

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

VOL. I.

STELLACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1858.

NO. 21.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES FROSCHE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

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Agriculture.

Roman Treatment of Cattle.

Horses were seldom if ever used in cultivating the soil, oxen being employed for this purpose. Much attention was given to breeding and training them, and they appear to have been treated with great kindness. In breeding, the form of the cow was considered of more importance than that of the bull. The cows which Columella most approved were of "a tall make, long, with very large belly, very broad head, eyes black and open, horns graceful, smooth, and black, hairy ears, straight jaws, very large dewlap and tail, and moderate hoofs and legs." The bulls, Palladius says, "should be tall, with huge members; of a middle age, rather young than old; of a stern countenance; small horns, a brawny and vast neck, and a confined belly."

"To break bullocks," says Varro, "put their necks between forked stakes; set up one for each bullock, and give them meat from the hand; they will become tractable in a few days. Then, in order that by degrees they may become accustomed to the yoke, let unbroken one be joined with a veteran, whom he will imitate; then let them go upon even ground without a plow, then yoked to a light plow in sandy soil."

"Calves," says Virgil, "which you intend for country labor, should be instructed while their youthful minds are tractable, and their age manageable. First bend round their necks wide wreaths of tender twigs; then, when their free necks have become accustomed to servitude, put real collars upon them, join bullocks of equal strength, and make them step together. At first, let them frequently be employed in drawing along the ground wheels without any carriage upon them, so that they may print their steps only upon the top of the dust. Afterward, let the beechen axle groan under the heavy load, and the pole draw the wheels joined to the weighty carriage."

"The plowman," says Columella, "when he has unyoked his oxen, must rub them after they are tied up, press their backs with his hands, pull up their hides, and not suffer them to stick to their bodies, for this is a disease that is very destructive to working cattle. No food must be given them till they have ceased from sweating and high breathing, and then by degrees, in portions as eaten; and afterwards they are to be led to the water, and encouraged by whistling." Encouraging the horse to drink, etc., by whistling, is still a common practice in many parts of England. How few know that it was recommended by a learned author nearly 2000 years ago!

Management of Dairy Cows.

Much has been written upon this subject, and many rules have been laid down for the winter management of different kinds of stock; and as cows are among the most profitable stock we have, they should receive a due share of attention.

As cows are generally kept for profit, they should be well cared for at all seasons of the year, for the profit depends principally upon their management. Keep no more than can be kept well; for a few cows well fed are better than a greater number half-cared for and half-milked. They should be stabled through the winter, if possible, and be properly fed at all seasons. They should be salted regularly, the year round. Twice a week, I think, is enough in the summer.

Milking is of great importance, and should be conducted regularly, and by the same hands, and as quickly and still as possible. Many farmers in the States have a very bad practice of letting their cows lie in the yard over night, after milking. It is very injurious to milk cows too late in the winter. At least two months should be allowed before coming in. Toward spring, they should have a little meal or bran every day, but

avoid giving anything that has a tendency to increase their milk, before they come in.

Mr. A. J. Taylor, of Wyoming Co., N. Y., speaks very lightly of fastening cows to upright stakes, as he calls them, and crowding them too thickly together; but, notwithstanding all the improved styles of fastening, most of the New England dairymen have again resorted to the old-fashioned way of securing to stanchions. Mr. T. says, a stable thirty feet long will make nine stalls. Now, allow me to say that this is as thick as I ever saw them, in any form.

The Horse Charm; Or the Great Secret for Taming Horses.

The horse-caster is a wart, or excrescence, which grows on every horse's fore legs, and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar rank, musty smell, and is easily pulled off. The ammoniacal effluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a great attraction to all animals, especially canine and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instantly drawn towards it.

The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

The directions for taming horses are as follows:

Procure some horse-caster and grate it fine. Also get some oil of rhodium and oil of cumin and keep the three separate in air tight bottles.

Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will come up to him then without any trouble. Then rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can then lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar, apple or p. tato.

Put eight drops of oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the forefinger stopping the mouth of the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearless and promptly, your knees pressed to the sides of the horse, and your toes turned in and heels out; then you will always be on the alert for a shy or shrew from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then if you want to teach him to lie down, stand on his right or left side; have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time gently, firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down without the straps.

