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THE CRUISER

Devoted to Mutual Improvement

Truth Liberty Love

South Freeport
Mutual Improvement
Society – Proprietors
Vol. 1st

South Freeport Feb. 12 1859

Talbot & Shaw
Editors

Number III

Where you ever an Editor Gil?

No! But my father was. And on his death
bed with his latest breath he cautioned me
and said that if I were the old fellow would
certainly have me at last. Old Play!

___ Editor's life ___

we have always heard not that we
mean to complain of having to write the
paper, arrange and correct contribu-
tions and call for copy. Not at all.

We do all that with pleasure. But the
writing of Editorials is what bothers us.

Did you ever when at school gentle
friends when requested by the teacher to

write composition and select your
own subject feel that you had no-

thing to write about and nothing
to say about that? If you have then

you can “___ our ___”when

we try to write a leader for the Cruiser.

We often feel that if ours was a political

sheet, that if we could launch into the
stormy waters of Politics, that if we could ___

into James Buchanan W.H. Seward, or
some other political characters, if we could

give a cotemporary journal of opposite po-
litical faith fits. could we sound the Cru-

iser to and from a broadside into some
of the nuisances common to our own vil-

lage and even others, our school house
for instance (not that our school house

is a ___ common to any other

village) it would be a comparatively
easy task. But we know that

“Far removed from party turmoil

Ours a peaceful way must be;

Ending only from the ___!

Those of peace and harmony.”

We trust that the rest of the matters
will compensate for the lack of inter-
est in the Editorial and hugging
that consolation to our breasts and

All nature round me seems to wear
A pensive hue tonight,
Tho, all above, below, is fair
Still something is not all right.

You left us on just such an Eve
In distant lands to roam.
And left me here alone to grieve
Come home, come home, come home.

Going to Sea
By Hal Harrow
Chapter III

Thought the prospect rather gloomy,
And began to feel blue. Told the state
of my mind to my friend Rolf who
replied that he did not doubt it if
my face reflected my feelings: for that
was a most intense blue ___ with
black; and must be seen to be appre-
ciated. And added that my body
resembled a struck dolphin; and
that Jacob would have given an im-
mense sum for such a hide as mine;
to have ___ make his son a coat of felt vexed
at my friend's want of sympathy,
but forgave him in consideration
of a lot of fragrant Havanas that
he gave me (stolen from my ___)
Tried to drown my troubles in
smoke and music. Commenced to
sing, “I am a jolly sailor boy.”
Couldn't make it go; and dropped it
for “home, sweet home”; which I found
more congenial to my feelings, and
which I thought had never sounded so
sweet before. Just then an old salt in
the bunk opposite bade me stop my
bloody caterwanting and let him get
a little sleep, before old Bulldog came
slashing around to call the watch.
Wondered what fool it was who wrote

with the call for more copy for
our next we leave the subject for
the present.

To the Absent

Above me spreads the ___ zone:
The stars light up the sky
I'm sitting on the old door stone
Thinking of days gone by.

The moon with regal splendor bright,
Her ___ path pursues!
The many fireflies' brilliant lights
Old thoughts and scenes ___ .

Her glimmering through the leafy trees
The waters silvery light,
All beautiful that meets my gaze
So calm, so still, so bright.

The gentle zephyrs fan my brow
Sweet wish the breath of flowers,
And melancholly thoughts come now
Of past and pleasant hours

The thousand stars with gentle eyes
Their ether's Vail peeps through
The beetle humming as he flies,
All whispering, Friend of you.

I know my friend you've not forgot.
The scenes of dear old home:
There's nothing changed about the spot
But this; I'm all alone.

