

SANTA BARBARA GAZETTE.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 25.

THE GAZETTE.

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Tempus Fugit.

"Tick, tick, tick," goes the village clock,
And it falls on the convict's ear with a shock,
For it tells that the hour is dawning nigh
When he will be led to the gibbet to die;
And the startled soul, in terror, cries,
"Time flies."

"Tick, tick, tick," we hear it still,
And it strikes on the maiden's ear with a thrill,
For the hour is coming when she will see
Her lover before her on bended knee,
And the maiden exclaims, as she sees the hands,
"Time stands."

"Tick, tick, tick," it echoes again,
And the old man hears it with something of pain,
For, of moments like these the years are made,
And soon in the grave must his frame be laid—
And softly he cries as the dial he sees,
"Time flies."

"Tick, tick, tick," we hear its chime,
And the bridegroom curses the foot of time,
And wishes it moved with a ten leagued stride
Till the moment arrives to give him his bride,
And raves, as oft at his watch he peeps,
"Time creeps."

But time moves on with unvarying wing,
Whatever the changes of fate it bring;
And only as sorrow or pleasure preside,
Does time seem to falter or swiftly to glide;
And when in the grave the body descends,
Time ends.

Malcolm Warren;

OR,

THE OLD MAN'S LESSON.

"Malcolm, I wouldn't go out to-night.
Come, stay with me this evening."

"Not this evening, Alice. I have prom-
ised to meet some friends this evening,
and must keep my word. I will be at home
in good season."

"I had hoped that I should have your
company. Come, why can't you try and
see if I cannot make you as happy as those
companions whom you are to meet? Just
this once, Malcolm. O, this once!"

"No, no, Alice; I am going out. What—
crying! Now what's the use of that? Can't
a fellow go out once in a while without
leaving a crying wife?"

"I can't help it, Malcolm. But here,
kiss me before you go."

Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his
young wife. Malcolm was a young man,
twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenter
by trade. His wife was one of the sweetest
dispositioned girls in town, and she made
one of the best wives. She loved her husband
with the whole energy of her pure
soul, and she knew that she was loved in
heart. Her two children, a boy and girl,
often saw her shed tears when they were
alone with her in the snug little sitting-
room, and the boy was old enough to ask
what made his mother cry, but she dared
not tell him.

Malcolm Warren owned the little cottage
in which he lived, and he had paid for it all
out of his own hard earnings, while Alice
had borne her own share of the burden by
purchasing all the furniture. Malcolm was
stout, and an excellent workman, and had
never yet seen the hour when he needed to
lay idle for the want of work. A better-
hearted youth lived not in the town, and
when he took the gentle Alice for his wife
there was many a fair maiden whose bosom
gave place to a kindly, wistful envy. They
would not have robbed Alice of her prize,
but they only hoped that their own lot
might be as fortunate. Why, then, should
a cloud come upon that house? Why should
Alice weep? Ah, for the same reason that
thousands of our fairest daughters wept.
For the same reason that hot tears are ever
crying out their silent appeals for mercy;
tears that run until they make a flood that
fairly shrieks as it rolls over our land.

Malcolm Warren had a highly social na-
ture—his society was prized by all who
could secure it—and he had been indulging
in the false smiles of the wine-cup. For
the last year he had been allowing his ap-
petite to gain strength. At first it was
only an "occasional glass," then "a glass or
so once in a while," and then "one or two
glasses a day." But lately he had gone so
far as to spend his earnings away from home,
and for nearly two months past he had spent
all his money with his jovial companions.
Alice saw all this, and she knew full well
where it would end if it were not stopped.
She knew her husband's nature, and she
knew how surely he was fallen. She had
whispered to him her fears, and he had
tried to laugh them off as idle whims. She
had prayed to him to stop the fatal career
while he yet had strength, but he had been
offended because she would think that he
would ever become a drunkard. So Alice
was afraid to speak all her fears. Yet she
saw with a clear eye all that was coming.
She saw the broad road upon which her be-
loved was traveling, and her heart was ach-

ing. She knew that even now want was
staring them in the face! It was autumn,
and she had asked of Malcolm for money to
buy warmer clothes for herself and children,
and he had none to give her. Only a day
before he had brought home a bucketful of
flour, instead of sending home a barrel, as
he used to do. He earned money, and
where was it? Alas! poor Alice knew too
well Malcolm's face, and she saw that its
manly beauty was slowly but surely eating
away. The large blue eyes were growing
dim, bleared and bloodshot; the once fair
cheeks were becoming swollen and bloated,
and his lips looked dry and cracked. No
wonder she knelt down by her bedside and
prayed.

It was now Sunday evening, and Mal-
colm was going out. He was to meet some
friends, and Alice knew he was to meet
them at the tavern. He had worked only
three days the past week, and he had the
pay for these three days' work in his pocket.
That money was needed at home, but where
would it be on the morrow?

"Malcolm, O, do not wholly forget your
fond, loving Alice when you are gone."

But Malcolm did not answer. He kissed
her not as he used to do, but kissed her
merely because she had asked him to, and
then left his cottage. After he had gone,
Alice sat down and wept. She could not
help it. Her darling boy crept by her side
and placed his arms about her neck. He
asked no questions, but he asked her not to
cry. His little mind seemed to have some
idea of the coming calamity. It must have
been vague, but it was clear enough to pre-
vent him from forcing the dread thoughts
upon his mother. Once more he asked her
not to cry, and then his own little heart
burst, and mother and child wept together.

This was another drop in the poor woman's
cup of affliction. O, how palpable must
now be the husband's course, when even
the prattling child saw and knew the danger.
But she could only clasp and pray more fer-
vently. And the little boy, when his mother
had done praying, said "amen."

It was a clear, cool evening, and as Mal-
colm Warren stepped into the street, he
seemed to shake himself as though he would
shake off the influence of the place he was
leaving. But he could not wholly do it.
He could not wholly drive from his mind
the tearful countenance of his fond and
faithful wife, nor could he forget the look
of earnest, simple anguish he had noticed
upon the face of his child. Yet he tried to
crush the thoughts that were thus springing
into life. "Pooh!" said he, as the image
of his wife forced itself upon him; "it's only
a little fun and frolic. Whose business is
it? Get out with your nonsense."

And thus speaking the young husband
and father closed his hands as though he
would hold upon the feelings he had tried
to repress, and then he hastened on. At
length he reached the tavern, and here he
found his companions. The laugh and the
joke commenced, and ere long Malcolm for-
got all about his home. He sat in the bar-
room, and his sharp wit made food for much
merriment.

"Who says there's danger in the bowl?"
cried a young man, as he raised the glass to
his lips.

