

Georgetown News, Volume 1, Number 52, 11 October 1855 — Miseries. [ARTICLE]

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Miseries.

To snuff the candle out in company.

To be joked about a lady whom you secretly dislike.

To make a good pun, at which nobody laughs but yourself.

Walking with ladies, to be met by a drunken friend, who insists on speaking with you.

Tight boots on a hot summer day.

A short bed on a cold night.

Disliking babies, to be obliged, through courtesy, to dandle your friend's "pretty little sweetie" for an hour or so.

Unluckily enlisting yourself on the wrong side of an argument, when you have ladies and learned men on the opposite side.

Visiting a young lady for the first time, and as you are being introduced, treading on the favorite cat's tail.

THREE AMERICANS MASSACRED BY INDIANS ON THE SISKIYOU MOUNTAIN.—An extra of the Yreka Union contains the following account of the massacre of three Americans by Indians on the Siskiyou Mountain:

"On Tuesday last, four men started with seven yoke of oxen and two wagons, to haul flour from Rogue River Valley to Yreka. When they arrived within a few hundred yards of the summit of the Siskiyou, they were compelled to druble their teams upon one wagon, in order to haul the load up a steep pitch. Three of the men went up

with the wagon, and the fourth remained with the wagon behind. When they arrived within a few yards of the summit, they were fired upon by Indians, who were lying in wait for them. One of the men, named Fields, fell pierced with eight bullets. A boy, in the employ of Dick Evans, of Rogue River Valley, was wounded badly, and crawled from the road to a tree, where he was found by the Indians afterwards, and shot through the head. The the third man escaped with a slight wound. The oxen, being then in a steep place of the hill, backed with the wagon a considerable distance, and finally turned, capsized the wagon, and were thrown into a heap, where they were all, fourteen in number, shot as they lay.— The Indians then proceeded over the Siskiyou to Cottonwood Creek. They made their appearance at a place about four miles above the town of Cottonwood, called Cottonwood Bar. Two miners, who were engaged in washing out a sluice, saw them, and as they endeavored to make their escape, were fired upon. One of them got away with his life, although he was severely wounded. The other, however, shared the fate of those on the mountain. His name was Samuel Warner. He has been for some time past a resident of Cottonwood.”

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AND DEATH.—A shocking accident occurred at the cattle show yesterday afternoon, says the Tribune of last Friday, just at the close of the lady equestrian exhibition, that seemed to us entirely the result of extreme carelessness.— An enraged bull was led on to the field, and broke from his keeper, creating a general stampede of the crowd; but a man named Abraham Irving, of San Francisco, groom to the horse “Joe Wilson,” did not get out