

# NAPA VALLEY REGISTER.

VOL. 1.

NAPA CITY, CAL., MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1863.

NO. 1.

## THE REGISTER.

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY MONDAY MORNING BY  
**J. I. HORRELL,**  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**  
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For six months..... 2 00  
Three months..... 1 00  
No paper discontinued unless all ar-  
rearages are paid.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
For every twelve lines, first insertion, \$2 00  
For every subsequent insertion..... 1 00  
A liberal discount made on yearly  
advertisements.  
Advertisements will be continued  
until ordered out. All advertisements  
should have upon them the number of in-  
sertions requested.

**Dr. A. UPHAM,**  
**DENTIST**  
West side of Main Street, in Bogg's Block,  
in the rooms formerly occupied by the Odd  
Fellows. Up stairs. 1-1f

**Dr. STILLWAGON,**  
**OFFICE—IN BOYNTON'S DRUG STORE**  
Main Street, Napa City. 1-1f

**J. S. DOWNES.**  
**RESIDENCE—**The house of R. D. Hopkins,  
Esq., adjoining the Presbyterian Church,  
Hampden Street. Any word left at Dr.  
Bale's Drug Store will receive prompt at-  
tention. 1-1f

**C. HARTSON,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law.**  
**OFFICE—ON MAIN STREET, ONE DOOR**  
North of Justice Hunnewell's office, Napa  
City. 1-1f

**JOHNSON HORRELL,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law.**  
**OFFICE—IN HARTSON'S BUILDING, UP**  
stairs. 1-1f

**W. J. WALKER,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law.**  
**OFFICE—IN HARTSON'S BUILDING,**  
Main St. Up stairs. 1-1f

**J. E. POND,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law**  
**OFFICE—EARL'S BRICK BUILDING,**  
UP STAIRS. 1-1f

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**Attorney and Counselor at Law.**  
**OFFICE—IN HARTSON'S BUILDING,**  
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**A. A. HUNNEWELL,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC**  
**AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,**  
**OFFICE—IN BAXTER'S BUILDING,**  
Main Street, Napa City. 1-1f

## ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

## NAPA EXCHANGE RESTAURANT,

The subscriber having leased the above  
premises has fitted the same in a fine style,  
and intends to keep a Restaurant

## SECOND TO NONE

It will be conducted on the  
**AMERICAN PLAN,**

which consists in giving to all, the best of  
meals at the lowest prices. Every luxury  
and all the substantial articles in the provi-  
sion line to be obtained in the

## SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

will always be found at this Restaurant.—  
The cooking and attendance will combine  
to please all who may favor the Proprietor,  
with their patronage.

THIS HOUSE WILL BE KEPT OPEN

## AT ALL HOURS.

PRICES MODERATE.

E. H. MOWER, Proprietor.  
Napa City, August 7th, 1863. 1-1f

## TURN ME GENTLY.

Turn me gently, when I'm dying,  
Gently turn me to the sun;  
Let me see the last ray fading,  
That shall mark my journey run:  
When the pulse shall cease its beating,  
And my limbs are growing cold,  
Dress me in my Sunday wardrobe  
And my arms across me fold.

Place me in a modest casket,  
Color white my choice would be,  
Unadorned by costly fixture,  
Close that lid and turn the key;  
Bear me to some quiet graveyard,  
Where my resting place shall be,  
If it pleases thee, brother stranger,  
O'er my body plant a tree.

Plant an evergreen with branches  
Teading upward to the sky,  
Emblem to all who pass it  
That the soul will never die;  
Or instead a weeping willow  
With its twigs bent to the ground,  
Which will tell my body slumbers,  
In the dust beneath the mound.

If my narrow house you hollow  
On a gentle rise or steep,  
Lay my head toward the summit,  
Just as if I were asleep;  
Raise a marble slab not costly,  
With its letters obelisk deep,  
Record plain to all who read them,  
When, and where, I fell asleep.

Sweetly there my form will slumber  
In the lap of mother earth,  
Slumber, while the uncaged spirit,  
Which it of such priceless worth,  
Soars aloft to meet those loved ones,  
Loved ones gone a step before  
Cross the chilly stream of Jordan,  
Never to be parted more.

