

HOME GUARDS.—Lieut. Wilkinson was in town on yesterday morning, from whom we learn the disposition of the several detachments. The company has been divided by order of Capt Werk into three bodies. First Lieut. Wilkinson with 18 men is at Neal's Ranch on Van Duzen Creek. Second Lieut. Warren with 17 men is on the head of Grouse Creek.—The other detachment, Second Lieut. Brown, with 17 men, is on the head waters of Mattole. At present Capt. Werk is with the detachment at Neal's Ranch. But little has been accomplished as yet beyond locating the camps and making preparations for the campaign. The Indians find food in abundance at this season high in the mountains, to which they resorted as soon as the volunteers took the field. We have no fears but the Home Guards will give a good report of themselves before the term expires for which they were mustered into service.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1861.

DT. TIMES.
Morning at Eureka, California, by
I. P. L. E.
Proprietor.
Second streets.
5-11

Business Directory.
E. J. WALLACE,
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East side the Plaza, Astoria.
For public amusement, he has two of Phelps' Patent Combination Gunball Billiard Tables.
EMPIRE SALOON,
Corner, Front and G streets, Eureka.
THIS SALOON HAVING BEEN ENLARGED and elegantly fitted up, is again open to the public, where the moderate billiard table is placed to receive the patronage of his friends and the public generally.
His BAR will at all times be well supplied with the choicest WINE, LIQUORS and CIGARS, to be purchased in the State.
P. McMAHON,
regular advertiser.

Directory.
ST. J. IN C.
Call blanks,
all Tickets,
Circulars,
of Job Printing,
DISPATCH,
large volume,
for it with pat-

UK.
SOLLEY BIRD,
at
YACHT OREGON, at
Postal Court House,
4-11

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 "Phoenix Exchange," as 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.
47-17

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 sandwich to brandy, To fill their broad stomachs and make them all tight.

These were bulls from our State street, and called us from Wall street.
And members of Congress to see the greatest Newspaper reporters (some regular snoots) On a beautiful Sunday went out to Bull Run.
Provided with passes as far as Manassas, The jolly Civilians rode jolly along, Till the sound of the battle, the roar and the rattle Of cannon and musket, destroyed laughter and song.
Their hearts were all willing to witness the kill, When the jolly Civilians had chosen their ground.
They drank and they nibbled—reporters they scribbled, While all from the common were flying around.
But on set the rattle and storm of the battle Approached the Civilians who came to a show, The terrible thunder filled them with great wonder 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 rained their fun;
There was terrible slaughter—blood ran like
When Civilians were picknicking down at Bull Run.

Their forms, otherwise not taken with such grace,
Were all plain, but they were all taken with such grace,
As questions which they had not answered.

DECEIT vs. DECEIT.
BY MARY CHURCH.

"Flip goes your dress, Mary Ann."
It was Nell Hunter's voice that sung out in a clear, ringing key the above warning as she and I returned from our search after berries that warm day in July.

"Plague take that rail-fence!" I exclaimed, as I glanced at my gingham dress with a long rank halfway up the skirt. "Why! Well! rustling in those back woods may do in stories, where the bruv-bunches all wear rosettes, and the stucco 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 cushions, tramp over stones, rick in carts, laugh at folks, lose our bounding school air, forget our French, and—"

"And consume divorc' plates of snaffles, and disburse of fabulous quantities of fresh milk," added Nell, as she shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked steadily in the direction of the brook.

"Guess you are practicing Ebenezer Smith's gawk 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 appeal, "if an really interested. Who are these folks getting over the bars, down yonder? I am obliged to believe they are gentlemen, with a high social position."

blackberries," was my response, with an inward prayer that I might be forgiven for telling falsehoods. "Just see how I and I made our debut that evening in the tableau, 'Matters-of-foot and Sentimental Young-Ladies.'—We are, right as we set pacing potatoes, and cutting pumpkins, in contrast with a sentimental pair, clad in flowing robes and garlanded with flowers and flowers."

"Judith and Nancy Jones, as I live!" exclaimed a voice near us, which we recognized as Philip Graeme's. "When we entered the room last night, in the fall glory of new silks and 'fancy frills,'" Mattie—black was 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 Madame D'Orsay for several years. There were explanations and apologies; and Philip, green as he looked quite humble for once, and Frank Craig was quite overdone, when he asked:

"Of Heaven's sake! young ladies, tell me—parlez vous la Française?"
"And we answered:
"Oui; nous avons parle la langue Française deux ans."
A year later, Philip Drexel, 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 mad a proposal.

Such laughing as there was in our lit-tle short time.

What a long chat we had in that rustic fashion! Nell and I had not listened to Becky Jones queer talking for two weeks without leaping to initiate her; and by guarding ourselves closely, we had not not to expose ourselves while we discovered upon the crops, whether, poultry, and (writings). The undercurrent of French between the gentlemen threatened to excite our rivibilities beyond endurance, for they discussed our ignorance, our personal appearance and manners, and agreed to flirt with us the few days longer they remained at Pine Beach, as we seemed mutually inclined. We found out that Philip and Frank were Messrs. Green and Green, that they had come to "the Bay" to fish and runnize during a short vacation, and would return to the city in a short time.

Such laughing as there was in our lit-tle short time.

and his friend, Mr. Greene, were invited. "Madame had yielded to our petition for a few tableaux, and charades, and I will make our debut that evening in the tableau, 'Matters-of-foot and Sentimental Young-Ladies.'—We are, right as we set pacing potatoes, and cutting pumpkins, in contrast with a sentimental pair, clad in flowing robes and garlanded with flowers and flowers."

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