

**THE REPORTED MASSACRE NEAR GOOSE LAKE BUT A JOKE!**—We have at last obtained the key to the story about the reported massacre by the Indians of a train of immigrants in the vicinity of Goose Lake. It appears that a certain gentleman, residing not more than a thousand miles from this city, was expecting the arrival, by way of the plains, of a young lady towards whom he felt a weakness, and in whose welfare he felt an unusual interest. His neighbors becoming possessed of his secret, concluded to frighten him and have a little fun all to themselves, and so got up the story of the massacre of the train by the Indians. To make the story as bad as possible, they killed off the whole caravan except one man. Him they permitted to live in order that the fate of his companions might be made public. The train, and with it the young lady, reached the settlements a few days ago, all safe and sound. The "joke" may be all right and very funny to those that were in the secret, but to us, who have published the rumor and lamented the cruel fate of the unfortunate immigrants, it is not so funny.—*Frederick Journal.*

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

**DT TIMES.**  
 morning, at Eureka, California, by  
 I. P. L. E.,  
 proprietor.  
 Second streets.

in address \$6.00  
 within the year 7.00  
 for a less time than

**Advertisements:**  
 first insertion 1.00.  
 second 1.00.  
 office, My per cent  
 notice.  
 regular advertisements.

**Directory.**  
**WINEG-**  
 cal-Banks,  
 all Tickets,  
 of Job Printing,  
**DIRECTOR.**  
 Large reduc-  
 price. We will give  
 favor us with pa-

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 Large reduc-  
 price. We will give  
 favor us with pa-

**Business Directory.**  
**E. L. WALKER,**  
**DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East**  
 side the Plaza, Arcata.  
 For public amusement, he has two of The-  
 lan's Patent Combination Cuban Billiard Ta-  
 bles.

**EMPIRE SALOON,**  
 Corner Front and G streets, Eureka.  
**THIS SALOON HAVING BEEN ENLARG-**  
 ed and elegantly fitted up, is again open  
 to the public, where the undersigned will be  
 pleased to receive the patronage of his friends  
 and the public, generally.  
 His BAR will, at all times, be well supplied  
 with the choicest WHISKEY, LIQUORS and CL-  
 OARS, to be purchased in the State.  
 P. MCCAHON-  
 47-47

**BRETTS SALOON,**  
**FRONT ST., NEAR THE CITY WHARF,**  
 Eureka, will be found open at all reason-  
 able 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.  
 Second story is easily reached up for lookings:  
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**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 re-fitted-up the "Opinion Exchange" as a  
**FIRST CLASS HOTEL.** Its table will at all  
 times be supplied with the best this and San  
 Francisco markets can afford.  
 His rooms are well ventilated, and fitted up  
 in the most commodious style.

**TERMS, TO SUIT THE TIMES.**  
 Breakfast, from half past five to seven.  
 Dinner, at twelve.  
 Supper, at seven.  
 47-47

**THE CIVILIANS AT BULL RUN.**  
 Have you heard of the story so lacking in glory,  
 About the Civilians who went to the fight,  
 With everything handy, from "ram-roach" to  
 brandy,  
 To fill their broad stomachs and make them  
 all tight?

These were bulls from our State street, and get-  
 ting from Wall Street  
 And members of Congress to see the great Gen-  
 eral's reports (some regular members).  
 On a beautiful Sunday morning to Bull Run.  
 Provided with passes as far as Manassas,  
 The portly Civilians rode jolly along,  
 Till the sound of the battle, the roar and the rai-  
 ds  
 Of cannon and musket, drowned laughter  
 and song.

Their hearts were all willing to witness the kill-  
 ing.  
 When the jolly Civilians had chosen their  
 ground;  
 They drank and they nibbled—reporters they  
 scribbled,  
 Wholesalers from the common were flying around.  
 But near the rattle and storm of the battle  
 Approach the Civilians who came to a show,  
 The terrible thunder filled them with great won-  
 der  
 And trembling, and quaking with fear of the  
 foe.

The hell's egg-shells flying, the groans of the  
 dying,  
 Soon banished their pleasure and ruined their  
 fun;  
 There was terrible slaughter—blood ran like  
 water  
 When Civilians were picking down at  
 Bull Run.

Their forms all maimed are shaken with pain,  
 When the smoke of battle has  
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**DECEIT VS. DECEIT.**  
 BY MARY CHIEF.  
 "Tip goes your dress, Mary Ann."  
 It was Nell Hunter's voice that sang  
 out in a clear, ringing key (the above  
 warning as she said) returned from our  
 search after berries that warm day in  
 July.

