

INDIAN FIGHT NEAR RED BLUFFS.—A correspondent at Red Bluffs writes to the Sacramento *Union*, under date of October 21, that he had just heard through Mr. Bumpis, of a fight between the Indians about twenty-five miles from that place, in which some twenty-five were killed. He says that the Indians are committing robberies and murders in all directions in that vicinity, and suggests pertinently that something should be done to protect the people of the north, particularly the women and children, in this connection. He asserts that it is not safe for a man to sleep out of his house, and that if something is not done by the authorities, the people will wage war on their own hook. A company of volunteers has been drilling at Red Bluffs for some time past, and is held in readiness to attend the call of the Governor.

PETALUMA WEEKLY JOURNAL AND SONOMA COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PETALUMA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

NO. 11.

MISCELLANY.

The Devil's Fiddle.

A CALIFORNIA LEGEND.

On a summer's evening in the beginning of the "golden age" of California, a party of gold diggers was assembled in a wild, rugged ravine, high up on the Stanislaus. The sun had set some time, and the light of the moon struggling down through the branches of the sombre trees, mingled with the ruddy glare of the fire, round which these men were collected.

A disagreeable looking set they were, these gold diggers—very moonlit; very dirty, with their unkempt hair and tangled beards—aye, and even of a disipated and ruffianly aspect, armed as they were with pistols, and large, truncheon looking knives.

They had finished their supper, and some of them were now playing at cards by the fire, while others, sitting or stretched lazily on the ground, were smoking their pipes, and discussing the success of the day. That they were favored by fortune, might be easily gathered from their conversation, for it seems that the virgin soil of the ravine yielded up its treasures without any reluctance; and by simply digging with

studied the matter thoroughly, and I find that there is very little difference between these two cities as far as female beauty is concerned. In both places, the ladies are equally beautiful and fascinating. With my hard cash I should be as successful among them in one place as in the other. It has however occurred to me of late, that Lima is not very celebrated for its cookery, and that good wine must be rather scarce there; whereas Paris, on the contrary, stands unrivaled in both respects. I think therefore, that Paris is the place for me, and the old fellow's piggyish little eyes twinkled, and he passed his tongue over his thick lips as he finished his dissertation.

The remainder of the party now proceeded in rather a tumultuous manner, ascribable, no doubt, to the contents of the bottle, to explain their future aspirations, which were nearly all restricted to liquor and other pleasures of a similar description; and among all these men thus prosecuting their future hopes and wishes, not one had uttered a noble thought—all was selfish, brutal and base.

One young man, however, rather good looking and differing from the rest in not carrying any arms, had taken no part in this conversation; he had been looking steadily into the fire, and had not

The fiddler, who never ceased play for a moment, now got up from his seat and followed the dancers as they moved first a off. And thus, always in the air, or stock and stone—over hill and dale the weird circle and its demon music whirled away, until they were lost fr

The sun was just beginning to tinge the tops of the pines on the mountain, when the young man awoke; he found himself under the tree, in the place where he had thrown himself the evening before. He looked about in amazement, thinking that he had dreamt, but he had dreamt in all directions, but the morning breeze signified nothing among the rocks.

He started up to seek the gold diggers, and first he went to their place of abode, but he only found their tools scattered about in the ravine. He then sought them in their tents; but these were empty, and he saw only their provisions and articles strewn about, and their gold hidden away in the corners.

And long did he go searching and shining through the ravines, but to this day he never saw one of the midnight

THE JOURNAL,

published weekly, at Petaluma, California, by

J. THOMPSON.

Subscription: monthly, \$3.00; three months, \$8.00, in advance.

Advertisements: one square, first insertion, 10 cents; second, 7 cents; third, 5 cents; and so on, at reasonable rates.

POETS.

BINGEN.

was, sorrow.
 One lay dying in Algiers,
 A woman's nursing, there was
 His tears!
 Beside him, while his life
 Was ebbing, to hear what he
 Said, as he took that com-
 For more shall see my own,
 At reasonable rates.