

The Woodland News.

VOL. X.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

NO. 11.

The Woodland News.

S. W. RAVELEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms--In Advance.

One year.....\$5 00
 Six months..... 3 00
 Three months..... 2 00
 Single copies..... 12c

Advertising.

One square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$2 00—each subsequent insertion, \$1 00. Business cards of ten lines or less, one year, \$20; three months, \$8.
 A liberal discount will be made on the above rates for all yearly or quarterly advertisements which exceed one square.

Job Printing.

Having a complete assortment of the best Job Printing material, we are prepared to do work of all kinds in our line, such as Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, Ball Tickets, Circulars, Bill Heads, Law Blanks, Cards, etc., in the best style of the art, at the most reasonable prices, FOR CASH.
 Payable in Gold or Silver Coin.

Terms of the Courts of Yolo County.

District Court—3rd Monday in March; July and November.
 County Court—1st Monday in January, March, May, July, September, and November.
 Probate Court—2nd Monday in January, March, May, July, September, and November.
 Board of Supervisors—1st Monday in February; 1st Monday in May; 1st Monday in August, and 1st Monday in November.

County Officers.

MEMBERS OF LEGISLATURE.

Senator—Hon. J. T. Hall, Yolo.
 Assemblyman—Hon. J. B. Hartsough, Cacheville.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge.....James A. Hutton
 District Attorney.....H. G. Burnett
 Court Commissioner.....C. P. Sprague
 County Clerk.....L. C. Brownell
 Sheriff.....Charles H. Gray
 Treasurer.....G. A. Fabricius
 Surveyor.....Amos Mathews
 Coroner.....A. Sprague
 Public Administrator.....Wm S Emery
 Supt. Schools.....Henry Gaddis
 Supervisors—1st District—George W. Bell, Washington, 2d District—George W. Scott, Beccava, 3d District—S. N. Merid,
 Assessors—1st, B. Parker; 2d, J. P. Bullock; 3d, A J Hall, Woodland; 4th, A W Wade, Beccava.

BUSINESS CARDS.

I. W. JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
 Knight's Landing, Yolo County, Cal.
 ag23-tf

H. G. BURNETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal.
 WILL FAITHFULLY ATTEND to all business entrusted to his professional care. (jy11-tf.)

C. P. SPRAGUE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 will practice in the several courts of Yolo county and in the Supreme Court.
 Office at WOODLAND, Yolo Co., Cal.
 (jy11-tf.)

JOHN B. HARMON, HENRY H. HARTLEY.

H. H. HARTLEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 OFFICE—MUNSON'S BUILDING,
 39 J street, Sacramento.

Will practice in the Supreme Court, and District Courts of Sacramento, Yolo, Solano, Sutter and Colusa. f15-4f

J. L. DOWNING, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
 Woodland, Yolo County, California.
 feb7-tf

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Amos Matthews, County Surveyor,
 OFFICE—BELOW WARING'S HOTEL,
 WASHINGTON.

Will promptly attend to all orders in the line of his profession.
 AMOS MATHEWS.

Swamp Land Affidavits may be made before Charles F. Reed, who will forward them to me. Mr. Reed has the necessary Blanks. may17-tf.

DON'T FORGET!

G. K. VAN HEUSEN

Is still at His Old Stand,
 204 J STREET, BET. 7TH AND 8TH,

And Furniture and Bedding, Crockery and Glassware, and other articles, at Wholesale or Retail,
 As Cheap as any other House in Town.
 N. B.—Highest price paid for Second-Hand Furniture.
 Old Furniture Repaired and Varished, by Jacobson. G. K. VAN HEUSEN.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Just before the battle, mother,
 I am thinking most of you,
 While upon the field we're watching,
 With the enemy in view.
 Comrades brave around me lying,
 Filled with thoughts of home and God,
 For well they know that on to-morrow
 Some must sleep beneath the sod.
 Chorus—Farewell, mother, you may never
 Press me to your heart again
 But you won't forget me, mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

Would that I were with you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home,
 But I can't desert our banner
 Till in honor I can come.
 Tell the traitors all around you
 That their cruel works we know,
 In every battle kill our soldiers
 By the help they lend the foe.
 Chorus—Farewell, mother, &c.
 Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
 'Tis the signal for the fight,
 Now may God protect me, mother,
 As he ever does the right.
 Hear the battle-cry of freedom;
 How it echoes on the air,
 Yes, we rally round our standard,
 Or we'll perish nobly there.
 Chorus—Farewell, mother, &c.