"It's the raven's croak," said another of
his companions. "Here's confusion to the
idea."

"Good!" exclaimed Malcolm Warren,
poising his glass. "Poison in the bowl?
Nonsense. Look at old Uncle Adam, now.
He's been used to it all his lifetime, and he
is the oldest man in town. Come, here's
to Uncle Adam!"

The person to whom Malcolm had thus
alluded was an old, white-haired man, who
had stood at the bar with a glass of rum in
his hand. His name was Adam Stanford,
and almost ninety years had rolled over his
head. His form was bent, and his limbs
trembled, but still he lived, and his mind
was yet clear. He heard the remark which
the young carpenter had made, and having
set down his untouched liquor, he turned
and gazed upon the youthful speaker. He
knew Malcolm Warren well.

"Malcolm," he said, "come with me.
Come alone; for I alone would speak with
you. Come."

There was something very deep and
meaning in the old man's voice, and as he
turned toward the door, Malcolm arose to
follow.

"Detain him not," said Adam, as some
of his companions sought to hinder him.

"Why should I go with you?" he asked.
"To please an old man. I mean to do
you no harm, Malcolm. Come."

Passing out of the door they moved
across the street. Near by was the village
church-yard, and thither he bent his steps.
Arriving at the gate, he passed in. When
Malcolm hesitated to enter, the old man
said:

"Come, follow me."

Malcolm went, and soon they stood with-
in the village church-yard. And this white-
haired guide—the sexton, who had for

more than sixty years made the beds for the
children of immortality. The pale moon
shed its beams upon the place, and the chill
air sighed mournfully among the weeping
willows that grew by the hedge. The
grave-stones stood like spectres among the
faded grass, and here and there arose a
white monument, like some more powerful
spirit that watched the sanctity of the place.

"Malcolm Warren," spoke the old man
in a voice so deep that it seemed almost to
come from one of the neighboring graves,
"not long since you pointed to me as an ex-
ample of how a man might live who smiled
upon the wine-cup. You pointed to me as
one who had outlived all my companions,
and yet as one who had always quaffed at
the intoxicating bowl. Perhaps you spoke
truly, but you did not speak the whole
truth, for the whole truth you did not know,
and I have brought you here to whisper the
truth into your ear."

Malcolm Warren looked up into the old
man's face, and as he saw how solemn was
the expression that rested there, he forgot
the bad company he had left behind at the
tavern, and his thoughts became serious.

"Malcolm," resumed the sexton, "I can
look back now into the past, and see a score
of young men who commenced the race of
life with me. We loved to learn the excite-
ment of the intoxicating cup, and we thought
not then of the dangers we were courting.
Years passed on, and I saw those twenty
men sink into the arms of death, and I bur-
ied them all here. Malcolm Warren, they
all sleep in drunkard's graves! One after
another I saw them fall, and at length I
was left alone of the party who were wont
to assemble around the bar-room fire."

A deep groan escaped from the young
man's lips, and a shudder ran through his
frame.

"All gone?" he asked.
"Yes, all!" the old man uttered. "But
this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives and
children that died, and they, too, lie here!
O, how well can I remember when I saw
them standing at the altar; and when they
turned away from the place they were blush-
ing brides. But a few short years, and I
began to gather them into the fold of death.
They sank down with broken hearts and
crushed hopes! Some of them lived to be
grey-headed, but their grey hairs came down
with sorrow to the grave! See that grave
there—the one with the dark grey stone
He who sleeps beneath that mound was once
the happiest youth in the village. He was
a carpenter by trade, and he built the house
in which you were born. He used to laugh
and sing over the wine cup, and he thought
not then of harm. I once heard his young
wife beg of him to remain at home with her,
but he refused her the boon. She told him
that she was cold and hungry, and that her
children needed clothing, but he heeded her
not. A few short years afterward, that
wife's heart broke, and she died, and her
children. The husband and father I found
one cold night lying by the roadside, and he
was dead! These are their graves, for I bur-
ied them altogether. You can see the wife's
grave next beyond the grey stone of the
husband, and those two little graves are
where lie the frozen boy and girl!"

The old man drew his sleeve across his
eyes to wipe away the tears, and while he
did so, Malcolm bowed his head and groaned
mournfully.

"Malcolm Warren," he said, "there was
once a full regiment of stout soldiers follow-
ed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia. There
were many other regiments went also, but
of this one in particular have I read. Of
that whole company of men, only one soli-
tary individual lived to return to the home
of his birth. All the rest died on the way.
They were starved and frozen, and they
dropped by the wayside. Now, suppose
some thoughtless youth should point to that
single living soldier, and say that amid the
eternal snows of Russia there is no danger,
because that man had passed them and still
lived! Like that single fragment of the
regiment, do I stand here a living man."

The youth gazed upon the face of the
aged speaker, and new emotions were work-
ing upon his features.

"Come, Malcolm, I would show you one
more spot before we go."
The old man leaned upon his staff, and
moved slowly on among the graves, and in-
voluntarily did the youth follow. At length
they stopped by a spot where two graves laid
side by side. The slabs were of marble, and
they glistened brightly in the moonlight.

"Malcolm," spoke the sexton, in a deep
whisper, "I remember well when I made
those two graves. There was no sorrow to
fill the graves which here I made, for they
who sleep here died amid the sweet breath-
ings of peace and honor. They were good,
virtuous people, and when they were gone
our townsmen mourned, for our village had
lost two of its most noble spirits. O, I love
to come and stand over those graves, for I
know that God smiles upon them. There is
no tint nor dishonor here. Malcolm, do you
know who rests in those two graves?"

The youth did not answer, nor did he
raise his head, but with one deep, wild cry,
he sank down, and there he lay across both
the graves, weeping and sobbing like a child.
His father and mother slept there!

For a while the old man gazed tearfully
upon the scene, and then he took the youth
by the arm and aroused him up.

The youth followed his guide out from
the church-yard, and after the gate was closed
they passed on to the street. Here Adam
Stanford stopped.

"Now Malcolm," he said, "you can re-
turn to your companions at the tavern, but
let me pray you, never use my name again
as you did this evening. When you again
think of poor old Adam Stanford, think on-
ly of what he has told you in the church-
yard; think of what he has seen and of what
he has suffered, and of that you may in wel-
come speak."

The old man turned partly away, when
Malcolm sprang forward and caught him by
the arm.

"Uncle Adam," he uttered, in choked
and broken accents, "O, forgive me for what
I have now said and what I have done. I
—I cannot tell you all now. I cannot speak,
but I shall go to the tavern no more. O,
God bless you! God bless you!"

