

The Indian Troubles.

From the Yreka *Union*, of the 9th, we have intelligence of an engagement on the afternoon of the 8th, between a party of Indians, numbering some 300 and a body of 400 regulars and volunteers under Capt. Smith, of Fort Lane. The battle took place at Cow Creek Cañon, Rogue River Valley, and was of ten hours duration. At first, the Indians retreated, firing upon the whites as they went, doing considerable execution. A halt was at last determined upon to provide for the killed and wounded, when the Indians again rallied, this time driving the whites who retreated to a more advantageous position.

The loss on part of the whites was, 18 killed and 25 wounded, some mortally. A message was dispatched to Capt. George, at Althouse, who immediately started out with 80 volunteers. It was supposed the battle would be renewed the following day.

The department of Capt. Smith, is said to have won the highest encomiums from both soldiers and citizens.

A scouting party of six had reported about 250 Indians in the vicinity of the heads of Antelope and Butte creeks. A party of 100 men under command of Capt. Thos. Smith, had started in pursuit.

In Shasta Valley, there has also been an engagement between a small party of whites and the Indians, in which the former were obliged to retreat.

It is rumored that two men, Mr. Snow, and a Mr. Scott, have been killed on the trail from Doty & Doyle's to the Klamath River.

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NETS.

NET WIFE.

seems to bring
 on its wing;
 strange and new,
 by dew,
 in every grove,
 is that move
 Non clear,
 Sit here.

cast of features from the rest. It must
 not be supposed that they were unwhitened
 in the event which had awakened so
 much interest in the minds of the inhabi-
 tants generally. They were pious people,
 flying to the churches, there to intercede
 for a man condemned to death, to pray
 for his soul, to pray that pardon might
 reach him even at the stake.

It was a rich man and a brave man who
 was doomed to be shot in the Plaza, like
 a dog, because his political creed differed
 slightly from that of the man who had
 gained the ascendancy, and because his
 influence had been great enough to put
 them to some trouble in winning their way
 to power.

Near the center of a large square of the
 city was an upright post and a wide seat
 attached; and by the time the immense
 crowd had settled around the open space
 left for the soldiers, officers, and the vic-
 tim, the latter had arrived. The prison-
 er walked toward the stake with a firm
 step, apparently indifferent to his fate;

and yet, either from affection or natural
 dignity of character, he held up his head
 proudly, and marched with a stiff military
 air over the pavement.

All eyes were fixed upon this man, and
 with some surprise, for instead of being a
 puny aristocrat with pinched features and
 watery limbs, he was a tall, square-shoul-

dered man, his breast was covered with
 a coat of mail, and he wore a helmet
 of iron, and a plumed helmet.

captain and mate were, therefore, obliged
 to take their turn at the pumps, and final-
 ly to perform the duty almost alone. The
 leak gained rapidly. The owner advised
 the captain to throw a part of the cargo
 overboard; but he was unwilling to des-
 troy or throw away his employer's prop-
 erty until the last moment. When, at
 length, the order was given, it was too late
 to save the vessel. She had settled down
 nearly to the gunwales, and the seas roll-
 ed over her decks, perpetually. Two of
 the Choloas were washed overboard and
 lost. The dawn, however, appeared, and
 then the land was seen not more than
 three miles off. But this afforded no en-
 couragement, for the boats were stoven,
 and there were no means at hand for gain-
 ing the shore. It was a wilderness—a
 desert where no horse could be seen, and
 save a few fisher's huts among the rocks,
 not visible from the wreck, no human
 dwelling was to be found within fifty miles
 of the spot.

Mr. Shields and the captain conferred
 together a few moments, and it was evi-
 dent from their fallen countenances that
 no hope remained. The Choloas were
 clustered together about the mainmast,
 talking earnestly together at one moment,
 and crossing themselves and muttering
 prayers the next. The trumpet howled
 and screamed around the deck, and the

I knew that she could not cope with the
 gale that broke out during the night. I
 hastened with a dozen of my chosen men
 to the shore. I saw your condition and I
 have saved you. The debt I owed you is
 paid. You will see me no more. I have
 forsaken the haunts of civilization with a
 band of trusty followers, and with them I
 harass the enemies of liberty whenever I
 find them. Among the number is yourself,
 and now you know why Nemo and the
 rest of Englishmen can never be friends. Fare-
 you well.

Nemo and his men then turned abrupt-
 ly away and strode off towards the moun-
 tains.—N. Y. Dispatch.

A Parable from the German.

It happened once, on a hot summer's
 day, I was standing near a well, when a
 little bird flew down seeking water. There
 was, indeed, a large trough near the well,
 but it was empty, and I grieved to think
 that the little creature must go away
 thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of
 the trough, bent its little head forward,
 then raised it again, spread its wings and
 soared away singing; its thirst appeased.
 I walked up to the trough, and there, in
 the stone work, I saw a little hole about
 the size of a wren's egg. The water it
 held had been a source of revival and re-
 freshment; it had found enough for the

An Evening with Lamartine.

Mrs. Lever, in her letters from abroad,
 describes a social reunion with Lamartine
 and his lady. There were only a few lit-
 erary friends present in addition, and I pas-
 sed some of the most enchanting hours I
 have known for many years with the his-
 torian, his lady and Signis. Lamartine
 looks very much like Portz, but is entire-
 ly free from any French manners. He is
 tall and thin, has white hair, and an expres-
 sion of face indicative of constant and in-
 tense reflection. There is a dreamy, poeti-
 cal look about his eyes, and he speaks
 slowly and with marked emphasis. His
 manner is self-possessed, but full of warm
 cordiality; and his words are genial and
 kind. He is charming in conversation—
 earnest and eloquent; with so much feel-
 ing in his language as impresses one con-
 stantly with his sincerity. He received
 me with the utmost warmth and kindness,
 and seated me by his side, so that I had all
 his attentions to myself. The thread of
 conversation was unraveled by the usual
 topics until it flowed freely from the ball;
 and then it soon wore itself into a thou-
 sand pleasant themes. But to me the
 most gratifying of all his kind expressions,
 were some that touched upon my own na-
 tive land and my own descent.
 Some one speaking of the adoration
 paid to the Emperor Napoleon, said:

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