

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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

VOL. IV.

STELLACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1861.

NO. 14.

## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Battle.

FROM THE GUNBOAT OF STELLACOOM.

Heavy and solemn,  
Through the green plain they marching came!  
Mosses were spread,  
Like a table d'and,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
Looks are bent on the shuffling ground,  
Hearts beat loud with a keening sound,  
Swish by the breeze that must bear the brand,  
Gallops the major round the front and rear,  
"Halt!"  
And ordered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent halt!

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,  
And the drum beats from the foremost rank:  
Many a soldier to earth is sent,  
Many a gory by hole is rent;  
And the corpse before springs the hindmost man,  
That the line may not fall to the barren van,  
To the right, to the left, and around and around,  
Death wails in the distance of the sound,  
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery light,  
Over the battle field a burning night;  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Mark to the hoofs that galloping go!  
The adjutant flies—  
The drum beats on the panting foe,  
Their thunder booms in dying woe,  
Victory!  
Terror has seized on the dauntless all,  
And their colors fall!  
Victory!

Closed is the front of the glorious fight,  
And the day, the day, the day, the night,  
Trumpet and file swelling choral song,  
The triumph already ringing in song,  
Forward, false brothers, though this life be o'er,  
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

Humble Worth.  
Till we met that he's a poor man,  
And his heart is as hard as steel;  
Till we met that his daily pittance  
Is a workman's meager fare;  
Till we met that his little hoard,  
That his savings are few;  
Till we met that his little hoard,  
That his savings are few;

A Good Conscience.  
My conscience is my crown,  
O'er my head it shines;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.  
I feel no care of coin,  
My mind is on my duty;  
My mind is on my duty,  
My mind is on my duty;

The Boa Constrictor and Crocodile.  
It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close to the pool was a gigantic leafy tree, its tree thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa constrictor, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of the baboon species, a living race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his high position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. The crocodile, as though he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape, seeing himself being dragged to a limb of the tree, but a battle rapidly commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions.

Winding his coils round and round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hind legs, and by his contractions made the scales of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both the combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, some several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about.

At the end of five minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to relax, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile was also still; and though only the tip of his back was visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limb of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and, taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the branches.

Life's greatest success—a happy heart.

## Crossing the Sound in a Canoe.

It was the 10th of November, 1854. Nearly opposite the mouth of the Nisqually, seven of us were engaged in getting out a large raft of sawlogs. Our provisions were out, and we had nothing to cross the Sound in but a small Cheenook canoe. The wind had been blowing since the 8th, and showed no signs of abatement. As I said, we had nothing but a Cheenook canoe, only twenty feet long. One of these canoes forty feet long will carry several tons, over very rough water. But ours was much smaller, and in it we would have to go to Stellacoom, to get what we needed. It was ten miles. Anxiously did we watch the southern horizon. The wind was blowing from the north, and we knew it would eventually change to the south-west, or south, and bring rain. Noon came, and no sign of less wind. I was the only one of the company who could manage a canoe well, and I had resolved, if the wind did not abate by noon, I would attempt the passage. We were all standing on the beach, looking gloriously at the water as it broke in surges on the sand. I went to the cabin and brought down four paddles, so that if I broke any, I would not be left at the mercy of the waves. I also put on a life-preserver, having divested myself of all my clothing except a pair of moccasins, a pair of light overalls, a flannel shirt, and a handkerchief tied round my head.

When I came back to the beach, they all looked frightened. "What are you going to do?" asked my uncle. "Cross the Sound," I said. "Cross the Sound?" echoed all. "Yes, with 'old' protection. I will," said I, and laid the paddles in the canoe. Several tried to dissuade me, but I was determined. My uncle, knowing my character, told them to let me alone. "For," said he, "he's going to start, you may be sure." Every man was silent, as I prepared my craft for the desperate encounter with the mad waters. I took two small boxes, in which I nailed two stones for trimming and ballast. I secured both boxes firmly to the bottom of the canoe, by nailing temporary thwart over each. I then started a large wooden keel, and away shot the canoe. I tied it with a fathom of whip-cord, lest it should be thrown out and lost. I laid three of the paddles in the bottom of the canoe near the stern. I intended sitting on them, to have them handy for use, and safe.

