

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, 1860.

NO. 3

BAY HOTEL,
Corner of First and - - - Streets.
Mrs. M. M. O'LEARY
HAVING leased the above named House and thoroughly repaired it, has opened it for the accommodation of boarders, and from her long experience in hotel keeping, she flatters herself that she will give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

TERMS.
Board per week, with - - - Logging \$9 00
Single Meals, without 8 00
13 47

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 goods in the country. Comfortable and commodious rooms, good beds, and prices moderate.
24
D. B. KELSEY, Proprietor.

A MERICAN HOTEL,
(TEMPERANCE HOUSE)
EAST SIDE OF THE PLAZA—EUREKA.

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 markets 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:
- Do per day \$9 00
- Do per week 1 50
- Do per month 4 00
Single meals 75
No extra will be allowed to run for a longer time than a week.
- JOHN C. BULL.

The World is Free.

Hooked beyond a thousand year,
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 land 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 unshakened "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 shout;
It laughed, 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 the fair!"

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 Milkens. Billy tells his story as follows: "About ten days ago," said he, "our team left Placerville for Gebeon; we got along tolerably well, until near the mountain ridge, between the two places, when our teams broke down; the foresters left me in charge of the broken teams and goods, while they went back to Placerville, to get fresh teams. On the evening of their departure, I kindled a fire for some hay supper, and sat down 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, lean, hungry, lantern-jawed looking devils as ever. You saw each with his bow drawn to the arrow-head, and pointing towards me, not ten feet off. I looked at them a moment, and then spoke up in tolerably good English, and said, with a grin: "One white man, hear, I want about ten, nigh. I don't think I am a coward, but I like a stir-bow; 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-ones muck-a-muck, hi-yu-sa-pate, bu-sno-chen-uck, 'prenter-uzet," 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 their love for the life, prevailed, 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 to make my best, and had some hard times, but

THE MEMORY 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, erect and intelligent as our venerable fellow-citizen, Colonel Johnson, of Piqua, whose excellent little we are all so familiar with. Mr. Hamilton, too, is jingling among us. The last of those favored men who were conversant with the affairs of our Republic in the days of those speechee 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 intrepidity. His patriotism in the darkest hour of our history, was impressed with regeneration and profound respect for this gentleman, Mr. Hamilton, on being introduced to him, and learning incidentally, is the source of congratulation, that he, with the late Wm. C. C. Baker, of Virginia, and several other young gentlemen had the honor of meeting the Father of his Country, George Washington, from his death-bed to the signy vault at Mount Vernon. Mr. Hamilton was then a youth, reading at Alexandria in Virginia. Strangely and startling history, couched within such a brief period!—There is nothing so in the city of Cincinnati, which was then an Indian wild, a man traveling in a few hours from the Capital, and had passed from Washington to Philadelphia, and the pride and power of the American people—as their first President, the and had stood a strong, athletic youth before the eyes of the world, when the Father of his Country had slept his last and sleep of death—only try had looked with azeeping eyes upon that forum, which had so much meekly stamped

FROM THE WINGED MERIN.—Judge attended in Marshall's extensive Millinery on Thursday evening, from the Diggings. It will be remembered that has been running a wagon and under some lines between the country of the terra and that on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. He left Sierra Valle his mule train on Saturday, and arrived Downville, through the Yuba Gorge, traveling a distance of 375 miles of a heavy snow storm, which began before he started. An unusual snow has fallen this season, and it deeper in every pass through the Sierra than it had ever been known before. Judge Mott pronounced the Yuba valley superior pass to that on the will route. He traveled over both with the heavy loading, but it helped a business transaction with him, and he object to ascertain which was the pass for his mule and stage train. I for the Yuba Gorge in the proportion to one. The snow belt on the Yuba Gorge only six or eight miles the farthest, trail is easily kept open. Judge Mott has withdrawn his travel, but because of the difficulty, but on account of the high feed during the winter, the expense of the profits; but the trail is open, one who likes can pass over it. The winter in Washoe, both gold, are paying extraordinary profits. A GAMBING CASE IN SAN FRANCISCO. The Bulletin gives the following in