

The Indians in and about Kneeland's Prairie still continue their depredations. They killed and carried off a cow near Mr. Sumpston's house, one day last week.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

HOLDY TIMES.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1860.

Published by J. W. WILEY, at No. 100 Second St. Eureka, Cal.

TERMS: For one year, \$6 in advance, for one dollar per for a less time, one dollar per

One square, (ten lines of less) each insertion \$1. For one year, \$10. For one year, \$10. For one year, \$10.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

Advertisements of less than one square, one line for each insertion.

BAY HOTEL,

Corner of First and H. streets, Eureka.

MONEY

Having leased the above named house, and thoroughly repaired, has opened it for the accommodation of business and other long ex persons in Eureka, and from her long ex does will give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

Board per week with Lodging..... \$3 00
Single Meals..... 8 00
Lodging..... 50

KELSEYS HOTEL,

Formerly Eureka Restaurant, has been rebuilt, furnished and newly opened for the accommodation of the public, and is now in the city. My friends and the public are invited to call. The tables will be furnished second to none in the county, and prices moderate.

D. B. KELSEY, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

(TEMPERANCE HOUSE)

Corner of First and H. streets, Eureka.

The subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of this place and the State generally that he has taken this HOUSE, which is kept in superior style and supplied with the most choice VIANDTS and the San Francisco market, and no expense or pains will be spared to render it worthy of the patronage hereof, so liberally extended to it.

W. MCALLEN, PROPRIETOR.

Board and Lodging per week..... \$9 00
Do do per day..... 1 00
Board without Lodging, per week..... 8 00
Single meals..... 75

No milk will be allowed to remain for a longer time than a week.

JOHN C. BULL.

HOTEL FRANCOIS.

The subscribers keeping the above named Hotel would respectfully inform his

The Wonders of Astronomy.

Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, has recently been lecturing upon astronomy in New York. In one of his lectures, describing the distances in the universe, he stated that astronomical observations accurately the 36,000th portion of the 30th part of an inch, and that a variation to the extent of one of these minute measurements would make an error in the calculation.

One can therefore conceive the accuracy required not only in the construction of instruments of observation and measurement, but also in mounting a telescope with an immense weight, weighing many tons, and in the construction of the apparatus by which it shall be moved.

One portion of this apparatus, operating the object towards the telescope in accordance with the rotary motion of the earth, so as to keep the object steadily within the telescope, is directed, steadily, within a range of the instrument.

Professor Mitchell, in his lecture, in his intense excitement, he said that, in his judgment, the complete success of all the previous efforts, fitted him with such pleasure as no astronomer has ever experienced when he was obliged to hand over his most important calculations, demonstrating the laws of gravitation, as they drew near their close, to an assistant, himself too excited to be able to write.

In mounting the great telescope, the most important was that each movement should be under perfect control, when the men were placed to perform their parts, he told them that he would instantly about the their names should in any particular disorder his orders.

Professor Mitchell gave a view, also, of the astronomer in the midst of his observations. Night after night he has sat down within a hundred and fifty miles of the moon, and watched the mountains and streams on its

Origin of Paper Money.

Use of the primitive forms of symbolic currency in ancient times, the Indians of North America was called "wampum." It is thus described by Roger Williams, of Salem, one of the earliest colonists:

"It is of two sorts—one white, which is made of the stems of stalk of the periwinkle, when the shell is broken off, and of this, six beads, which are made with holes to string bracelets, are current with the English for one penny. The second is black, inclined to blue, and is made of the shell of a fish which some English call 'hens'—poquock—and of this sort, three are equal to a penny; and one shilling of stringed wampum is worth five shillings."

Wampum was introduced into Massachusetts in the year 1625 from Massachusetts, known as New York, and it appears from the description given of it by Governor Bradford, of Massachusetts, to have been manufactured, and to have greatly benefited the colonists, as it enabled both to get rid of the inconveniences of barter, which are among us perpetuated in the vulgar use of bills of exchange.

Governor Bradford thus writes of symbolic wampum:

"That which in time grows most to our advantage, is their now acquainting and entering us into the trade of wampum, by which and provisions we quite cut off the trade both from the Indians and the great planters."

And strange it is to see the great alteration in a few years, makes among the savages for the Massachusetts and others in these parts had scarce any, it being only made and kept among the Pequots and Narragansets, who grew rich and potent by it.

Abner Doubleday, the powerful chief of the whole northwest of the American continent, made war against the Narragansets, and representative money, in the form of sticks, to the East, and away

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time

Shaloon. Pleasant Parties, Cold to See.

The following humorous narrative of the staving adventures of a portlaine, is copied from the Milwaukee Daily News.

Eight, beneath our windows, from noon till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, starting up and down the river, mostly as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on "staving" meets our eye. Every body says it's fun, and that's all—every body knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about eight o'clock, after reading a glowing description of it, on started, we were prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth into the merry crowd. We had not a pair of boots, however, and our legs tucked inside, of a pair of boots, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy, who was in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged at the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A waiter, the night with the right foot—just as I went to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something in the ice and stepped over to pick it up! On our feet again, two slants to the right and back to the left, accompanied with a show of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we were down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice, not unlike a Cooper's pocket-butler howl! Just then out of the netting remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the white hat, he's got his heels on the right place!" Dingo thought we were then a ragged little devil sent out as he glided past us—Hello old timber-legs, and we were arced suddenly and put after him. Three and a half to the left, and away but by this time