Sweetly in the grave so lowly,  
Let me rest where all is calm,  
Where vain hopes, and fond delusions,  
And life's ills can do no harm,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest,  
There I long to dwell forever,  
Dwell forever with the blest.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL PIRATE

"ATLANTA."—The Richmond *Dispatch*  
of recent date says:

Despatches received in this city yester-  
day from Savannah announces the  
capture by the enemy of the Confed-  
erate ironclad steamer Atlanta. It is  
stated that the Atlanta, under the com-  
mand of Capt. Webb, steamed out the  
harbor, and was attacked by two Union  
ironclads, and after an action of thirty  
minutes was disabled so as to cause her  
surrender. She was then taken in tow  
by the captors, and carried out to sea.  
The report says that only five shots  
were fired by the enemy's boats, and  
four by the Atlanta, and it is supposed  
that the artillery practice of the enemy  
was so accurate as to disable our ship  
and thus early render her unmanageable.  
The Atlanta was formerly the Fingal,  
an English steamer which ran the block-  
ade, and after getting into the harbor  
of Savannah was purchased by our Gov-  
ernment and converted into an ironclad,  
to be for the defence of the city. Much  
anxiety is felt here relative to the fate  
of Capt. Webb, her commander, who  
is a resident of this city. He is a na-  
tive of Norfolk, Va.

## COPPERHEAD JUDICIAL TICKET WITH-

DRAWN.—It is announced in the Cop-  
perhead organ in this city that its State  
Central Committee at its late session pas-  
sed a resolution to withdraw the Judicial  
ticket and the candidate for Public In-  
struction from the political canvass for  
the present. You are too late, gentle-  
men. Those judicial nominations, and  
especially that of Tob Robinson, have  
given an odor to the whole ticket which  
is plainly perceptible to the people of  
the State, and is not relished much.—  
They will have nothing to do with any  
of the nomination. They are all of  
the same kind and kin, and treason is  
their chief element. The Judicial tick-  
et may be buried while, but its per-  
fume will remain and be a stench in  
the nostrils of the people.—*Sacramento*  
*Union.*

**EATING BETWEEN MEALS.**—Among the  
many slight causes of impaired digestion is  
to be reckoned the very general disregard  
to eating between meals. The powerful diges-  
tion of a growing boy makes light of all such  
irregularities; but to see adults, and often  
those by no means in robust health, eating  
muffins, buttered toasts, or bread and butter  
a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a  
distracting spectacle to the physiologist. It  
takes at least four hours to digest a dinner;  
during that period the stomach should be al-  
lowed to repose. A little tea, or any other  
liquid is beneficial rather than otherwise, but  
solid food is a mere incumbrance; there is  
no gastric juice ready to digest it; and if any  
reader, having at all a delicate digestion, will  
attend to his sensations after eating muffins  
or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had  
time to digest, he will need no sentences to  
convince him of the serious errors prevalent  
in English families making tea a meal, quick-  
ly succeeding a substantial dinner. Regular-  
ity in the hours of eating is far from neces-  
sary; but regularity of intervals is of primi-  
ary importance. It matters little at what hour  
you lunch or dine, provided that you allow  
the proper intervals to elapse between break-  
fast and luncheon, and between luncheon and  
dinner. What are those intervals? This is a  
question each must settle for himself. Much  
depends on the amount eaten at each meal,  
much also on the rapidity with which each  
person digests. Less than four hours should  
never be allowed after a heavy meal of meat.  
Five hours is about the average for men in  
active work. But those who dine late—at  
six or seven—never need food again until  
breakfast next day, unless they have been to  
the theater, or dancing, or exerting them-  
selves in Parliament, in which cases a light  
supper is requisite.

## PROGRESS OF THE BOUNDARY SURVEY.

The Virginia *Union* of July 25th says:

We learn that Surveyor-General Hough-  
ton, of California, arrived at Lake Tahoe on  
the 22d, where he will be immediately joined  
by Commissioner Ives, of Nevada Territory,  
for the purpose of starting the diagonal line  
from the Lake to the initial point on the  
Colorado. The computations for starting it  
with mathematical exactitude are all com-  
plete, and the work is being pushed on with  
vigor. It is only about two months since  
the survey of our boundary commenced,  
under an Act of the Legislature of the State  
of California at its last session, and already  
the entire line from Lake Tahoe, (formerly  
Bigler,) to the Oregon line, a distance of  
207 miles, has been run and marked with  
enduring monuments, and the party making  
it has just returned to the Lake from the  
trip. Truly, California is getting the worth  
of her money in one appropriation for the  
survey of her eastern boundary. Honey  
Lake Valley entire is in California. We  
hope that before the election the position of  
Aurora will be definitely determined, and  
the whole question of jurisdiction forever  
set at rest.