THE FIDDLE.—The organ may be the king of instruments, but the fiddle is the prime minister. The very comparison is unfair; for the organ is a large collection of instruments, any one of which—that is, any one stop—is nothing when compared to a very moderate performance on the violin. Nor could an organ of five stops, the very test, successfully compete with the usual quartette of stringed instruments, with a double-base under all, to give them a substantial growl to stand upon. The organ is, it must be allowed, a sacred instrument for the use of St. Cecilia and the heavenly choir above, and all the churches which are wise enough to use it here below. The fiddle is the only instrument, we believe, on which it is of authentic record that the Devil has played. We know that Burns has represented him as performing on the bag pipes, an instrument which should never be sounded out of his own dominions; but this is poetry. The evidence of Tartini is plain prose; and the Devil appeared to him in sleep, and played so exquisite a sonata that when he awoke he could only put on paper a very distinct imitation of its infernal beauty. And his faint recollection of what Hamlet would call a "blast from h—l" is acknowledged to be one of the best of Tartini's works. It was actually proved, by the testimony of an eye witness, that at Vienna the Devil was seen behind Paganini—very much resembling himself—and guiding his fingers.—London Athenaeum.

THE ALPINE GEYSERS.—The Monitor Gazette gives the following description of these springs: These boiling springs lie in a south-west direction, and about four miles from Markleeville, Alpine county, and are on John Hawkins' ranch. The largest spring is circular in form, about twelve feet in diameter and eight feet in depth. A mound or ring has been thrown around the edge, the accumulations of sediment deposited from the water. There are some half dozen smaller springs within the circuit of an acre, one of which, about a foot in diameter, boils briskly, and contains a red sediment which gives it a very beautiful appearance. The big spring and some of the smaller ones will cook an egg in a few minutes and a friend at our elbow suggests that if some of the backsliding followers of John the Baptist had taken their initiatory in one of them, they would have remembered the obligation a little longer.

GARABALDI AND LANGUAGES.—It is said that Gen. Garibaldi speaks about fourteen different languages. Being asked to write something for a little boy's scrap book, he instantly composed some verses in Greek. He has been seen within the last few days composing verses in ancient and modern Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian, always at the request of different friends. English is the last language he has acquired, having learned it in America in 1860 and 1861.

POLYGAMY.—In general, the practice of polygamy is a fearful affair for the poor women. The husband only consults his own whims. The women are less than servants, and are afraid to have any opinion of their own for fear of the master. In some cases their feelings are borne until they burst in a vehemence terrible to behold. At other times a listlessness and a wish for death is the feeling of those who have some degree of refinement without combativeness. I must give you an idea of the way the wealthy saints do when they want an addition to their harems. It is known some time before a caravan comes in what time it may be expected. Word is soon all over the country. They hitch up their buggies, take a few pies, potatoes, or anything that they know will be grateful to the palates of poor wretches who have been for months without anything tasty. Off they go to meet the saints coming to Zion, and select any lady or ladies who may take their eye.—All are weary and footsore traveling over the plains. They invite them to ride, and give them some dainty they may have brought; then kindly ask regarding their prospects, and invite them to enter their family, where they are almost sure to be married before long, whether they seriously incline to it or nor. I knew some were tried to be bought in this way for a few potatoes. Those who are old, or have few personal attractions—but remember a good stock of clothes will sell a very poor-looking subject, for they come in handy to clothe the other wives)—have to wait on the public square in tents, sometimes for weeks, unless they have relatives in the country, like so many cattle waiting a buyer, until some one pick them up and marry them. I have seen the saints from the interior coming down, like farmers going to a market to buy a cow, and returning with ill-favored looking huszies, whom nobody else would have. One, I remember, returned with one—a dame who could only be understood by signs, as they did not know a word of each other's language.—This is certainly the land of liberty and brotherly love!—Cor. Bulletin.