“music hath charms to soothe a savage”.
It only irritated this one. Next morning
was called into the cabin, and was told
that I had been guilty of mutiny and
insubordination, and according to the
laws might be strung up to the yard
arm at any time. But the Captain
very generously offered to pardon me
if I would pay him fifty dollars for
the lost sail; and say nothing more
about it. I agreed to it. Thought myself
lucky to get off so. When the ship arrived
in Havana the next day; the Captain
wrote to inform the owners that he
had experienced very heavy weather,
losing his top gallant sail and in-
juring one man severely. When we
had been in port some days, I requested
permission to go on shore; which was granted.
Took my box of cigars and started.
Noticed that my companions seemed
to be in fine spirits: especially Rolf,
whose face looked like the broad side of
a Dutch man of war. Was seized the
moment I stepped on shore, by two sol-
diers, and hurried before a Spanish official
who took my box, tore it open and drew forth
instead of my cigars several bundles of
old newspapers containing fillibuster
Cuba stealing speeches. Next ___
up several old beef bones and lastly the
top covering of an old hat with the
points of the compass painted on it

This was decided by all the Officers
 and I, a fullmaster-engineer or general
 Officer. My down was sealed
 and to be guarded on the following
 day at noon in the grand Plaza.
 Was again indebted to the Captain
 for my life & the convenience of the
 Officers that it was a trick of the
 Sailors who took the cigars
 out of the lot and filled it with
 anything that came handy on a pin.
 The Captain took me on board the
 ship with him and immediately gave
 orders to get under way swearing
 that if he saw longer I must be the man
 of getting them all hung and the vessel and
 cargo confiscated. I felt glad when I
 found the old ship having the inhospitable
 shores of Cuba that I had suffered so
 much to reach and which I had succeeded
 to have left. When the ship was under
 way and all made snug the watch
 was set and I went to my cabin to get a little
 sleep having spent the previous night
 on shore having left handed ^{orders} on the
 Cuban authorities and doing a little
 praying on my own account but did
 not succeed in coming at that date
 of my mind attained the most great com-
 forts before they were in which
 I felt very grateful for the privilege
 of being choked. At twelve o'clock
 I was called by the mate and told to
 go aft and take the wheel. I had asked
 if I could not be compass. I supposed
 that my adventures in Havana with
 the cigar bot and old hat were
 attributed to and replied that I had
 never tried but once and that I come
 so near losing my life then that I
 did not like to try again. The man
 whom I found at the wheel told me to
 keep the ship North. Thus I found my
 easy to do, but soon found the compass
 a very erratic individual. The point
 marked North pointing to point in
 any other way than that on which the ship
 was going. I resolved to remedy the
 defect in the compass at once and pro-
 ceeded to secure it in its proper place
 with a small Nail. Well after this I
 agreed admirably. He about the time
 the wind seemed to be speed with the sea
 fickle disposition that had pecked the
 compass a moment before I called the
 mate who was asked under the lee of
 the house that worthy seemed very
 much surprised at the state of things.
 He ordered all the sail taken off the
 ship but the topsails and then called the
 Captain who consulted his forecastle
 and put his Bulldog that it did
 not indicate any change. That gentleman
 swore that any body could tell by the
 feeling of the atmosphere that a hurricane
 was near. I was busy myself observing
 the face of the Captain who had been
 attentively watching the compass for a
 few moments. I saw him reach down
 and remove the needle which I had
 put there to keep it steady. When he
 arose I felt sure that the mate was
 right & could see a hurricane on
 the plain enough and I felt sure
 that it would spend its fury on my
 head. I viewed it but did not form
 in a shower of hisses and down
 from the usually not a Captain. I
 thought that discretion was the better
 part of valor and took myself out
 of the way, as soon as possible and
 other circumstances would permit.
 I heard the Captain next day tell
 the mate that when he feared another
 hurricane to call him at once before
 he should sail with a storming sea
 a large ship on full pursuit of us.

