BITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL
R BITTERS
California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation,
he native herbs found
s of the Sierra Nevada
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re extracted therefrom
Alcohol. The question
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success of VINEGAR BIT-
r is, that they remove
, and the patient recov-
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of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
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joy good health, let
BITTERS as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants
ONALD & CO.,
ents, San Francisco, California,
nd Charlton Sts., New York.
ggists and Dealers.
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ALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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Agents, San Francisco, California,
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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Poetry.

NEAR THE DAWN.

When life's troubles gather darkly
Round the way we follow here,
When no hope the sad heart lightens,
No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Then the thought the shadow scatters,
Giving us a cheering ray—
When the night appears the darkest,
Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
With our shattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
This sweet thought can yet be drawn,
When the darkest hour is present
It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit flattering lingers
On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories,
And from every scene of strife,
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
And the body shrinks in fear,
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot effect us always,
Brighter days will soon be here,
Sorrow may oppress us often,
Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
This reflection lights the way:
Nature's darkest hour is always
Just before the break of day.

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY.

The Victim of a Press-Gang.

(From Chambers' Magazine.)

Eclipses, comets, and extraordinary high tides can be predicted with accuracy; there even seems to be probability that in time the weather will also strike its flag to science, and that means will be found of disentangling the conflicting influences which send an aneroid up and down. But in the art of foretelling the probable current of public enthusiasm there is no sign of progress. The keenest observer of human nature can no more guess whether the career of any particular suitor, warrior, explorer, or criminal will simply appear in the newspapers and excite no more attention or will be generally taken up as a matter of national importance, than the merest tyro can. It was more than a million to one that Robert Jeffrey's wrongs would remain unnoticed, or raise but a feeble and passing interest. He became a popular idol, however,—a representative victim of the press-gang system, and the tyrannical customs which naturally grew out of it, and so a very curious story has been handed down to us.

In 1787 a privateer named the Lord Nelson was fitted at Polperro in Cornwall, a place famous for its hardy race of smugglers, the entire population being brought up to look upon coast-guardsmen as natural enemies, who might be killed with as good a conscience as though they were Frenchmen.—The profits of privateering were often greater even than those of smuggling, and the Lord Nelson had no difficulty in gathering together a first-rate crew. Amongst them was a man who had been brought up as a blacksmith, but had found both excitement and profit in an occasional sea-trip, and indeed was as good at the tiller as the forge, perhaps a trifle better. The name of this amphibious Cornishman was Robert Jeffrey, and his career as a privateersman was a short one; for the Lord Nelson at the very commencement of her cruise, was forced to put into Falmouth, where she was boarded by a press-gang. It was a perfectly illegal proceeding; the press-gang had no more right to take a man out of the Lord Nelson than you or I have to break into a house and take the plate basket.—But at the commencement of this century private rights were very little respected where the public service was concerned, unless the person whom it was to be injured had plenty of money or political influence. Robert Jeffrey had neither, and he was carried on board H.M.S. Recruit, and converted into a man-of-war's-man quite against his will, and in defiance of his clear and undoubted protection.

The commander of the Recruit was a young officer at that time well known in the navy as a reckless, self-willed, passionate man, the foibles of whose nature were forced and exasperated by despotic powers and drinking habits. As if his normal thirst was not enough, he was sent to cruise in the Carribean sea, where the heat of the sun whetted it to such an extent that he was seldom or ever sober, the mildest potation that he used to quench it being spruce beer, of which he kept a cask always on tap in his private cabin.

Before he had been on board many days, Jeffrey's proficiency as a smith was discovered, and he was made armorer's mate. So that there was a fair chance of his making his enforced trip pretty comfortable, and, returning after a few months to his native place, with a pocket full of prize-money after all. But an unfortunate group of circumstances got in the way. The Captain was not the only thirsty man in the ship; his armorer's mate for example, occasionally had a draught upon him, which was considerably aggravated by the extreme hot weather and the small allowance of water served out daily, for the ship was running short of that treasure which we never prize while we have it. During this state of affairs, Jeffrey was sent to execute some job in the Captain's cabin, and, being left alone with the barrel of spruce beer, he began to ogle it. There was a drinking cup, which had been used, lying very handy; the Captain was on deck, no one could see him; he was very thirsty! He snatched up the cup, and desisted from his work a moment to draw off a pint and toss it down. Very good it was, and very refreshing; if stolen waters are sweet, what must purloining spruce beer be? Presently another drink was taken with equal success. A third however, was spoiled by the thick and wrathful voice of the Captain, who had come below unheard, unnoticed, in time to witness this outrageous act of daring presumption. It would burn a hole in the paper to write down Captain Luke's remarks upon the occasion. Seventy years ago all gentlemen swore a little; naval officers swore very much, increasing in vehemence as they rose in rank; men in liquor sworn as at the present day, hardest of all. You may imagine, then, what the language of a drunken sea Captain must have been when he saw his beloved spruce beer flowing down the throat of a common armorer's mate! That audacious wretch was clapped in irons presently, while his infuriated commander, having refreshed himself, returned to the deck, which he paced with unsteady steps, revolving in his mind what punishment would be sufficient for a crime so heinous. It ought to be something unusual, startling, appaling as the act which it avenged.—Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small island, now turned into jewel by the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, and the inspiration came.

