

It is passing strange what an apathy is produced in the minds of people by familiarity with scenes of violence. But a few years ago an attack upon the homes of any of our settlers, the destruction of any of their domestic animals or other property, or a disposition manifested, by an overt act, to attempt the life of a white person, and the whole country side would have been in a state of alarm and commotion until punishment had been inflicted and some kind of terms made which promised security against a repetition of similar offenses. Every old settler will readily call to mind the excitement which followed the news of an Indian outbreak in our little communities, in early days on this coast, and the sense of duty which pervaded all minds that these hostilities should be checked upon the first indications, if the country was to remain in possession of the whites and open to settlement by them. Of late, however, it has been different; intelligence that there are hostile bands in the mountains near by, that they frequently descend upon the frontier settlements, destroy property, drive off stock, and occasionally murder the inhabitants—when found in defenseless positions—creates but little alarm except in the immediate vicinity where the outrage has been committed. That this is so, the history of Indian difficulties in this county since the summer of 1859 abundantly proves. The causes which have lead to this state of feeling in the public mind it is not our present purpose to discuss, but to offer some remarks as to the condition now occupied by those who have made their homes here and desire that this state of insecurity

and danger should be superceded by a permanent peace.

This subject of Indian difficulties is of primary importance to the people of this county. It is fraught with difficulties, but it must be met and provided for.

There must be a stand made sometime and somewhere against the encroachments of the Indians, or a good portion of the county must be abandoned to them.

It is not probable that the latter proposition will find many advocates. The first quarter from which to expect protection is the regular troops. To secure protection to the citizens of the country is the business of the army and the purpose for which it is maintained, and from this source they have a right to expect relief.

Application has been repeatedly made, and our grievances set forth to those having authority in this matter, but as yet there have been no adequate measures adopted to preserve peace between the

white settlers and the savages. Indulging the hope that their necessities may be better understood and listened to, our citizens continue to send forward memorials to the Governor of the State, with the expectation that he will communicate

with the proper military officer, and induce him to send such a number of troops as will insure safety to life and property. Failing in this, it is hoped that the Executive will avail himself of the power with which he is clothed, and authorize State troops to take the field.

It is quite common, we are perfectly aware, that the remark is made that "regular troops can effect nothing or but little in this mountainous country against the Indians" and that "the more we have of them the worse we are off," and when based upon the history of military affairs in this county, there is too much truth in

little in this mountainous country against the Indians" and that "the more we have of them the worse we are off," and when based upon the history of military affairs in this county, there is too much truth in it. But there is no good reason why this should be so. United States troops have been effective in the management of Indians in other parts of the country and they can conquer a permanent peace here, if allowed to do it. Two Companies of regulars are abundantly able to cope with the few hundred hostile Indians in this county, and give security to our citizens. Should General Johnson have the men and means at his command for this service, and will issue the requisite orders, the citizens of the county may be left at liberty to follow their avocations. Should this assistance be withheld for any reason, then a volunteer force, called out by the Governor of the State, would be the next mode to be hoped for, to quiet the existing difficulties.

The poor success with which the petitions of our people have been crowned will not warrant a too sanguine belief that immediate aid will be given them, and in the mean time it might be advisable to adopt some plan to repel the savages. It has been frequently suggested that an amount can be raised by private subscription sufficient to keep a few men in the field until the result of our application to the Governor is known; also, that the Board of Supervisors should be appealed to for an appropriation for this purpose. There should be an understanding among our citizens, and some well organized plan adopted, to take the place of the present irresponsible and ruinous border warfare.

"It is passing strange.  
Humboldt Times, March 2,  
col. 2.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

## Business Directory.

**E. L. WALLACE,**  
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East  
side the Plaza, Astoria.

He has two of Phoe-  
nix Patent Combination Cushion Billiard Ta-  
bles.

**EMPIRE SALOON.**  
Corner Front and G streets, Eureka.  
THIS SALOON HAS BEEN ENLARGED  
and elegantly fitted up, is again open  
to the public, where the patronage will be  
received on the patronage of his friends  
in the public, generally.

THE BAR will, at all times, be well supplied  
with the choicest WINES, LIQUORS and Ci-  
gars, to be purchased in the State.  
T. McMAHON.

