

Indian Troubles in the North.

From the *Yreka Union* of the 18th inst., we copy the following:

The Indian excitement has subsided.— A large party of mountain rangers returned on Wednesday last, and report that they did not succeed in killing a single Indian. They traced the murderers over the Siskiyou into the Indian Reserve at Rogue River valley, at which place were found several horses belonging to those who were killed. The guilty Indians placed themselves under the protection of the Indian Agent at that place and Capt. Smith, who stated that they were compelled to prevent their being molested until legal authority should be produced for their arrest.

The legal authority required is, of course, a regularly executed requisition from the Governor. The Indians we should think, after this, must be very strongly impressed with the forbearing disposition manifested by the white man.

Now, we would ask, what security have our citizens against a repetition of the shocking tragedy lately enacted, if the perpetrators can, at any time, be shielded from justice by United States troops?— For what purpose were these troops stationed on this frontier? Was it to secure the citizens against the depredations of Indians, or to protect the Indians from molestation by the whites for any enormity they might see fit to indulge in—a wholesale slaughter not excepted? We know not the exact character of Captain Smith's orders, but we do know that a different course of procedure on his part would, in this instance, have been more subservient to the ends of justice, and have avoided the unavoidable condemnation of many. The party on their return proceeded to the cave on the Klamath, above Cottonwood, but found no Indians. They destroyed, in a measure, the fortifications at this place, which they represent as being strong and well built.

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ETS.

ANGELS.

seemed friend, says
following beautiful East-
pen of the lady of
American historian.]
al attend,
ing on each hand,
d one of fear:
golden record bear.
soul with love doth

lustre shine;
angel whisper low,
ch seal divine
n ne'er decay,
aven its way.
rful wrath,

has turned now, and I'll get back all I've
lost, and more too, before I am done with
you."

A slight perceptible sneer was the only
reply of Bill, as he leisurely changed his
deck of cards and proceeds to shuffle them.
"I'll bet four thousand dollars the king
beats the six," said Harris, as a new 'lay
out' was made placing his bag of dust on
the king. "There's nothin' like pressing
one's luck."

The crowd of by-standers looked silent-
ly on as the dealing continued.
The Six won!

"I've lost!" "that devilish Six has beat
me. Give me some more whiskey."
A glass two-thirds full was handed him,
which he drank at a draught.

"There's that cursed King again," he
exclaimed, as the dealer gracefully threw
the King and Queen on the table.

"The King always beats the Queen—
There's two thousand dollars more in the
bag," exclaimed he, "and here is a specimen
which weighs ten ounces—I bet it all on
the King. If I lose that, I am broke."

A strange expression flashed across the
features of Bill, who drew the cards off in
a slow and careless manner, as though the
sum at stake was but a few dollars. Not
so with Harris; his frame was agitated
with excitement. Rising from his seat and
leaning partly over the table, he watched
anxiously the motions of the dealer.

The King lost!
"Ha! ha! I'm broke," he laughed, as he
staggered out into the middle of the room,
the crowd making way for him on either
side.

Bill coolly placed the bag of dust in the
bank, and made another 'lay-out,' but as

rain had swollen the river to a tremendous
height, and as he turned a bend in the road,
the boiling torrent rushed furiously along
a few yards in front of him.

The bridge had been swept away! Then,
for the first time, a cry of anguish broke
from the lips of the murderer, as he saw
his only chance of escape cut off. On
both sides of him was a high perpendicu-
lar bank impossible for human being to as-
cend; before him a roaring flood, over
which there was no egress; behind him
twenty merciless men, who were now fast
gaining on him. Madly he rushed from
one side of the road to the other, endeavor-
ing to find some place in the steep bank
by which to escape. It was in vain!

He rushed to the very edge of the river
as if to throw himself into its boiling cur-
rent; but his courage failed—that was cer-
tain death! Wildly he stretched out his
arms towards the opposite shore, as if seek-
ing the aid of some invisible power to as-
sist him. Vain hope!

On came his pursuers, their shouts grow-
ing nearer and nearer; soon they would be
upon him, and then what could he hope
for? Nothing but a horrible and disgrace-
ful death—to be hung from the nearest
tree.

Now they turn the bend in the road, and
foremost amongst them he recognizes the
tall, rough looking man who first informed
Harris that he had been cheated. They
discover his position—the bridge his only
means of escape gone—and send forth a
loud shout of exultation. He turned, gave
one fearful look behind him, then, with a
cry of defiance, threw himself into the river.

His pursuers stopped and gazed with
awe at the strange man as he struggled

Prophecies of Napoleon.

ABBOTT, in his highly entertaining His-
tory and Life of Napoleon, relates that
while he was at St. Helena, dragging out
his last days under a most miserable and
detestable state of British tyranny and
oppression, he made use of the following
very remarkable language while in a con-
versation with O'Meara, upon the present and
future policy of Russia and the European
Governments generally. It is almost su-
perfluous to add that this work was pub-
lished long before the commencement of
the present war in Europe:

"In the course of a few years, Russia
will have Constantinople, the greatest part
of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold
to be as certain as if it had already taken
place. Almost all the cajoling and flat-
tering which Alexander practised toward
me was to gain my consent to effect this
object. I would not consent, foreseeing
that the equilibrium of Europe would be
destroyed. In the natural course of things,
in a few years, Turkey must fall to Russia.
The greatest part of her population are
Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians.
The powers it would injure, and who could
oppose it, are England, France, Prussia,
and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will
be very easy for Russia to engage her as-
sistance by giving her Servia and other
provinces bordering on the Austrian do-
minion reaching near to Constantinople.
The only hypothesis that France and Eng-
land will ever be allied with sincerity will
be in order to prevent this. But even this
alliance would not avail. France, England,
and Prussia united, cannot prevent it.
Russia and Austria can, at any time, ef-

fect it. (These misstatements of Constantinople
The Sultan & Sisters of Charity
THE *Annales de Brives* relates the fol-
lowing incident in the history of the Sisters
of the Sisters of St. Vincent at Constan-
nople, and the clemency of the Sultan.
is taken from a report of their doings
the Turkish dominions, made to the Sisters
of their Congregation at Paris:
"A Mussulman of the lower class has
been condemned to death for a crime
which to us would seem of little impor-
tance, but which the summary justice
Turkey visits with capital punishment.
The unfortunate man was the father
of eight children. This man must not be
killed—he must be saved; we must save him
said they with one accord. But how?
direct application to the Sultan being
the shortest and surest way. 'We must
ask an audience,' said they; 'there is no
ing else to be done;' and two Sisters went
straight to the palace, where their presence
might well be considered somewhat no-
tous difficulties, over which their perse-
rance at last triumphed. The Sisters were
ushered into the presence of the Sultan,
whom they found smoking after the Tur-
kish fashion. Abdul Medjid, in a most
elevated mind, and graceful and digni-
fied bearing. He received the ladies graciously;
they explained their petition, to which
he listened with an affable and kind at-
tention. 'I grant the petition,' said he; 'can I
do anything to the sacred zeal which
inspires such conduct? That religion, I
believe, is beautiful which gives birth
to devotion like yours. You make me
and bless your generous France. For
that officer: he will take you to the
palace. You shall have the pleasure of