

SAFE.—Two weeks since we stated that a report had reached Mattole Valley, to the effect that two white men had been killed by Indians, near Shelter Cove. The party who went from Mattole to see about it returned, with the following statement, which has been handed us by A. S. Rollins Esq., of this place:

On the 10th inst., the Indians made an attack on two men engaged in herding stock at Shelter Cove. The men were, at the time the attack was made, cutting wood in a hollow about four hundred yards from the house. One of the Indians suddenly sprang from the bushes and seized one of the men (Moses Stafford) round the waist, while several of the others walked deliberately up within five paces of Stafford and shot him five times in the head with arrows. The other man snatched his pistol at the Indians several times, and finding it would not go, ran to the assistance of Stafford and struck the Indian that held him on the head with his pistol and succeeded in freeing Stafford, who immediately shot one of the Indians dead, and wounded another; the rest of them ran away.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
A. WILKEY,
Corner of F and Second Sts.
TERMS.
In advance, for one year, \$6;
that \$4; for a less time, one dollar per
month; one square, (ten lines or less)
in insertion, each subsequent insertion, 10
cents; for fifty lines, two dollars; and for
any other length, the price is made up by
the paper. If altered, the extra charged
for each alteration. Advertisements are due
at and from the time the paper is published.
A special price will be charged for special
advertisements. Administrators' notices,
and other notices, required by law, will be
inserted free of charge, if recommended by the
City Council.

WELLS & Co., - - - Hydenville,
CONSISTENTLY ON HAND A COMPLETE
ASSORTMENT OF
Shoes, Groceries, Dry Goods,
AND SHOES, CLOTHING,
AND CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
MISCELLANEOUS, & U., & C. & C.
No. 17, 1860. 524

WILSON & BROTHER,
No. 17, 1860. Eureka,

**Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
SERIES and PROVISIONS.**
Low, Liquors, Etc.
E. JANSEN,
No. 17, 1860. Eureka,
Successor to...

BAY HOTEL,
Corner of First and H streets, Eureka.
MEXICAN RESTAURANT.
Having been the where...
Thoroughly prepared it has...
Accommodation of board...
Persons in hotel keeping...
who will give satisfaction...
with their patronage.
TERMS.
Board per week, with... \$9 00
Single Meals, without... 3 00
1 50

KEISEY'S HOTEL,
Formerly Eureka...
has been rebuilt...
and neatly furnished...
My friends and the public...
tables will be furnished...
Comfortable and commodious...
and prices moderate.
D. B. ELLERY, Proprietor.

A MERICAN HOTEL.
(TEMPERANCE HOUSE.)
— EAST SIDE OF THE PIER — DRUID.
The subscriber would most respectfully
inform the citizens of this place and the
public generally, that he has taken this
HOUSE, which is kept in superior style, the Table
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 pa
trons hereof, as formerly extended to it.
SEALED SERVICE AT ALL HOURS.
Board and Lodging, per week, \$9 00
Do do per day, 1 50
Board without Lodging, per week, 8 00
Single meals, 3 75
No both with and without for longer
time than a week.
JOHN C. BULL.

HOTEL FRANCAIS.
The subscribers, keeping the above-
named Hotel, would respectfully inform his
friends and the public that the HOUSE will be
kept in a manner that will give satisfaction to all
those who extend to it their patronage. The rooms

There's nothing lost—The timber fover
That from the hill the deer take.
Though lost to view has still the power
The forest perfume to exhale;
The perfume borne on the zephyr's wings,
May light some lone sick one's bed,
Like the balm anction brings.
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.
There's nothing lost—The drop of dew
That trembles in the rosebud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest;
Perchance to reveal in the spray,
Or mingle in the morning dew,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost—The seed that's cast
By careless hand upon the ground,
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found.
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song birds stir their sweetest tone.
There's nothing lost—The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make a saddened heart rejoice;
And then again, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May fetch a heart already stricken,
And cause the troubled heart to break.
There's nothing lost—The faintest trace
Of breathings from some dear one's late,
In memory's dream may come again,
Though every mortal being be made,
The music of some happler hour.
The hair that dwells with love's own wreath,

fall a few rods below, and over into the un
frozen pool, with a surging sound, as if fell
into the water, that seemed to send its
chill through every vein and artery in my
whole body.
I still had my knife. True, it was a rough
surgical instrument, but hope and the force of
life gave me strength to climb up by my fast
cord, and cut away the boss and stock.
ing, and then with that knife I crumpled my
ankle and fell to the ground—my left leg a
footless, bleeding stump! The intensity of
the cold raved me from bleeding to death. I
tore off a part of my coat, and with my hand-
kerchief and suspenders managed to bind
up my leg with a handful of moss, and started
within sight of the house, and there, with my
failed eye.

I tried my voice in vain. I could waste no
one hour. I exerted myself once more, and
crawled towards the road that knew Heman-
must come. It was a painful task for, be-
sides my exhaustion, I was perishing with
cold. I sat there, I heard the sound of my
breath's stage-burn, and the jungle of the
bells coming down the hill. I strained my
voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not
could not hear; but there was another friend
— who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble dog,
had insisted on accompanying him this trip,
and brother said, "Let him go; who knows
what good may come of it?" Good did
come of it, for his ear was quicker than He-
man's, and he roused up at the first cry, and
as the second cry reached his ear, he leaped
out, and in a minute was at the spot where
I lay upon the snow. He snelt at my
throat, and my mother's eyes were thrown
back into the path, barked loudly, and as
the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the
reins, and would not let go till Heman called
Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jump-
ed back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's
hand pulling of the miltion, and away he ran

A Key Edition of the Man who was the
Zephanian.
For many years past it has been one of the
chiefest aims of the Abolitionists at the
North to run of negroes from their Southern
owners, into the free States. To effect
this purpose, they have essayed into regular
organizations, employed agents to travel in
the South, established underground railroads,
contributed means to aid and support logi-
cians, and indeed done everything in their
power to get the negroes away from their
owners. To a considerable extent the efforts
of the fanatic have been successful. Hinder-
ing his power
from the southern-border States, and with
the aid of white confederates, made good
their escape into free territory. The South
has, from time to time, bitterly complained
of this interference with her rights and prop-
erty; and Congress, with the Fugitive Slave
Bill, attempted to put a check upon the evil.
Public sentiment at the North, together
with State legislation, efficaciously nullified
that enactment, however, and negro stealing
is as extensively followed as ever. The free
States and Canada receive weekly accessions
to their colored population by escaping fugi-
tives. And in many localities at the North,
free negroes are becoming extremely nume-
ous. They are filling up their towns, popu-
lating their villages, and crowding their rural
districts. In short, if the paroxysm of black
from the South keeps on at the same pace,
some of the Northern States promise to
have very soon a much larger proportion of
negro population than many of the slave
States have.

It is a result, it might be supposed, the
abolitionists wishippers of the noble race would
beastly rejoice. They set out to enrich this
negroes, away from their southern masters,
and successful. They have carried on their
work of transferring them from the South
to the North at great peril, expense and
trouble; the success, therefore, that has re-
sulted would seem to warrant their usual