The clock struck nine, and Alice Warren
folded the hands of her little boy together,
and bade him say his prayers. Her young-
est girl was asleep in the cradle. The first
words of the prayer were uttered—"Our Fa-
ther, who art in Heaven"—when there came
the sound of footsteps upon the plank walk
in the little front garden.

"It's papa," said the boy, letting his
hands drop upon his mother's knees, and
bending his ears to listen. But the mother
dared not speak.

At last the door opened, and the husband
entered. Alice cast her trembling eyes up,
and saw the big tears that were rolling down
the cheeks of her beloved. Instinctively
she sprang forward and clasped her arms
about her husband's neck.

"Malcolm! Malcolm!" she cried, "what
has happened? Tell me—O, tell me!"

Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as
he did so, he drew his wife into his lap.

"Alice—O, Alice!" he uttered, sobbing
and weeping as he spoke, "can you forgive
me for all that is passed?"

The gentle wife was bewildered at first—
nay, almost frightened; for the speech of her
husband was so wild and incoherent, she
feared his brain was turned. But ere long
he spoke again, and as he spoke he kissed
her. He was more calm, and his voice was
more low. He told where he had been, and
he spoke of the resolution he had made. He
did not tell of any trial he was going to
make, but he told her of the iron will that
had entered his soul. The night of his
temptation had passed, and the day of his
salvation had dawned.

A few moments more, and the husband
and wife were upon their knees. Their emo-
tions were too deep for utterance—too wild
and thrilling for speech. A moment they
struggled there, and then wept in silence.

The little boy crept to the spot, and threw
his tiny hands about the neck of his parents,
for even his young soul had caught the
spark of new life that had been breathed
into existence within his happy home.

On the next morning, Malcolm Warren
arose a better and happier man. He was
calm now, and he told Alice all that had
transpired the night before, and when it was
all told, they prayed as redeemed souls can
pray.

Days, weeks, months passed away, and
Malcolm Warren became once more the
handsome youth that had been loved and
cherished by honest friends in times gone by.
The flowers of affection bloomed again about
his hearth-stone, and the angel of peace and
joy made a home beneath his roof.

People wondered, when they noticed that
Adam Stanford went no more to the tavern;
but the story of that night's lesson in the
village church-yard became generally known,
and other men took it to their heart and
profited by it. It was a good seed sown in a
fertile spot, and the fruit was abundant. The
good old sexton never again gave his exam-
ple on the side of moral ruin, but to the last
day of his life he glorified in the reform he
had helped to work, and the last hours
of his life were cheered by knowing that some
of the happiest families in the village bless-
ed him for the joys that dawned upon them.

Frank Maryatt, in his "Mountains and
Molehills," tells a story of an old Judge in
California, who was an habitual frequenter
of the bar-room, and who, with his rich mel-
low voice, would exclaim to the crowd,
"Come, let's all take a drink!" Gladly the
loafers would surround the bar, and each
would call for his favorite beverage; but
when all was finished, the Judge would ob-
serve—"And now let's all pay for it!"
which the loafers would sorrowfully do, and
then retire wiser men.

VARIETIES.

"They are exhibiting a bear-woman up
in town," said Mrs. Sled, as she dropped like
a kedge anchor into Mrs. Partington's big
arm chair. Mrs. Partington looked pain-
fully at Ike, who was pegging a top by the
door, to the danger of several jars of pre-
served plums. "A bare woman, indeed!"
said she. "I wonder what they will exhibit
next? Though the bareness isn't the shame
—'tis the knowing of it. There was Eve,
now, wasn't thought any worse of, and mov-
ed in the first society, till she found she was
naked." "My dear Mrs. P.," said Mrs.
Sled, interrupting her, "this is a woman
that is thought to be, in some respects, like
the animal called a bear." "Oh, ah," said
the old lady, "well I don't know which would
be the improperest to make a public thing
of, for corrupted taste is as bad as viscera-
ted morals." This was a profound remark,
and the old lady stood holding her box long
after she had uttered it, looking abstractly
at a picture of Susannah and the elder over
the mantelpiece. Ah! that top, Ike, has
gone into the preserves, and reeks with
gathered sweets, and that blush about thy
mouth is of a deeper dye than shame could
awaken, Ike!

STATUARY OF AMERICA. A correspon-
dent in Italy writes: "At the studio of
Powers I had the pleasure of seeing the fine
statue of America, just finished in marble
for the capitol at Washington. It is a su-
perb work, and will be admired by his thou-
sands of friends at home as the finest work
he has yet produced. The figure is partly
draped with a starry mantle, and is repre-
sented with one arm elevated as if offering
protection and a benediction upon all her
children. The right hand is resting upon a
bundle of staves, bound together, emblem-
atical of the Union, the left foot upon a
broken chain, typical of the universal liberty
of our glorious country. It excites the
highest admiration here, and when placed
upon its pedestal in the library of the Cap-
itol, will be its choicest work of art. The
statue of California, ordered by a gentleman
of New York, a nude female figure, is full
of voluptuous and graceful beauty, and
when put in marble will equal if not sur-
pass all former works."

The national debt of Great Britain is
£773,923,000. To give some conception
of the vast amount these figures express, a
correspondent of the Newark Mercury pre-
sents them thus, leaving out fractional parts.
The debt at five dollars to the pound ster-
ling is \$3,869,615,000. This, if all in sil-
ver dollars, allowing each dollar to weigh
one ounce, twelve ounces to the pound, and
2,000 lbs. to the ton, would make 161,234
tons. If this amount should be placed in
waggons, holding one ton each, which, with
horses attached, would occupy sixteen feet
each, and placed in a straight line it would
be 483 miles, or further than from Boston
to Washington, or from New York to Dun-
kirk. At six per cent. the interest for a
day would be \$691,002 68, for an hour
\$28,791 45, for a minute, \$478 5-6, and for
one second \$8. If a person should count
this amount, and should count \$100 a min-
ute for ten hours a day, it would take 147½
years.

POPULAR DEFINITIONS. What is fash-
ion? Dinners at midnight, and headaches in
the morning.

What is wit? That peculiar kind of talk
that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness? Working yellow moun-
tains on a pink subsoil—or a blue-tailed dog
in sky colored convulsions.

What is joy? To count your money and
find it over-run a hundred dollars.

What is conscience? Something that
guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is contentment? To sit in the house
and see other people stuck in the mud. In
other words, to be better off than our neigh-
bors.

What is justice? The opinion of twelve
drunken jurymen.

Punch says that according to the evidence
adduced before the adulteration committee,
it appears that pickles are colored by cope-
ras; the result being, that the more pickles
are done green, the more the purchasers
thereof are done brown.

