

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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Agriculture.

Farmers, Clean your Wheat.

We have visited more than fifty Flour mills within the last six months, and have always endeavored to make such inquiries as would result to the benefit of the grain grower.

There is one cause of loss among the grain growers of California, which can be remedied if they will. We have alluded to it several times, and yet the cause of loss increases rather than diminishes, and this is, the very poor manner of cleaning wheat. We have taken particular pains to ascertain the amount of loss, and the result is as follows: of all the wheat brought to the mill there is an absolute loss to the grower of *five per cent.* This is a real loss now, but one that could be saved. It occurs from a want of knowledge by those who *thresh and clean* the wheat, or the careless manner in which it is done. Loose heads, straw, broken wheat, chaff, barley, oats, mustard, &c., are mixed up with the wheat, so as to deteriorate its value in price, as well as waste in weight.

Those who are interested in this matter should take time to see the waste at the Flour Mill, and then they would begin to reflect, for all this must come out of them.

It is customary at the mill, in exchanging flour for wheat, to deduct a wastage of four or five per cent; this is certain loss at once. But there is a *greater loss*, and we desire to show this to our cultivators. By this careless manner of cleaning, every five bags in one hundred is waste, and for this the grower has to furnish bags; he pays for harvesting these five bags, for hauling, freight, and storage; and when it comes to milling, these five bags are waste, a dead loss to the grower. It would be easy for the grower to make an estimate of how much five bags are worth; but it is not only five bags—it is *five in every hundred*, fifty in a thousand, and *five hundred* bags to the grower of *ten thousand* bags of wheat. The causes of this loss we have in part enumerated, but if farmers would be more careful and *house* their machinery so as to keep it in order, and then use it with care, and thoroughly clean their wheat, their saving would surprise them; for after carting five bags of waste in ever hundred to the mill as the reward for labor in cleaning the wheat which could and should be cleaned on the farm; and after it has been carted to the mill and deducted from the crop, the farmer buys back that *very waste* for chicken or hog feed; that is, he deducts the waste of his own crop which he has carted to the mill and then buys it back again and hauls it home; whereas, if he had properly cleaned his wheat in the first place, he would have kept the chicken feed at home, had only his 95 bags to haul, and would get pay for his 95.

What is actually the farmer's loss who raises large crops? The grain grower who raises \$20,000 worth of wheat, loses \$1000 a year by the careless manner of cleaning his wheat, and this fact can be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to inquire into the matter. We have thus presented this subject in detail, and hope a proper attention to the matter will be awakened.—*Cal. Farmer.*

Land Measure.

Every farmer should have a rod measure, a light staff pole, just 16-14 feet long for measuring land. By a little practice he can learn to step a rod at five steps, which will answer very well for ordinary farm work. Ascertain the number of yards in length and width of any lot you wish to measure, and multiply one into the other, and divide by 160, and you have the number of acres, as 160 square rods make a square acre. If you wish to lay off one acre square, measure 12 rods upon each side. This lacks one rod of being full measure.

The Market Gardeners of London.

"The market gardeners of London," says a gardener of judgment, "are skilful, industrious men. Some time ago I was engaged for three or four months along side a market garden of twelve or fifteen acres in the neighborhood; things were exceedingly well done. In it there were small frames to the number of fifty or sixty lights, the greater part of which were full of young lettuce sown in November as thickly as mustard and cress. The lights were of course off in the day, and the young stuff looked green and beautiful. The greater part of the garden or land, which is light and workable at all times, had been turned up to the weather. About the first of March they put about half of the garden in long beds six feet wide, and about eighteen inches apart. Two lads with pistols and rattles, and voices strong enough, were employed running up and down the garden to keep the birds off. The men next nicely smoothed the other half of the ground with rakes, for the reception of the lettuce, the London or Brighton co., which were planted a foot apart all ways. They were planted so beautifully and exactly that they seemed to be in straight rows from all points of view. The frames were then put on half sunk new beds of warm dung, and into them were planted cucumber plants, which thrived and bore well; a money making crop. The radishes were ready about the first week in May, if I remember aright, and sold for £40 an acre; twelve or thirteen women are employed in bunching them. The lettuce were soon ready; got a bit of heat about them a few hours before they were pulled, and sent to Covent Garden; brought £10 an acre more than the radishes. Vegetable marrow succeeded the radishes, and French beans the lettuce, generally speaking. After these came a crop of cabbage, or what are called coleworts, for winter. There were small patches of other vegetables—here a bed of rhubarb, there a corner of cauliflower, and just against the gate a cut of ten-week stock, the double ones for root flowers and the single ones for seed.

Sowing Grass Seed in the Fall.

