

South Freeport
Mutual Improvement
Society – Proprietors

Truth,
Liberty,
Love

Talbot & Shaw
Editors

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Valor is a nicety. A nicety imposed upon us by the great Jehovah himself. When on that dread morn he drove our first parents from the garden, and thundered forth to the conscience stricken pair “by the sweat of thy brow shall it eat thy bread.” We look abroad upon the toiling millions of the earth and hold forcibly are we reminded of the awful sentence. We see it in the worn world many appearance of all around.

How often do we hear the sons and daughters of Adam, when the burden of life ___ heavily upon them. When wiping the sweat from their brows, saying with a long drawn sigh; O why was I made to work? O! If I could only live without it. I wish, I could contrive some plan where by I might evade the sentence then I should be happy. Ah! My friend would you be happy? Ye who are disposed to feel this; stop and think for a moment. He who has put the command upon us has also given us all necessary faculties of mind and body for obeying; and he has also made it a law of our being that we are only happy when those faculties are being exercised in some way or other. He has also given us the assurance that as our day, so shall our strength be.

He has provided us with the strength of muscle and with powers of endurance capable of sustaining all that he may put upon us. To thrive then in any way, we must work. Would we be blest in basket and in stone? Then work! Toil on, resting in his promise that the diligent man he will abundantly reward. Would you carve for yourself a name that will go down to posterity? Remember that it can only be done by steady persevering labor.

In this great human life of the world we want no ___. Neither do we want men who are constantly repining, and finding fault with Gods requirements; but men of energy, men of action, men who are willing to do with all their might what ever their hands find to do.

Religion, morals, science all want advancing. The world itself requires of us to lend it a helping hand to lift it from the men of sin

A Fragment

Many long, long years have passed away, since at the close of the sultry day, a young man might have been seen gazing thoughtfully upward, to a lone star that was just looking forth from its far off home. Its fellows were obscured by the fast retiring traces of daylight.

The day had been hot and suffocating, and as the sun dimly faded, in the hazy west, a dark cloud hung along the western horizon, and the lightning played along the border of the far distant dark mass telling the looker on that the tempest was somewhere impending its fury. As the night deepened and star, after star, took their places in the heavens, the youth seemed to look more thoughtfully upward as if he were looking for some friendly recognition – as if he were looking homeward – as if like a homesick wanderer he was trying to pierce the distance and get a glimpse of his far off home. There was something in his deep earnest gaze that would fix your attention. A melancholy so visible, a sadness so strongly depicted, as to assert the steps of the passer by? and you wonder, who this lone stranger may be.

As you pause to gaze in turn, you feel that you are in the presence of a fellow sufferer, yes there is something that awes you to silence; you pass on, but you cannot forget that look of anguish. You turn and try to define the mysterious feeling that has come over you. You cannot describe him. It seems you have never before been so struck with the appearance of a stranger. As he there reclines against that ancient olive tree it seems as if a terrible strength was passing in his mind as if some terrible trial were before him. He is weary for he has toiled through the long day in yonder heated workshop, and with his fellow laborers have sought rest! He has wandered here to

and barbarians where it has lain so long and to do what we can to hasten on the time when the earth shall again be as it was when the morning stars first came together and when the curse shall be removed. Then let us work while this day lasts and then when our sentence of labor has expired, and we sink into that place where the curse rests not and where the weary are at rest, we can do so with the happy assurance, that we have done what we could; and if we are permitted some day to see the result of our labors here, let it be with pleasure, and not with pain.

seek along strength to bear up against a broken spirit. Strength for the hour of trial, for the trial of the present hour for the terrible trial of life. O, how sorrowfully, how wistfully he steadfastly looks heavenward. We might fancy that he had come from that heavenly world and that he longed to go again hither. Sadly slowly, he turns to this woe begone world. He sees the ruin of the race, he knows the glories of that heavenly world wishes they cannot come; he sees the world lying in wickedness; and shall he shrink from the work he came to do?

