

Indian War Bonds, Again.

The last number of the *Northern Californian* contains an article on our Indian war claims and what has been done, thus far, towards their payment—substantially what we stated last week. Our neighbor correctly says that all the legislation on the subject thus far has been merely for the purpose of placing the claims in a tangible shape with the view of obtaining an appropriation from the General Government for their liquidation. He also intimates that this, at the time, was the most that could be obtained from our State Legislature. This may be so but still we submit that it is not all that should be done, if we admit the necessity of the expenses and the justice of the claims. The article closes thus:

"These services were rendered and money furnished for the purchase of supplies, in perfect good faith by our citizens, and justice demands that the present Congress should make an appropriation therefor. As a general thing the bonds are held by those to whom they were issued, and it is not right that they should longer be kept out of what is justly their due. Our Representatives in Congress are familiar with the history of the claims, and know that there is no fraud or speculation connected with them. We confidently believe that our delegation at Washington will faithfully attend to the interests of their constituents in this matter, and successfully urge an appropriation for the redemption of these War Bonds."

Notwithstanding our Representatives in Congress may understand the history of these claims and that they will faithfully attend to the matter, still it must not be forgotten that this is a President-making Congress and

the matter, still it must not be forgotten that this is a President-making Congress and that economy and retrenchment are becoming the watchwords with which to go before the people in the coming canvass. The enormous expenditures of the last few years have created an alarm throughout the country that must now be quieted, and therefore all appropriations not absolutely required to carry on the machinery of government will be deferred till the next Administration. Again, the House, where such a bill must originate, is in the hands of the Opposition who are united, at least, on one subject, to wit: a desire to cripple and embarrass the Administration.

For these reasons we have no confidence that Congress will provide for paying these claims for the next two years.

But suppose our fears on this score prove to be groundless and that Congress will promptly provide for the payment to the State of the necessary sum to liquidate these claims, would that fact be any argument against their payment by the State now? We think not. If the amount the State should thus pay her citizens, whose time and means have been required in the suppression of Indian hostilities within her borders, should be refunded to her within a few months, so much the better. But whether refunded this session of Congress or next, or never, the claims in question should be paid and that too without waiting for the happening of any contingency over which our Legislature has no control. Other similar claims have been paid by the State without waiting the slow action of Congress and we have yet heard no reason assigned why these are not entitled to the same consideration.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1866. NO. 5

BAY HOTEL,
Corner of First and Broadway Streets.
MRS. M. POLLEY
Having leased the above named House and thoroughly repaired it, has opened it for the accommodation of boarders and family residence in hotel keeping, she fathers herself that she will give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

TERMS.
Board per week, with Lodging \$9 00
" " " " without 8 00
Single Meals 30

KELSEY'S HOTEL,
Formerly Eureka Restaurant, but been rebuilt, hard-finished, and newly and neatly furnished, and is now open. My friends and the public are invited to call. The tables will be furnished second-hand, in the county. Comfortable and commodious rooms, good beds, and prices moderate.
D. B. KELSEY, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
(TEMPERANCE HOUSE)
EAST SIDE OF THE PLAZA—VERY

The subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of this place and the public generally, that he has taken this HOUSE, which is kept in superior style, the Table supplied with the most choice VIANDS this and the San Francisco market afford, and no expense or pains will be spared to render it worthy of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to it.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Board and Lodging will be at the following rates:
Board and Lodging, per week \$9 00
" " " " per day 1 50
Single meals 6 66
No 10th will be allowed to run for a longer time than a week.
JOHN C. BULL.

The World is Free.

Looked beyond a thousand years
And saw all flags unfurled,
I saw the glorious stripes and stars
Were proudly on the world.
I heard a shout from shore to shore,
Which startled hand and sea
I heard the harmless cannon's roar,
The world! the world is free!
The British flag had looked on
With pride and fury wild
That grew undimmed "That's my son!
My best, my darling child!
And I am old," the lion said
I gave my strength to thee
So save thy flag above my head.
The world! the world is free!
I saw in heaven a form appear,
Descending with a oath;
It hugged, and shouted wild and clear,
"Man's bondage all is vain;
His cherished freedom is a jest.
This chain shall quickly prove,
For it will bind the sternest heart,
This soft, frail chain of Love!"
Columba from his lofty brow
Brushed back his flowing hair,
And cried, "Sweet Freedom, aid me now
For here I'm in despair."
But Freedom, blushing, cried "Away!
That chain, too, binds me!"
Whilst Love alone asserts the sway,
The world! the world is free!

A TRAVELER'S ADVENTURE.—The Sacramento Standard gives the following as a recent adventure of an old Sacramento teamster known as Billy Milkins.—Billy tells his story as follows: "About ten days ago," said he, "our teams left Placerville for Georgetown, we got along tolerably well until near Placerville, where the stage was broken up. I was one of those that were coaxed out of the broken teams and left me in charge of the broken teams and goods, while they went back to Placerville. I killed a fire for some hay and wheat and watered on my knees mixing the packs, with the frying pan heating on the fire, when I happened to look up, and there stood eight big Indians, bare, hungry, knicker-jawed looking devils at our feet. I saw each with a bow drawn to the arrow-head, and pointing towards me, but ten feet off. I looked at them a moment and they spoke up in tolerably good English, and said, 'with a grin:—'One white man, heap Indian about ten, up!' I don't think I am a coward, but I like a stir-blow; the odds were too heavy against me in this case, and unfortunately my revolver was covered up in one of the wagons. So I began to parley with the red-skins: I told them that I had a by-gone muck-a-duck, hi-yo supake, bueno chereck, 'pleasy' meek, 'I tried every sort of gibberish, and finally made them understand that I had a bundle of provisions, and would cook them a big supper. They reasoned among themselves a moment, and their love for the food and for the first time in my life I played cook to a lot of dirty red skinned Indians. It went rather tough, I assure you; but I tried

1 The Mexico of Washington—There is no journal in Cincinnati, on a visit to his relatives, James H. Hamilton, of Washington city, aged eighty-five years, active, energetic and intelligent as our venerable fellow-citizen, Colonel Johnson, of Piquette, whose excellent wife we are all so familiar with, Mr. Hamilton, too, is jingling among us. He left the military service for the cause of our Republic in the days of those spectacles of liberty whose writings we cherish, and whose acts have followed them thin far in preserving what was nobly won by their valor, their wisdom and their patriotism in the darkest hour of our history. He was impressed with veneration and profound respect for this gentleman, Mr. Hamilton, on being introduced to him, and feeling incidentally, in the course of conversation, that he was with the late Major General of Virginia, and for other young gentlemen and the honor of beating the feather of his Country, George Washington, from his death-bed to the flagstaff at Mount Vernon. Mr. Hamilton was then a young man, at Alexandria in Virginia. Struggle and starting history, compared within such a brief period!—There is nothing so in the city of Richmond, which was then an Indian wild, a man traveling in a few hours from the Capital, his pride and power of place in the hearts of the American people—as their first President, the man had stood a strong, athletic youth before the nation, who had taken the oath of office on the 4th of March, 1789, when the Father of his Country had slept his last and steep of death—only a few months ago, when his eyes upon that forum, which had so much kindly stamped

FROM THE WINTER. There is a snow-belt on the Yuba Gap, only six or eight miles the farthest, but the trail is easily kept open. Judge May has withdrawn his travel, but on account of the cold during the winter, the expense of the profits; but the trail is open, and one who likes can pass over it. The winter in Washoe, both in gold, are paying extraordinary profits. A GAMBING CASE IN SAYS FRA. The Bulletin gives the following in