

NO INDIANS TO BE FOUND.—The party mentioned last week as having gone out in the Bald Mountains to chastise the diggers that killed the cattle of Messrs. Johnson & Bremer, did not find any in the ranches on Redwood creek. They got wind of the movements of the party against them, and abandoned their ranches—concealing themselves in the gulches in the mountains, undoubtedly. They will keep out of sight for awhile, and no further depredations need be expected this fall. We have not heard any additional particulars respecting the first attack upon them mentioned last week.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856.

L. S.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY
J. VAN DYKE & WILLEY.
At North side of the river.

TERMS.
One year, for one year, \$5;
three months, for a less time, one dollar per
month. (One square, (on lines or less)
for one month, for one month, \$1.
An advertisement to advertisements, we will
be the year, for twenty-two dollars. A
these advertisements are made, the advertiser
to run through the paper, it is asked, away
time extra charged for each alteration.
Advertisements are done at and from the time
of advertisement, discontinue
Advertisements. Advertisers' bills
advancements, required by law, to be pub-
lished hereafter, be accompanied by the Cash.

To My Mother.
Hail! thy locks are growing gray,
Thy form is bent with years,
I soon thou'lt bid farewell to earth,
I joy, to hope and fears.
Time hath gently dealt with thee,
A downy hair's billow's wave
Hath passed without a wave
Of dark adversity,
Thou, who hast taught my infant lips
To lip thy honored name,
Thou who hast taught my infant lips
To lip thy honored name,
Thou who art still the same,
How I should'er repay
The wealth of love that's thine;
Another love, cannot be told,
A feeble voice of mine,
Still strive to be as thou,
If only, wouldst thou be,
I know, in doing this I'll prove
Innocent heart, this

despair that settled upon their quivering fea-
tures, as, with beggary, feverish eyes and bris-
ken spirits, they staggered forth to begin the
world anew; a task which their demoralized
habits and enervated systems frequently un-
fitted them to perform on best of weeks.
Some two years since I received letters
from home, which made it necessary for me
to visit the Southern Mines, in search of
a person who was bent and dead to the
ties of consanguinity. I treacherously
wandering about the town, I realized close
ly the face of every one I passed, hoping to
meet him.
I stepped into a gambling saloon. In those
days, they were the most public places in
town, and were nightly crowded, not only
with the regular habitués, but in fact the
regulars of every class of society, from the
highest to the lowest. On entering, I noticed
that something unusual was going on at one
of the wealthiest monte-banks. Beside the
bettors, there was so large a number of spec-
tators surrounding the table, all eagerly
crowding forward, that it was impossible for
me to see the dealer; but I could hear fre-
quent oaths, and sounds of disappointment,
while above all rose the clear tones of a ring-
ing laugh which sounded strangely familiar,
and all became deeply interested in the pro-
ceedings.
At this moment a young man, dressed in a
minor's garb, forced his way from the table,
and was passing me, when I accosted him and
desired to know the cause of so much excite-
ment. He informed me that his friend and
partner was betting against the bank, with
unexampled success, having already won a
large amount of money.
I gazed at myself, and I wish to God I
could induce him to cease playing. For
months he has had a run of ill-luck, but to-
night he has gained enough to make up all
his losses. I urged him to stop by every ar-
gument I could think of, but in vain. He is
wild with excitement, and will not desist un-
til he has either broken the bank or, what is
far more probable, lost his last dollar in the
almost hopeless attempt. He spoke impetu-
ously, but with accents of deep despondency.
He turned as if about to leave the room.

