Cronkrite—Dress parade—Skirmish drill—Capt. Kelly's company—Resighting guns—Start home—Thanks.

JACKSONVILLE, Nov. 28, 1863.

Mr. Editor.—When you last heard from me I was among the sage and alkali of upper Klamath river. On our return from there to the lake, we came a different trail, which was more direct than the one we went. After traveling about one mile, we gained the summit of a low ridge, covered with low, scrubby, pine timber, sage and greasewood, which divides the river from the lake. From here we had a grand view of the Lake. Fortunately, we arrived at this point at the most favorable moment possible to view this magnificent landscape.

Beneath a cloudless sky "dead stillness reigned in air." "Not even a breeze on high the gossamer to bear." Not a ripple was seen on the lake, save that made by an occasional Indian canoe, that glided to and fro in front of the villages along the lake shore. A mirror of most mammoth proportions and exquisite finish, giving perfect reflections of every object for a distance of twenty miles, lay stretched out before us, where we could see the distant mountains, in duplicate, suspended between two skies. The mellow, misty mountains beyond the lake, above which towered the late snow-covered summit of Mt. McLaughlin, were reproduced in all the minutia of detail—"an inverted landscape" beneath the lake. We instinctively reined up our horses when our eyes caught the first glimpse of this rare panorama, and we stood for a few moments silently admiring the scene. As we slowly rode toward the lake, we discovered near the further shore a great change taking place. The surface of the lake began to assume a dark, opaque appearance, which spread rapidly in every direction, shutting out mountain after mountain from this optical painting; and by the time we arrived at the lake shore it was rippled over by the breeze, and this beautiful diorama had vanished.

I have no doubt that the utilitarian churl, immortalized by the Poet, who, when "Placed where Catalin's forehead greets the sky Grieved that such queries all unknown should lie," And who, when "Placed where Niagara's torrents thrill, Exclaimed, 'a monstrous stream to turn a mill,'" If placed

On Klamath Lake, would still be meager, And cry, "a glorious place to run a steamer!" Or if, perchance, our calculating individual should be portable, and conveyance could be obtained to transport him two miles above Fort Klamath, and he could there be placed among that tall and stately timber, He'd think, no doubt, "a bully place to get out lumber."

And if it was not getting so far off from my present stand point, I would put in a lot of * * and say his head was right on the lumber question. But as we return to the fort let us take a utilitarian view of Klamath country. "To be or not to be" of some use to white mankind, is the ques-

tion. Is this grand lake, these thousands of acres of rich soil, this beautiful timber and these fine streams—filled with fin r fish—all created only to look pretty? If so, it was a grand success, and the object wholly accomplished. But I think another object of its creation will be just as satisfactorily realized, ere many more snows whiten its soil. I believe that in ten years Klamath country, or whatever cognomen it may assume, will exceed Jackson county in population.

It is argued that it is too cold by some, and that too much snow falls in the winter season. Such I would refer to the north-western and northeastern States, Minnesota and Maine, for instance. Could some of those who inhabit, and were born and raised in, the high latitudes of these northern States, be transported at this season of the year to the Klamath valley, they would be surprised to find so genial a climate on the 28th day of November. It is argued by others that the country is too wet; that there is too much marshy land. I would refer such to the thousands of acres of reclaimed land in almost every State in the Union, which is now the best land in them. At the same time I deny the necessity of even draining thousands of acres in Klamath valley, while there are many thousands of acres that can be entirely reclaimed by drainage. For the sum of fifteen thousand dollars the whole of Klamath Lake may be lowered six feet, thereby draining more good land than is found in Jackson county.

It has been suggested that if the German colonization society, that is now in Oregon in search of a location, could settle Klamath valley, they would seek no further. Here they could find everything necessary to establish their community. Fine land for cultivation, fine sites for mills, with an abundance of the very best of timber. I dare say that under the control of such a community, Jackson county would soon be left behind in wealth and population. If this should meet the eye of any of our colonization friends, I recommend this country to their attention. Being theoretically opposed to utilitarianism, I shall leave the subject and proceed to camp via La Lake's country ville, where we stopped long enough to get a specimen of the water lily seed, and learn the *modus operandi* by which it is prepared for muck-muck. The pods containing this seed are about the size of a hen's egg, and much the shape of an urn. This pod is broken up and the seed extracted; these seed, which are about the size of a grain of wheat, and having a hull like millet seed, are parched, and the hulls removed by rubbing them on a large flat stone with a kind of pestle, made of a peculiar kind of stone found in that country; after this process, it is placed in water and the hull floats off. When cooked it closely resembled pearl barley. I suppose it makes a palatable dish. Didn't try it, for feeling a little "weak in the stomach" about that time, couldn't reconcile myself to the idea of eating out of an old squaw's "skull cap."

Nothing of importance occurred on our return from here, save the capture of an unfortunate mud-hen, which had wandered too far from its favorite element, and had become entangled in the tall grass.

Shortly after our arrival in camp, the sound of the bugle brought the men in line before the guard-house, all anxious to know what was up. "Attention company! front face! forward march!" were the quick ejaculations of the officer. Away went the men in line of battle into the prairie. After marching some two hundred yards, the officer was again heard—"Halt! fire!" and in a few minutes the tall, dry grass in front of camp was on fire for three hundred yards, crackling and roaring before a stiff breeze. A grand scene it was too. In a few minutes the fire ran over several hundred acres of land, and arrived at the river, a distance of one mile, where its further progress was arrested. The object of burning it was to prepare it for mowing next year.

