

INDIAN SLAUGHTER.—A writer to the *Santa Rosa Democrat* says that Capt. Jarboe with his Eel River Rangers, had an encounter with and killed some sixty South Eel River Indians, three weeks ago. The same company had a severe fight in Round Valley a few days previous, killing thirty and taking as many prisoners.

BURN BOLD TIMES.

NO. 52.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

BAY HOTEL

Formerly Eureka Restaurant, has been rebuilt, hard-finished, and newly and neatly furnished, and is now open. The building and the public are invited to call. The first second to none in the county. -moderate. - D. B. ELLSEX, Proprietor.

AFRICAN HOTEL

The subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of this place, and the public generally, that he has taken the table which is kept in superior style, the table with the most choice VIANDETS, and rancho markets afford and no expense. It is opened so liberally extended to it. -FALLS SERVED AT ALL HOURS, and Lodging will be at the following rates: - Lodging, per week..... \$ 00 - Dinner, per day..... 8 00 - Bills will be allowed therein. Inns longer. JOHN C. BULL.

TERMS

with Lodging..... \$ 00
without " without "..... 8 00
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WHISHING

Of all the amusements of the mind,
From logic down to halibut,
There isn't one that you can't do
So very cheap as "whishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
It's not right to say it,
And not as we are apt to do,
Percent it, and a house 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 flatter;
That I might make oppression try,
As any gold can make it,
And break us tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.
I wish - that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Boresom, Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were banished fifty fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of ocean;
I wish the friends were always true,
And mothers' always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish that parsons never forgot
To heed their pious teaching;

recognizable as a white. He was soon known as the Indian captives. He spoke English pretty well though brokenly, but so as to be understood. And this was his story: He had been stolen, there could be little doubt. Of the first few years of his captivity he had not evidence beyond what the Indians told him. He understood that he had not been made captives by the Polts-Gottamies, who took him to Canade. They said him for five gallons of whisky to the P-w-pers; and these he got for the W-m-b-s-b-g-o-n for seven gal- lone of the same coveted liquor. With the P-w-pers he remained some time. From them he was transferred to the Chippe-was, who sold him to the Stock. His more dis- tinct recollection commencing about twenty six years ago, in April, twenty-five years ago, he was sold in love to the P-w-pers and Copperhead. With these he was taken to Oregon and California. Finally he became one of a band which was part of a collection from several tribes who had roved to the Northwest. There he paid frequent visits to the Russian forts on Colville river. About eight years ago, being then near one of the Hudson-Bay settlements, some of the employes of that company requested that he might be given up as a "pale-face," which it would seem was the first information that he had of that fact; and led him subsequently to make inquiries which acquainted him with his history. The request was refused; and for three years after, the tribe was kept clear of the settlement. During this time the chief, perhaps to attach him firmly, gave him a daughter in marriage. This marriage produced a girl and boy. This tribe had sent down every year to St. Paul Minn.

receive his eldest son, bearing with him, it might be a total stranger; it might be the same person, but he might be a different person. William enters the room with his precious child, and by which he will draw their hearts more closely to his interests and friendships will be on the occasion of the removing the mortal remains of the First Napoleon, from the chapel which they now occupy beneath the dome of the Hotel de St. Denis, where the burial of the Emperor has been contemplated for centuries. The idea of course of all this will be to put the seat of legitimacy upon the First Napoleon's throne. But many of Napoleon's Third's warm admirers look upon the proposed removal as a very unfavorable thing. The dignity of the Bonapartes cannot be de- sired, but the claim by which military monarchs hold their thrones kept firm there. Napoleon the First, a chief of the people, was successful as long as he claimed only the people's support, but from the moment he endeavored to make himself a "respectable" monarch, by linking himself with a daughter of the House of Haps- burg, his star began to wane. The most dis- sible thing the present Emperor did was to im- a subject and to avoid any at- tending with the tottering throne of Europe. The remains of the First Napo- leon are "well bestowed" where they are.

prize of a life; the sad 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 answerable 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 mourning mother; but long since her heart had ceased to beat - its ebbing pulses tremulous with the emo- tions of sorrow and grief for her long lost boy.

The editor of the Cleveland Herald visited Mr. Brayton on Thanksgiving Day. On his journey thither at all the stations he found the common topic of conversation to be the remains of the lost son. Many of the older people had gone to see him and were satis- fied of his identity. At the family gathering the common topic of conversation to be the remains of the lost son. Many of the older people had gone to see him and were satis- fied of his identity. At the family gather- ing every year to St. Paul Minn.