Lieutent!

Sir?

Man the gig, and send for that fellow I have had confined.

It was done, and then to the Lieutenant's horror, his superior officer ordered him to take the prisoner, land him on the barren rock, and leave him. I'll have no thieves on board my ship, he said.

The Captain was evidently the worse for drink, and his Lieutent hesitated.

Do you hear me, Sir? thundered the astonished commander; and discipline prevailed. Deeply as he loathed the act, the Lieutenant had no option but to obey; the crew, though they murmured, did not mutiny, and Robert Jeffrey was put ashore without food or drink. He had his knife, and one sailor gave him a handkerchief, and another a long stick which he had thought to throw into the boat as they shoved off, for the deserted man to signal with. By this time the sun had sunk, and when the boat returned to the ship it left the poor fellow behind, alone in the dark.

He fully believed that the Captain only meant to frighten him and bore up pretty well through the night with that idea. But when the morning dawned the Recruit was a mere speck in the distance, which slowly but surely passed away beyond the horizon. Then the unhappy man realized that he was a castaway.

The Recruit, indeed, had caught a favoring breeze, which carried her quickly to Barbadoes, where she joined the squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. Her officers and crew, mingling with those of other ships, spoke freely of the affair, which presently reached the Admiral's ears who sent for the Captain, questioned him, and finding the story true, severely reprimanded him for his brutality, and ordered him back to rescue the man.

The island upon which Jeffrey had been so barbarously left was one of the Leeward group, a desolate rock called Sombrero, and the Recruit got back to it just a fortnight after the event. A careful search was instituted, but all that was found was a pair of trousers, not Jeffrey's, and a tomahawk-handle, no trace of the missing man being discoverable.

This result being reported on the ship's return to Barbadoes, Sir Alexander Cochrane felt satisfied that the man had been rescued by some passing vessel, and let the matter rest for the time. But a good many formed a different opinion, and suspected that Jeffrey had come to some violent end; and when the squadron returned to England the affair was taken up by the people at home and made so much noise that, after two years had elapsed, the Captain was brought to a court-martial, condemned, and dismissed the service. This, however, instead of appeasing the public excitement, inflamed it the more, by the authentic details which were brought to light in the course of the court-martial. The illegality of the man's having been pressed at all—the veniality of his offence, especially considering the circumstances of thirst caused by short allowance of water in so hot a climate, and the ready temptation to appease it placed directly in his way, combined with the inhuman cruelty of his abandonment, to stir the public indignation. Meetings were held, articles written, petitions signed, urging the propriety of endeavoring by all means to discover what had become of the missing man; and Sir Francis Burdett lost no opportunity of keeping the question before Government in the house of Commons.

Illegal pressings, keel haulings, floggings to death, were not so uncommon in the navy at that time as to account for the usually indifferent public's espousing Robert Jeffrey's cause so warmly; but it did so, and made a representative man of him.

The first authentic news came from George Hassel, mariner, who deposed on oath before the Mayor of Liverpool that he had just returned from Beverly a town in Massachusetts, and that a man was living there who was nicknamed the Governor of Sombrero, whose real name was Jeffrey. Whereupon this Jeffrey was communicated with, and in due time a letter in reply, purporting to come from him, was received, giving a full account of his adventure.

When the Recruit had quite disappeared he remained for some time overwhelmed with despair, but after a while he grew calm, and felt very hungry, so he explored his island to see if there was anything to eat upon it but could find nothing except birds, which flew away as birds will, when he tried to catch them. At last he discovered an egg, but, alas! it was an election egg—a very good missile, but not edible. Soon, however, the pangs of hunger gave place to the severe sufferings of thirst, which he tried to appease by swallowing the sea water, and that of course made matters worse. But Heaven, more merciful than man, sent him a shower of rain, which lodged in the crevices of the rocks, and inflicted the punishment of Tantallus upon him, until he thought of cutting the quills, of which there were plenty strewn about and sucking up the puddles as we moderners do sherry cobblers.