The Ohio Cultivator says: "The practice of sowing grass seeds in the fall is becoming more and more popular, and in such a fall as we are having this year, grass seeds can be put in to better advantage than usual. The frequent showers keep the land moist enough to ensure the speedy vegetation of the finest grass seeds. It is one of our doctrines that grass seed should be put in for a full crop, the same as wheat or any other crop, and not be subjected to the overshadowing and dwarfing of a crop of wheat or oats. The benefits of this are, that when sown as a full crop upon well prepared soil, the grass takes immediate possession of the land, to the exclusion of foul stuff, and you have a crop of clean hay at once instead of its taking several years to run out the weeds. The fall seeding is more particularly adapted to timothy grass, to timothy and clover, red top, fowl meadow, etc. Orchard grass and red clover will do well in the early fall, if the ground is not too spouty. Kentucky blue grass is best sown late in the winter, when it can catch a little frost and snow."

We had supposed that as a general thing, clover did do well sown in the fall. What is said of the advantages of sowing timothy alone in the autumn, is true; but if the wheat and timothy together were on a *well prepared soil*, there would then be no necessity to wait "several years to run out the weeds" before obtaining a "clean crop of hay."—*Genesee Farmer.*

To Prevent Sprouts.

Many trees are liable to throw up sprouts for yards around, and, years after being cut down, to the great plague and trouble of the owner of the soil, keeping him digging and grubbing to remove the sprouts to the detriment of his crops and his own patience—such, for instance, as locust, poplar, gum, and others. To prevent this, all that is necessary, after cutting down the tree, is to bore a hole say ten or twelve inches down into the stump, and fill with common salt. This will kill the living principle to the utmost extent of the roots. The best time probably would be some time in August, though I have killed locust in spring, and gum in August, while others that I did not salt kept me grubbing for years.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil, nor fattens the animals, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

Life's Scripture.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on that shapless stone,
With many a sharp location—
He had caught that angel-vision—
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
With many a sharp location,
Heavenly heavy shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel-vision.

Work Out Your Lot.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cell;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

I remember to have fallen in once with certain American captains and colonels and men-at-arms, in a small place on the Brazos river, a few miles north of Jose Maria, in Texas. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were schoolfellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same regiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen. A few months after the battle of Vera Cruz, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to Gen. Taylor—who was on leave of absence at New Orleans—a gold medal as token of their respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across the country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In Jose Maria, my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons calling themselves colonels, majors and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying his engravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of these colonels were to start before him. But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of, and my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse when he saw me giving it to the ostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice animal and no mistake—which assertion he repeated afterwards over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee-room, who, when they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. "Now, wouldn't that be a nag for you, major?" he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beard and disgusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and wore a large gray coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of the room soon afterwards, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation, and were talking politics, rather vehemently, as I thought, when the waiter, a German—came up to me and told me, in our own language, that I had better take care, as those two ruffians outside had set eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this intelligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bad set, and, if you want to keep your horse, I should advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the ostler, who only looked at me in a rather impatient manner when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle him for myself.

"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after awhile, and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Sir?"

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain."

"Do you?" Thank Heaven! I was in the saddle by that time.

"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of these 'ere chawed up Germans?" He laid both his hands upon the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting word against my countrymen, especially when I am far from home in foreign lands. In a trice the stick of the riding whip came down upon the colonel's head, which he, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards away upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, and as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rode forward without delay.

I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard calling after me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterwards glad to have followed. He said the colonel, though a coward, was a most despicable villain, not at all likely to give way so soon; but that the worst

of the whole set was that tall fellow, the major, whom he suspected to have gone in search of some of his companions. "You will be chased by a couple of these rogues," he said, "as sure as I am a Saxon! Let me advise you. Follow your way up to the north until you are out of sight; then do you turn back to the south as far as Jose Maria. At the ravine southeast of that place turn to the left, and following the course of the brook, ride for your life. Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement, called the Wood-Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them; then a hearty shake of the hand, and this he took most cordially.

"Stop!" he said, when I had already put spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs, and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the ostler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go ahead, and don't forget the Frenchman!"

I darted off. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and in spite not only of the roundabout way I had taken in accordance with my friend's advice, and half an hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached this melancholy spot.

I stopped and looked about me. The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile. There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burnt a tract down, as it always does at this time of year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to neigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

I listened, but heard absolutely nothing. I alighted, and, pressing my ear to the ground, listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the tread of horses yet at a long distance; but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and, although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen. Now, colonels, majors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip, that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against that very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been waste of time, and, as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brook, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no slackening of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but, except a long, thin cloud of dust and ashes, raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever.

In an hour or so the forest was before me, and then raining up a little, I again made for the brook. I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a cleared space in the wood, and got sight of a block-house.

"Who goes there?" asked a deep voice.

"A friend!" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with gray hair and weather-beaten features, the other in the prime of youth, both Frenchmen. The old man looked with some astonishment at my panting horse, covered with foam, at his dilated nostrils and his quick-beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said. In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre, not forgetting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help. He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a minute description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse; the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us yet. They know by this time where you are, and will consider twice before they call here, though we are quite sure to hear of them at nightfall."