When I had finished my preparations, all hands laid hold of the canoe, and we launched her. We were obliged to wade out waist deep in the surf, to clear her. Not a word had been spoken during the last quarter of an hour. They held the canoe while I got in and seated myself. "Shove her off, boys, and give me three cheers," and I tried to smile hopefully. "God bless you, my dear boy," said my uncle, and away shot my frail bark, just in time to escape the breaking of a huge surf—and I was alone in my little cockle shell, to ride the leaping, hoary-maned waves of Neptune.

I was not frightened, nor terrified; yet a kind of cold shiver passed over me, as I bounded to the crest of a great, rolling mass of water, and then shot down towards the next. Just after starting it was necessary to turn across the swell at an angle of about thirty degrees; and this was to be my direction all the way. The canoe was light and well ballasted, and rode the waves like a duck. I had nothing to do but sit and paddle, 'tis true, but that was enough. I saw my little vessel frisked and bounded; I saw proudly the saucy thing tossed her head, like a young colt!

At first I felt the hot blood rushing to my head, and it seemed as if my temples would burst; but that soon passed, and I began to enjoy the wild tossing of the briny waves, and with quivering muscles and a bounding heart, plied the paddle; and mine, I think, was no weak arm for a boy of fifteen. Swiftly did my little "light canoe" bound over and among the charging squadrons of the deep. The shore, and those who stood on one of its high points, became lower and nearer the water as I still but all my energies to the stout ashen paddle. Sometimes I would have to turn my canoe to meet some great wave at right angles, lest the spiteful blast would lift off the top of it, and dash it over me.

Just as I reached a point about half way across, the wind suddenly veered. I thought it was going to change. I had been expecting the victory I had gained over the wind and water. But all at once my expectation was turned into something like horror and despair, for just as I bounded to the summit of a large wave I glanced down to the north, and—my God!—the waters were one great sea of foam and spray! A terrible equal was sweeping madly over the Sound, and was within a mile of me. It was at least three miles and a half to land. In three seconds I was as calm as if I were walking on the deck of the Pacific; and mine, I think, was no weak arm for a boy of fifteen. Swiftly did my little "light canoe" bound over and among the charging squadrons of the deep. The shore, and those who stood on one of its high points, became lower and nearer the water as I still but all my energies to the stout ashen paddle. Sometimes I would have to turn my canoe to meet some great wave at right angles, lest the spiteful blast would lift off the top of it, and dash it over me.

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## Day-dream of the Times.

It was very cold and dark for the month of May, and the day was so dreary it seemed as if the great city had been deserted and left to silent solitude. The cruel north wind howled through narrow alleys and whistled between the cracks in poverty's door a mournful requiem over departed sunny days, while the sleet and snow and rain attacked the miserable few who were obliged to wander about the streets, as if fighting for the very life of the unfortunate outcast. It was a day when the rich wrapped themselves more closely in their costly furs, and shuddered when a fresh blast rattled the window-casements, as if they mistrusted the power of their solid walls and bright fires to drive away the cold. It was a day when the forsaken and the outcast huddled together in their moist, damp cellars, and leaned over feebly-flickering coals with their chins clenched in their thin, scrawny fingers, thinking, perhaps, of those better days in "old lang syne," which heaven kindly leaves in the memory of every fallen one; or, perhaps, cursing man for his "inhumanity to man," cursing himself for self-destruction, cursing the world as a whitened sepulchre, and cursing God for giving them life.

In a dingy Wall street office sat a young man alone, with his eyes fixed upon the old-fashioned fireplace, as if reading a pleasant story in the merry coal blaze that wrapped the bars of the grate in a cheerful glow, or danced up the chimney as if to spite the tempest in the open street. Long, long sat that man by his lonely fireside, with no one to interrupt his reverie, and no one to watch his thoughtful face, save, perhaps, the wandering ghost of some departed lawyer, who, in the flesh, had wrought so much evil that even Pluto declined the pleasure of his society, sending him back to the regions of his earthly deeds. Hour after hour marched along the faded and scaly dial of the old Dutch clock in the corner, and the man's thought went out into the world and read the tragedy now filling every heart with sorrow.