Third page if you please

People That Know Everything

How fortunate it is for the world that there are a few in every community who know everything. They are never at a loss to give any desired or undesired information upon any subject that may be introduced. They are always able to tell what the state of the weather will be on any given day! When it will storm what and how long the storm will be how it will clear away and how long before the next storm will come. They can tell just what the seasons are to be for one year ahead, at any rate. If you wish to know when the Spring will open just go to one of these seers, and you can gain a large amount of information relative to the time when the snow will begin to melt, whether it will melt away gradually under the gentle influence of the sun, or whether it will go with a rush, under a drenching rain how much of a freshet there will be and whether the Spring is to be an early or a backward one. They can tell you in what state of the moon you must sow or plant or plow. Some seed must be sown on the increase, some on the decrease, some at full, and some at new moon. They can entertain you with any amount of traditionary learning as to the influence the moon has upon the weather, and what the inevitable effect will be if you fail to consult his majesty before engaging in any enterprise whatever. If you wish to gain some practical information relative to the prospects of the harvest, you must go to one of these possessors of universal knowledge, and you will have the whole history as it appears to their luminous minds. You will learn how to cut your grass when it will make the best hay nor cradle your grain, nor dig your potatoes, nor gather your apples when they are ripe but consult the freaks of Madam Luna. If the changeable lady does not happen to look just right or if she is not in the right quarter and your potatoes and apples will rot, your hay and your grain will not spend well. It is especially confusing to hear some of their predictions concerning winter. There is something that grows on the inside of a pig (I have forgotten the name) and for want of one of our learned friends at hand you will be obliged to exercise a Yankee's right and

of this renowned brotherhood, Especially in such times as the present what would a people do were it not for them. Scarcely a day passes but we hear of some of their efforts. And yet, strange to tell this class is usually despised. For some reason people seem to place but very little confidence in them after all. Perhaps it is because they are so officious for people do love to manage their own affairs in their own way even though they may not do it well. And possibly another reason that they give so little attention to their own affairs while giving so much to their neighbors. The best illustration we ever saw of the extent of the knowledge of this class of persons is taken from an Eastern tale.

A self-conceited man entered a city of the East and set up as possessor of universal knowledge. The King passing one day, and observing the sign thought he would test the extent of the professor's accomplishment. He repaired to his palace and summoned the wise man before him. He referred him to the notice he had seen and inquired what it meant. It means replied the professor that I am able to teach everything that is possible for man to know. Very well said the king I will propose to you three questions to each of which a correct answer must be given within twenty-four hours or you will lose your head. 1st You are to tell me how much the king is worth. --2nd you are to tell me how many baskets full of earth there are in yonder mountains. 3rd You shall tell me of what the king is thinking when these questions are answered. The professor somewhat troubled in spirit retired to his study and went to work. But found himself trumped with the first question. He brought to his aid books and instruments, and puzzled and worked hour after hour in vain. At length as he was giving up in despair his servant entered, who on discovering the troubled countenance of his master inquired the cause. The professor informed him of what was pending. Pooh replied the servant, I can answer him. Give me a suit of your clothes, and I will appear before the king in your stead. The master consented and on the morrow the servant stood before the king. Well, said the monarch, are you ready? Yes Sire. Well then how many baskets full of earth are there in yonder mountains? That, said the servant, depends upon the size of the basket. Ah! How so? Why, if you have a basket as large as the moun-

guess at it, but sometimes it is long and sometimes it is short. Sometimes it tapers fast and sometimes it tapers slow and sometimes doesn't taper at all. Well this curious article seems to understand all about the maneuverings of Jack Frost and can explain to you all the mysteries of winter. If it is long why of course a long winter, if short we shall be sure of a short winter. When it comes rapidly to a point winter will disappear suddenly when it diminishes gradually Jack will be in no hurry about taking his departure when it is about as large at one end as the other then he will hold his course straight as a gun barrel to the last moment and when he breaks will come down all in a heap and dies without a struggle. Now as you may suppose Messrs Editors these persons have a great amount of important business constantly on hand. They keep an excellent oversight of their neighbor's affairs, and this keeps them so constantly occupied, that they have but very little time to attend to their own. They are public servants altogether and their vast stores of knowledge are in constant requisition to devise ways and means to manage their poor neighbors affairs and no man who prizes their wisdom will do anything without previously consulting them. It will not answer even to buy a horse, for they always know his age, how much his worth, what he was sold for and what kind of payment was made, when and where he was broken, what good and evil qualities he possesses, what he is good for and how long he will live. In short a volume would be insufficient to give a fair exhibition of their knowledge and wisdom...and what a glorious thought that every community is blessed with one or more