NATION AGAINST NATION.—List of the wars which are being carried on at the present time:

1. War in Poland between the Poles and the Russians.
2. War in Italy between the usurping Piedmontese and Neapolitan patriots.
3. War in Japan between the Japanese and the English.
4. War in China between the Imperialists and Insurgents.
5. War in China between the Chinese and the French and the English.
6. War in Sumatra and Java between the Malays and the Dutch.
7. War in Hindostan between the Indians and the English.
8. War in Persia between the Persians and the Afghans.
9. War in Cochinchina between the Annamites and the French.
10. War in Algeria between the Arabs and the French.
11. War in Morocco between the Moors and Spaniards.
12. War in Madagascar between the Indigenes and the French.
- War in Caffra between the Kafirs and the English.
14. War in the United States between the North and the South.
15. War in Mexico between the Mexicans and the French.
16. War in St. Domingo between the Negroes and the Spanish.
17. Civil war in the Republics of South America.
18. War in Australia and New Zealand between the English and the Maoris.

"POOR HANS!" wrote a German to a friend who had been inquiring after his son, "he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vas sick into his pet five weeks in te month of August, and all his cry vas 'Vater! vater!' And he couldn't eat nottin at all till he complained of pieg a little petter, so he could shtan'd shted his elbow and eat a cup o' tea."

JAPANESE VIEW OF THE ENGLISH.—The following extract from the work published as to the recent visit to England of the Japanese Ambassadors will be interesting. The English are thus spoken of:—

"They, the western barbarians, who have lately destroyed our town, we visited. The men are red-faced and fond of eating, and the low men eat raw meat, of which lumps are exhibited, much to our disgust. These people are very expert in iron; copies of their works our artists have drawn. Their buyers and sellers (merchants) are not allowed to do any other work, and, therefore, being somewhat ignorant, principally talk of business. The nobles (Daimios) buy their wives from the merchants, who train their daughters for that purpose. We think them great barbarians. The women wear frames to keep away the men. Some are pretty, but their eyes are large and close together. Their feet are large and clumsy, and they have big legs.—These women sing loud, and roll their eyes, keeping time with motions of their heads. When they meet the men in the evening they are but partially dressed.—These people make us sick with eating and drinking. The carriages in the streets try to knock down the people on foot, especially the women, to amuse the drivers. Their Government house, where the Daimios meet to talk and sleep, is well built, and equal to a first-class tea house. The women are kept in a cage. These people look at us much. The women are allowed to run about without keepers, playing with umbrellas (parasols.) They are the greatest barbarians in the west."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—A correspondent of the Macon Telegraph, who lately visited the Siamese twins, gives the following account of them:

Your readers have no doubt seen these remarkable individuals, but few of them perhaps have been to their houses, and seen them in their domestic relations.—Though united by a ligament as strong as life itself they live a mile apart, spending alternately three days at the one and the other house, and allowing no circumstance to defer their departure from the one to the other when the regular time arrives. The one at whose house you visit them leads the conversation and acts master of the ceremonies, while the other speaks only as occasion or politeness may require. One has eight and the other nine children, but one of whom is in the war, the rest being girls and little boys. The twins are good neighbors, intelligent men, and thoroughly patriotic. They are, to all appearances, two separate and different men, with very little social resemblance, and a marked contrast of character. Eng is much the most positive, self-willed and uncompromising. They are seldom both sick at the same time.—Why should death result from a separation of persons so unlike and so little subject to be afflicted by each other's infirmities?