**BRETT'S SALOON.**  
FRONT ST. NEAR THE CITY SQUARE,  
Eureka, will be found open at all reason-  
able hours. The saloon is supplied with two  
-dollar Billiard Tables, and the bar contains  
-but the most choice articles in the line of  
-wines and cigars.

Second story is, finally fitted up for lodgings.  
Eureka, July 14, 1860.  
47-11.

**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 "Baker's Restaurant," Eureka.  
-He will be pleased to wait on all who  
-visit him.

Star of My Country's Sky.  
Are ye all there? Are you all there?  
Stars of my country's sky?  
Are ye all there? Are ye all there?  
In your shining homes on high?  
"Count us in!" "Count us in!" was the answer,  
As they assisted on my way,  
In glorious perihelion,  
And their fields of blue,  
I cannot count ye rightly,  
There's a cloud with sable rim;  
I cannot make your number out,  
For my eyes with tears are dim,  
Oh, bright and blessed angels,  
On white wing floating by,  
Help me to count and not to miss  
- One star in my country's sky."  
Then the angel touched my eyelids,  
And touched the frowning cloud,  
And its sable rim departed  
- As it fled with swiftness,  
There was no missing Pleiad,  
And all that sister race;  
The Southern Cross alone remained forth,  
And the Pole Star kept its place.  
Then I knew it was the angel,  
Who woke the heroine's strain.

was found of him. Dear me! them cakes  
into the boiling fat. "But it all says flus-  
trates me when I get to thinkin' o' Reu-  
ben. I'm reminded sometimes o' what  
Parson Hunter said to me; 'Mrs. Palmer,  
you mustn't make an idol of your son-  
He belongs to the Lord, I know it's  
true as Scrip'tur, but I can't help think-  
in the Lord'll show us any on my weak-  
ness, cos he's all I've got, and after a  
great many struggles I've given up the  
others to him; but my very life's bound  
up in that boy, and if anything should  
happen to him, God knows it would break  
his poor mother's heart.' And Mrs. Pal-  
mer broke down here, and she sat down  
on the old oaken chest, and wiped her  
eyes on the corner of her check apron.  
Light warblings of some old psalm-tune  
furnished down the staircase, and then the  
door opened, and a pleasant-looking girl  
burst into the room.  
Rebecca Palmer was twenty-two, and  
the sight of her bright young face was  
like a picture softening the eyes. She  
was not beautiful, but her cheeks were  
full of the glow of youth, and the tokens  
of perfect health.  
"Well, child," said Mrs. Palmer, tak-  
ing her kettle from the cruet, "you jest  
humble round spry, and get up supper."

on this awful grief. But the tender  
hearted old minister could not rest till he  
had carried the sweet balm of his love  
and faith into their broken hearts.  
Parson Hunter was a tall, white-haired  
old man, a fine representative of the  
staunch old Puritan minister, but he  
was a saintliness and austerity of man-  
ner beat a heart where were all fair and  
fragrant influences, and golden fruits of  
charity and love; a heart in whose pleas-  
ure, goodly paths the angels loved to walk  
with their shining faces, and of whom  
they wrote, "Of such is the kingdom of  
heaven."

truth broke into her heart for the  
eyes had the old rosy glow, and  
they were set in a pale, wasted face.  
"O, Reuben, Reuben, I jest about  
was a ghost," and she fell upon his  
with a wild sob of joy.  
It was long before he could get  
talk rationally. She would throw  
arms around his neck, and hug up  
tightly, merrily, sweet tender words  
him, but his soul and his lips were  
but Palmer had not heard since he  
be in his mother's crib.  
"You precious darling fellow, ha!  
really come back to me alive! Bless  
heart, how wise and changed you  
O, Reuben, darling, is it really you,  
and I threnning!"  
And at last the girl grew calmer  
was able to tell her brother of that  
ble night when the awful lightning  
his death, and how they had  
them smiled since, and how, then  
another had tried to "bear up," even  
heart was broken.  
And then both the young man a  
minister set down on the grass, six  
as though they were little children.  
At last Rebecca rose up, "O, my  
my mother say? You must come  
into the house, Reuben, only you