

**UPPER MATTOLE, Aug 24, 1861**

WHEREAS, The undersigned, residents of Upper Mattole valley, have understood that there is a report circulated that one of our neighbors, James Pritchett, instigated the murder of O. U. Wise, killed by the Indians in our valley, on the 11th of August: therefore, we publish this card, declaring that we are satisfied said Pritchett is entirely innocent of the offense charged.

JOHN MANN,	A. A. HADLEY,
J. J. FARIS,	WM. NEEDHAM,
A. YOUNG,	JAS. BROWN,
G. C. ARMSTRONG,	G. W. HANES,
J. CATHAY,	E. M. SPROUL,
J. A. HARP.	

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

### Business Directory.

**E. WALLACE**  
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c. East side of the Public Square, between the Court House and the Combination Office Building.

**EMPIRE SALOON.**  
Corner Frost and G streets, Eureka. THIS SALOON HAVING BEEN ENLARGED and elegantly fitted up is again opened to the public, where the undersigned will be pleased to receive the patronage of his friends and the Public generally.

**HIS BAKERY.** All the best wheat supplied with the choicest WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS to be purchased in the State.

**W. MCMAHON.**  
4-7

**BRETT'S SALOON.**  
FRONT ST., NEAR THIS CITY WHARF. Eureka, will be found open at all reasonable hours. The Saloon is supplied with two splendid Billiard Tables, and the bar contains some of the most choice articles in the line of Liquors and Cigars.

**PHENIX EXCHANGE.**  
H. S. SOULE, Proprietor. Thankful for past favors, the Proprietor would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has thoroughly renovated and fitted up the "PHENIX EXCHANGE," as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. It is now well adapted for the accommodation of the public, and will be supplied with the best table and San Francisco markets can afford.

**TERMS TO SUIT THE TIMES.**  
Breakfast, from half past five to seven. Dinner, at twelve. Supper, from half past five to seven.

**BAY HOTEL.**  
Eureka.

### A Hundred Years to Come.

BY T. M. BROWN.

Where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring  
A hundred years to come?  
The very lip  
The lofty brow,  
The body that beats  
So gaily now?  
Of whom will be never blushing eyes,  
Joy, discontent smile and sorrow's sighs,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll press for gold this crowded street  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age,  
And fiery youth,  
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves shall sleep  
A hundred years to come?  
No living soul for us will weep  
A hundred years to come.  
And other men,  
Our hands will fill,  
And other ones  
Our hearts will fill,  
While other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

**A Moorish Legend.**  
A Spanish Moor, being on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, entrusted all his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation for unblemished probity. His fortune consisted of two thousand hecatins. On his return he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money. The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, and the judge to help him obtain his money

### Great Battle in Missouri!

(From the Times Extra, of Monday morning) where he will assume the command, vice Gen. Butler. Gen. Butler is to remain there several days, and then will be called to more active duty.

Death of General Lyon and Ben McClellan Confirmed.

By the arrival of the overland communication, we have further particulars of the battle at Springfield. We copy from the dispatches to the *Atlas* of 25th ult. Of the news which we publish this morning places a different phase altogether upon the fight at Springfield. Signal there achieved a glorious victory, though the odds were fearfully against him. He spent the night of the battle in the enemy's camp, and next day fell back upon Springfield, the rebels nowhere showing themselves. He has fully made up for the Bull Run disaster.

**St. Louis, August 13.**—The following official report of the fight near Springfield, Mo. is forwarded by one of Gen. Lyon's Aids to General Fremont:

Signal and Major Sturgis of the Cavalry, led an attack at 6:30 A. M. on the 10th August, nine miles southeast of Springfield. The engagement was severe. Our loss in killed and wounded is 800. Gen. Lyon was killed in a charge at the head of his column. Our force numbered 9,000, including 2,000 Maine Guards.

Major rolls, taken from the enemy, give their strength at 23,000—including regiments from Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, with Texas Rangers and Cherokee Indians. Their loss is supposed to be heavy—including Generals McClellan and Price. This statement is corroborated by prisoners. Their tents and weapons were destroyed in the action. Signal left one platoon on the field, and retreated to Springfield, with a large number

### Scenes on the Battle Field.

(From the Boston Traveller, August 14.)

Mr. Edwin S. Barrett, of Concord, has, at our request, furnished us the following narrative of his experience on the day of the recent battle of Bull Run. It will be found exceedingly interesting, and our readers will agree that if all the "civilians" who went to the field on that day had behaved as well as Mr. Barrett, there would be no reason to complain of these:

It is quite possible that the writer has in some cases used wrong military terms, for he makes no pretence to military knowledge; but his narrative will be found in all important particulars as authentic as it is interesting. It commences with the night before the battle:

On Saturday evening, the 26th of July, I heard we were to start at half-past two o'clock the following morning, and our line was to be in readiness at that early hour. We had occupied the camp at Centerville since Thursday night. Wrapping my blankets around me, as my blanket attached myself upon the bare ground to sleep. The night was cool, and at twelve o'clock I could do so, feeling very cold, and unable to pour a sleep more, I anxiously waited to hear the drum sound to prepare. At two o'clock the drum sounded through the camp, and I was ordered to get up. The numerous camps around us, and in half an hour to a thirty thousand men stood ready to battle for the Union.

The Fifth Massachusetts regiment, which I accompanied, was in the division under Col. Heintzelman. Acting Major-General, and our regiment was third in the column. The First Minnesota, under Colonel Greeman, followed by the Massachu-

### Personal Advertisers at the Battle of Bull Run.

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