

The Law for Indentures of Indians.

A law was passed by our Legislature in 1850 concerning the regulation and government of Indians. Among other provisions of that bill was one for indenturing or binding out Indians. In 1860 this law was amended so as to allow the binding out of Indians taken as prisoners of war—the former act not permitting this. It also required the binding to be done by the County or District Judges, whereas the former act left the business to be done by a Justice of the Peace.

This law we believe to be an unwise one, and will eventually prove injurious to the white people of the State. Many philanthropists, however, think it a good enactment; alike convenient to the white man and beneficent to the native. A principal objection to any law of this nature is, that each Indian apprenticed creates a restlessness in the minds of those which have been removed to the reservations. When once taken to the home provided for them by Government there should be as few ties as possible to keep alive a desire to return to their old homes. Again, when large numbers of hostile Indians are still roaming about in the mountains contiguous, Indian domestics are not safe.

All who are acquainted with the habits of these creatures know full well that although they may be domesticated, still they sympathise with their own race, and are always more or less ready to assist them in schemes against the whites by means of information. We would gladly see the law of 1860 repealed, believing the former enactment all, if not more, than is necessary to provide for any valuable domestics, beneficial to themselves and to the community.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

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My Childhood's Home.
From the densely crowded cities,
Oh my thoughts turn backward sadly
To the solitary place
To the wild, romantic valley
Where the falling waters foam
By the mountain, in the distance,
To my childhood's lovely home.
With I loved thee, yet I parted,
From thy certain home of childhood,
Deeming that I was not far from me,
Then the world seemed fair before me,
Nothing bluer with the sweetest;
For it then was called in the distance,
And I saw not to doubt.
But the shadows fell full early,
And the world's cold grasp met;
With its sorrow of regret,
For my feet have trodden
Nevermore may we take the colors
In the quiet halls of home.
— FINE JAMES MACKEY.

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