tain, one will hold it; if half as large two will hold it, if one quarter as large, it will take four and so on. The king was greatly amused and said very well. How much is the king worth? Well Jesus Christ was valued as thirty pieces of silver and he was Lord of heaven and earth, as you are lord only of the earth, you must be worth about fifteen. And now, continued the sovereign, of what is the king thinking. You think you are talking with the professor of universal knowledge, whereas it is only his servant. We see from this that we are not always to look for the highest merit where there are no greatest pretensions. It may not be amiss for those who think they are never wrong to remember the professor of universal knowledge. S.....

The Levee

The ladies of the South Freeport Sewing Circle held a levee on Thursday evening of last week which notwithstanding of the bad traveling was generously patronized there being about 200 persons in the hall which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags. The tables groaned under the abundance of good things prepared by the fair hands of the ladies of the circle and others. In one corner was a table on which was displayed numerous articles of fancy needlework which were all sold as paying prices much to the gratification of the parties concerned. In another corner was a small room neatly fitted up for a Post Office which judging from the clamorous call for letters was well patronized. From the same room was dispersed ice cream a valuable adjunct to the P.O. No doubt as their delicious coldness served in a measure to counteract the effects of the warm and glowing effusions passed from the P.O. window might have had on the recipient. Here we must not forget the grab bag that universal accompaniment of Levees when for three cents you might put your hand into a bag filled with a heterogeneous

Conclude on the last page.

The night deepens & still there he lingers
 The chilling dew is upon him; he hears
 them, it is long after the last man
 there has gone to his repose, there he
 sees his master, if it be possible let the
 deep pass, he bids himself these high
 wages. He hears not the language she
 utters. You cannot guess the agony
 of that agonizing prayer; as he pleases
 for a fallen world, as he prays for
 strength to fulfill the dreadful mission
 he had taken upon himself, the stars
 of the evening are in the west, the stars
 of the morning rise in the east, and
 he still prays. Why does he thus agonize
 the day long night? Not because he
 dreads the long years of toil that
 lay before him? Not because he has
 more to labor for his people than for
 three years of his life and then go forth
 cold, worn down, penniless, and friendless
 to accomplish a work that no other man
 could do? No, the stars of a wretched
 world bear witness upon his face. You see
 the agonizing of his fellow, he knows
 that they are lost, are dying, perishing
 the word of perishing millions is heard, and
 he yearns to do something for his fellow.
 He had taken the favor of his manhood, he
 had become heir to all their ills of life
 that he might redeem and save a third
 must he toil on, year after year
 in the sultry work shop beneath the
 mine shaft? Must millions perish and
 never hear of a Savior? Is he come
 to die, and to save that which is lost; and
 must they perish? If messengers from
 the North of England appear to comfort, to
 encourage him. The gleam of the daylight
 is in the East. He sends his wife and
 child - The sun has again begun his
 fiery course and he hastens to his toil.
 The day wears away. Though weary
 and fatigued he looks on. You speed
 to see him fall, but quietly, steadily, and
 fully, he labors on. All day long he hears
 the lament and cry of his fellow workers.
 He falls not in his course but
 for the hour to come when he can look
 toward his far off home. Day, week,
 month, and years pass on. His period
 of minority passed, he enters upon his
 great work. Three years he has labored
 manhood being good, healing the sick,
 raising the dead, preaching the Gospel
 of God, tending to a perishing world.
 A few gather around him and beam
 of him while the many hate and de-
 spise him. He is accused, falsely, see-
 der treacherously, tried unfairly, con-
 demned unjustly, sent to death.
 The hope of the North has gone down
 to the grave. Agricola

And if a brother chance to stray,
 Or fortune on him frown,
 Though humble in the dust he lay,
 The best is keep him down.
 Though preach up, penance with a sigh,
 To cure, or nothing can
 Sufferings are good, all not doing,
 But with whom sent by man.
 Each worthy deed is soon forgot
 As if not worth retaining.
 But O! the fading of the jet,
 And slander such the danger
 Unto the days she draws it out
 Delighted with her labors
 Then fears the charming world about
 To treat her honest neighbors.
 Fear's friendships, make she sometimes breaks,
 And smiling favors around you,
 Concocted the more secretly, notes
 And hopes but to wound you.
 Detested feast of social joy!
 Show spoils of life's pleasures!
 Like Sampson's foes their'death
 What more than all our treasures.