Captain Seahorse thought that I was a
 Spanish Spaniard and came to take us back
 and resolved to fight our destruction all
 the weapons he found this ship among the
 Oreus and when this strange ship was
 her boat filled with men and came towards
 us the Captain gave orders to depart
 boarders. I suggested to the Captain that
 a few pieces of beef such as we had been
 served with in the forecastle hung over
 the side of the ship would repel boarders
 or anything else under heaven. The Captain
 thought the experiment worthy trying and
 immediately ordered it into effect. It suc-
 ceeded admirably. The boat stopped when
 she had arrived within hailing distance
 and the Officer asked what we thought we
 had on board then. Smiled so offensively.
 The Captain replied that we were from
 Havana and had the yellow fever on board.
 He told us to crowd on off sail and
 get out of the vicinity of San Mateo
 Ship of war Terror as soon as possible
 informing us that his ship was English
 and in pursuit of Slaves. We then filled
 away and after a passage of 14 days
 arrived at Portland, without further
 incident worthy of note. On reviewing
 my circumstances found my clothes
 abstracted my purse contraband and
 my mind distracted. I concluded
 to go home and rest.

Conclusion

Rest in Heaven

O how sweet to the mind to know that
 there is a land of rest, where there is no
 toil, nor sorrow, and where sickness and
 death are never known. What is more
 consoling to us than were called to part
 with those whom we love, and whose near-
 and dear as our own lives than to know
 that they are only going a short time
 before us to that land of perfect happiness
 and rest, where we shall enjoy them
 and know them as we have been on earth.
 For I cannot think as some do that we
 shall not know our loved ones in Heaven.
 For why are we not recognizing them when
 we know and loved on earth as well as
 year a year in papers to know each other
 for we read that David knew his parents
 in Abraham's bosom, and that they
 knew each other when afar off, and they
 were sensible of the state of their friends
 here on Earth, and I think that time has
 not changed these things and what was
 once true in the Court of Heaven is the same
 now for a thousand years as with the
 Lord as on day. We have no reason to
 think that we shall know them in Heaven
 than we do here, and those whom we
 have known, only to love here, we shall
 there love with a more pure and holy
 love. ~~we shall~~ have a dear departed
 friends there and it is always a sweet
 thought to me that when I get to heaven
 I shall again embrace my dear loved
 ones there. Yes, those dear relatives
 who we have been separated from on
 Earth, we shall meet again in that hope-
 ful land above. Then the mother shall
 again clasp the loved babe to her
 bosom and know, know surely that they
 are to part no more. How the two
 aged shall know his wife again and
 the lone widow who has shed so many
 tears and spent so many sad and
 lonely hours shall have her tears
 wiped away by the hand of her God, and
 have no more sorrow nor sighing for
 she will hear those dear voices again
 and see those loved ones forevermore
 without the fear of death or pain or
 the fear of parting, which now so often
 mars our happiness. And make us
 tear-imbreden tears. So my mind
 of the best pieces of heaven, that there
 we shall know each other as though they
 parting from our God or friends but shall

This was decided by all the officers present to be a plan of Moro Castle and I a fillibuster engineer or general officer. My doom was sealed! I was ordered to prison for the night and to be garroted on the following day at noon in the Grand Plaza. Was again indebted to the Captain for my life who convinced the officials that it was trick of the sailors; who took the cigars out of the box and filled it with anything that came handy. For a joke, The Captain then took me on board the ship with him and immediately gave orders to get underway; swearing that if he staid longer I would be the means of getting them all hung and the vessel and cargo confiscated. I felt glad when I found the old ship leaving the inhospitable shores of Cuba that I had suffered so much to reach and which I had now like to have left. When the ship was underway and all made snug, the watch was set and I went below to get a little sleep having spent the previous night in showering left handed blessings on the Cuban authorities and doing a little praying on my own account; but did not succeed in arriving at that state of mind attained by most great criminals before they swing in which I felt very grateful for the privilage of being choked. At twelve o'clock I was called by the mate and told to go aft and take the wheel. I was asked if I could box the compass. I supposed that my adventure in Havana with the cigar box and old hat crown was alluded to and replied that I had never tried but once and that I came so near losing my life then that I did not like to try again. The man whom I found at the wheel told me to keep the ship North. This I found very easy to do, but soon found the compass a very erratic individual, The point marked North preferring to point in any other way than that on which the ship was going. I resolved to remedy this defect in the compass at once; and proceeded to secure it in its proper place with a small sail needle. After this it worked admirably. But about this time

