

INDIANS KILLED.—We are informed by Mr. Joseph Sumption, that three men, Hitchcock, Buckley, Brown, came across three Indians, one day last week, on the north fork of Yager-Creek, and made an attack upon them. The Indians showed fight but were at last killed. In the fight Mr. Hitchcock was wounded in the hand. One of the Indians had a fine double barrelled, English gun—one barrel rifled, the other for shot, made by Riley, High St. Holborn, London. The owner can obtain it upon application to either of the parties above named, upon proving property. Mr. Sumption was in town on Monday, to get supplies for a party of 15 or 20 men, who design spending a couple of weeks in an attempt to put a stop to the continued depredations upon the stock of the settlers.—*Northern Californian.*

BULLBOLD TIMES.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

NO. 22

BAY HOTEL,
C. K. & H. K. K. K. Eureka.

MOLONY
Has leased the above named House, and has repaired it, has opened it for the reception of boarders, and from her long experience at keeping, she flatters herself that she will afford to all who may favor her patronage.

TERMS.
Week, with Lodging \$9 00
" Without 8 00
Call 6 00

KEELSEYS HOTEL,
Formerly Eureka Restaurant, has been rebuilt, hard finished, and newly and neatly furnished, and is now open, and the public are invited to call. The first and second floors are in the county, and the commodious rooms, great beds, and moderate.

D. B. KEUSEY, Proprietor.

AFRICAN HOTEL,
(TEMPERANCE HOUSE)
ON THE SIDE OF THE PLAZA—UNION.
The subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of this place and the public generally, that he has taken this which is kept in superior style the table with the most choice WINE, BEER, and rancious markets, and no expense spared to render it worthy of the patronage of the liberal extended to it.

W. B. SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Lodging will be at the following rates:
do per day \$9 00
do per week 8 00
do per month 25 00
Bills will be allowed later than longer I week.

Wishing
JOHN G. BALE

Of all the amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fables,
There isn't one that reasons fast,
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, 'tis,
I've bett'thly use it,
And not as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
—And not my pride to fatter;
That I might make oppression feel,
—As any gold can make it;
—And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.

Wishing

I wish—the sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
—Would come and keep in fashion;
That Socrates, Demosthenes and Homer,
—And every base emotion,
Were banded fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish the Greeks were always true,
—And mothers always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
—I wish the bad were less;
I wish that poisonous ne'er forgot
—To heed their pious teaching;

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REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S BROTHERS. It is a story generally believed that the next great pomp and show with which Napoleon III. will feast the eyes of the Parisians will be a grand military review. But it is not by drawing their eyes to his interests and great glory will be on the occasion of the removal of the mortal remains of the First Napoleon. From the chapel which they now occupy beneath the dome of the Invalides, to the ruins of the Cathedral of St. Denis where the buried great King of France has been entombed for centuries. The idea of a funeral of this sort will be the last act of legitimacy upon the part of Napoleon III. But many of Napoleon III.'s warmest admirers look upon the removal of the mortal remains of the First Napoleon as a political act. It is a very unfavorable idea which Napoleon III. has placed the present occupant of the throne of France and the great idea of popular sovereignty, the exact opposite of the claim by which military monarchs hold their thrones. Napoleon III. has proposed to be buried in the tomb of the First Napoleon. This is a great step towards the restoration of the First Napoleon. The remains of the First Napoleon are "well bestowed" where they are.

receives his eldest son, bearing with him, it might be a total stranger, it might be the only son of the first Napoleon, and so on. He had been in the room with his precious charge, the mother, a hale old man, manly and full of spirit, and by which he will draw his own life. His rising emotions, with tremulous hands, seeks to find the scars which he recalls so well. *There they are!* Instantly overpowered by the surging tide of feeling, that soldier can now keep down, he falls upon the lost one's neck, exclaiming in that language so familiar to the readers of the "War of the South," "My dear son, you are not dead! You are still with me, and your blood is still in my veins." Floods of tears came to his eyes, and the brothers and sisters who had been the last and closest friends of the old man, out their hearts' affection, and they were gazed on the brother who was the blood of their blood, and on whom had laid the dispersion of a folk, the old story of which was enough to move a stranger to tears. Of all them, none could feel like William Brayton. For had he not been unwelcome to some extent for the dreadful calamity which had so long consigned a brother to a living death. There was one, who we feel ought to have been there, the fond and loving mother, but long since her heart had ceased to beat, its ebbing pulses tremulous with the throes of sorrow and grief for her long lost boy.

The editor of the *Cleveland Herald* visited himself with a daughter of the House of Hapsburg, his star began to wane. The most sensible thing the present Emperor ever did, was to marry a subject, and thus avoid any and all taunting affiances with the tottering throne of Europe. The remains of the First Napoleon are "well bestowed" where they are.