

UPPER SACRAMENTO INDIANS.—The *Shasta Courier* states that a party of whites recently attacked a party of Indians near Castle Rock, one day last week, and killed some of the redskins. The Indians had been perpetrating many robberies, and are said to have been engaged in the murders and robberies committed in that neighborhood in 1851-2. Two of the whites were seriously injured in the attack.

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POETS.

ANGELS.

esteemed friend, says following beautiful English pen of the lady of American historian.]

oul attend, ting on each hand, and one of fear: a golden record bear. soul with love doth

lustre shine; angel whisper low, th seal divine an ne'er decay, heaven its way. arful 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 silently 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'll 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 perpendicular bank impossible for human being to ascend; 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, endeavoring 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 current; but his courage failed—that was certain death! Wildly he stretched out his arms towards the opposite shore, as if seeking the aid of some invisible power to assist him. Vain hope!

On came his pursuers, their shouts growing nearer and nearer; soon they would be upon him, and then what could he hope for? Nothing but a horrible and disgraceful 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 History 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 conversation with O'Meara, upon the present and future policy of Russia and the European Governments generally. It is almost superfluous to add that this work was published 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 flattering 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 assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominion reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England 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, effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople

The Sultan & Sisters of Charity.

THE *Annals de Brice* relates the following incident in the history of the Sisters of St. Vincent at Constantinople, and the clemency of the Sultan. It is taken from a report of their doings in the Turkish dominions, made to the Sisters of their Congregation at Paris:

"A Mussulman of the lower class had been condemned to death for a crime which to us would seem of little importance, but which the summary justice of Turkey visits with capital punishment. The unfortunate man was the father of eight children. This man must not be slain—he must be saved; we must save him said they with one accord. But how? direct application to the Sultan, seen the shortest and surest way. We must ask an audience," said they; "there is nothing else to be done;" and two Sisters went straight to the palace, where their presence might well be considered somewhat novel. The request for admission met with various difficulties, over which their perseverance at last triumphed. The Sisters ushered into the presence of the Sultan whom they found smoking after the Turkish fashion. Abdul Medjid, in a most elevated mind, and graceful and dignified bearing. He received the ladies graciously; they explained their petition, to which he listened with an affable and kind manner. "I grant the petition," said he; "can I give anything to the sacred zeal which inspires such conduct? That religion, ladies, 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 pleasure of