Next day, the special messenger arrived with a lot of horses. Mounted on one of the horses was a little, sprightly looking man, dressed in a rather dilapidated suit. On his head he wore an extensive coonskin cap. Curious to know his business, I watched his movements until I saw him brought up before the Captain, who asked him divers questions as to his age, nativity, former service etc. The Captain, then, after discussing the merits of the articles of war, administered

the oath which made him one of Uncle Sam's internal and external defenders. "He stood it like a brick," said one of the boys who witnessed the ceremony; "A little weak in the knees," said another; "I should liked to have swapped places with him before that nail was driven," said a third; "You bet," said a half dozen more.

On Saturday night, about ten o'clock, Lieut. White and Dr. Cronkrite arrived. They had made the trip from Jacksonville in two days. The Doctor, who had been unaccustomed to riding for some time, was about "gone up the flume." However, he has evidently seen rougher times, having been in several battles on the Potomac. Using his own words, "He is a small man, but has been in places where he would have liked to have been smaller."

On Sunday morning the company appeared on dress parade. After the customary inspection of arms, etc., they made some fine evolutions in the skirmish drill. Charging, wheeling right and left, falling to the ground, rising and charging again, as the sound of the bugle indicated. The Indian children and squaws, of which there were a great number present, enjoyed this display highly, and seemed to look upon it as an arrangement gotten up for their special amusement. From the "cut of the job" of some of the old warriors, who were silently looking on, I judge they thought there was something more in it. Altogether, Captain Kelly's company contains a fine lot of men, well drilled and under good discipline.

The old sights have been removed from the rifles furnished this company, and new ones put on, better adapted to sharpshooting, and the men have all been in Oregon long enough to know how to use them.

After the drill was over, I started in company with Col. Drew and one of his men for Jacksonville, where we arrived after a trip of a little over two days; having been gone just two weeks.

Now, Mr. Editor, permit me to return my thanks to all the officers of Fort Klamath for the kindness and hospitality which was tendered to me during my stay, and I have done. X.

WOMAN.—There is nothing can make a fool of a man quicker than a pretty woman. If he had but five dollars in his pocket, and that sum were especially intended to save a family from starvation, should he meet a pretty woman of his acquaintance on his way, ten chances to one he would take her to Taylor's and have a champagne lunch. Two smiles, producing two inviting dimples, will make any ordinary minded masculine forget every thing but her presence. Who can blame Adam for eating that apple? Even in these days there are plenty of us who would go one tooth on it, at any rate. Imagine yourself alone in a garden, a bright summer's day over you, and the incense of a thousand flowers floating on the soft summer air. Fancy yourself in such a place, alone with a smiling young woman, and she, her face glowing with blushes, her dark eyes resting upon you in dreamy voluptuousness—fancy yourself thus with her, and she offering you a luscious pippin—could you, would you refuse to go one tooth on it? Then don't blame Adam for being a fool, and don't blame Eve for taking him in.

PLEASEING EVERYBODY.—We do not remember to have read anything better than the following sentiments. They are true to the letter: "Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge his enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe a man's going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion, elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their own opinion—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they respect you more, for turning your coat every day to match theirs in color. Wear your own colors, spite of wind or weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute, ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind, having once made it up, stick to it like a burr to a chestnut."

An English writer classifies old maids and old bachelors as "solitary mature men, and women who have nothing happening to them."

When the War is Over.

The following beautiful and truthful lines are from the pen of Sarah J. C. Whittless:

When the war is over,
There'll be many a vacant chair
Round the homestead hearth;
Mouldering in the earth;
There'll be many a severed ringlet—
Jelly, gold and Auburn ringlet—
Treasured for his truth and worth,
When the war is over!

When the war is over,
Many a heart will throb with woe,
Many an eye be dim,
That was glad two years ago,
That was bright with him;
That will never see the sunlight,
Breaking through the gloomy earth-night—
Oh! they'll miss and mourn for him,
When the war is over!

When the war is over,
Union's glorious ship will sail
Smoothly as of yore—
Freedom's flag float on the gale,
Proudly as before;
Tranquil sleep the smiling ocean,
Resting from the storm commotion,
But oh! the wrecks upon the shore,
When the war is over.

Hazel Eyed Women.—Maj. Noah said a hazel eye inspires at first sight a Pantonie Gibreter. A woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never eludes scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never talks too little, always is an intelligent, agreeable and lovely creature.

We never knew, says a brother editor, of but one hazel-eyed who was uninteresting or unamiable, and she had a nose, as we Yankees say, that looked like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point. The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as well as its beauty. The blue is amiable, but may be feeble. The black—take care! There is thunder and lightning there!

"Johnny, get your dictionary, and tell me what the word Democrat means," said an old Valandighammer to his hopeful.

The son complied, and soon read as follows: "Democrat—n.—One who adheres to a Government by the people, or favors the extension of the right of suffrage to all classes of men."

"Hold on, John, does it say all classes of men?"

"Yes, dad."

"Who is the maker of the dictionary?"

"Webster."

"Oh, that blasted old Whig! I always thought he was sort of a favoring the niggers! Johnny, you needn't read that dictionary any more. I'll see about getting the right kind when I next go to town."

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