He is now your pupil and friend. You can teach him anything; only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well, groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let your horse stand out a long time in the cold without shelter or covering, for remember that the horse is an aboriginal native of a warm climate, and in many respects his constitution is as tender as a man's.

Pigs should be kept clean. The pig certainly in hot weather will search out and enjoy any dirty and wet hole, but he is nevertheless a very cleanly animal, and always thrives fastest on clean straw in a clean sty; he seldom, except by accident, leaves any droppings of his excrement in his sleeping apartment, and his sense of smell is so acute that he has actually been trained to scent game.

Raspberries may be grown on the Prairies profitably, to almost any extent, by transplanting the wild bushes from the groves, which improves their quality and productivity very much,—especially if well cultivated. Every new settler can have an abundance of this fruit the second year, if he will but try.

Address to the Unco Gaid, or the Rightly Righteous.

By ANON.

O ye who are the gold ye seek,
See piety and nobility,
Ye've sought to do but mark and tell
Your neighbors' faults and folly!
Whose life is like a wee gum mill,
Supply'd w' store o' water,
The heppier happer's sabbing still,
And still the clay plays clatters.

Hear me, ye venerable here,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass doze Wisdom's door
For ghaillt' fuly's careless;
I for their thoughtless, careless sake,
Would here propose defenses,
Their doze tricks, their black mistakes,
Their fallings and mischances.

Ye see your state w' theirs compar'd
And shudder at the sight,
But e'er a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Droozums what most voozums gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's a' mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidde!

Think, when your outgaited pulse
Goes now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop;
W' wind and tide fair 'f your tail,
Tight on ye've sent your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' bath to sail,
It makes an unco sea-way.

Then gently scan your brother man,
But gentler sister woman;
That they may gang a looie wrang,
To step aside to human;
One point seem still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lame can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they run it.

Who made the heart? 'tis He alone
Destiny can try us;
He knows each chord—'tis various tone,
Each spring—in various bias;
Then at the balance let's be wote,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's related.

THE WALLACE OF SWEDEN.

Some three or four hundred years ago, the two small kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were in a continual state of feud with each other, in much the same manner as England and Scotland used to be about the same period and from very nearly the same causes. It was always a great object with the Danes to add Sweden to their monarchy—an arrangement which the Swedes by no means liked, but which they more than once had to submit to. Christian II, king of Denmark, usurped the Swedish crown in the year 1599, and was no sooner proclaimed king than he set about destroying the dearly-cherished institutions of the country, and putting many of the noblest Swedes to death. One of his greatest atrocities was the beheading of ninety-four Swedish noblemen, in the course of a few days, in the market-place of Stockholm, besides consigning many more to dungeons in different parts of Denmark.

This conduct on the part of Christian was not relished by the people on whom he had imposed himself as king. They, very naturally, murmured at the loss of their liberty, and resolved on seizing the first favorable opportunity of restoring their national independence. It is to be remarked that in almost all such cases of national disaster, whether in ancient or modern times, some daring spirit has arisen to combat with the usurper, and strike a patriotic blow for his unhappy country. Wallace of Scotland was one of these heroic men, and Sweden had such another, in the person of a young nobleman named Gustavus Vasa. This intrepid individual, who was a descendant of the old royal family of Sweden—a family which had enjoyed the sovereign power prior to the national misfortunes—was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind, and his handsome person and noble countenance prepossessed all in his favor. His ardent eloquence was irresistible; and his prudence was equalled by his courage and the boldness of his conceptions. Having made himself conspicuous by his endeavors to avert the thralldom of his country, he was seized by order of Christian, and lodged in a Danish prison. In the solitude of his dungeon, he resolved that he would deliver Sweden from the usurper. He first directed his attention to the gaining of his own personal liberty, which he at length with some difficulty effected, and forthwith fled in the disguise of a peasant, taking a path which led him back to his native country.

The adventures of Gustavus are now full of interest. The narrow escapes which he made from his enemies who were everywhere searching for him, resemble more those of romance than the events of sober history. It is mentioned that he wrought for some time in the iron mines as a common laborer; but being very nearly discovered while in this situation, he consulted his safety by leaving the spot, and wandering towards the poor, hilly region of Dalecarlia, where he imagined he should find a secure retreat.