He saw the mighty marts of trade go down in feebleness to the dust from which they sprang. He saw the sail, once wet in the spray of the Gulf Stream, flapping like a useless rag in the rotten dock, not valuable enough to pay for pulling it down. He saw valleys, once musical with the hum of a thousand spindles, and the rattle of a million wheels, and smiling with that healthy glow which the angel of industry ever gives, still and silent as a country churchyard. The factory was slowly crumbling away with its cobwebbed machinery, and the engine shuddered no more with the bubbling life of old. A bush, as if of death, hung over the valley, and living creatures had left the spot, as if it were to be abandoned. He saw the fabrics of far distant lands heaped up on neglected streets, piled like monuments, over dim, deserted extravaganza. He listened for the quick, short breath of the iron horse, but it came not, for the faithful old servant of inland trade had long been abandoned for want of use. He saw the ghostly form of Poverty stalking into homes once supposed sacred from its attacks, while the skinny finger of Ruin pointed to still higher victims. He saw feebly infirm rocking itself into the sleep of death, with its vain struggles, unwatched and uncaared for, like a poisonous weed. Blooming maidenhood went about with the tattered remnants of faded garments trumpeting to the winds its tale of sorrow. Strong manhood grieved in the ruins of his most brilliant achievements, while the memory of other days pierced his brain like a two-edged sword. Helpless age, with its sunken eye and toothless gum, numbed an approaching car as the light of life flickered dimly in its socket, with a sickening, stuffy smell, such as wells up from a badly trimmed lamp.

The winds howled more fiercely, and the windows rattled loudly with the peering storm, and the young man looked above, and as clear as Balshazar saw the handwriting upon his banquet wall, so this young man read in the darkened sky, traced in words of lightning glare, the words of the prophet of doom. He saw the triumph of Sorrow, and the flight of the friend of Disunion to live, and you have read your country's fate!

The man shuddered in his office chair, and well he might, over a picture like the one he had seen. Still more angrily burst the May storm, until the man raked the fire and gave it more coal. The winds roared, like impatient demons, through narrow halls, and twisted unfortunate signs from their dusky boards, but the blaze of the office fire went high up the chimney, with it glowing like a furnace heated seven times, and filled the room with a happy warmth, and again the young man dreamed.

He saw the bones of friends bleaching in a land of snow and flowers. Mighty cities were draped in mourning for absent citizens, never to return, and storming families sent up a continual wail over the sleeping dead. Blood dripped from the now peaceful hilltop, and stained the river's bosom. Desolation walked through the land, and his path was a long and wide; but the shadow of want and the dust of famine had left the market, and the workshops. The sign of the steam whistle rang out clear upon the morning air, and the din of jarring wheels hushed their humanity to slumbers. Trade again held high festival in the great hall, and huge ships went down into the costly deep, loaded with millions of merchandise. Old men and maidens, young men and matrons, and youth, in life's green spring, went out from happy homes with smiling faces and glad hearts, and thanked God for His goodness.

The wind died away. The sleet rain fell no more for a wren sang as he hopped about in a cloudless sky, and through the window came a song, as soft and clear as if sung by an angel choir.

"Oh, the Star-Spangled Banner never will wane." Over the bones of the free and the land of the brave.

The young man turned to his fire, but it had gone out, and over it hung a naked sword, with this inscription: "The baptism of blood! The end of Disunion! The Republic's last trial!"

The following advertisement in the *Caro Gazette* we publish with a sympathy with the advertiser: "Lost! A small stout port bottle of the size of a young dog, of black and tan complexion, and anti-rat proclivities. Had on when he left a pair of easy-buckled worn, a long tail, and a lame streak on the off fore-leg. Five dollars reward will be paid for this interesting animal."

"Method," said Cecil, afterward Lord Brough, "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one."

How immensely would our conversation be abridged if all mankind only spoke the truth!

"A beautiful day, Mr. Prosch." "Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the rice." "Rice, rice, what rice?" "The boys mean rice." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one like the one you said, which I said 'No.' " "Day, what day?" "The day we celebrated," said Jenkins, who went off his way rejoicing.

