

MAIL STATION ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

—A few days since the Spruce Grove mail station—about forty-five miles from Hydesville—was attacked by a large number of Indians. In the early part of the day the house was surrounded by about seventy-five Indians. The station-keeper and one other man were in the house; a few yards distant was the corral, containing six horses and about ten tons of hay. The Indians secured the horses, took them a short distance and killed them. They then returned and set fire to the hay, and attempted to fire the house by throwing burning brands and wisps of hay upon the roof. The two men prevented the house from burning by removing shingles. There were some fifteen rifles in the hands of the Indians with which they kept up a desultory fire upon the house; they were too cowardly however to take possession, as two of their number had been killed in an attempt to approach the door. After destroying the hay and out-buildings the Indians withdrew to where the carcasses of the horses were, when they commenced a feast of roast horse beef. Three foot travelers came along shortly after the Indians had left; though unarmed they were a welcome addition to the little garrison. The Indians returned after a short absence, and renewed their attempt to burn the house and murder the men; but finding there were more white men there than in the morning, and two or three of their number being dispatched to kingdom come, they concluded it best to be off.

Mr. Goodridge, one of the travelers above referred to, gave us the particulars. He received a slight flesh wound in the leg, from a bullet. After the Indians had left, the men visited the spot where the horses had been killed; they found Indian camp fires, and the bones, skin, of the horses.

Our understand word was immediately sent to Capt. Lovell. It is most likely he sent a detachment of troops to guard that portion of the mail route, as soon as informed of the attack.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES

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

DT TIMES.

morning at Eureka, California, by
I F I E,
Proprietor.
Second streets.

in advance \$5.00
within the year 7.00
for a less time than
above.

RATES:
Advertisements 25 cts.
per line per week 1.00.
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Business Directory.

E. L. WALKER,
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East
side the Plaza, Eureka.
For public amusement, he has two of Phe-
nix's Patent Combination Cushion Billiard Ta-
bles.

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 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 WINE, LIQUORS and CI-
GARS, to be purchased in the State.
P. McMAHON.

BRETT'S 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
none but the most choice articles in the line of
liquors and cigars.
Second story at Family Hotel up for lodgings.
Eureka, July 14, 1860.
47-11.

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 fitted up the "Phoenix Exchange," as a
FIRST CLASS HOTEL. His tables 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.

TRAMS, TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Breakfast, from half past five to seven.
Dinner at twelve.
Saturday 5-11

THE CIVILIANS AT HULL RUN.

Have you heard of the story so lacking in glory,
About the Civilians who went to the light,
With everything handy, from sandwiches to
brandy,
To fill their broad stomachs and make them
all right.

These very bills from our State, Alford, and Cal-
ifornia, will be
And members of Congress to see the great fun;
Newspaper reporters (some regular shooters),
On a beautiful Sunday went out to Hull Run.
Provided with passes as far as Manassas,
The party Civilians rode jolly along,
Till the sound of the battle, the roar and the rattle
Of cannon and musket, directed 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 milled—reporters they
scribbled,
While from the common were flying around.
But near the rattle and storm of the battle
Approach'd the Civilians who came to a show:
The terrible thunder filled them with great won-
der
And rumblings, 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 picknicking down at
Hull Run.

Their forms, attire and arms are shaken with pain;
Who's that? That? That? That?
Who's that? That? That? That?

DECENT VS. DECENT.

BY MARY CHIEF.
"Up 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 returned from our
search after berries that were dry 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—
"I may as well rustle in these
black woods any day in winter, where the
brambles all bear roses, and the stones
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, load our boarding-school
air, forget our French, and—"

"And consume divers plates of enfe-
bled, and dispense of fabulous quantities
of fresh milk," added Nell, as she shaded
her eyes with her hand, and looked at-
tently in the direction of the brook.

"Guess you are practicing Ebenezer
Smith's pawk in utter defiance of the
command: 'Thou shalt not stare, found
in 'Mrs. Farrin's Young Ladies' Friend,'
I remarked, after a few minutes' patient
waiting.

"But look, Mary," was her earnest ap-
peal. "I am really interested. Who are
these folks getting over the bars, down
yonder? I am tempted to believe they
are gentlemen, with hats and coats."

blackberries," was my response, with an
increased prayer that I might be forgiven
for telling falsehoods. "Just see how I
tore my frock," I continued, exposing the
long rent, "Dad and man would jaw
like thunder if they seen it for it cost
meigh onto eighteence a yard, and I
brought down to mend it." Drawing out
of my pocket a housewife—that happened
to be stored there most opportunely—
"Fill 'er up curiously, Phil!" exclaimed
Frank, nodding at me. And then speak-
ing in his mother-tongue to me, said: "If
you don't object, young ladies, we will
keep you company, while Nancy mends
her goss. *Que direz-vous, Phil!*"
"Ye out mon cur," 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 listened to
Decky Jones' queer talking for two weeks
without learning to imitate her, and by
guarding ourselves accurately, we managed
not to expose ourselves while we discov-
ered upon the crops, weather, poultry, and
quillings. The undercurrent of French
between the gentlemen threatened to ex-
cite our ribbitions 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 in-
sensibly inclined. We found out that Philip
and Frank were Messrs. Greeno and
Crink, 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.

Such laughing as there was in our lit-erature, was not of the laughing kind.

And we answered:
"Out; nous avons parlés la langue
Franchaise des ames."
A year later, Philip Greeno, convinced
that my friend, Nell, was in possession
of a respectable fortune and fashionable
education, as well as marvelous beauty,
repeated, in earnest, the confession of
love once made in sport; but alas, for that
Frank Crink never forgave me for that
harsh of laughing, so very *mal a propos*.

The French is a challenge.

and his friend, Mr. Greeno, were invited,
Mathews had yielded to our petition for
a few tableaux and charades, and Nell
and I made our debut that evening in
the tableau, "Maid-of-fact and Sentimen-
tal Young Ladies." We are, I think,
fully made-of-fact, in our own apparel,
as we are not wearing potatoes and eating
pumpkins, in contrast with a sentiment-
al pair, clad in flowing robes and sur-
rounded with pictures and flowers.

"Judith and Nancy Jones, as I live!"
exclaimed a voice near us, which we recog-
nized as Philip Greeno's.
When we entered the room again, in
the full glory of new silks and "fancy
frills," Mathews that 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 explana-
tions and apologies; and Philip Greeno
looked quite humble for once, and Frank
Crink was quite overcome, when he re-
called:

"For Heaven's sake! young ladies, tell
me—parlez vous la Franchaise?"
"Oui; nous avons parlés la langue
Franchaise des ames."
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