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and replied, "Never mind, we are their match."

"But we are only three, and, after all, we don't know how many ruffians that tall fellow may bring with him."

"Let him bring a score, we are their match, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal nobody?"

"The what?"

"The Princess Royal; la Princess Royal!"

he laughed again. "Don't stare at me, you'll see her by-and-by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories high, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait of General Moreau. My host was no friend of the first Emperor of the French; the present Emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He lighted a candle and began to block the windows up, whilst I was eating and drinking what he had placed upon the table, and mixing rum and water in a large bowl.

"To the success of the good cause!" he said, touching glasses with me.

"But I don't see my arms," I presently suggested.

"Arms? I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms? But we shan't want them to-night." Again he laughed. "We have the Princess Royal."

He removed the candle with the other things from the table, and then went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterwards. I heard the crack of a whip; saw a rapid flash before my eyes, and, with a mighty bound, that made my very blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped in, alighting with a heavy pounce upon the table.

"La Princess Royal!" announced my host.

I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment, but I should not wonder if anybody were to tell me that I looked like a craven.

"Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely venturing to turn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Careless here, she likes to be fondled; it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my frail hand, and fanning the air with her curved tail, seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess?" asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen none in the world more majestic."

"Take her down-stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a lookout yourself; but mind you don't give her any supper. She shall help herself to-night."

He placed the candle and our glasses again upon the table, and began to sip his grog quite leisurely.

"By heavens, man," I said, after a pause, "it cannot be your real purpose to set the tiger on those people?"

"Eh, parbleu!" replied he, "and why not? What else do they deserve? Are they not also tigers? You don't know them as I do. The tall rascal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years ago at San Francisco. He contrived an escape, and fled to Kansas. As to the other rogue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your mind easy about that."

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked whether he knew anything about that murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria?

No, he knew nothing about that; it was before his time; only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. The lad came in soon afterwards, telling us that he could deliver five of them all on horseback.

The old man rose, and moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about nine o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiar to southern climates.

The knocks were repeated more vehemently, accompanied now with a loud summons to open the door.

"Here they are, sure enough!" said the old man. "I wonder why this major doesn't go to Kansas; he is the very man for Kansas politics."

"If you don't open now, you French dog," said a coarse voice, "we'll break the door."

The eyes of the old man flashed fire, but he spoke never a word.

"You know me, Delamotte," said another voice, which I had heard before. "You know Colonel Brown. But though we 'ave to settle an old account, I 'ave no business with you this time; it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be off in a minute."

"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath, "Come on boys, break the door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremendous crash came.

"En avant!" said the old man to the lad, and they both went down stairs.

I rose and paced up and down the room with rapid steps. Something terrible, awful was going on.

The whole block-house shook and trembled

with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could hear distinctly when the iron bar was removed from it, and then—I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart, leaving not one single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar—not at all like those you may hear in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, at feeding-time—but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious; then human cries of horror and despair—the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of firearms—then again the roar, but this time much louder, more savage, more ferocious, more horrible—then a heavy fall and a confused noise of grinding teeth—then nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am afraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded—I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after this to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

Next morning, I stood by his side when he opened the door. My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick, brown-red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore-paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a horrible appearance. My host having examined them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight towards the tiger.

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the savage creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tameness.

"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal," said the Frenchman. "That is nature, you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes round again."

We had to wait long. After three days, the old man himself beginning to doubt whether she would ever come round again, was forced to kill her after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat, in which the grey color was still to be distinguished.

"He has had his reward!" said the old man, "though it costs me dear. Better than all those majors was my poor Princess Royal."

Young Ladies for Sale.

In one of the Calcutta newspapers, some years since, the following advertisement appeared:—"Be it known, that six fair, pretty young ladies, of two sweet and engaging young children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, are to be raffled for, next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets at twelve rupees each."

A wager was once made by two tradesmen of Brighton—one of them a close-set little one, and the other a very tall huge man, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body; by which the little one undertook to carry a considerable distance, two sacks of wheat, each to contain four bushels, 60 lbs. weight. The little one accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stakeholder decided that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.

The following is related of a "half horse and half alligator" St. Lawrence boatman:—"He is a hard head, for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when, finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched." Where was Ajax during this time?

At Damascus, in the very heart of a city given to Mohammedanism, at one gate of the great Mosque, is a spacious, ancient doorway, over which is a cross, with the following verse in good Greek letters: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

What is the origin of the saying, "Sardonia laugh?" Answer.—In the island of Sardinia is found a poisonous herb, which, when eaten, contracts the nerves, and produces a distortion of the mouth, resembling laughter, called a Sardonic laugh, in which the patient dies.

As soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you may swim without a cork. No one is born without vices, and he is the best man who is encumbered with the least.

It is but fair that he who entrusts a garden for his fruits should be ready to grant one in his turn.