Captain Seahorse thought that it was a Spanish Man of War come to take us back and resolved to fight and distributed all the weapons on board the ship among the crew. And when the strange ship lowered his boat filled with men and came towards us the Captain gave orders to repell boarders. I suggested to the Captain that a few pieces of beef such as we had been served with in the forecandle hung over the side of the ship would repell boarders or anything else under heaven. The Captain thought the experiment worth trying and immediately carried it into effect. It worked admirably. The boat stopped when she had arrived within hailing distance and the officer asked what in thunder we had on board that smelled so offensively? The Captain replied that we were from Havana and had the yellow fever on board. He told us to crowd on all sail and get out of the vicinity of Her Magisties Ship of War Terror as soon as possible, informing us that his ship was English and in pursuit of slavers. We then filled away and after a passage of 14 days arrived at Portland. without further incident worthy of note. On reviewing my circumstances found my clothes abstracted, my purse contracted, and my mind distracted and concluded to go home and recruit .

Conclusion

Rest in Heaven

O, how sweet to the mind to know that there is a land of rest, where there is no more toil, nor sorrow; and where sickness and death are never known. What is more consoling to us when we are called to part with those whom we love, and who are near and dear as our own lives, than to know that they are only going a short time before us to that land of perfect happiness and rest, where we shall soon join them and know them as we have here on earth; for I cannot think as some do that we shall not know our loved ones in Heaven. For why are we not to recognize them whom we knew and loved on Earth as well as near acquaintances to know each other for we read that ives knew Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and that they

the wind seemed to be spiced with the same fickle disposition that had ___ the compass a moment before. I called the mate who was asleep under the lee of the house. That worthy seemed very much surprised at the state of things. He ordered all sail taken off the ship but the topsails and then called the Captain who consulted his barometer and told ___ Bulldog that it did not indicate any change. That gentleman swore that anybody could tell by the feeling of the atmosphere that a hurricane was near. I was busy myself observing the face of the Captain, who had been attentively watching the compass for a few moments. I saw him reach down and remove the needle, which I had put there to keep it steady. When he arose, I felt sure that the mate was right. I could see a hurricane coming plain enough; and I felt sure that it would spend its fury on my head. I received it butt end foremost in a shower of kicks curses and blows from the usually urbane Captain. I thought that discretion was the better part of valor and took myself out of the way, as soon as ___ and other circumstances would permit. I heard the Captain next day tell the mate that when he feared another hurricane to call him at once before he shortened sail. Next morning saw a large ship in full pursuit of us.

knew each other when afar off; and they were sensible of the state of their friends here on Earth and I think that time has not changed those things and what was once true in the courts Above is the same now for a thousand years is with the Lord as one day. We have no reason to think that we shall know life in heaven than we do here; and those whom we have known only to love here, we shall these love with a more pure and holy love. I have dear departed friends there and it is always a sweet thought to me that when I get to heaven I shall again embrace my dear loved ones there. Yes, those dear relatives who we have been separated from on Earth; we shall meet again in that blessed land above. There the mother shall again clasp the loved babe to her bosom and know; O! how sweet, that they are to part no more. There the husband shall know his wife again and the lone widow won has shed so many tears and spent so many sad and lonely hours shall have here tears wiped away by the hand of her God; and have no more sorrow nor sighing; for she will hear those sweet voices again and see those loved ones forevermore without the fear of sickness or pain or the fear of parting which now so often mars our happiness and makes the tear unbidden flow. To my mind one of the best views of heaven is that there we shall know each other without the fear of parting from our God or friends but shall

enjoy perfect peace in that land of rest
 where there is no more toil, pain, nor death.
 Yes there is a land where we can rest our
 body and mind, a place where we can sit
 at ease for ever. For there ~~is~~ ^{is} a land
 where there is a land where we can be quiet
 where toil and labor are unknown, ^{where} ~~where~~
 the spirits are those who never sleep
 sweet from their toils, and who never
 more will have a sigh nor keep their
 face of grief.