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors,
says they are frozen out old gardeners in
the flower beds of love. As they are use-
less as weeds, they should be served in the
same manner—choaked.

Miss— says she would like very much
to do something that she might have her
name in the paper. She has been advised
to get some one to have his name put in with
hers.

"Why don't your father take the news-
paper?" said a man to a little boy whom he
caught pilfering his paper from his doorstep,
"Coz, he sends me to take it," answered the
urchin.

THE GAZETTE.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY. Mr. L. P. FISHER is our authorized Agent for San Francisco. Mr. F.'s office is in the Iron Building opposite the Pacific Express Co.'s office, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets.

AGENTS.

Carpenteria.....HENRY J. DALLY
San Buenaventura.....DON JOSE ARNAZ
Los Angeles.....C. R. JOHNSON
Santa Ynez.....AUGUSTUS JANSSEN
San Luis Obispo.....ALEXANDER MURRAY

SANTA BARBARA.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1855.

The Roads.

We are pleased to see that the present board of Supervisors of this county is disposed to do something to improve the condition of the public roads and highways. Nothing has heretofore been done, since the organization of the county, except to appoint road inspectors, and these were wholly unable to accomplish anything from the simple fact that there existed no roads declared to be such by an order of the board. Not a shovel-full of gravel has been spread at the expense of the county, nor an obstruction removed, nor a bridge thrown across any of the numerous creeks, ravines and gorges which the traveler must pass, unavoidably, on all the highways traversing its extent. The main roads extending through the county, are, for the most part, easily practicable with vehicles, but at some points much need repairing. In former years the necessity of tolerably wide and even roads was not much felt, as almost all the travel was on horseback. A mere trail sufficed for the traveler. Now, when the county has become somewhat more populous by the immigration of agriculturists, the old system of transition is modified and the roads require improvement. It is at present difficult for the farmer to transport his crops to market.

The newly appointed overseers of roads will have but little time to operate before the rainy season commences. We trust that they will at once devote themselves to the task before them with energy. The Gaviota pass, which furnishes the only outlet to the county on the north, is obstructed by an immense rock which has fallen from the adjacent cliff, and prevents the passage of two animals abreast. This should be removed. The road around the point on the way to San Buenaventura, demands attention. It is the opinion of practical engineers that a substantial route can be constructed at a slight expense by laying down logs of wood, placing above them large stones, and then covering with loose earth from the bank, which would be secure from the action of the tides that now sweep off the soil and leave nought but huge, slippery, water-worn and almost impassable rocks.

Courts.

The District Court commenced its session in this county on Monday last, and adjourned till to-morrow, without doing any business.

On the criminal calendar is the case of the People vs. W. B. Lee, indicted for murder. This case was tried at Los Angeles, but on appeal from the judgment, the Supreme Court granted a new trial, and the venue has been changed to this county.

We understand that no order has yet been made by Judge Hayes, of the 1st Judicial District, to transfer the prisoner to the custody of the Sheriff of this county, and that no trial can be had here until such order is made, as he is now out of the jurisdiction of the District Court of this district.

There are but few civil cases to be tried at this term.

The County Court also met on Monday last. There were only two cases of appeal on the docket. One of these was withdrawn, the other continued, and the Court adjourned for the term.

The Board of Supervisors commenced their session on Monday last, and are still busily at work upon a variety of county matters.

Last week, Alejandro Carrillo, a resident of this city, and brother of our District Judge, was drowned while bathing in the stream above the dam at the Mission of San Fernando. The water was afterwards drawn off and the body was recovered.

We are requested by Dr. R. S. Den, proprietor of the San Marcos Rancho, to state that the notice published in the Gazette of Sept. 27, over the signature of Mariano Lopez, was wholly unauthorized by him, and that it was inserted during his absence in San Francisco.

Sailed—On Monday last, the U. S. surveying schooner Ewing, A. McRae, Lieutenant commanding, for San Francisco.

Board of Supervisors.

The Board of Supervisors met on Monday last, and elected Antonio Maria de la Guerra, Chairman. A communication was sent to the County Judge, requesting him to appoint three appraisers to value the house and lot now the residence of John Kays, for the purpose of purchasing the same. Sundry bills were approved and some were rejected. The official bonds of the officers chosen at the last election were examined, and, with the exception of the bond of Mr. Arenas, Justice of the Peace of the 1st township, were approved. A communication was received from the County Judge, informing the Board that he had appointed Luis Carrillo, Russel Heath, and Thomas Dennis as appraisers of the house of Mr. Kays.

On Tuesday a report was received from the appraisers informing the Board that they had valued the house of Mr. Kays at \$6000. Thereupon the District Attorney was ordered to examine and report upon the title to the property.

A. F. Hinchman, Esq., was appointed County Superintendent of Public Schools; Dr. S. B. Brinkerhoff, Coroner; Fernando Tico, Justice of the Peace for the 1st township; Ygnacio Ortega, Justice of the Peace for the 3d township; John Haskell, Constable for 2d township, and Jose Jesus Pico, Constable for the 3d township. Several claims against the county were presented and referred to the District Attorney for examination, and leave was granted to the Treasurer to present his report upon the financial condition of the county on next Monday.

On Wednesday the Board levied a road tax of \$2 upon all able bodied men between the ages of 21 and 50 years. The county was divided into five road districts, and the following persons were appointed overseers: 1st District, Thomas W. More; 2d, Henry Carnes; 3d, H. B. Blake; 4th, Augustine Jansseens; 5th, Ramon Malo; and the clerk was instructed to request the overseers to give an account in writing of the number, condition, and use of all roads in their respective districts for the information of the Board.

Several claims against the county, amounting to \$333, were ordered paid. Henry Carnes, Esq., was requested to design a seal for the use of the Board.

Great excitement prevails in Tuolumne county, occasioned by the recent discovery of a stratum of earth containing an immense quantity of gold, which underlies Table Mountain. One hundred feet square has yielded \$100,000. The gold is of the richest and purest quality. Some litigation has arisen in regard to the rights of miners there, some claiming the right to drift into the mountain horizontally, while others contend that pits should be dug perpendicularly.—The Sonora Democrat states that from the present yield, it is a low estimate to say that the mountain from that city to Burn's ferry, a distance of 25 miles, contains at least \$100,000,000 of gold dust.

A general Indian war in Washington Territory and Oregon is now expected. The Indians have arisen at all points and massacred a large number of whites. Gov. Mason has called for two companies of volunteers, and Gov. Curry, of Oregon, for nine companies. General Wool was to proceed from San Francisco on the 6th inst. to Fort Humboldt, taking with him his whole disposable force, and will immediately go on to Fort Dalles, from which point operations will be directed against the enemy.