Chronicles. Chap. 1st

Now all the people of the land are interested in
 learning of this mysterious kind of things which
 came to pass in days of old, for those who
 occupy the land, came into Palestine. Some
 but what this town is a certain place well known
 in the history of the world. Don't you
 know the place, it is the town of
 long ago, according to the writing of one
 Charles, there lived in this portion of the land
 a man named Thomas and he took unto
 him a wife and a woman called, they were
 people lived happily together in that portion of
 the land which was assigned them and were much
 pleased that they were allowed to dwell on a spot
 which seemed so favored, so amenable to habitation
 that these people kept low and lowly
 whose names we will mention. The first bore
 the name of her mother and was called
 the second was called, and the third
 was a son whom they named Robert. Two
 about this time our Charles commenced
 there with this family a maid whom
 they called Mary, who was sister to Thomas
 wife. So a man named Master Joe was the
 help Thomas gathered in the out of the
 land. Now it came to pass about the
 time that the original of the country
 were going about seeking those whom
 they might slay and take captive at
 their own pleasure. A man of
 a pale face, who had so cruelly wronged
 them. Now found Thomas a man of
 and as he pondered upon in his heart,
 he began to be troubled and to fear for
 the safety and well being of himself and
 the dear ones committed to his care. And
 he said to them get thee and the
 children ready to depart, and Master
 and I will go with thee ready and at
 the rising of the morning. Now Thomas fell
 into a place of safety. Now Thomas fell
 in his heart that evil was about to befall
 him but he told not this to those whom
 he loved, but pondered it in his heart.
 At an early hour of the day, a company
 which was the thirty and third of the sixth
 month of the year, the family retired to
 their beds to rest. All was on quietude

Paradise

This wonderful strangeness of the tale,
 That some folks take delight,
 The story of other men to view
 As if their own were right.
 And if a piece of news comes out
 Which leads to pursue it,
 Then hand the charming deed about,
 And add a little to it.
 Each fault should try to magnify
 Not seeming to increase,
 The virtue with a twisted eye
 Are blinded to their eyes.

Amos 6:1

The night deepens; and there he lingers.
The chilling dews are upon him; he heeds
Them not and long after the last wanderer
has gone to his repose, there tarries he.
Father, if it be possible let this cup pass.
He bows himself before high heaven.
You hear not the language he utters.
You cannot measure the agony of that
agonizing prayer; as he pleads for a fallen
world. As he prays for strength to fulfill
the dreadful mission he had taken upon
himself. The stars of the evening sit in
the West. The stars of the morning rise
in the East, and he is still there. Why
does he thus agonize through the
livelong night? Is it because he dreads
the long years of toil that are before
him? Is it because the law dooms him
to labor for his parents for the first
thirty years of his life and then go forth
into cold world alone penniless and
friendless to accomplish a work that no
other being can do? Nay! The sins of a
wretched world bear heavily upon him.
He sees the wretchedness of his fellows.
He knows that they are lost, are dying,
perishing – The wail of perishing millions
is heard and he yearns to do something
for his fellows. he had taken the form
of humanity. He had become heir to all
their ills of life! That he might redeem
and save man must he toil on; year after
year in the sultry work shop or beneath
the burning sun? Must millions perish
and never hear of a Savior? I am come
to seek and to save that which was lost:
and must they perish? A messenger from
the World of Light appears to comfort
and strengthen him. The gleams of the
daylight is in the East. He winds his
way homeward- The sun has again begun
his fiery course and he hastens to his
toils. The day wears away. Though weary
and fatigued he toils on. You expect
to see him falter but quietly steadily
faithfully he labors on. All day long he
bears the taunts and jeers of his fellow
workmen. He falters not in his course
but longs for the hours to come when
he can look toward his far off home.
Days, weeks, months, and years pass on.
His period of minority passed, he enters
upon his great work. Them years he
lives a homeless wanderer doing good,
healing the sick;