"But on a green and flowery mount
 Their weary souls shall sit,
 And with transporting joy recount
 The labors of their feet." *Lova.*

From your occasional Correspondent

My Dear Editors In the last No of the
 Epiphany we notice that two salient things
 have appeared as defenders of that well known
 and distinguished fraternal body, and that
 mention was made in the first issue of some
 your papers. They both are expressions of some
 statements that were then made, that a
 friend of the Society of our hearts that a
 society of so slender a membership could
 make a comparison such distinguished names
 to the public in whose ranks are included
 many of our most wealthy and intelligent
 influential citizens would be pleased to
 have some public recognition of their po-
 sitions so that all who desire it may
 have an opportunity of sending themselves
 under its banners. But we are sorry to
 find that our worthy and misundestood
 friend, that instead of conferring a benefit to
 the public we have given ourselves upon as
 a badge we must however offer a few
 words in self defense and also that we
 may correct some erroneous impressions
 and statements of your contributors.
 Lazy Lawrence's former allusion our atten-
 tion. We admit the honesty of that noble
 defender of the faith in assuming a
 name which so appropriately represents
 his own propensity of chameleonism and
 that of the immortal fraternity he repre-
 sents. One of the laws that govern them
 is that "obscure Lova companions". Your read-
 ers can well judge of the amount of def-
 aming and libel which must be congre-
 gated when they come together in full
 session from the very large number of
 the Brotherhood who thus combine to do
 time and attend to all other duties which
 legitimately come in their line. If this be
 so we must say we were always from
 such a false and unwarranted allusion
 to which defamations falls short of the mark.
 It has its appropriate season here. It
 is a fact which helps the cause of a
 dark narrative and notices need to vindicate
 the members of the Club on debited
 with all due respect to your contribu-
 tion and to the momentous subject in
 der discussion we must say that we
 can conceive of nothing which can
 more appropriately compare a
 whited sepulcher than a tobacco chew-
 ers face. It does appear well outwar-
 dly indeed but within it is full of all
 manner of uncleanness and we should
 judge from what we have seen that
 they are full of dead bones, if not
 dead mens bones. We can fully ap-
 preciate the pure, noble and dignified
 motives of this fraternal band
 as we proceed all will, when daily
 enlightened, and unveiled into their
 secrets. Their mode of defense is purely
 original, strange that it did not oc-
 cur to us when we wrote our first
 article but age and experience you
 are well aware bring wisdom. Lazy
 Lawrence has done well in compar-
 ing his patriotism to that little spotted
 creature with whose mode of sojourn
 he appears to be so familiar. We presume
 from his own experience. We were