A serious fire occurred in San Francisco on the night of the 2nd instant. A Distillery, situated between Harrison and Brannan streets, was entirely consumed with its contents. Two men were killed and ten injured. One of the persons who perished from the effects of scalds was a Mr. Carroll. He is supposed to be a cattle dealer who formerly resided in this county. The loss is estimated at \$250,000.

ANOTHER NEW PAPER. We have received several copies of "The Daily American," published in San Francisco by Alex. Bell & Co., and under the editorial charge of Edward Pollock, Esq. As its name indicates, it is to be an organ of the American party, and will support the lately elected State officers. It is a sheet of fair size and of neat typographical appearance. We wish it success.

Craine, convicted of the murder of Miss Newham, and Mickey Free, one of the murderers of Mr. Howe, were hung at Coloma on Friday, 26th ult. On the scaffold they manifested an utter indifference to their ignominious fate.

We are informed that the steamers Republic and Sea Bird have been withdrawn from the Southern coast trade. The Sea Bird is to run upon the river, from San Francisco to Sacramento.

A German and three Mexicans were hung by Lynch law, for cattle stealing, on the 19th ult., near Hill's ferry, Mariposa county.

ARRIVAL OF THE SENATOR.

The steamer Senator, Capt. Burns, arrived at this port on Monday evening last. By her we have San Francisco dates to the 4th inst.

The P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamer Sonora arrived at San Francisco on the 29th ult. She brings dates from the Atlantic States to the 5th Oct., and from Liverpool to the 20th Sept.

The Nicaragua S. S. Co.'s steamer Uncle Sam arrived on the 3d inst. She brings no later dates from the Atlantic States.

The yellow fever has nearly disappeared from the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth; but accounts of its ravages in the river towns in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and other Southwestern States are of a fearful nature. At Memphis, Vicksburg, Canton, and other places, the mortality has been nearly as large as it has been in Virginia.

There are now in the Treasury nearly twenty-two millions subject to draft, of which six millions seven thousand are deposited in New York, one hundred and fifteen thousand in Philadelphia, one hundred and fourteen thousand in Baltimore, and three and a third millions in Boston.

In the United States Circuit Court, at an equity sitting in the city of New York, October 4th, the case of the United States against James Collier, late Collector of San Francisco, was tried. The decision of the Court on all the points involved, saving that of interest, was in favor of the defendant. The effect of this decision will be such as to almost liquidate the claim of the Government against Mr. Collier.

Governor Gardner was thrown overboard by the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, and the Hon J. Rockwell nominated. The Know Nothings booted and nominated Gardner as their candidate.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On the 8th September the allied forces attacked the defences of Sebastopol, and the French succeeded in getting possession of the Malakoff.

The English who attempted the Redan were not successful. During the night the Russians in the exacerbation of despair, began to sink their ships, blow up their magazines, and burn their city, and on the following morning Sebastopol was evacuated, and the communication between the north forts and the town broken off.

The assault on the Malakoff was made at noon of the 8th Sept. Its redoubts and the Redan of Careening Bay were carried by storm by the French soldiers with admirable intrepidity to the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Redan of Careening Bay was not tenable, owing to the heavy fire of artillery which was poured upon the first occupiers of that work. On beholding the French eagles floating on the Malakoff, General de Salles made two attacks on the Central Bastion, but did not succeed. The French troops returned to their trenches. The losses were serious.

The plan of the battle appears to have been as follows:

The place was attacked in four directions. The British troops attempted the storming of the Redan—the French attacked the Malakoff. The extreme right of the French made a diversion on the Little Redan, and a united attack of the English, French, and Sardinians was made on the Central Battery. All the attacks were made simultaneously, and with great spirit and energy; but the one which was eminently successful was led by Gens. Bosquet and M'Mahon on the Malakoff. Both the Redan and the Central Bastion were at times in the hands of the storming parties; but so accurately did the guns of the Russians cover these, that as soon as the English had gained possession of them, it was found impossible to hold them.

The following is the despatch of General Simpson, brought to England by General Curzon:

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

Sunday, September 9th, 1855. I had the honor to apprise your Lordship, in my despatch of the 4th inst., that the engineers and artillery officers of the allied armies had laid before General Pelissier and myself a report recommending that the assault should be made on the 8th inst, after a heavy fire had been kept up for two days. This arrangement was agreed to, and I have to congratulate your Lordship on the glorious result of the attack of yesterday, which has ended in the possession of the town, dock-yards, and public buildings, and the destruction of the last ships of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Three steamers alone remain; and the capture or sinking of these must speedily follow. It was arranged that at 12 o'clock in the day, the French columns of attack were to leave their trenches and take possession of the Malakoff and adjacent works. After their success had been assured, and they were fairly established, the Redan was to be assaulted by the English. The Bastion Central and Quarantine Forts on the left were simultaneously to be attacked by the French.

At the hour appointed our allies quitted their trenches, entered and carried the apparently impregnable defences of the Malakoff, with that impetuous valor which characterises the French attack, and having once obtained possession, they were never dislodged. The tricolor planted on the parapet was the signal for the British troops to

advance. The arrangements for the attack entrusted to Lieut. Gen. Sir Wm. Codrington, who carried out the details in concert with Lieut. Gen. Markham. I determined that the Second and Light Divisions should have the honor of the assault, from the circumstance of their having defended the batteries and approaches against the Redan for so many months, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground.

The fire of our artillery having made as much of a breach as possible in the salient of the Redan, I decided that the columns of assault should be directed against that part, as being less exposed to the heavy fire by which this work is protected.

It was arranged between Sir William Codrington and Lieut. General Markham that the assaulting column of 1000 men should be formed by equal numbers of these two divisions; the Light Division to lead and that of the Second to follow. They left the trenches at the preconcerted signal, and moved across the ground, preceded by a covering party of 260 men and a ladder party of 320. On arriving at the crest of the ditch, the ladders were placed, and the men immediately stormed the parapet of the Redan and penetrated into the salient angle. A most determined and bloody combat was here maintained for nearly an hour, and although supported to the utmost, and though the greatest bravery was displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position.

Your lordship will perceive by the long and sad list of the casualties, with what gallantry and self-devotion the officers so nobly placed themselves at the head of their men during this sanguinary conflict.