## GOOD EATING VS. WRINKLES.

—The pen-  
chant of the fair sex for good living has some-  
thing in it of instinct. A series of exact and  
rigorous observations has demonstrated that a  
succulent diet, delicate and well attended  
to, repulses for a long time and very far the  
exterior appearance of old age. It gives more  
brilliance to the eyes, more freshness to the  
skin, more support to the muscles; and as it  
is certain in physiology, that wrinkles, those  
formidable enemies of beauty, are due to the  
depression of the muscles, it is equally true  
to say, all things equal, that those who know  
how to eat are, comparatively, ten years  
younger than those to whom this science is a  
stranger. Painters and sculptors are well  
aware of this fact, for they never represent  
those who are abstinent from choice or duty,  
as misers and anchorites, without giving  
them the paleness of sickness, the leanness  
of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

## ABOUT LIFE.

—If it is well for a man to live  
at all, he should endeavor to avoid all those  
influences which detract from the beauty and  
harmony of human existence. In other words  
he should "make the most of life," and not  
allow himself to be distracted, annoyed, or  
confounded by anything. He should fully  
possess himself, being at peace with his own  
soul, and having great good will for all man-  
kind. Life, then, will have a beautifying in-  
fluence to him; its current will be deep, and  
flow gently on in all the beauties of the world  
reflected.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR.

—On the 14th day of June, 1801, nearly  
sixty-three years ago, at Gloucester  
Place, died Benedict Arnold, the Ameri-  
can traitor, unwont, without one sin-  
gle friend upon this broad earth to  
mourn his loss—there the first traitor to  
human freedom and the principles of  
self-government. Like the traitors of  
the present time, he was employed and  
treated by his country, received promo-  
tion and honor at its hands; and then  
because a chock had been temporarily  
put to his ambition, basely betrayed  
the nation that reposed confidence in  
him. His fate was that of all traitors,  
and we fervently hope that if any of  
the black-hearted traitors who are now  
engaged in this wicked and most un-  
holy rebellion, should be so fortunate as  
to escape the gallows, that there end  
and last moments will be like his—cur-  
sed by the country he had so basely  
betrayed, scorned and despised by the  
nation to whom he had so dishonorably  
sold himself; and at last, let them, like  
him, be unhonored and unpitied in mer-  
ited obscurity; and their name become  
a synonym of the basest treachery to  
human liberty, throughout the whole  
civilized world.

## THE FOLLOWING ACROSTIC ON THE NAME

of Benedict Arnold, containing the fiercest  
invective of his treason was written by  
his cousin, a young Englishman, Ol-  
iver Arnold, and published in the Lon-  
don papers many years ago:

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,  
Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black  
a mind,  
Night's sable veil your crime can never hide,  
Each so great 'twould glist historic tide,  
Defunct, your cursed memory will live,  
In all the glare that infamy can give,  
Curses of all ages will attend your name,  
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

## ALMIGHTY VENGEANCE STERELY WATES TO ROLL.

Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul,  
Nature looks shuddering back with consci-  
ous dread  
On such a tarnished blot as she has made:  
Let hell receive you, rivited in chains,  
Dammed to the hottest focus of its flames.

## SECESSION SPEECH IN EL DORADO.

We noticed the following dispatch in  
the *Alta* dated at Placerville, July 29th,  
and would ask the Union people of that  
loyal town and loyal county if such lan-  
guage as is reported below was really  
used there by Weller and Robinson?  
If so, the people of the State will also  
inquire with the telegraphic correspon-  
dent, "Have we a Government?"

## A COPPERHEAD MEETING WAS HELD AT

El Dorado last evening. Tod Robin-  
son and Weller were the principal  
speakers. Tod Robinson said he would  
not commit perjury by taking the at-  
torney's oath; that a free people of New  
York had arisen in their might to resist  
the draft, and no more soldiers could  
be obtained to carry out the hollow and  
infernal designs of Lincoln & Co.; he  
justified the mob. Weller countenanced  
resistance to a draft in California;  
said the Government dare not attempt it;  
said that the authorities dare not arrest  
another individual; if he (Weller) was  
arrested whilst canvassing this State,  
sixty thousand men would be ready to  
arm themselves for the rescue. Treason  
is no name for the views and senti-  
ments uttered throughout the speeches;  
the question is now asked, "Have we  
a Government?"