In addition to hunger and thirst, he endured the agony of hope defered, for ships were constantly passing, but did not see his signals till the ninth day, when some one on board the Adams, an American schooner, noticed him waving the stick to which his handkerchief was tied. The master, John Dennis, sent a boat and brought him off in an apparently dying state so exhausted as to be unable to speak. With care and kindness however he recovered, and was carried to Marblehead, Mass., where he supported himself by his trade as a blacksmith." This circumstantial account satisfied people at first, but when the letter was shown to Robert Jeffrey's mother she pointed out that not only was it written in a strange hand, but that it was not even signed by her son, who could write well enough, and was very unlikely to make his mark, as the man who vouched for the genuiness of this epistle had done. This objection naturally carried weight, and many people suspected that the evidence of George Hassel and of the letter had been got up by the Captain, who was anxious to prove the man to be alive, and so escape from the odium which attached to him.

Finally a ship was sent to bring this professing Robert Jeffrey to England, where he arrived in due course, and proved to be the right man safe enough, a certain shyness and diffidence which he felt in the presence of the gentleman who had drawn up his report being the cause of his making a cross in lead of signing it. He landed at Portsmouth in the October of 1810, three years after the event which had caused him to be a public character. The Admiralty forwarded him under the charge of a naval officer Polperro, where the entire population recognized him, and his arrival was made the occasion of great public rejoicing.

But before settling down in his native place he accepted an offer from the manager of a London theatre to exhibit himself for a certain number of nights, and as it became the rage to go and see "Jeffrey the Sailor," he made a good thing of it. These profits were presently swelled by a sum of £600, which was paid him by the family of the Captain in acquittal of all claims he might have against that officer, who was still liable to a civic action, and in the excited state of public opinion was likely to be cast in heavy damages.

After the lapse of a few months, when he ceased to "draw," Jeffrey returned to Cornwall with money enough to purchase a coasting schooner; married, and, if this were fiction, would have lived happily forever afterwards; but the story being a perfect true one, Robert Jeffrey was subject to all those ills which afflict ordinary mortals who have never been the subjects to popular sympathy or curiosity.

He failed to make his schooner pay, and he died early of consumption, leaving his wife and daughter in great distress.

An old gander was killed in Virginia at the age of ninety. The name of the fortunate boarding house that drew the prize is not given.

WILD GEESE IN THE WEST.—Cunning is exhibited by these birds in localities where they are frequently disturbed. We have often seen them in the great swamps of the Bureau Valley along the Illinois come in about dark, when it was just too late to draw a sight, noiselessly stealing along, so as to evade the random shot of the hunter returning to camp after a long day's work. So attached are they to their old grounds, and so liable to be pursued at night by reckless adventures, that after a few warnings they baffle the most intelligent. Should their line of entry be discovered to-night as they come across the marsh from the south, to-morrow night, if you watch, you may hear the vibration of their wings as they pass over the timber to the north, in approach to the old rice pond, or open water of the big slough. Upon all other occasions, and also when disturbed, they exhibit their usual propensity to indulge in gabble and gossetalk.

The most prominent among the varities in the West is the Canada goose. The next, and existing in great numbers, is the white fronted or laughing goose, called by many "brant." Of the regular brent goose we have but few. We killed one out of a flock in the Illinois River, in 1861, on a sandbar, and believe it was the only flock we ever saw in that valley. The brent goose is about half the size of the Canada variety, and is about two-thirds as large as the white fronted, mottled, or laughing goose. But in the absence of the regular brent goose, the mottled bird known as the laughing goose carries the name of "brant." And "brant" it is, so far as the average shooter is informed; for few of them have seen a brent goose—and this is the only bird which, to their knowledge, ever bore the name. These same fellows call a partridge a pheasant, and an English snipe a woodcock.

It is amusing to watch a flock of laughing geese as they approach a favorite feeding ground or a resting place. They come first in the regular acute angle line of flight. Suddenly they break ranks, and with one accord the whole flock begins a series of evolutions, tumbling and turning high in the air, and then descending in a most comical and irregular manner, to the amusement of the observer, all the while indulging in a jabber more resembling the merry laughing of a bevy of school girls than anything else, from which peculiarity they receive their name. As a table bird it is highly esteemed, and is generally preferred to the Canada goose. In point of numbers it exceeds the latter in this locality, while in other parts the ratio is reversed.

They visit the West in March and April, on their regular migrations to the lakes and bays of Northern Minnesota, the British possessions, and Labrador, remaining with us sometimes as late as May in small detachments. Many are killed before they reach their northern breeding grounds. After raising the usual brood, and replenishing their thinned ranks, they gather for the annual return fight, and in October we see them wending their way to their old and favorite haunts, until the cold weather drives them southward to the great marshes of Arkansas and the Lower Mississipi. As they pass north in March, generally before a southerly gale which carries them along with little apparent effort, their coming is welcomed as a harbinger of returning spring. They come, too, in large numbers, accompanied by all the usual varieties of water fowl in even greater profusion.—Harper for November.

