

## Important from the North.

The *Times & Transcript* of yesterday says:

We are indebted to a correspondent writing from Port Orford, Tuesday evening, the 28th for the following highly important and interesting intelligence from Rogue river.

On Saturday, the 25th, Sunday, the 26th and Monday the 27th August, the Indians were being collected at a place about three miles north of Rogue river, by the Sub. Indian Agent, Benj. Wright, for a Council to be held there, by Gen. Palmer, Superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon. On Sunday morning Gen. Palmer and his party left Port Orford for the council ground, about thirty miles distant.

Before the troops arrived an Indian shot a white man, at or in the vicinity of the council ground. The whites assembled to the number of about sixty, and demanded the Indian to hang him; but this was resisted by Sub. Agent, Wright, who was in favor of turning him over to the civil authority. A Justice of the Peace took cognizance of the matter, and had the Indian brought before him, assuring the Agent, Mr. Wright, that he should not be hung without a trial. Accordingly, the Justice fully committed the Indian for trial; and the constable put him in the charge of a corporal and his guard of soldiers for safe keeping.

The corporal's guard and constable, and the Indian prisoner and another Indian, a canoeman, were returning in their canoe on Monday night to the council ground, when a boat with nine men was seen coming towards them and hailed the canoe.

... and the constable put him in the  
charge of a corporal and his guard of sol-  
diers for safe keeping.

The corporal's guard and constable, and  
the Indian prisoner and another Indian, a  
canoeman, were returning in their canoe  
on Monday night to the council ground,  
when a boat with nine men was seen com-  
ing towards them, and hailed the canoe.  
The corporal ordered them to keep off,  
whereupon shots were fired from the boat  
into the constable's canoe, killing the In-  
dian prisoner and the Indian who was  
pulling the canoe. The corporal imme-  
diately after receiving the fire, ordered  
his guard to fire, and three of the nine  
men in the passing boat were killed, and  
the rest took to the water, which was  
shoal, and made for the shore.

Great excitement prevailed—but Gen.  
Palmer with his agents and men, and the  
troops on the ground were holding their  
position, and were fully prepared to resist  
by arms, if necessary, any other attack  
that might be made; and immediately dis-  
patched a written report made by himself  
to Lieut. Hunter, commanding at Port  
Orford. The report of Gen. P. says the  
matter caused alarm to the Indians, who  
were betaking themselves to the bush—  
and he fears it will much delay if not en-  
tirely prevent the treaty, and requests  
Lieut. Hunter to join him as soon as pos-  
sible.

---

# PETALUMA WEEKLY JOURNAL

## NOSONOMA COUNTY ADVISER

PETALUMA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

NO. 3.

**THE A JOURNAL,**  
 Friday Morning, at Petaluma, California, by  
**THOMPSON.**

**Subscription:**  
 Three months, \$3.00; six months, \$5.00; each subsequent insertion, at the rate of the first.

**Advertisements:**  
 One square (twelve lines), each subsequent insertion, at the rate of the first.

### POETS.

**THE**  
 In order to receive at night, and accompanied by a party of all kinds, erected at such at reasonable rates.

question the policy of a war with England for the snowy region in dispute; but should it occur, it must result in our acquisition of the whole western seaboard, and probably the Sandwich Islands, which we will seize as a station for the United States navy on the Pacific. The present attitude of our relations with Mexico portends the fall of extensive sections of her territory to us, both on the frontier of Texas, and on the Pacific Ocean. Our pioneers West have reached nature's great barrier to future progress in that direction, and their eyes must now be turned South. The fact that both domestic and animal chase, are so numerous in California, is an evidence that vegetation is luxuriant there; and that it must be a valuable agricultural country, though unimproved, and were it our's, steam facilities would soon be established across our Continent connecting the two great Oceans; and the trade with the East would be conducted over this route.

Such were my vague dreams eleven years ago, during an evening's stroll in Philadelphia. Let us see how unexpectedly they have been realized!

Here we are in California—it is 1855; the Stars and Stripes were never seen to conflict, as at that time expected, with the Union Jack; yet, they float in undisturbed possession of all the Pacific coast between the 35th and 49th degrees of north latitude—from the Colorado to the Columbia; York is ours. Nor did morning ever dawn upon a hand of father promise. A mighty nation has suddenly sprung up upon the

**Fashions in New York.**  
 A correspondent of one of our exchange papers thus speaks of the manner in which tailors and boot makers use those who yield to their power—  
 The greatest blander mankind committed was when it abandoned the original fig leaves, for dockskin, west of England broad days; we were threatened with compression of the feet equal to the ladies of the Celestial Empire by snub-toed boots. Just before, they were of dimensions that would rival in length the canoe of the Esquimaux; now they threaten to become as formidable as those in which Charles II was led to execution.

Not are tailors less exercising in their efforts to torture and annoy. First, they place our waists upon our thighs, then upon our backs, next under our arms, and after that give us none whatever; then make our coat tails end upon our hips, next at our knees, afterwards at our ankles, and now threaten to make us drag a train. When our coat tails are short, we are bolted; when long, Shanghai; when we drag trains, we will probably be locomotives.

The cut of a man's coat has become the index to his rank. Waist low, tail short—plebian; waist pretty well up, tail a compromise—warrior evidently a dough-face—belonging to both parties—insult the pluck to be a pure Shanghai. Waist furiously up, tail tremendously down—perfect brick—goes the whole poker—fast

**Wonderful Battlesnake Story.**  
 A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, dating from Paoli, Kansas, states that on a late Sunday evening, he took lengthened stroll among the bluffs, as charmed with the scenery, reclined upon the summit of a moss-covered rock, while he fell into a semi-conscious sleep. While in that state, he felt at the extremities the fingers of his left hand a sensitive and peculiar, that sent a thrill new and peculiar, that sent a thrill pleasure to the mind and heart; it was soothing, drawing, and agreeable titillation, as if the fingers were dissolving away into a delightful self-absorption.

"Just then," he says, "from this fort I miss abandon, I was startled by the port of a gun shot within a few paces of me. I sprang to my feet, and with astonishment, saw my friend Mitchell standing near. My attention was caught by the sound of the most shrill, keen, and ringing rattle that ever penetrated human ear, and on looking down I discovered a rattlesnake with a grey head, quivering and writhing in the agonies of death, a sending forth from his erect tail the terrible toxin that I heard."

His friend Mitchell told him that resting-place was the top of a rattlesnake den, and pointed out the orifices through which they passed; that he was in a habit of coming there on Sunday evening to shoot rattlesnakes; when he discovered to his horror a monstrous snake sticking his hand and covering it with a slaty hue preparatory to de-  
 9