I feel myself unable to express, in adequate terms, the sense I entertain of the conduct and gallantry exhibited by the troops, though their devotion was not rewarded by a success which they so well merited. To no one are my thanks more justly due than to Col. Windham, who gallantly headed his column of attack, and was fortunate in entering and remaining with the troops during the contest. The trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops that I was unable to organize a second assault, which I intended to make with the Highlanders, under Lieutenant General Sir Colin Campbell, who had hitherto formed the reserve, to be supported by the third division, under Major General Sir William Eyre. I therefore sent for these officers, and arranged with them to renew the attack the following morning. The Highland Brigade occupied the advanced trenches during the night. About eleven o'clock the enemy commenced exploding their magazines, and Sir Colin Campbell, having ordered a small party to advance cautiously to examine the Redan, found the works abandoned. He did not, however, deem it necessary to occupy it until daylight. The evacuation of the town by the enemy was made manifest during the night, and fires appeared in every part, accompanied by large explosions, under the cover of which the enemy succeeded in withdrawing their troops to the north side by means of the raft bridge recently constructed, and which they afterwards disconnected and conveyed to the other side. Their men of-war were all sunk during the night. The boisterous weather rendered it altogether impossible for the Admirals to fulfil their intentions of bringing the broadsides of the Allied fleets to bear upon the Quarantine Batteries. An excellent effect was produced by the animated and well directed fire of their mortar vessels, those of Her Majesty being under the direction of Captain Digby, of the Royal Marine Artillery.

Prince Gortchakoff makes the following brief report by telegraph:

SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 10.—at night.

The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire, repulsed six assaults, but could not drive the enemy from the Kornileff Bastion, (the Malakoff Tower.)

Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the northern part of Sebastopol.

The enemy found nothing in the southern part but blood-stained ruins. On the 9th of September the passage of the garrison from the southern to the northern part was accomplished with extraordinary success—our loss on that occasion being but 100 men.

We left, I regret to say, nearly 500 men grievously wounded on the southern side.

General Pelissier's Despatches have not yet reached France. An account from the Crimea of the 11th, states that General Bosquet's wound is not serious. The first detachment of the Allied troops entered the eastern part of the Karabelna suburb of Sebastopol on the 11th, by order of General Pelissier; and on the following day, the city having been previously inspected, was occupied, but only by small bodies of troops.

THE ALLIED LOSSES. The acknowledged loss of the Allies in their six assaults, amounts to about 10,000 men: 2000 English, 4500 French, wounded, and 2000 killed. To this, every reader will add the amount which his experience teaches him will suit the case. During the three days' bombardment, the Russian loss may be put at 1000 a day; but the assault was naturally attended with loss principally to the Allies. Prisoners were taken on both sides, 700 by the Allies and 200 by the Russians. It is singular that Pelissier, who had found time to count the cannon balls left behind by the enemy, and who gives their number at 50,000, has not yet been able to count

his dead. He said, indeed, on one occasion, that his wounded were one-third as numerous as his dead. Doubtless he will soon add to the precision of this statement by saying that his wounded are three times as numerous as his dead. Such carelessness of the natural anxiety of the public is in the highest degree blameworthy.

THE RUSSIAN LOSSES. The bombardment lasted three days and a half, so that the Russian loss during that time, at the rate cited by Prince Gortchakoff, would have been 8750 placed hors de combat before the assault, and by the artillery projectiles alone of the besiegers. The Russian loss in defending the fortifications against the seven attacks on the 8th, may be very moderately estimated at 8000 more—a serious diminution of the Russian force to be added to the recent losses on the Tchernaya; a consideration that would weigh when the question of a withdrawal, such as the Prince is said to have ordered, presented itself.

Another attempt has been made on the life of the Emperor of France by a man named Bellemaire, who fired two pistols at a carriage supposed to contain the Emperor, but only contained some of the ladies in waiting on the Empress. The attempt was made at the door of the Italian Opera. The assassin was arrested, and, being considered insane, was sent to an asylum.

From Nicaragua.

We copy from the San Francisco Herald the following account of the condition of affairs in Nicaragua, extracted from a private letter received from San Juan, and which was allowed to be published:

"As the steamer is about to leave, I have only time to write a few lines to inform you that we have the most horrible and heart rending times down here. Colonel Walker has taken Granada, and his whole force is in that place. In his absence, the passenger steamer on the Lake, with the New York passengers for California, was fired into by the Government party, and one lady and her child were killed, and another of her children had one foot cut off. After landing and setting out for San Juan, the passengers were also driven back again to Virgin Bay, and no sooner had they reached that place, than they were attacked by a party of soldiers from Kivas. It was rumored here yesterday that one hundred of them were put to death and the balance taken prisoners. Later and more authentic intelligence received to day establishes the fact that not more than from one to three were killed at Virgin Bay, though many volleys of musketry were fired. The Captain and a portion of the crew of one of the Lake steamers were captured by the Government troops and were thrown into prison. Colonel Wheeler, the American Minister, was also taken and imprisoned. The news from this quarter in a few weeks from now will open your eyes, and you may set it down as a certainty that the country is forever lost to the ignorant and corrupt devils who have so long misruled it."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. Our thanks are due the Pacific, Gilbert & Hedges', and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Messengers for a generous supply of San Francisco, Interior and Atlantic State papers, per Senator. J. W. Sullivan, of San Francisco, has furnished us with a supply of reading matter, from his Newspaper and Periodical Depot.

Died.

In this city, yesterday morning, Juan Jose Eugenio, son of Thomas S. and Carlota Martin, aged 10 months and 8 days. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral to-morrow (Friday), at 3 o'clock, P. M.

New Advertisements.

S. L. PALMER & CO'S
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
AND
SEED STORE,
Cor. of Davis and Washington streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a select assortment of Agricultural Implements and Garden Seeds; also a full and complete stock of

MILL MACHINERY, Of all kinds.
PLOWING! PLOWING!! PLOWING!!!
300 best variety of Steel Plows; Cast Plows of every description constantly on hand.

Also, Plow Points, to suit all kinds of plows; Harrows, Cultivators, and Wheat Drills, of every size; Fanning Mills, Corn Shellers, Churns and Cheese Presses, Goddard's patent Hay Cutters, Uedge's patent premium Washing Machines, Leather and Rubber Belting, Nails, Axe and Pick Handles, Garden and Canal Barrows, with a general variety of Agricultural Goods, Field and Garden Seeds, of every description.
Also, Foreign and Domestic FRUIT TREES, from the best nurseries in California and Oregon, with a large lot, just imported from Hovey's nursery at Cambridge, Mass.

The above articles we will sell 20 per cent. lower than any other house in our line in the city. All orders promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

A Good Chance!!

INTENDING TO LEAVE this place in about three weeks, we

WILL AND MUST
Sell the balance of our Stock
AT A SACRIFICE.

