

**THE INDIAN WAR.**—In commenting upon the Indian difficulties in this county the *Alta California* of the 21st inst., remarks:

"It appears that a general war is to be waged against all the red men in the county. A muster roll of a company of mounted riflemen was opened at Arcata on the 7th, for the purpose of an Indian campaign. The principles on which the campaign is to be conducted are not stated, but we presume that the policy which was observed in the Jarboe war about a year ago, will prevail under the new organization."

We beg leave to assure the editor of the *Alta* that a "general war against all the red men in this county," is not contemplated. We are not informed of the policy which was observed in the Jarboe war, but are satisfied that the present campaign will be conducted with vigor against hostile Indians, and no others. The orders given by Governor Downey for the management of the campaign are explicit, and they will be obeyed. All Indians disposed to be friendly will have an opportunity to avail themselves of a home on the Reservations. Those in hostility to the whites will be treated as enemies, and as such will be killed when found.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

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

### Business Directory.

**D**EALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East side the Falls, Arcata.  
 For public amusement, he has two of the best and most comfortable Saloons in the State.  
**EMPIRE SALOON,** Corner Front and Commercial, Eureka.  
**THE SALOON HAS BEEN ENLARGED** and splendidly fitted up, is again open to the public, and the accommodations will be found to be the best in the city.  
 His Bar will at all times, be well supplied with the choicest Wines, LIQUORS and CIGARS, to be purchased in the State.  
**BRETTON SALOON,** Front St. Near Third City Wharf, Eureka, will be found open at all reasonable hours. This Saloon is supplied with two splendid Bullard Tables, and the bar contains none but the most choice articles in the line of Liquors and Cigars.  
**PHENIX EXCHANGE.**  
 H. S. SOULE, Proprietor.  
 Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has thoroughly renovated and fitted up the "PHENIX EXCHANGE," as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. His 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 regular prices.

### THE CIVILIANS AT BULL RUN.

Have you heard of the story of looking in glory, about the Civilians who went to the fight, with everything handy, from "stomach to toe" to fill their broad stomachs and make them all tight.  
 These were held from our State street, and called from Bull Run.  
 And members of Congress to see the great fun. Newspaper reporters (some regular reporters) On a beautiful Sunday went out to Bull Run provided with passes as far as MANASSAS, The pretty Civilians rode jolly along, Till the sound of the battle, the roar and the rattle of cannon and muskets, betrayed laughter and song.  
 Their hearts were all willing to witness the killing; The jolly Civilians had chosen their ground; They drank and they nibbled—reporters they scribbled, While shot from the cannon were flying around. But scarce the rattle and storm of the battle Approached if 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 pleasures and ruined their fun; There was terrible slaughter—blood ran like water When Civilians were packing down at Bull Run.  
 Their forms alternately are shaken with pain; As they go, they are shaken with pain.

### DECEIT IS DECENT.

BY MARK CHURCH.  
 "Rip 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.  
 "Why take that rail-fence?" I exclaimed, as I glanced at my gingham dress with a long rent half-way up the skirt.  
 "By my word, Nell, supposing in those black woods may do in stories, where the briar-bunches all bear roses, and the sweet 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 pulp in cubs, tramp over stones, ride in carts, laugh at folks, load our boarding-school air, forget our French, and—"  
 "And consume divers plates of coffee, and dispose 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. Farrer's Young Ladies' Friend," I remarked, after a few minutes' patient waiting.  
 "But look, Mary," was her earnest appeal, "I am really interested. Who are these folks getting over the bars, down yonder? I am tempted to believe they are gentlemen, with fine horses and fine...

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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 frock," I continued, exposing the long rent, "Dad and mum would jaw like thunder if they seen it, for it cost me eight shillings a yard, and I have not down to mend it." Drawing out of my pocket's housewife, that happened to be secured there most opportunely, I commenced stitching the rent.  
 "Elizabeth, what a fine dress!" Exclaimed Frank, nodding at me. And then, speaking in his mother-tongue to us, said: "If you don't object, young ladies, we will keep you company, while Nancy mends her gown. One direction, Philip, when 'Ye out man over,' was the hearty answer. 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 said I had not listened to Becky Jones' queer talking for two weeks without learning to imitate her; and by guarding ourselves closely, we managed not to expose ourselves while we discoursed upon the crops, weather, poultry, and quiltings. The undercurrent of French between the gentlemen threatened to excite our ridiculous 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 Blush, as we seemed so much inclined. We found out that Philip and Frank were Messrs. Greene and Crook, that they had come to "the Bush" to fish and rattle during a short vacation, and would return to the city in a short time.  
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 "Oui; nous avons partie la langue Française, dear amicos."  
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