

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—The troubles of our citizens with the Indians seem to be getting no better very fast. Each week we are compelled to make record of fresh outrages perpetrated by the savages.—Property is constantly being destroyed and there is no safety to the lives of our people outside of the populous districts. This condition of things has existed for years, and the evil is constantly increasing—the Indians growing bolder as they become possessed of arms and acquire experience in their forays into the settlements. Parties of settlers are occasionally formed to punish the Indians and it is not to be wondered at if sometimes other than the guilty Indians suffer. Application has been made repeatedly for protection, either by regular or State troops, but little assistance has been rendered. Small detachments of U. S. troops have been sent out at long intervals, but no good has resulted therefrom. There is at present a small force at South Fork Eel river, but we are informed that they are doing nothing, while the Indians continue their depredations in the immediate vicinity.

A petition has been circulated during the week and will be forwarded to Governor Downey by the first mail, asking for some efficient protection from Indian depredations. We are aware that the Governor must first apply to the General commanding the Department of the Pacific, to extend the protection needed, and if the reply of this officer is to the effect that he has the men and means necessary, and that he will attend to it, then the Governor is powerless to act. The Gov. has more than once communicated with the Gen. upon this subject, and has received assurances that it would be attended to, but beyond a little demonstration on paper, nothing has been accomplished. We trust his Excellency in answer to this petition will either insist that adequate protection be immediately furnished to the people in this portion of the State, or that he will order into service a volunteer force.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

## Business Directory.

**E. L. WALLACE.**  
SALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c., East side the Plaza, Arcata.

Mr. Wallace's public entertainment, he has two of Eureka's finest saloons, and the bar contains the most choice liquors, and the most choice cigars, and the most choice articles in the line of liquors and cigars.

Second story is finely furnished for bed-rooms.

Arkata, July 14, 1850.

**SALOON AND BAKERY.**  
THE Subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Eureka, and public generally, that he has opened a SALOON and BAKERY, in the building known as Bates' Restaurant, Eureka. His Bar will be supplied with choice Liquors and Cigars; also, fresh Bread and Cakes will be kept on hand.

ROBERT PLUM.  
41-17

**PHENIX EXCHANGE.**  
H. S. SOULE, Proprietor.

Thankful for past favors, the Proprietor would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has thoroughly renovated and fitted up the "Phenix Exchange," as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. His table will at all times be supplied with the best this and San Francisco market can afford.

His rooms are well ventilated, and fitted up in the most commodious style.

In his Bar may be found the MOST CHOICE LIQUORS and CIGARS.

**TO SUI THE TIMES.**  
Breakfast, from half past five to seven.  
Dinner, at twelve.  
Supper, from half past six to ten.

## To Carols:

For ever and ever,  
Bliss, my dear,  
I am sorry to hear  
That you are intending to leave us;  
They say it's a fact  
That your trunk is all packed,  
And you hope to reach conduct to give us  
That you have been roughly  
And will and brightly  
Like a spotted mix as you are;  
So rain of your beauty,  
Forgive! of duty  
You owe to indulgent Papa.

I am sure you can't say  
That you've not had your way  
In each of our family feuds;  
While I vow and declare  
You've had your full share  
In each of the national spoils.

Just wait for a season  
And listen to reason,  
Nor believe what your false lovers say!  
For their prayers and their sighs  
And their falling tears  
Will lead you to ruin some day.  
Though they promised so fair,  
Gay deceivers they are,  
From whom whom I'd warn you to keep  
To Hennessey and Raki,  
And chivalrous Kitt,  
Orr, Manning, Pikes and Gid.

Some day, all others,  
Bedraggled and torn,  
Like the prodigal son in the snow,  
You will knock at the door,  
And come home once more,  
Nor venture again to recede,  
Now be warned of your fate  
Before it's too late,  
Like a dear little innocent lamb,  
Come out of your pen,  
And do not forget  
All the kindness of good Uncle Sam.

## Calhoun's Dream.

The following thrilling story, original  
is given by a Washington letter writer,  
who, we believe, been published in the  
Times several years ago, but at this juncture  
in our national affairs it will bear a  
repetition. We only wish that the slanders  
of every leading politician might  
be disturbed by a similar dream!