Persons indebted to us will avoid costs by settling on or before the 15th of this month, and all claims against us must be presented for settlement immediately.
ADLER & CRONTHAL,
Opposite the Noriega House.

Just Received,

A LARGE assortment of Eastern White Pine DOORS. Also, WINDOWS, assorted sizes. For sale cheap by
FORBUSH & DENNIS,
State street.

Advertisements.

NEW GOODS! At Great Bargains!!! LEWIS T. BURTON & CO., STATE STREET,

WOULD respectfully inform the Public generally that they are now receiving a fine assortment of NEW GOODS, direct from the Atlantic States, which we are prepared to sell for CASH at VERY LOW PRICES.

Consisting of Groceries of every description, Wines and Liquors, Hardware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Silk Goods, Clothing, Farming Utensils of all descriptions, Crockery and Glassware, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, &c., Lumber, Doors, Windows, &c.

And a full assortment of MINING UTENSILS. FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. These Goods arriving direct from the Atlantic States, we are prepared to furnish Traders with their Supplies as cheap, if not cheaper, than they can procure them in San Francisco.

Public Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED, being about to retire from business, requests all persons indebted to him to make immediate payment, and all having claims against him to present them for settlement.

Notice. BY VIRTUE of an execution issued out of the Court of David B. Streeter, Esq., Justice of the Peace and for the 2d Township of the County of Santa Barbara, in an action wherein GLENN and CAMPBELL were plaintiffs, and the CITY OF SANTA BARBARA defendant, to me directed, for the sum of forty-four dollars damage and seven dollars and sixty cents costs, I have levied upon and taken into execution all of the right, title and interest of the City of Santa Barbara, of and to the following described City Lots of the City of Santa Barbara, viz:

- Lot No. 320—Bounded by Garden, Santa Barbara, Quintanitas and Mason streets. ALSO Lot No. 303—Bounded by Garden, Santa Barbara, Mason and Yanonali streets. ALSO Lot No. 319—Bounded by Laguna, Garden, Mason and Quintanitas streets. ALSO Lot No. 302—Bounded by Laguna, Garden, Mason and Yanonali streets. ALSO Lot No. 284—Bounded by Laguna, Garden, Montecito and Yanonali streets. ALSO Lot No. 335—Bounded by Canal, Laguna, Quintanitas and Carpinteria streets. ALSO Lot No. 178—Bounded by Baños, Castillo, De la Guerra and Cañon Perido streets. ALSO Lot No. 318—Bounded by Canal, Laguna, Mason and Quintanitas streets. ALSO Lot No. 301—Bounded by Canal, Laguna, Mason and Yanonali streets. ALSO Lot No. 241—Bounded by Milpas, Nopal, Haley and Gutierrez streets. ALSO Lot No. 242—Bounded by Nopal, Quarentina, Haley and Gutierrez streets. ALSO Lot No. 243—Bounded by Quarentina, Salsipuedes, Haley and Gutierrez streets. ALSO A part of Lot No. 107—Bounded by Encapap, State, Anapamu and Victoria streets. ALSO Lot No. 108—Bounded by State, Chapala, Anapamu and Victoria sts. ALSO Lot No. 105—Bounded by Garden, Santa Barbara, Anapamu, and Victoria sts. ALSO Lot No. 106—Bounded by Santa Barbara, Anapamu and Victoria sts. ALSO Lot No. 129—Bounded by Garden, Santa Barbara, Figueroa and Anapamu sts. ALSO Lot No. 104—Bounded by Laguna, Garden, Anapamu and Victoria sts. ALSO Lot No. 75—Bounded by Anapapu, State, Soto, and Micheltona sts. ALSO Lot No. 90—Bounded by Anapapu, State, Victoria and Soto sts.

Sheriff's Sale. BY VIRTUE of an execution issued out of the District Court of the Second Judicial District, in and for the County of Santa Barbara, in an action wherein THOMAS W. MORE is plaintiff, and JOSE BUJIZ is defendant, to me directed, for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars damage and fifty-three dollars and fifty-five cents costs, I have levied upon and taken into execution all of the right, title and interest that the said defendant had on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1853, the day of the docketing of said judgment, of and to the Rancho of "Calleguas," situated in the first township of the County of Santa Barbara, which said interest I will sell at Public Auction at the Court House door in the City of Santa Barbara, on the 23d day of November, A. D. 1855, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for cash, the proceeds of said sale to be applied to the satisfaction of said execution and accruing costs.

D. B. Streeter RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he is prepared to accommodate them at his new stand on State street, opposite the store of L. T. Burton & Co. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, &c. CLOTHING made, renovated, and repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Notice. TO THOSE PERSONS HAVING WRITING to be done, in the shape of Deeds, Mortgages, or Documents of any description, the undersigned offers his services. By strict attention to his business, he hopes to meet with a share of public patronage.

Public Notice. WHEREAS persons have been in the habit of cutting wood, killing cattle and sheep and doing other damage upon the island of Santa Rosa, notice is hereby given that every one hereafter found trespassing upon the said island will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

Advertisements.

Gilbert & Hedges' SOUTHERN COAST EXPRESS, IN CONNECTION WITH G. H. Wines & Co's California, Oregon, Atlantic and European Express.

HAVING formed a connection with the above named house, we offer facilities to the public unsurpassed by any house in California. Letters, Packages, Parcels, and Treasure received, forwarded, and INSURED at all our offices on the Southern Coast, up to the latest moment, for all parts of CALIFORNIA, OREGON, THE ATLANTIC STATES & EUROPE.

Particular attention will be paid to the purchasing of Merchandise, and promptly forwarded to destination. Bills of Exchange procured on the most reasonable terms. Every thing pertaining to an Express and Forwarding Business attended to with dispatch, as we are determined not to be excelled by any house in California. All we ask is a trial.

Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, A Joint Stock Company with a Capital of \$500,000.

WILL DESPATCH AN EXPRESS from the city of Santa Barbara by the U. S. Mail Steamship REPUBLIC, Capt. Baby, to all parts of California, Oregon, the Atlantic States, and Europe, in charge of regular and experienced Messengers. LETTERS, PARCELS, PACKAGES, & TREASURE received and conveyed to destination with safety and despatch. Collections made, Orders and Commissions filled, and all business pertaining to an Express and Forwarding business attended to with promptness and care.

Pacific Express Company. THE UNDERSIGNED, Agents of the Pacific Express Company, will despatch, by every steamer, their regular Express, in charge of a special Messenger, to SAN LUIS OBISPO, MONTEREY, SAN FRANCISCO, and ALL PARTS OF THE NORTHERN MINES, AND OREGON, ATLANTIC STATES, & EUROPE COLLECTIONS MADE IN ALL OF THE ABOVE NAMED PLACES.