## A SHORT TIME SINCE GENERAL ROSECRANS

was dining with his staff at one of our  
hotels, says a Tennessee paper. He un-  
fortunately tasted the Tennessee butter,  
when he immediately arose and saluted  
the plato before him, remarking, "Gen-  
tlemen, the butter outranks me!"

"Dave, does the sun ever rise in the  
West?"

"Never—never—never!"

"You don't say so! Well, you won't  
catch me to emigrate to the West, if it's  
always night there. I've a cousin who  
is always boasting how pleasant it is in  
that region; but it must all moonshine."

## A CENTURY'S CHANGE.

—One hun-  
dred years ago there was not a single  
white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana  
or Illinois Territories. Then, what is  
now the most flourishing part of Ameri-  
ca, was as little known as the country  
round the mountains of the moon. It  
was not until 1769, the gallant and ad-  
venturous Boone left his home in North  
Carolina to become the first settler in  
Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio  
did not settle till 20 years after that  
time. A hundred years ago Canada  
belonged to France, and the whole popu-  
lation of the United States did not  
exceed a million and-a-half of people.  
A hundred years ago the Great Fred-  
erick, of Prussia, was performing, those  
great exploits which have made him  
immortal in military annals, and with  
his little monarchy was sustaining a sin-  
gle-handed contest with Russia, Austria  
and France, the three great powers of  
Europe combined. A hundred years  
ago the United States was the most  
loyal part of the British Empire, and our  
political horizon no speck indicated the  
struggle which within a score of years  
thereafter established the great republic  
of the world. A hundred years ago  
there were but four newspapers in Ameri-  
ca; steam engines had not been imagi-  
ned, and railroads and telegraphs had  
not entered into the remotest concep-  
tions of man. When we come to look  
back at it through the vista of history,  
we find that the century which has pas-  
sed has been allotted to more important  
events, in the bearing upon the happi-  
ness of the world, than almost any  
which has elapsed since the creation.

## INCIDENTS OF THE LATE REBEL

ADVANCE.—The Washington *Star* pub-  
lishes some interesting incidents of the  
rebel occupation of Hagarstown and  
other ports during their late advance.  
The *Star* says:

## A PLEASING INCIDENT OCCURRED DURING

Ewell's stay in town. The Fourth North  
Carolina, Colonel Grimes, had encamp-  
ed in the Public Square doing provost  
duty. Attached to this regiment was  
an excellent brass band, and on the first  
evening of their arrival the enlivened  
the town by playing rebel airs. At last  
they struck up "Dixie." Immediately  
some twenty young ladies, headed by  
Miss McCameron and Miss M. Waitz,  
joined in singing the "Star Spangled  
Banner," which soon drowned the rebel  
horns. This created intense feeling;  
and the Union boys sent up about after  
shout.

## ANOTHER INCIDENT WORTHY OF NOTE

occurred after a portion of the rebel army  
had passed into Pennsylvania. Four  
Union prisoners, captured near Carlisle,  
were brought into town under guard,  
when the two young ladies above named  
stepped into the street, and presented  
each prisoner with a bouquet tied with  
red, white and blue.

## IN PASSING THROUGH MARYLAND,

the rebel army lost large numbers by desertion,  
the most of Virginians and North  
Carolinians, while some few were North-  
ern men and foreigners. When the  
Federal cavalry entered the town several  
rebel soldiers came in and gave them-  
selves up.

## WASHINGTON AT WATERLOO.

—"My dearly beloved hearers," as a very  
popular preacher down South, when  
bravering his hearers on the import-  
ance of perseverance and fortitude dur-  
ing the present war, "you must do  
what General Washington did at the  
battle of Waterloo. In the heat of the  
skirmish his horse was killed by a British  
cannon ball. Did Washington give up  
his horse to the enemy? Not he. He  
sung at the top of his voice, "A horse,  
a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"  
A horse was brought him by Frank  
Marion, and he drove the British from  
the field, and secured the liberty of  
South Carolina.