The place to which he bent his steps was the residence of a disbanded military officer named Peterson, whom he had formerly known and benighted. "Peterson—we here quote the account given by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his Travels in Russia and Sweden—Peterson received him with every mark of friendship, nay, treated him with

that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus than that Prince was himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of waiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavored, by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Peterson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and, promising not to name himself on any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design into execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court with the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this second Judas sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violated the most sacred laws of hospitality by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christian's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend—shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!—he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently, unknown to him, filled it of his treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he; "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly for the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man, in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in king Christian's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed color; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise: "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

"The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, clutching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What! sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door: "There, get into the scullery," cried she; "it is the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lot of a slave!"

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlor while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied—perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back-passage conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay; she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest carter across the lake, committed him to Providence."

After making this narrow escape, Gustavus was not long in effecting the independence of Sweden. He took the opportunity of a festival, at which the peasants of the canton assembled, and appeared in the midst of them. His noble and confident air, his misfortunes, and the general hatred against Christian, all lent an irresistible power to his words. The people rushed to arms; and, emboldened by his success, the Dalecarlians—who may be called the Highlanders of Sweden—flocked together under the banners of the conqueror. From this moment, Gustavus entered upon a career of victory. At the head of a self-raised army he advanced rapidly, and

completed the expulsion of the enemy. The Estates first conferred upon him the title of administrator, and afterwards proclaimed him as king. Gustavus, however, was not ambitious of sovereignty, and would rather have remained an elective president, notwithstanding his claims of birth. It was not without a sufficient reason that he hesitated to accept the office of king. At this period (1628) Europe was torn with religious dissensions, and the reigning monarchs had an extremely delicate and difficult task in preserving a balance betwixt the advocates of the reformed doctrines and their adversaries. The behavior of Gustavus upon this occasion is acknowledged to be exceedingly prudent. He effected the establishment of reformed usages to the satisfaction of all parties. After performing this important duty, he perfected the legislation, formed by his taste and judgment industry and learning, and extended commerce. After a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, he died in 1650, at the mature age of seventy.

What became of Sweden after the death of this extraordinary man, is a question which may be asked. It continued a monarchy under his descendants till 1809, when the reigning monarch, Gustavus IV., was expelled from the kingdom for repeated acts of folly and bad government. A collateral branch of the family ascended the throne; but, death carrying off the crown prince, in 1810, the Estates made choice of Bernadotte, one of Bonaparte's generals, as sovereign, and this eminent individual became king of Sweden—which is now united with Norway—under the title of Charles XIV. His son is now the reigning monarch. In the meanwhile, the expelled imbecile, Gustavus IV., became an eccentric religious fanatic, and for some years furnished amusement to the country circles of the continent. His son, we believe, is a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and takes the name of Gustavson.

An Eastern Tyrant.

Women have no names in Cairo. They, of course, have the names at home, but no man knows the name of his neighbor's wife or wives. A woman is spoken of as the wife of such a person, or the sister of such a person, but never by her own name.

The daughter of Mehmet Ali, the sister of the present Viceroy, is the first lady in Egypt. Her history is almost a romance. This is not the place to speak of the private incidents in it, which have long made her to be spoken of with contempt even by the Egyptians, the vilest race of men on earth. But her husband's name is still a terror in Cairo, and men will hardly believe that he is dead.

The Defterdar, as he is always called, was the son-in-law of Mehmet Ali, and the realization of all the stories of Turkish brutality and tyranny. His palace is in front of the Esbekiah, but since his death, has passed into other hands.

He it was who heard the complaint of a poor woman that a man had drunk milk from her measure and then refused to pay her.

"When was it?" demanded the Defterdar.

"This moment."

"Well now, woman, listen—I will rip this man open. If I find the milk in him, it is well—you shall be paid. If not, I will rip you open in the same way."

It was done instantly, on the floor of his room, by his men, he and the woman looking on complacently. The milk was found in the man's stomach, and the Defterdar ordered the value of the milk—ten paras, or about one cent—to be taken from the man's gown and paid to the woman.