not before aware that those people
 by agreeable glow that sometimes
 greet our gluttony were the
 product of tobacco juice but we are
 content to take his word for it.
 We would only suggest one query
 how in future shall we distinguish
 between the two? We confess our con-
 viction in this case that ignorance
 is bliss. We have a few words to say
 of a communication from one of the
 Loafers and we will dismiss the sub-
 ject. He very honestly admits
 the truth of all that was said, and
 hence draws a very singular con-
 fession that your occasional cor-
 respondent must be a very good
 Loafers. Otherwise he could not
 have been so well posted in re-
 gard to the secrets of the Society.
 Now Messrs Editors, it matters
 not whether we have been or have
 not been fondly commended
 that Society. We assert that his
 conclusion does not follow from
 the premise. Is it to be taken
 as an indisputable proof that
 when a candid man shows himself
 acquainted with the history of
 a fraternity, its origin and
 progress, its motives, purposes, and
 if possible that he is or has been a
 member of that Society? Is there
 in other way in which knowledge can
 be obtained? There was in France dur-
 ing the reign of Louis a secret so-
 ciety known by the name of Jacobins
 a most fruitful source of crime
 in the hands of the Loafers that
 their prayer the destruction of France.
 We could furnish your correspond-
 ent with some curious informa-
 tion respecting the origin, object,
 results, and end of that renowned
 body of revolutionists and if
 we should make an expose of the
 doings of that Club would it prove
 us heretofore members of it? By no
 means. It came into existence, line
 and punished, before we were born.
 Hence we assert that the inference
 of one of the Loafers is not correct
 before he proceeds to give his fair
 opinion we would advise him to be sure
 that he is right. But Messrs Editors
 we do not wish to bring your
 paper into dispute by any of
 our foolish offenses. Perhaps in
 the future if we should ever add
 ourselves to the family through your
 columns, we shall come with
 wisdom than we have heretofore
 exhibited. We assure you that we
 shall be more careful in appre-
 ciating the benevolence of our dis-
 tinguished friends, the Loafers
 since we have become so fully
 and authentically informed of
 their formidable means of defense.
 We would almost as soon swim
 the broadside of a sea English
 Lion of battle ship, and as we
 hope to live, to observe their suc-
 ceeds somewhat on the future we
 will at present run up the white
 flag and ask for assistance of
 hostilities for thirty days.
 Yours for reform
 H.S.

Comrades, why are the articles in
 this paper like the fore-castle of a ship?
 Answer: Because they are for the low
 sea (Lovers) there is a man who
 mean? Answer: when he is a boat.

enjoy perfect peace in that land of rest
where there is no more toil, pain nor death.
Yes there is a land where we can rest both
body and mind; a place where we can sit
and for once let those weary limbs be still.
There is a land where we can be quiet
where toil and labor are unknown. Immortal
spirits are there who never wiped
sweat from their brows and who never
more will heave a sigh nor drop the hot
tear of grief –

“But on a green and flowery mount
Their weary souls shall sit.
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of their feet.”

Dora

From Your Occasional Correspondent

Messrs. Editors

In the last No. of the
Cruiser we notice that two valiant knights
have appeared as defenders of that well known
and distinguished fraternity of which some
mention was made in the first issue of
your paper. They both take exception to some
statements that were there made. We sup-
posed in the honesty of our hearts that a
society of so extensive a membership and
which is rendering such distinguished services
to the public in whose ranks are included
many of our most wealthy intelligent
influential citizens would be pleased to
have some public notice taken of their op-
erations so that all who desire it may
have an opportunity of enrolling themselves
under its banners. But we are sorry to
find that our motives are misunderstood
and that instead of rendering a benefit to
the public we have run ourselves upon a
snag. We must however offer a few
words in self-defense and also that we
may correct some erroneous impressions
and statements of your contributors.
“Lazy Lawrence”, first claims our atten-
tion. We admire the honesty of that noble
defender of the faith in assuming a
name, which so appropriately represents
his own prominent characteristics and
that of the immortal fraternity he rep-
resents. One of the laws that govern them
is that “Misery loves company”. Your rea-

not before aware, that those peculiar-
ly agreeable odors that sometimes
greet our olfactory nerves were the
product of tobacco juice; but we are
content to take his word for it.
We would only suggest one query
how in future shall we distinguish
between the two? We confess our con-
viction in this case that “ignorance
is bliss.” We have a few words to say
of a communication from one of the
Loafers “and we will dismiss the sub-
ject. He very honestly admits
the truth of all that was said, and
hence draws a very singular infer-
ence that your occasional cor-
respondent must be a renegade
loafer. Otherwise he could not
have been so well posted in re-
gard to the secrets of the society.
Now Messrs Editors, it matters
not whether we have been or have
not been formally connected with
that society. We assent that his
conclusion does not follow from
the premise. Isn’t it to be taken
as an indisputable proof that
when an individual shows himself
acquainted with the history of
a fraternity, with its origin and
progress, its motives, purposes, and
exploits that he is or has been a
member of that Society? Is there
no other way in which knowledge can
be obtained? There was in France du-
ring the “reign of terror” a secret so-
ciety known by the name of Jacobin
a most fruitful source of crime
in the hands of the Directory that
then swayed the destinies of France.
We could furnish your correspon-
-dent with some curious informa-
-tion respecting the origin, object,
results, and end of that renowned
body of revolutionists, and ____.
If we should make an expose of the
doings of that club would it prove
us renegade members of it? By no
means. It came into existence, lived
and perished, before we were born.
Hence we assert that the inference
of one of the Loafers is not correct and
before he proceeds to give his __ ag-
ain we would advise him to be sure