TREASURE, PARCELS, PACKAGES AND LETTERS forwarded. Drafts purchased in San Francisco on the Atlantic States and Europe. Particular attention paid to the forwarding of Gold Dust to the Mint for coinage. LEWIS T. BURTON & CO., Agents, Santa Barbara, May 24, 1855.

For Santa Barbara, SAN BUENAVENTURA & SAN PEDRO

THE FAST SAILING BARQUE POWHATTAN 350 tons register, Will sail regularly from Stewart street wharf, (south of Howard street) San Francisco, for the above ports, and offers good accommodations for passengers. The port of San Buenaventura is the nearest port to the Tulare County, to the Government Reserve in the Tejon, and to the military post of the Cajon de las Uvas. It has also a good wagon road, level throughout, and is about 80 miles nearer to the Kern River Mines and to any of the above mentioned places, than San Pedro or any other port.

Regular Dispatch Line OF SAN PEDRO PACKETS, TOUCHING AT SANTA BARBARA. THIS LINE is composed of the favorite clipper schooner "LAURA BEVAN," Captain F. Morton, and others, which will run regular hereafter as above, taking freight and passengers on the most favorable terms, to which every care and attention will be paid.

Notice to Merchants. THE BRIG PRINCE DE JOINVILLE will be despatched from San Francisco on or about the 25th of this month, for San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro.

For Freight or Charter. THE FAST SAILING coppered and copper fastened sloop PILOT, 15 tons burthen. Parties of pearl hunters will be taken to the islands and brought back when desired.

Santa Barbara Exchange. THE SUBSCRIBER, having refitted his Saloon on State street, is prepared to accommodate his friends with every thing they may desire in the way of good liquor, &c., &c.

Rancho for Sale. THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale Three Leagues of Land, situated immediately at the Mission of San Miguel, in San Luis Obispo county, with one-third of the Mission Buildings (in good repair), well watered and timbered, and excellently adapted to stock raising.

City Hotel. THE SUBSCRIBER, keeping the above named House, would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to accommodate all those who extend to him their patronage, in a manner which will give perfect satisfaction.

Ranchero's Resort. THE PUBLIC are respectfully requested to call at this establishment, in the Carpenteria, twelve miles from this city.

City Ordinances.

AN ORDINANCE prohibiting Drunkenness and Disorderly Conduct in the City of Santa Barbara. The Mayor and Common Council of the city of Santa Barbara do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to give or sell spirituous liquors of any description to Indians. Sec. 2. Any person found drunk or lying in the streets, shall be taken up by the Marshal and taken before the Mayor, and he shall impose on him a fine of not less than five dollars and not exceeding twenty-five, at his discretion, or imprisonment for a period of not less than twenty-four hours, or both imprisonment and fine. In like manner the Marshal shall take up or arrest any persons found fighting, or behaving in a scandalous manner, either in word or deed, or exposing their persons indecently to the observation of the public, or in any other way disturbing the peace of the city, and on being convicted of the same before the Mayor, shall be subjected to the fines or punishments already enumerated.

ORDINANCE concerning the closing of Stores, Shops, Taverns, Groceries, &c., on the Sabbath day. The Mayor and Common Council of the city of Santa Barbara do ordain as follows:

Section 1. All warehouses, stores, shops, taverns and groceries of whatever kind or class, within the surveyed limits of the city as laid down in the Official Map of the city, number one, shall be closed from twelve o'clock on each Saturday night until the following Sunday at 12 o'clock, P. M.—Provided, that this prohibition shall not extend to nor include butchers' shops, bakeries nor apothecaries' shops. Sec. 2. For all violations of the above Section, on conviction thereof before the Mayor, a fine may be imposed which shall not exceed the sum of fifty dollars, nor be less than ten dollars, at the discretion of the Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE prohibiting the cutting of Trees within certain limits. The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Santa Barbara do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to cut or injure the trees or shrubs belonging to the city, and within the following limits, viz: On the N. and N. E. the ridge or chain of hills which separates Montecito from the City; on the E. S. E. and S. E. the Salt Ponds and the sea; on the W. and S. W. by the ridge known by the name of the "Mesas" or table land, and the "Cañada de la Calera," on the limits or boundaries of the Postas Ranch, and on the N. W. by the boundaries of the Mission and of the City. Sec. 2. The Common Council can grant permission for cutting down some trees, whenever it considers fitting to do so.

AN ORDINANCE declaring the Maps Nos. 1 and 2 (one and two), to be the Official Maps of the City. The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Santa Barbara do ordain as follows:

Section 1. The Maps executed by Vitus Wackenselder, in the year 1855 (one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three), and marked with the numbers 1 and 2 (one and two), are hereby declared and recognized to be the Official Maps of the City. Sec. 2. This Ordinance shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

AN ORDINANCE concerning the Costs to be Taxed in Suits before the Mayor. The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Santa Barbara do ordain as follows:

Section 1. Costs of suits taken before the Mayor shall be taxed in all cases to the party, or parties against whom judgments may be rendered. Sec. 2. This Ordinance shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

CHARLES E. HUSE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. SANTA BARBARA. FORBUSH & DENNIS, DEALERS IN LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, &c., &c.

PEDRO C. CARRILLO, SURVEYOR AND INSPECTOR OF THE PORT OF SANTA BARBARA. Office on State street, fifth block from De la Guerra st.

C. R. V. LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—State street, corner of Carrillo, in the house of Tarr & Fountain, Builders, SANTA BARBARA.

HEDGES & PICKETT, SUCCESSORS TO R. E. RAIMOND, COMMISSION BUYERS, No. 77 Davis st., bet. Washington and Clay, SAN FRANCISCO.

R. E. RAIMOND & CO., GENERAL SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 68 Sacramento st, between Battery and Front, SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco Advertisements.

New Feature!! J. W. SULLIVAN'S GREAT PACIFIC DEPOT AND GENERAL AGENCY.

For the supply of Cheap Publications, Stationery, &c.—Papers, Periodicals, and Books received weekly by the Mail Steamers and exclusive Express, via Nicaragua. THE Proprietor would respectfully inform Country Booksellers, Canvasers, Agents, Pedlars, and the Public, that independent of his general Newspaper Business, he has constantly on hand, and receiving by every steamer, all the Standard Books, Magazines, and Reviews of Europe and America, together with all the new, cheap, and miscellaneous Novels and Publications of the day.

COMMERCIAL AND FANCY STATIONERY. All orders must be postpaid, enclosing cash for Works. Bids kept open to the latest moment.

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