A WHIRLWIND.—A whirlwind went whizzing across American Flat yesterday, and passed down Gold Canon, tumbled over two or three shanties, creating for a time some consternation among the settlers. However, the whirlwind was a sort of one-horse affair, and did no great damage. We recollect one day in the summer of '60 of seeing two of these whirlwinds collide. When we first noticed them the two columns of dust and light matter that marked the position of the pair of whirlwinds were about half a mile apart; they were about two hundred feet in height and moving slowly toward each other, along a ravine. As the distance between the two columns decreased, their motion toward each other became more rapid, and finally, when they were only about a hundred yards apart they rushed together with lightning-like rapidity, and disappeared with a report that sounded like the explosion of a blast.

Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp? Because he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his letters. Which is the most difficult punctuation? Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

AWFUL SCENES AT THE CAMPO SANTO AT NAPLES.—As an illustration of the degradation of the poor, I will mention the manner of burial in some of the cities. When in Naples I visited the "Campo Santo," or burying place. Having a knowledge that they had 365 pits to throw the bodies of the poor in every night, I gave the priest half a franc, or ten cent piece, and he lifted the stone from the pit used the preceding night; and there was a sight that would appal the worst barbarian of the worst age of the world. In this pit—about 20 feet square and about 30 or 40 feet deep—were pitched naked infants, old men, boys, girls, women, all in one indiscriminate and putrifying heap. There were probably fifty or more bodies thrown in the night before. I noticed a pretty-faced woman's head between the legs of a hideous man, bloated with the disease of which he died; and there were two babies partly covered by the same wretch. Here was projecting a woman's leg over the face of another; there another woman lay over the face of a man, with her head covered by the body of a boy.—There a man's head was stuck downwards, and in the forks of his legs a pretty girl of four years was hanging; and there, a little to one side, lay a girl of about seventeen, looking still handsome, and by the side of her a horrible creature who was blubbering up the bubbles so often seen after death. No pen can describe, no painter picture, the horrors of that hall of death. Tender infants and the leprous beggar, virgins, and they who have perished from the diseases of vice—all are pitched together and there they rot—the virtuous and the vicious, tender youth and dissolute age, legs, arms, faces, bodies, mixed and mingled in an unconceivably horrid and disgusting manner.—Cor. Bulletin

SOIL FOR FLOWERS.—The Gardener's Monthly contains the following advice in regard to the best soil for flowers:

"Very few understand that an occasional change of soil is very beneficial to flowers in beds, though all know how important it is to flowers in pots. There is nothing better than surface soil from an old pasture, taken off about two inches deep, and thrown into a heap with about one-sixth part of old hot bedding to partially decay. In addition to this "staple" item, a smaller quantity of different matters should be gathered together for peculiar cases, or peculiar plants. Peat, for instance, will be found very useful for many kinds of plants. This is not, as is often supposed, mere black sand; but a spongy, fibrous substance from the surface of bogs and boggy wastes. Sand should be collected sharp and clean; the washings from turnpike ditches are as good as anything. Leaf mould is best, got already well decayed from the woods. A load or so of well decayed cow manure is a good thing for the gardener to have with him, as all those plants that dislike our hot summers, and want a cool soil to grow in, prefer it to any other manure. A small pile of hot bed manure is almost indispensable to a gardener."

TO PREVENT FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—The North British Agriculturist says, that thirty years ago, Professor Dick showed that, in the majority of cases this disease results from the hoof not being properly and regularly worn down. On hard, gravelly pasture the foot rot seldom occurs. In soft and rich pastures the disease may be prevented by paring the feet of the whole flock every six or eight weeks.

A CERTAIN doctor was choir-leader.—One morning the hymn given out by the minister commenced with the following line:

"With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord."

The doctor pitched the tune, led off; but broke down before finishing the line. He tried a second and third time, with the same result, when a wag on the ground floor rose in his pew, and turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed: "Try some other srb, doctor."