ders can well judge of the amount of suffering and woe which must be congregated when they come together in full session from the very large membership of the brotherhood who thus combine to kill time and attend to all other duties which legitimately come in their line. If this be so we must say evermore deliver us from such a fate. Lazy Lawrences allusion to whited __ falls short of the mark. It has its application nearest home. He freely acknowledges the free use of a certain narcotic and noxious weed to which the members of this club are addicted. Now with all due respect to your contribution and to the momentous subject under discussion we must say that we can conceive of nothing, which can more appropriately be compared to a whited__ than a tobacco chewers face. It does appear well outwardly indeed but within it is full of all manner of uncleaners and we should judge from what we have seen that they are full of dead bones; if not dead mens bones. We can fully appreciate the pure, noble, and disinterested motives of this fraternal band as we presume all will, when duly enlightened, and initiated into their secrets. Their mode of defense is purely original, strange that it did not occur to us when we wrote our first article, but age and experience you are well aware bring wisdom. Lazy Lawrence has done well in comparing his fraternity to that little spotted creature with whose mode of warfare, he appears to be so familiar. We presume from his own experience. We werenot before aware, that those peculiarly agreeable odors that sometimes greet our olfactory nerves were the product of tobacco juice; but we are content to take his word for it. We would only suggest one query how in future shall we distinguish between the two? We confess our conviction in this case that "ignorance is bliss." We have a few words to say of a communication from one of the Loafers "and we will dismiss the subject. He very honestly admits the truth of all that was said, and

that he is right. But Messrs Editors we do not wish to bring you nor your paper into dispute by any of our foolish effusions. Perhaps in the future, if we should ever address ourselves to the public through your columns, we shall evince more wisdom than we have heretofore Exhibited. We assure you that we shall be more careful in approaching the entrenchments of our distinguished friends the loafers since we have become so fully and authentically informed of their formidable means of defense. We would almost as soon recieve the broadside of an English line-of battle-ship and as we hope to live, to observe their movements somewhat in the future we will at present run up the white flag and ask for cessation of hostilities for thirty days.

Yours for reform

R.S.

Conundrums. Why is the last article in this paper like the forecandle of a ship?
Answer. Because it is for the crew -sir! (Cruiser). When is a man not a man? Answer. When he is abed!

Written for the Cruiser

The Bachelors Lament

There was once, when I was young,
Then gaily, I did flirt
Only clothes, were always nice, and clean,
Not even a wrinkled shirt.
The buttons on my well starched shirt,
Sewed on by hands, so true
Now there is no one to keep it fast,
O dear! I'm forty two.

Some years ago, I courted once
Her name, was Hannah Clyde,
And when I learned to love her more
Why! Then she up and died.

Ah! Lonely, lonely, was my heart,
I sigh to think twas so
But times runs on so rapidly
Twas twenty years ago.

Time sped on my grief wore off,
My thoughts ran in this strain,
I'm young, and handsome, money left
I'll try my luck again.
The girls they primped and curled their hair,
And Cupid's arrows flew
I fell in love with four at once
Ye Gods! I'm forty two.

To one, I proffered all my heart,
The fairest of the four,
The other three I vowed to love,
Now what could do more?
Scandal was in fashion there,
News reached the girls and lo!
Four smittens came of yellow hue
Twas twenty years ago.