"What most resembles half a cheese? The other half."

Good manners make a good impression often than personal beauty.

A woman who wants a charitable heart should have a pure mind.

## Life at Camp Corcoran.

Two months ago we sailed from New York, losing two men overboard before reaching Annapolis. Then followed the seven days of exposure and bitter privation while guarding the track between Annapolis and the Junction—our men sleeping under one continuous rain storm, without any other covering than their blankets, and without any other food than coarse junks of salt pork broiled hastily in the flames of their camp fires. Since our arrival in Virginia, the work performed by the regiment has claimed the astonishment of every competent judge—the men for several successive weeks working in the trenches from dawn to dusk, and sleeping or watching all night long on the ramps, fully equipped for action, and still with no other covering than their blankets. After such an ordeal, it is more than gratifying to record that not a single death has taken place in our ranks since landing at Annapolis Navy Yard—the average of men on our sick list never exceeding forty out of fourteen hundred, and of these, but very few, remaining under medical treatment more than a couple of days. To Dr. Smith, Nolan and Barron due credit should be given for these results; as also to the men themselves, who have been, with but rare exceptions, strictly temperate, cleanly and attentive to the laws of health.

Owing to the stillness of the weather, all exercise for the sake of health, instruction or pleasure, must be taken early in the morning or late in the afternoon. Hence there are company drills outside the ramparts from half-past five o'clock A.M. to half-past seven—just about enough to give the men an appetite for breakfast; and a full dress parade of the entire regiment each afternoon, commencing at half-past five o'clock P.M., and generally not ending until eight or nine. Under this system, the men rapidly advancing to the proficiency, and steadily regular in their "charge bayonets" in double-quick greatly surpassing in order, vigor and force, anything heretofore seen or heard "in these parts." Twelve hundred bayonet men, two deep and rushing onward, shoulder to shoulder—their bayonets glistening in advance, their line as irrevocably regular as the crest-wave of a tide, and their roar as hoarse as that of billows breaking against some rocky headland—is a sight, I can assure you, worth seeing, and a sound worth traveling many a mile to witness. Our evening parades are also exceedingly famous; and many high instances of the regular exercise, together with militia officers by the score, are now in the habit of collecting each evening from all neighboring camps to see the "Sixty-ninth" charge bayonets.

I would remark that nothing is more curious in this strange and novel scene than to witness the eager desire of every man and boy to be sent forward whenever and wherever there would appear the least chance that there may be fighting to be done. Sentinels and pickets are constantly remaining behind to guard the camp, desert their posts and seek to struggle themselves back into their respective companies, while on the march. Prisoners in the guard-house beg, implore and petition to be released and allowed to join the fight, cheerfully offering to suffer double or treble punishment on their return. Sick men get up on their feet and commence loading their shoulders with blankets, ammunition and knapsacks. Everything is stir, excitement and hilarity—the various companies charging with courage and patriotic air as they file out of the rally-ports, and friends who have been divided by some petty quarrel, fervently shaking hands with a hurried "God bless you," as they pass each other to take their places in the ranks.

"Long life to you, Mr. Weed," said a sentinel, who was being left behind in charge of one of the artillery magazines. "Long life to you, sir, and make interest for me to be sent on with the boys!"

"I'm afraid that can't be done," answered my Lord Thurlow, who chafed to be with the ground, as he very often has been, while the regiment was marching out. "You are entitled over the ammunition, and if that were lost, what would become of the first?"

"Bad luck to it for ammunition," retorted the sentinel, testily, and yet with a gleam of humor in his eyes. "I'm thinking, Mr. Weed, that so long as the ammunition don't go after them, devil restore the rebel north of Manassas Junction will ever call here to inquire why 't stays at home!"

This was a good argument, doubtless; but still the ingenious pleader for liberty to have a chance of being shot, was condemned to remain on guard over the despised bombardier.

A little liberty-bibber of about seventeen or eighteen years of age—a delicate boy, detailed as servant to one of our officers—begged hard for the privilege of joining his company, and marching forward on the occasion of a night alarm in front.

"You stay