DOCTRINES ON PORTLAND CEMENT.—Things
have changed. Before my hair turned gray
with age and pity, clever men used to take
season a young lady at the "West End," was
excessively frightened by a little circum-
stance which transpired about the hour of
midnight. The young lady, whose beauty is
only equalled by her modesty, and whose
"eye's dark charm" has caused more than
one waistcoat to palpitate, had retired to her
chamber, after laying aside the great
portion of her wearing apparel, she com-
mitted herself to the tender embraces of
Morpheus, whose soothing influences were
aided by the gentle breath of Zephyr, who
came in at the open window and fanned her
cheeks with her feathery wings. In a word,
she was snoring finely—or, to use the lan-
guage of a modern bard—
"slaying on her velvet eyelids lightly pressed,
and dreamy sighs oppressed her snowy breast."
It was as we said, about midnight, when
the young lady was aroused from her deli-
cious slumber by hearing a noise at her win-
dow. Half unclosing her eyes, she was start-
led by the sight of a corpulent form, appar-
ently struggling to gain admission to her
chamber, through the open window. It
struck her at once that the intruder had
been caught by the rear of his monumental
trunk, by a nail or some other sharp in-
strument, he seemed struggling with a firm de-
termination to enter. Her first thought was
to faint—her second to give the fellow a
kick—but third to jump out of the window as
soon as he jumped in—her fourth to ascertain
which was immediately carried into effect.
The result of the locomotion on that Iron
Mountain road, when it gave its first short
cut on the 15th of July, was but a whisper to the
scratches of the young girl. The whole house
and half the neighborhood were awakened by
the outcry.
The old folks, three Temple servants and
two big brothers rushed to the rescue, and
iron-sticks, mop-handles and boot-jacks
flushed into the chamber, as the household
entered the chamber of the frightened beau-
tiful. An examination of the figure in the
window dispelled the fears of all, and chun-

what the d— did you leave the road for,
when we were hot of hands, and what
policy carry off two days' receipts with you?
Cave in did the lord, and fainted the lady,
and with the first bell of the earliest train of
cars about to leave, some specimens of tall
travelling might have been seen on the way
toward the depot.
CURIOS FACTS ABOUT THE PARADISES.—
The following compilation of curious coinci-
dences in the names and lives of the first ser-
ven Presidents of the United States, (Wash-
ington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison,
Monroe, John Q. Adams and Jackson) are
furnished by the Boston Transcriber.
Four of the seven were from Virginia.
Two of the same name, were from Massachu-
setts, and the seventh from Tennessee. All
but one were 66 years old when leaving office,
having served two terms, and one of them,
who had served but one term, would have
been 66 years of age at the end of another.
Three of the seven died on the fourth of July,
and two of them on the same day and year.
Two of them were on the same committee of
fices that drafted the Declaration of Indepen-
dence, and that died on the same day
of the year, and for the anniversary of the De-
claration of Independence, and just half a cen-
tury from the day of declaration. The names
of the seven end in son, yet neither of
these transmitted his name to a son. In re-
spect to the name of all, it may be said to
constitute the initials of two of the seven.
were the same, and the initials of all two
were the same, and the initials of all two
were the same. The remaining one
stands alone in this particular, stands
countryman and the civilized world. Wash-
ington—of the first five, only one had a son,
and that son was also President.
HUMAN ELEVATION.—I know, says Chan-
ning, but one elevation of the human being,
and that is the elevation of the soul. While
out that it matters not what a man stands
on what he possesses; and with it be losses
—be is one of God's nobility, no matter what
place he holds in the social scale. There are
talking the stabi-

Mr. Sargent
among the
police offic
headed Mil
Mr. Sherid
He was in
so that his
porcine. His
and asked f
"What is yo
"I will tell
the most g
"Well, he s
"Not a bit
link to his
"Whose fro
"No air, the
advice."
"And who w
"A dirty thi
"I will tell
my wind—
"Narrow mind
"What did Scott
"I'll tell you
"I bought a
"The day that
"I was only
"devil of a bo
"What was t
"He'd kick th
"ago he gave j
"him over, M
"Well, so on
"present drop
"Well, all th
"That was all
"Who do you
"Sheridan Scott
"Be above, did
"that of Scott
"Well, what is
"Well, I'll tel
"It falls all
"licking the stabi-

At this moment a young man, dressed in a
minor's garb, forced his way from the table,
and was passing me, when I accosted him and
desired to know the cause of so much excite-
ment. He informed me that his friend and
partner was betting against the bank, with
unexampled success, having already won a
large amount of money.
I gazed at myself, and I wish to God I
could induce him to cease playing. For
months he has had a run of ill-luck, but to-
night he has gained enough to make up all
his losses. I urged him to stop by every ar-
gument I could think of, but in vain. He is
wild with excitement, and will not desist un-
til he has either broken the bank or, what is
far more probable, lost his last dollar in the
almost hopeless attempt. He spoke impetu-
ously, but with accents of deep despondency.
He turned as if about to leave the room.