And if a brother's chance to stray,
Or fortune on him frown;
Though humble in the dust he lay,
The text is "keep him down."
They'll preach up penance with a sigh,
To cure, or nothing can –
Sufferings are good I'll not deny,
But not, when sent by man.
Each worthy deed is now forgot,
As if not worth retaining;
But oh! The failings fill the pot,
And stands sucks the draining.
Unto the dregs she draws it out.
Delighted with his labors
Then bears the charming swill about,
To treat her thirsty neighbors.
False friendships mask she sometimes lurk
And smiling fawns around you
Concealed she more securely works
And hopes but to wound you.
Detested pest of social joy!
Thou spoiler of life's pleasures!
Like Sampson's foxes thou'd destroy
What's more than all our treasures.

Chronicles, Chap. 1st

Now all the people of the land are interested
in learning of their ancestors and of things
which came to pass in days of yore; are
those who now occupy the land, come into
existence; connected with this town is a
certain place well known to the inhabitants
there of as Flying Point. Now it came to
pass, little more than a century ago,
according to the writing of one Charles,
there dwell in this portion of the land
a man named Thomas and he took unto
him to wife, a woman called Alice. Now
these people lived happily together in
that portion of the land, which was
assigned them and were much pleased
that they were allowed to dwell on a spot,
which seemed so favored. It came to pass
again that these people begat sons and
daughters whose names we will mention.
The first bore the image of her mother
and was called Alice. The second was
called Jane and the third was a son
whom they named Robert. Now, about
this time our chapter commences.
There dwelt with this family a maid
whom they called Mary who was a sister
to Thomas' wife. Also a man named
Martin who was to help Thomas gather
in the fruits of the land. Now it came
to pass about this

raising the dead, preaching the gospel
of good tiding to a perishing world.
A few gather around him and learn
of him while the many hate and de-
spise him. He is accused falsely; ___
Traacherously; tried falsely, con-
demned unjustly, put to death, eg.
The hope of the World has gone down
To the grave.

Agricola

Scandal

Tis wondrous strange and yet tis true
That some folks take delight,
The deeds of other men to view
As if their own were right.
And if a piece of news comes out,
Then hand the charming dish about,
And add, a letter to it.
Each fault they'll try to magnify;
Yet seeming to bemoan,
The mole within a brother's eye
Are blinded to their own.

time that the Aborigines of the country
were going about seeking those whom
they might slay and take captive at
the pale face who had so cruelly wronged
them. Our friend Thomas knew of these things
and as he pondered them in his heart,
he began to be troubled and to fear for
the safety and well being of himself and
the dear ones committed to his care.
And he said to them get her and the
children ready to depart, and Martin
and I will set other things ready and at
the rising of the morrows sun, we will
flee to a place of safety! Now Thomas felt
in his heart that evil was about to befall
them but he told not this to those whom
he loved, but pondered it in his heart.
At an early hour of the same evening
which was the twenty and third of the sixth
month of the year, this family retired to
their beds to rest. All went on quietly ___
Turn over

usual during the first part of the winter and winter about the third or fourth of the morning when to the dismay of Thomas the deadly enemy entered his house and seeing him dragged him helplessly from his dwelling. Now evil was in the hearts of these wicked and cruel red men and they shot this man so that he died.

His wife Alice was snatched from her husband by the noise and seeing her infant boy, she rushed to the door to learn the fate of her husband, when another man was found and the last perfect thing the body of the child killing it instantly.

Now there are others of these wretched men who entered the house and captured the son Mary and the daughter Alice. Jane the younger daughter escaped by seeing some of the Indians and she was thrown upon these Indians and succeeded in wounding one which caused him to flee away from this scene of sorrow & death. Little Alice succeeded in escaping her captives while Mary remained with them through the winter. She suffered many hardships but at last agreed in Canada where she was sold to Frenchman in whose family she lived as a serving maid. Not long after these events she sailed from the Port of Falamouth, near Portland, a young man a sea captain who learned something of our young captive, now this man determined in his heart to find Mary and bring her again to the land of her father. He accordingly asked many questions concerning her of the men of the land and as they knew not who she was they pointed the place of her abode unto them. This man being cunning and crafty succeeded in making friends with Mary which resulted in an embarkation, in the silent watches of the night we heard the ship which belonged unto this man, and in a short time she was returned to her friends.

