

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and danger should be superceded by a permanent peace.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 the
most public amusement.
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 entertainment will be
of the highest quality.

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
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?
Start 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 abroad;
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 at once

was found of me. Dear me! them cakes
- into the boiling fat. "But it's all as fine as
- ben. I'm reminded sometimes o' Reu-
- 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 Scripture, but I can't help think-
- in the Lord'll show steady 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
- fluttered 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
- hussle 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
- had a sweetness and austerity of man-
- ner that heart-whole were all fair and
- fragrant incense, and golden fruits of
- charity and love; a heart in whose pleas-
- ure, goodly peace the angels loved to walk
- with their shining faces, and of whom
- they wrote, "Of such is the kingdom of
- heaven."

The minister found the family in the
- kitchen, where we left it, utterly crushed
- down by grief which expressed itself not
- then by moans nor tears.

Mrs. Palmer sat in the large arm-chair
- before the fire where her husband had
- placed her, the crimson light flitting
- over her pale face, which seemed frozen
- to stone, and her tearless eyes fastened in-
- to a blank gaze on the wall, and it was well
- perhaps, that alarm for her reason or her
- life had somewhat diverted the thoughts
- of the desecrated and his daughter from the
- dead to the living, though it seemed to
- the minister that the last hour had done
- the work of years on both of them.

"My friends," said the minister, speak-
- ing into the house, Rebecca only

truth broke into her heart, for the
- eyes had the old roguish glance, and
- they were set in a pale, wasted face.

"O, Rebecca, Rebecca, 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, murmur sweet tender words
- him, kiss his cheeks and lips, as
- but Palmer had not heard since he
- babe in his mother's arms.

"You precious darling fellow, ha!
- really come back to me alive! These
- heartless, wise and changed you
- O, Rebecca, darling, is it really you,
- and I threnning!"

And at last the girl grew calmer
- was able to tell her brother of that
- glo night when the awful lightning
- his death, and how they had
- them sniled since, and how, then
- another had tried to "bear up," even
- heart was broken.

And then both the young man a
- maiden sat 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, Rebecca, only