One morning fine my teeth dropped out
A lady walked that way
She smiling, said as she looked up
"Every dog must have his day."
___ came so fast my hair grew white,
O! what was I to do?
White hair, no teeth, girls all gone,
O heavens! I'm forty two.

The Barber fitted me with a wig,
Twas black with shining curls
The Dentist filled my mouth with teeth
And I grinned again at the girls.

for years? Why does some circumstances bring so vividly to the revelation some scene that, as we say, we had forgotten? Simply because memory is not unfaithful to her trust; but the fact has been buried not obliterated. The well-trained memory arranges her trusts, labeling and laying away, each when they are at hand, while the careless thinker lets his memory heap fact on fact, in confused profusion, and then complains that he cannot retain anything his memory is so poor. The memory is an unwritten scroll, unwritten at first, which we are daily, yea, hourly filling up. Hours and days pass on and we write thought after thought to remain forever there, to be rolled up it may be; but it will be unrolled soon, and every act of life be revealed. It is the testimony of many that have been rescued from a state of drowning that their whole life seemed to pass in rapid, but vivid review, while they were unconscious to what was about them. What an awful history, what a fearful reckoning; is that the book where in every idle word or thought is registered! Does the memory keep its own account? And will it be the book from which the final record is to be made? Will its accord be one day unrolled and like a vast panorama pass before us? Revealing every act, every word, every thought, of life? And shall we again witness all that we have ever seen, review all we have ever learned? Memory has been one recording angel and faithful has been her record. We have been all our lives complaining of her unfaithfulness, for her treachery. We have reproached and abused her but she has kept steadily, noiselessly on with her task; and awfull will be her roll of record when it is unfolded. Think you that record will be borne heavenward, to be read over at the final settlement? If nothing is ever lost or forgotten, why can we not always call to mind any incident of life? I answer because we have neglected, yea, abused the faculties God has given us. We have not cultivated the powers that we possess. God has

Thus equip'd, my heart was light
I soon found 'twas no go
The bank of love, had all run out
Full twenty years ago.

All patches, slits, and darns,
I've got most through with life,
Take my advice all ye young sparks
Scrabble and get a wife.
You see the fruits, of flirting now
The costs, and heart aches, too.
Don't wait for gracious sake my boys
Till you are forty two.

Joan of Arc

Freeport Feb. 10. 1859

Messrs Editors,

Do we ever forget anything that we have learned, seen, or heard? We hear much said about not being able remember. It is an excuse for every neglect, for every mistake. It is a palliation fore every wrong; for the breach of every promise. I forget it says the schoolboy. Oh! I forgot. I entirely forgot it has ___ into a proverb. My memory is so short says the grown up boy. It is time that we let almost everything pass from the mind without its making the impression that it should, but does that prove that we forget? If the impression is once made it is ___ cable.

The mind retains uppermost what we think of most, and much may be there, that it is covered up. It is a fearful thought that every impression is written indelibly in the tablet of the memory that it is we think every one can be convinced, by carefully observing the operations of the human mind. Why is it that we so often call up events that happened long ago, and which we have not thought of

given us certain powers of mind; certain faculties, and has given us ability to cultivate and improve them. He has made it our duty to cultivate every faculty of the soul. We have not done it; we have neglected to do what we knew to be our duty. Can we then expect those talents will improve and fulfill their high destiny? Our responsibility rests on this fact. We have not done what we knew to be our duty. We may have a Bible in our keeping, and know little of its content, if we do not read. Our failure is not our not having the means of learning its requirements; but our neglecting to learn, so with memory we have its written pages all before us but study not, it record. In the material world no particle of matter is ever annihilated; so with the mind, the soul, nothing is ever lost no impression made then is every effaced. Death does not destroy the record memory has kept; but opens the pages containing the record of a lifetime and we carry into the spirit land. How faithful is life! How sad he recollection we must carry with us of time lost, of opportunities for well doing misspent "Ye knew your duty and did it not." Under the words to which the harps of grief are strung and memory has recorded every vibration.

Agricola