"Plague take that rail-fence!" I ex-  
 claimed, as I glanced at my gingham  
 dress with a long rent half-way up the  
 skirt—"If Mary-Nell, requesting in these  
 back woods may do in stories, where the  
 briar-hedges all lean roses, and the staves  
 are covered with moss, supplied by the  
 author's imagination; but it's mighty  
 poor fun, in my way of thinking, when  
 you consider the actual facts of the case.  
 Now, what have we done since we came  
 out here, but tear our clothes, tan our  
 faces, get them fat and red as pulpit cush-  
 ions, tramp over stones, ride in carts,  
 laugh at folks, and our head-aching school  
 air, forget our French, and—"

"And consume divers plates of cofee-  
 black, and dispose of fabulous quantities  
 of fresh milk," added Nell, as she shaded  
 her eyes with her hand, and looked stead-  
 ily in the direction of the brook.  
 "Guess you are practicing Ebenezer  
 Smith's fawk in utter defiance of the  
 command: 'Thou shalt not stare,' found  
 in Mrs. Farrar's Young Ladies' Friend,"  
 I remarked, after a few minutes' patient  
 waiting.

"But look, Mary," was her earnest ap-  
 peal. "I am tempted to believe they  
 those folks getting over the hump, down the  
 valley!" I answered, looking at the  
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Such handling as there was in our lit-  
 tle garden, which had been  
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black berries," was my response, with an  
 inward prayer that I might be forgiven  
 for telling falsehoods. "Just see how I  
 tore my skirt," I continued, exposing the  
 long rent, "Dad and mam would jaw  
 like thunder if they seen it, for it cost  
 nigh onto eighttence a yard, and I  
 harned down to mend it," drawing out  
 of my pocket a housewife that happened  
 to be stored there most opportunely.

"Eize ef was curious, Phil," exclaimed  
 Frank, nodding at me. And then, speak-  
 ing in his mother-tongue to us, said, "If  
 you don't object, young ladies, we will  
 keep you company, while Nancy mends  
 her gown. *Que drez-vous, Phil?*"  
 "Le tout mon cuer," was the hearty an-  
 swer. And Philip seated himself upon  
 the rail-fence, and Frank, by my side, on  
 the ground.

What a long chat we had in that rustic  
 fashion! Nell and I had not estimated to  
 Becky Jones' queer talking for two weeks  
 without learning to imitate her; and by  
 guarding ourselves against being changed  
 not to criticize ourselves while we discov-  
 ered upon the crops, weather, poultry, and  
 millings. The undercurrent of French  
 between the penitents threatened to ex-  
 cite our risibilities beyond endurance, for  
 they discussed our ignorance, our person-  
 al appearance and manners, and agreed  
 to flirt with us the few days longer they  
 remained at Pine Bush, as we seemed es-  
 pecially inclined. We found out that Philip  
 and Frank were Messrs. Ureno and  
 Craig, that they had come to the Bush  
 to fish and ruralize during a short vaca-  
 tion, and would return to the city in a  
 short time.

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 tle garden, which had been  
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and his friend, Mr. Greene, were invited.  
 Madama had yielded to our petition for  
 a few tableaux and charades, and I call  
 and I made our debut that evening in  
 the tableau, "Historic-fact and Semi-  
 mental Young Ladies." We are fright-  
 fully master-of-fact, in Earlow's script,  
 as we sat parsing potatoes and cutting  
 pumpkins in contrast with a sentiment-  
 al pair, dead in flowing robes and hat-  
 tached with pictures and flowers.

"Judith and Nancy Jones, as I live!  
 exclaimed a voice near us, which we im-  
 agined as Philip Greene's.  
 When we entered the room sitting in  
 the fall glory of new silks and Agency  
 trunks, a lady—quite new—declaring to  
 her cousin and his friend that we were  
 not Judith and Nancy Jones, but Nell  
 Hunter and Mary Chief, up to all sorts  
 of tricks, and pupils of Madama D'Orosay  
 for several years. There were explana-  
 tions and apologies; and Philip Ureno  
 looked quite humble for once, and Frank  
 Craig was quite overcome, what he said:

"For Heaven's sake! young ladies, tell  
 me—parlez vous la Française?"  
 "Oui, nous avons parlez la langue  
 Française deux ans."  
 A year later, Philip Ureno, convinced  
 that my friend, Nell, was in possession  
 of a respectable fortune and fashionable  
 education, as well as marvellous beauty,  
 repeated, in earnest, the confession of  
 love once made in sport; but alas, for  
 me and my matrimonial prospects!—  
 Frank Craig never forgave me for that  
 burst of laughter, so very mal a propos.

The friends that challenge,  
 47-47

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 47-47