AN ECCENTRIC STAR.—The most singular fact connected with the proper motions of stars is that one or two stars flying through space with such enormous rapidity that the combined attraction of all the stars visible with the telescope could never stop them. This seems to be especially the case with a small star, invisible to the naked eye, designated in astronomical literature as "Groombridge, 1830," from the name of the astronomer who first recorded its position. The rate of motion of this star is about seven seconds per year—the greatest known. It was hence concluded that it must be very near us, and a number of astronomers have sought to determine its parallax, but have found it to be only the tenth of a second. Its apparent motion in a year being seventy times its parallax, it moves at least seventy times the distance from the earth to the sun in a year, or eighteen millions of miles every day, and more than two hundred miles every second. From what we know of the distribution, masses and number of the stars, it seems probable that the attraction of all the bodies in the universe can never stop this headlong speed, nor bring this star into any orbit, and that consequently it will pass thro' our universe, and leave it entirely to its passage through infinite space. If we had accurate observations of the star's position three or four thousand years ago, we could speak with more certainty of its destiny. We may expect that our posterity of a few thousand years hence will, by the aid of the observations and tables we shall transmit to them, be able to come to a definite conclusion respecting the age and the structure of the universe.—Prof. Simon Newcomb, in Harper's Magazine for November.

IMMENSE DISTANCE OF THE STARS.—The star α Centauri, in the southern hemisphere, is found to have a parallax of about one second, but no other star in the celestial vault has been found to have a parallax of more than half second. Let us see now what these measures gives us for the distance of the stars. When a star has a parallax of one second, it shows its distance to be a little more than two hundred thousand times the distance of the earth from the sun; with a parallax of half a second, the distance is twice as great; with one of a third of a second, three times as great, and so on, the distance being inversely proportional to the parallax. As there are only two stars of which the parallax exceeds half a second, it follows that with the exception of these stars all are more than four hundred thousand times as far as the sun. The sun being nearly a hundred millions of miles, this distance amounts to about forty millions of millions of miles. Hence the nearest known star is distant twenty millions of millions of miles; there are about a dozen others of which the distance ranges from two to five times this amount, while all the remaining ones are situated at distances yet farther. You see that bright star, a Lyra, now (October 1) a little west of the zenith? Dr. Brunnow has recently determined the parallax of that star to be almost one fifth of a second, consequently, by the rule we have just given, its distance is more than a million times that of the sun, i.e., it is just about one hundred millions of millions of miles.—Ibid.

THE HORSE THIEF IN POETRY.—In Missouri fact and poesy—the irregular "appropriation" of other people's horses and the painful result following—find rhythmic expression in words to this effect, to wit, viz:

He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away:
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb;
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

VALUE OF REACTION IN HISTORY.—The dialectic development of ideas in history is like this. The generation which has to realize a certain term in the series of human progress is unjust, passionate, and even cruel toward preceding generations. When we gaze with rapture upon the perfect beauty of the Venus of Milo, and bless the benefactors who have saved from the wrath of men and the deluge of ages this rare prodigy of loveliness, the incarnation of the human ideal in marble, we can scarcely comprehend that the early Christians saw clearly in that grace, that serenity, that harmony in the incomparable beauty of the goddess, the deformed face of the devil and his angels. But perhaps there was need of this horror of nature, of the taste and of the art of the ancients, to create, with a formidable reaction of the human conscience, the saving Christian spiritualism. And as the business of the eighteenth century was to create the free man in the plenitude of his right, every bond which attached the spirit to the past, if it was not unfastened, was broken—was cut with fury and violence. How many beliefs, sweet and consolatory, fell like dry leaves! how many sources of consolation were dried up, after having satisfied for ages the devouring thirst of the infinite! how many cheering images, shining like stars in the night of the soul, were blotted out, and vanished from the horizon of our hopes! how many orphaned spirits lay naked hungry, and cold at the feet of the altars, without God, in the midst of a society without faith! But the human spirit burst its fetters, overleaped its barriers, and plunged boldly among the tempests into the conquest which was often a bloody one, of its imprescriptible rights.—Harper.

The best toast of the season was, we think, given by a plumber, viz, "Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

A New York woman bit her tongue off in some unaccountable way, last week; and now her husband goes home three hours earlier every night; husbands should cut this out and show it to their wives.—[Norristown Herald.

'There is one thing about babies,' said a recent traveller; 'they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, tearless, vorcious little heathen in all ages and in all countries.'

Now, after a lapse of ninety odd years, it has been discovered that spitting on the bait doesn't help in the least to catch the fish. Is there any one in America who isn't as mad as blazes?

Mrs. Nye, of Iowa, can get supper, split kindlings, wash the dishes, milk two cows, and feed the hogs while her five boys and two girls are playing a game of croquet.

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