The other morning, at the breakfast  
table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun,  
seemed very much troubled and  
out of spirits. You know he is altogether  
a venerable man, with a hard, stern,  
Scottish face, combined in its expression  
around the mouth by a sort of  
smile, which wins the hearts of all who  
converse with him. His hair is snow  
white. He is tall, thin and angular. He  
reminds you very much of Old Hickory.  
That he is honest as a steeple; he has  
sacrificed to his fallacious his brightest  
hopes of political advancement—has offered  
up to the shrine of that necessity,  
which he worships, all that can excite  
ambition—even the Presidency of the  
United States.

But in my dream—The other morning  
at the breakfast table, where I, an unob-  
served spectator, happened to be present,  
Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently  
at his right hand, and rub it with his left  
in a hurried and nervous manner. He  
did this so often that it excited attention.  
At last one of the persons composing the  
company, who I remember to have been  
Frederick, party his name, I think, is  
from Georgia—took upon himself to ask  
the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.  
To this, Mr. Calhoun replied in rather  
a hurried manner—"Pahay! It is nothing,  
only a dream which I had last  
night, and which makes me see perpetually  
a large, black spot—like an ink-  
blotch—upon the back of my right hand.  
An optical illusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured  
to beg the details of this singular dream,  
until Tomlinson asked quietly—

## With the dead man's bones, and—wakes.

Overgrown by labor, which fallen asleep  
had been dreaming? Was it not a simple  
in dream?  
All the company assented in the affirmative,  
and Tomlinson continued, "Single  
lar, very singular? At the same time looking  
at the back of his right hand, while  
Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his  
hands, and seemed hoarse in thought.

**Death of Louis Weston.**  
This world renowned woman died in  
New York on the 17th ult. The Herald  
gives the following account of the close  
of her earthly career:  
About two months ago Lola Weston,  
then being ill, came to New York, and  
by invitation took up her abode with  
Mrs. Buchanan the wife of the celebrated  
florist, who knew Lola in Scotland,  
they being in their younger days school  
companions. Lola gradually grew weaker,  
although the best of medical skill was  
employed and everything supplied her  
calculated to alleviate her sufferings.  
About two weeks ago she began to sink,  
and, being aware of the fact, her whole  
time was occupied in donations to charity.  
But in this respect, anterior to the period  
of which we are writing, she had already  
change on her previous life. Her whole  
desire seemed bent toward engaging in  
a religious conversation with every body  
with whom she came in contact, and in  
them she exhibited a deep knowledge on  
most of her life's instruction for our welfare.  
tended by the Rev. Dr. Hawley of Cal-  
vary Church, and was also attended by  
members of the congregation of the  
church, and to them, while engaged in  
religious conversation, she exhibited a  
thorough acquaintance for her past  
life. Her works was at her bedside and when  
asked by the clergyman if she still thought  
she had found forgiveness with her sins,  
she had found full forgiveness for her  
past life, and promptly signified the affirmative.  
After her death the kind

## The Rising Generation

talk on the "Rising Generation"  
in a late number of the  
Spectator directed to a  
statement of "Moses" on  
the subject of "Moses" on  
breathing forth, "How do  
I express, and above,  
cally on other subjects  
profession—how to  
womanly—how to  
ervey. The article was  
that had the children  
first year, and that out  
by the room cold—b  
poison, and that if sin  
on the principle on which  
treats leprosy, leprosy, &  
will, after surviving the  
are chilled to death, and  
or while, the greatest car  
to us keep them warm.  
The "Rising Generation"  
life. Cold is death. W-  
-believe that the air-  
constant and dangerous  
balls—believe that the  
to keep the heat warm  
blood to the head; and  
feel—sides of the—  
being forty, &c., which  
children. If it were  
has the same—expressed  
would not have so cold  
head, and—nail—the-  
comes; an artificial  
supplied. But upon the  
hope to influence any  
has been said, but for  
of—how far her baby  
baby? And so; and I  
seriously—how to  
"The Rising Generation"  
Over the land of the free and the home of the  
If the about of Saturday night could  
have carried its revolution to Baltimore,  
more, it would have stimulated the peo-  
ple of that noble city to remember the  
glories of Fort Mifflin, and to feel the  
re-kindling of the inspiration of Key's  
motive. If it could have reached