

**MORE CATTLE KILLED BY INDIANS.**—Information reaches us that several head of cattle were driven off by Indians, from Kneeland's Prairie, last week. A party of settlers gave chase and came upon the Indians after they had slaughtered the cattle and while they were jerking the beef. The approach of the white men was observed by the Indians who made off in time to escape punishment.

We also hear that a number of cattle owned by Mr. B. Lack of Hoopa, were run off recently by Indians from near the mouth of Willow Creek.

The war is not yet ended.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

BUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

<p><b>UMBOLDT TIMES.</b> Every Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock. Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. Price, per annum in advance, \$3 00. If not paid within the year, \$4 00. For a list of subscribers, see the back of this paper.</p>	<p><b>Business Directory.</b> <b>WALKER &amp; WALKER, WINE, LIQUORS, AND MEAT</b> No. 101 Main street, Bureka. For public assessment, he has two of Parker's Patent Combination Cuban Billiard Tables. <b>EMPIRE SALOON,</b> Corner Front and G streets, Eureka. This saloon is already stood up, is again open, and the public generally will be pleased to see it. The bar will at all times be well supplied with the choicest WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS, to be purchased in the State. P. McMAHON.</p>	<p><b>Business Directory.</b> <b>FRONT ST. NEAR THE CITY WHARF.</b> Bureka, will be found open at all reasonable hours. The Saloon is supplied with two of the most choice liquors in the State. Liquor and Cigars. Bureka, July 14, 1860. P. McMAHON.</p>	<p><b>Wigfall Painted to the Life.</b> Ord Asa Trinchard, the pleasant abode of the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, draws the following portrait of Senator Wigfall, who, with Jeff Davis and Toombs, has taken up quarters in Richmond: The d note-worthy person. He is a little, squatly man, with hair all over his face. For a long time he has seen a plump English boy, half grown. When such a pup grows you may easily imagine the noble Wigfall, in "fall of sound and fury." I will not add "signifying nothing." Wigfall is full of meaning, inexpressible meaning, to judge by the very small portion which has escaped him. It belongs to that mysterious class, of which nothing but froth, ever comes out. May he, and his kindred, be in a duel some twenty years ago. And thus far he has his claims to regard. He is a desperate liver of King James, and can drink himself blind drunk as quickly as any man. Moreover, Wigfall is an expert broad swordsman, a keen pistol shot, and a terrible sweater. Ah! but you should hear him swear. Such a vocabulary of oath—oaths sentiments, on the profane, profane, oaths, in short, masculine, feminine and neuter. I all sizes, and what not.</p>	<p><b>A Privateer's Story.</b> The following interesting story, which occurred in the harbor of St. George Town, in the island of Grenada, and the narrow channel of Grenada, and the narrow water, the capture of the noted privateer, the schooner of Brigand, K. I., his crew before been recruited, save in the log-boat of that fortunate little cruiser. We will therefore tell the story in the words of her brave old commander, as we gathered it from his own lips: It was in the last week of December, 1812, said Captain Wilson, said while running up to the Havana, that we fell in with a New York cutter, who reported that the island or rather the port of St. George's was empty of all vessels. We were the occupant of the American. That he had sailed from the place only two days before, and left in the harbor one of our frigates and two sloops of war, while the rest of the fleet were at sea. The day I boarded a Spanish sloop, the ship of which had seen the vessel of war, stated by the privateer's man. What our own boat could have had in tasking formal possession of this insignificant place, I could not imagine, unless it was for the sake of obtaining fresh supplies. At all events, I was glad to hear of it, as I was myself in want of provisions. I concluded to make the harbor, and pursue chase such supplies as I might require. It was night before we made the land, but we broke from the town at a late hour.</p>	<p><b>Business Directory.</b> <b>PHENIX EXCHANGE.</b> H. S. SOULE, Proprietor. Thanked for past favor, the Proprietor would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has thoroughly renovated and enlarged his office, and is now open for business. He will call on all who may favor him with business. FIRST CLASS HOTEL. His table will call for the most choice and best food and liquors. His rooms are well ventilated, and fitted up in a most comfortable style.</p>
--	--	--	---	---	---