Now the Mary was free to look upon and he who had sworn for years her state of bondage did delight to look upon her and good much in her society. Accordingly one day he went night her friends and her suit unto her I have delivered you from the state of bondage and have set you to your home. Now will you not enter with me into the state of matrimony? Did we will dwell together in the land given us by our fathers.

She told unto him that she loved and honored him, and before many months they became one flesh and dwelt together in the land which is now the nation of this river, upon the borders of Casco Bay. Now let us return again unto that house of sorrow and to that wretched wife and her mother, whose husband and child were so suddenly snatched from her. Let us in imagination stand with her beside that cliff, from which the blood is streaming down upon the floor, and as we behold the agony that rends that fond heart while she is gazing upon those once so dear and

so lately full of life. Let us stand from an overflowing heart, over heaven's Father that things in this generation are not so, that our lives have fallen to us in such a pleasant place as this, and that so many of our unblemished, our homes and friends. Now it came to pass after the bodies of the murdered ones were committed to the earth, that the rest of this family were conveyed to a place of safety and after years of sorrow their hearts were in a measure healed of the sad wound, and they again enjoyed in some degree the life which God had so lengthened out to them. And again it came to pass some years after, that people began to inhabit this portion of the land and new sword villages and settlements were formed on the shores of this Bay unto which extends the point of land where the scenes recorded in the former part of this Chapter took place. One of these pleasant spots is called by some Strout's Point, but by the inhabitants of the land it is called South Prospect and this land is inhabited by two tribes, and families. Now one of these tribes is the tribe of the Peewee and of the tribe of the Peewee is the Jacot and the children of Jacob de Kanit and Joel, Agary another is the family of Horace and of his family is Thomas which is called in the Ketchikan Dialect. Now the seat of these tribes and their acts and their power and their glory are recorded in the second chapter of this book.

The Ladies continued from the 2nd page
 and draw forth a rag baby a musk shell or loom a fur ball or some other cloth or fishing. If we had some or might tell of the former part of it, it is brown bread and beans and hulled corn and a common other things but we would say nothing of the clam soup or Oyster soup. It is said to say that a whole is sent beyond the jurisdiction of the most sagacious and what is better than all the rest, is highly successful in a most important point. Clearing some of it.

The following leads were prepared by the crew, but owing to the broad and other circumstances were not called for.

The South Prospect Seaming Gun
 The only kind of Carole that Science has succeeded in separating - May this order of Pills
 Let this effort succeed
 Every pocket to bleed
 Let these purchase the Bill
 Our much
 May stay a lumber more to be distinguished by means of light weight, sand, sugar, or adulterated material.
 Our mechanics
 whether of the finest hand or lower may stop some of our best Carole and some of our best Carole.

The same
 Nature explains, may they run for us their lips for Carole Brothers
 Our ship masters
 Our pilots and purveyors, may they always strive to emulate the virtues of our greatest of navigators of Christopher Columbus

This is the
 The arrangement complete. Well the ladies we love
 And the donations so near. Now we can receive her
 The Medical Profession
 May their journey through life be marked by some glorious monuments than marble ones

The Clergy
 Called to labor in their Masters vineyard may they be successful in propagating the word of God in cutting up the ground of their land, and pursuing it with at least some measure the course of the faithful servant.

The Ladies
 The life of every people including the end of our lives, the abundance of which, in fact, will not result in the continuation of the affections

