

PROGRESSIVE.—Three intelligent little Indian boys regularly attend the school taught by a lady in Upper Placerville.— One morning about three weeks ago, the oldest leisurely walked into the school room and took a seat, watching and listening with the greatest attention to what was passing. When the school closed he requested and obtained permission from the intelligent and amiable teacher, to attend the next day. Early the next morning cleanly attired, with two Indian companions, he entered the room, and commenced studying the alphabet. They are all very punctual, orderly and attentive, and are advancing rapidly. Several others attended occasionally, but squaws followed them to the school and enticed them away. The teacher has no trouble with them whatever, and describes them as being apt and obedient.—*Placerville Democrat.*

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## 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 uncleanly; very dirty, with their unkempt hair and tangled beards—aye, and even of a dissipated 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 rebarbance, and by simply digging with

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## POETS.

### BLINGEN.

WAS, NOROX.  
Lay dying in Algeria,  
Of woman's nursing, there was  
A woman's tears!  
Beside him, while his life  
Was ebbing,  
He gazed, to hear what he  
Might say,  
Faltered, as he took that com-  
forter,  
Never more shall see my own,  
And long did he go searching and  
Sighing through the ravines,  
But to this  
He never saw one of the midnight de-

stated 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 piggy 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 proclaiming 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 his bright eyes

The fiddler, who never ceased playing for a moment, now got up from his seat, and followed the dancers as they meandered off. And thus, always in the air, the stock and stone—over hill and dale, whirled away, until they were lost in the darkness.

The sun was just beginning to set with red the tops of the pines on the plain, when the young man awoke found himself under the tree, in the whole place where he had thrown himself the evening before. He looked about in amazement, thinking that he had dreamt, but he had not. The earth raved down in all directions, but the ravine seemed deserted, and nothing was to be seen but the morning breeze sighing among the rocks.

He started up to seek the gold digger, 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 those were empty, and he saw only their provisions and articles strewed about, and their gold hidden away in the corners.

And long did he go searching and sighing through the ravines, but to this he never saw one of the midnight de-