

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.

It seems to bring
on its wing;
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by dew,
in every grove,
is that move
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at 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 inhabitants 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 vicar, the latter had arrived. The prisoner 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-shouldered man, with a broad chest and a

captain and mate were, therefore, obliged to take their turn at the pumps, and finally 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 destroy or throw away his employer's property 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 rolled 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 encouragement, for the boats were stoven, and there were no means at hand for gaining 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 evident 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

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 other Englishmen can never be friends. Farewell!

Nemo and his men then turned abruptly away and strode off towards the mountains.—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 refreshment; it had found enough for the

An Evening with Lamartine.
Mrs. Levert, in her letters from abroad, describes a social reunion with Lamartine and his lady. There were only a few literary friends present in addition, and I attended some of the most enchanting hours I have known for many years with the historian, his lady and Signis. Lamartine looks very much like Portz, but is entirely free from any French manners. He is tall and thin, has white hair, and an expression of face indicative of constant and intense reflection. There is a dreamy, poetical 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 feeling in his language as impresses one constantly 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 thousand pleasant themes. But to me the most gratifying of all his kind expressions, were some that touched upon my own native land and my own descent.

Some one speaking of the adoration paid to the French Emperor, said: "I have seen the Emperor in the city of Rome, and he was as kind as a child." "I have seen the Emperor in the city of Rome, and he was as kind as a child." "I have seen the Emperor in the city of Rome, and he was as kind as a child."