In another instance, a tax collector had levied on a poor man's cow, his sole possession, for one of the enormous taxes of Mehmet Ali. The cow was worth two hundred piastres. The tax was forty. The collector took the cow, and sent for a butcher, made him kill the cow, and cut it into ten pieces, and then sent for ten men and forced them to take and pay for the pieces six piastres each. It was cheap meat, but they would never have touched it, except under force.

The man complained to the Defterdar that his cow, worth two hundred piastres, had been in this manner sold for sixty, and by the oppression of the collector, he was left destitute. The Defterdar sent a boat to the village, and brought all the parties and witnesses to his palace.

It was a clear case of oppression.

"How dare you kill that man's cow?" said he to the butcher.

"Do, then, what I tell you. Kill that man, the collector, and cut him into ten pieces."

It was done on the spot, and every man who had the beef at six piastres, was made to buy a piece of the collector at twenty, and so the poor man had the value of his cow.

These instances are both on the side of justice—but others, countless stories of his cruelties are told, which are perfectly reliable.

His horse was badly shod so that a nail pricked his foot—not an uncommon occurrence with the best of blacksmiths. But he went to the shop, and had a hot shoe nailed on the foot of the smith. These and other similar accounts may be relied upon. Every one in Cairo, knew a hundred such.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

Variety.

Talent without tact has been said to be like a fiddle without the bow.

Power unsubjected to the control of virtue is a poor guardian of civil liberty.

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a *fat* woman to lean on his arm?

The woman who paints her face, offers an unmistakable insult to nature—and also to the lips of man.

A sot is like a statue in a moist air—all the lineaments of his humanity are mouldering away with the moisture.

A man's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first to come out the brighter afterward.

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to dependency. The flower which opens to receive the dew, shuts against rain.

A correspondent writes to know in case the Great Eastern steamship can't come over the bars at Sandy Hook, why the people don't go and let the bars down!

A Spanish poet, celebrating the black eyes of his mistress, declared, in the quaint style of his age, that they were in mourning for the murders they had committed.

A young gentleman who has married a little beauty, says "she would have been made taller, but she's made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it."

Why was the prophet Nathan greater than the Mediterranean?

Because the Mediterranean is a sea, but Nathan was a sea (see-er).

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"

"Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical seniority, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke, and ladies who dance till three or four o'clock in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

A lover is one who lives on sentiment and moonlight, who dislikes advice and salt pork, and supposes that all that's required to convert this world into paradise, is a six-keyed flute and a pair of light blue eyes.

"If a man steals my umbrella," says Hunker, "it's no use makin' a fuss; it only shows that umbrella equilibrium has been broken! Now, if I take from some one else, that restores the equilibrium—there is, really, no umbrella lost; and an umbrella is only lost when it is used up."

The Maréchal d'Étrepas, aged one hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Tremaise at the age of sixty-three. "I am very sorry for it," said the Maréchal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

The following despatch was recently sent to New York by the wires.

"I lent you one year ago to-night four dollars eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer."

We give the answer:—

"Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

Hippolyte Lucas, a serious writer, in whose criticism finds no cause of attack but a long nose, was playing chess a short time ago with Louis Desnoyers, at a moment when he was suffering from a cold in his head. "Blow your nose, my dear fellow," said Desnoyers, with considerable good humor, as he saw him sneeze. "Blow it yourself," said Lucas, "it's snerer you than I."

An inveterate coffee drinker, two days after his marriage, on a visit to his parents, was as usual handed a cup of the delicious beverage, and astonished the table by expressing his preference for tea. Wondering what could have produced the sudden antipathy, his anxious mama inquired the cause. His innocent reply, "that it kept him awake the last two nights!" set the table in a roar.

Two Quakers in Vermont had a dispute; they wished to fight, but it was against their principle; they grasped one another; one threw and sat on the back of the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said: "On thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." The other, however, began to deal blows against his opponent's head, saying: "It is written, the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

"You and I are much alike," said a beggar to a banker.

"How so?"

"We both contrive to live on the labor of others."

"But I carry on a lawful business for a living," said the banker.

"So do I," said the beggar; "but there is this difference: I get the property of others with their consent; you get their property without their consent."