Usual during the first part of the night and until about the third watch of the morning when to the dismay of Thomas, the deadly enemy entered his house and seeing him, dragged him helpless from his dwelling. Now evil was in the hearts of these wicked and cruel red men and they shot this man so that he died. His wife Alice was waked from her slumbers by the noise and seizing her infant boy, she rushed to the door to learn the fate of her husband, when another gun was fired and the ball passed through the body of the child killing it instantly. Now there were others of these wicked men who entered the house and captured the sister Mary and the daughter Alice. Jane the younger daughter escaped by secreting herself in the chimney. Now the man Martin fired upon these Indians and succeeded in wounding one which caused them all to flee away from this scene of sorrow & death. Little Alice succeeded in effecting her escape; while Mary journeyed with them through the wilderness. She suffered many hardships, but at last arrived in Canada where she was sold to a Frenchman in whose family she lived as a serving maid. Not long after these events then sailed from the Port of Falmouth, now Portland, a young man, a sea captain, who learned something of our young captive. Now this man determined in his heart to find Mary, and bring her again, to the land of her father. He accordingly asked many questions concerning her, of the men of the land, and as they knew not who he was they revealed the place of her abode unto him. This man being cunning and crafty succeeded in making friends with Mary, which resulted in an embarkation in the silent watches of the night, on board the ship, which belonged unto this man, and in a short time she was returned to her friends. Now this Mary was fair to look upon and he who had rescued her from her state of bondage did delight to look upon her and dwell much in her society. Accordingly one day he went unto her house and said

so lately full of life. Let us thank, from an overflowing heart, our Heavenly Father that things in this generation are not so. That our lives have fallen to us in in such a pleasant place as this; and that we can enjoy unmolested, our homes and friends. Now it came to pass after the bodies of the murdered ones were committed to the earth, that the rest of this family were conveyed to a place of safety and after years of sorrow, their hearts were in a measure healed of the sad wound, and they again enjoyed in some degree the life which God had so lengthened out to them. And again it came to pass some years after that people began to inhabit this portion of the land and now several villages and settlements are formed on the shores of this bay unto which extends the point of land where the scenes recorded in the former part of this Chapter took place. One of these pleasant spots is called by some Strouts Point, but by the inhabitants of the land it is called South Freeport and this land is inhabited by tribes and families. Now, one of these tribes is the tribe of Brewer and of the tribe of Brewer is Jacob and the children of Jacob are Harriet and Joel. Again, another is the family of Horace and of his family is Thomas, which is called in the Hebrew Didymium. Now the rest of these tribes, and their Acts and their power and their glory are recorded in the second chapter of the book.

Pelina

The Continued from the 2nd Page

And draw forth a rag baby, a nutshell old a pinball or some other chicken fixing. If we had some we might tell of the farmers kitchen up stairs with its brown bread and beans and hulled corn and numerous other things, but we would say nothing about the clam chowder or oyster soup. Sufficient is to say that a whole it went beyond the expectation of the most sanguine and what is better than all the rest was highly successful in a most important point by clearing some \$50\$ -----
The following toasts were prepared by the comm. but

unto her I have delivered you from the state of bondage and have brought you to your home. Now will you not enter with me into the state of matrimony? And we will dwell together in this land given us by our fathers. She told unto him that she loved and honored him, and before many months they became one flesh and dwelt together in the land, which is beyond the waters of this river, the borders of Casco Bay. Now let us return again unto that house of sorrow, and to that widdowed wife and lone mother, whose husband and child were so suddenly snatched from her. Let us in imagination stand, with her beside those bodies, from which the blood is streaming down upon the floor, and as we behold the agony that rends, that fond heart while she is gazing upon those once so dear and

owing to the crowd and other circumstances were not called for –

The South Freeport Sewing Circle.

The only kind of circle, that science has succeeded in squaring = May this circle of Belles

In their efforts succeed

Every pocket to bleed,

Till they've purchased their Bell.

Our Merchants

May their slumbers not be disturbed by visions of lightweight, sanded sugar, adulterated molasses.

Our Mechanics

Whether at the Anvil Bench or Loom may this son remember this circle and generous give.

The Farmer

Nature's nobleman may they never forget their less fortunate brethren.

Our Ship Masters

Energetic and persevering, may they always strive to emulate the virtues of that greatest navigator,

Christopher Columbus.

This Levee

The arrangements complete, with the ladies so swell.

And the decorations so neat we're sure can never be beat.

The Medical Profession

May their journey through life be marked by no living monuments than marble ones.

The Clergy

Called to labor in their Master's vineyard may they be successful in eradicating the weeds of sin in cutting into the brambles of Pride and Ignorance and at last receive the reward of the faithful servant.

The Ladies

The life of every circle, including the circle of crinoline the expansion of which we trust will not result in the contraction of the affections.