



Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Freeport Historical Society

Date: April 9, 1859

Description: The Cruiser newspaper, Freeport, Maine

THE CRUISER

Devoted to  
South Freeport  
Mutual Improvement  
Society, Proprietors

Mutual  
Truth  
Liberty  
Love.  
Talbot & Shaw

Improvement

Editors

Vol. 1<sup>st</sup>

South Freeport, April 9<sup>th</sup> \_ \_ \_ \_

Pineville, April the \_

Chronicles, Chapter II.

Messrs. Editors.

Thinkin praps you might kinder like to know of some of the dewins in this part of the kintry. I sed to myself ses I, I'll set rite deown and rite a letter to that at South Freeport Crewser, and tell them awl about Pineville. In the first place we are awl well that is cept those that ar sick. Father, he's got the rumatis? So that it e'en amost brakes his back every time he moves, but its nothing oncommon for him for he's had it most onto twenty years. Mother, she purty well only she has the high strikes once in a while, but Father ses tant nigh so bad as them \_ complaints of his'n. As fur Jed & Bill, & Tom & me, were hearty as buks and 14 times as noisy. Dad ses the way we piles away vittels beef & pork, doenuts & mice pie, is a caution to dispepticks. I don't know what he means by that but I gess its some kind of arthquake. But I want to tell yer about mi ride tother nite to a quiltin. I had an invite deown to Squire Pettifoggers, and I tho I'l fit Prissillur thinking to go tew. Now you must no, that I have tick quite a shine to Prissillur, and I gess she's got some stou on me. So I axed Dad ef I mite hev the old mare, \_ he'd \_ a she. And that ont, he sed I mite, if I [continued on next page]

Now this city whose early history we have had some account of in the first chapter of this book, is situated on the southwestern side of Talbot's mountain and at whose base resides one Enoch, of whom it was said in olden time "he walked with God." This city is bounded on the southeast by Soule's river, where several ships are now lying at anchor. The scenery in this city and ground it is very beautiful, and pleasing to the eye. The traveler wandering in its suburbs is charmed with its beauty, and the variety of objects, which pushed themselves to this view, when suddenly he becomes enveloped in a dense Fogg. Now some of the people of this city have lain in Waite for some of this Fogg, and we have good reason to expect that it may soon extend into the heart of the city, though it may come bearing a different name from that which we now know it by. The inhabitants of this city are reputed to be honest, notwithstanding this however there dwells one among them who is ever Dunning. The people here dwell together with Bliss and practice many of the Curtiss'es of life. The air in some parts of the city is exceedingly fine and Ambrosial, in other parts there is constantly Knights, but this may soon be Chased away. Though the people of the city generally enjoy good health, they have their Coffins ready made, and for the last few months they have been in constant demand. This is not unlike larger cities in some [continued on next page]

would drive keeful. So I hitched her up to the slay and started fur to git Priscillur. I druv up to the dore, in grand stile, and hitched the old mare to a post but didn't kiver her up. I nocked on the dore and when Priscillur cum she looked so purty, that mi hart jumped rite into my mouth and made me kind of feard. But thinks I, this ant goin to dew any how, and I axed her, would she ride to the quiltin with me. She sed it tuk her kinder onawares, but she gessed she'd go. I told her I was everlasting \_\_\_\_, for her condensation. But the paper is full, so I must stop till I git some more. Yours til death,

Parmenas Pettibone

respects, for it contains some Wards and has but few fields, those are Litchfields. It has also some bridges these are Stockbridge's. Prophets and righteous men dwell here. Now some of the names of the prophets and great men are these, and this is their employment. Amos is a builder of ships, Joel is one of the sweet singers. Jerimiah builds tents for the children of the land to dwell in. Here resides Maccauley the historian, Frederic the great who though a might man uses weapons said to be very small.

Nelson one of the great solimials has  
 pitched his tent here. Another thing  
 peculiar to this people is the teaching of  
 so many Bessies among them, which they  
 pretend to be shrilly temperate in all  
 things. There are enough of this class of  
 people in the very heart of the city to  
 supply the whole community with beer  
 both strong and small. The evil effects  
 of this is plainly visible as there is  
 always some for the vicinity of these  
 Bessies. Some Benjamins do dwell  
 here. One of them is employed in making  
 ships, another is sumamed Chadley.  
 He is well skilled in preparing food for  
 the people of the leasurers household in  
 the land, also very well skilled, and  
 engaged on the rest of Spawm. He also  
 teaches summer the sect. Thiam, Thy, of  
Lucy Calom one of the reformers, Phos  
& Clement & Thaddeus and Frank whose  
 surname is Soule, also dwell in this city.  
John and James and Andrew, are often  
 seen here, indeed people of various trades  
 and names have emigrated hither.  
 There is John the Carpenter, Randall a Joiner  
 very able crafts, in all manner of  
 Architecture, Wright a Sail maker, and  
Joshua a maker of Sandals. Nes an  
Osgood, a Cook, a Lincoln, a Reuell  
de Belcher, a Simham, and many others  
 which will not be mentioned in the  
 short limits of this chapter. Now this  
 city though so young, yet does not date  
 its progress far back into the olden time  
 but came forth as it were in a night.  
 The coal inhabitation Dev, Joseph and  
 indistinctly many houses were erected,  
 in a very short space of time,  
 so the people of the city, looked around  
 upon the work which their hands had  
 made, they did not feel quite satisfied  
 for there was not yet in this school building  
 a building in which the people could  
 assemble themselves together, and worship  
 God. Now as they perceived these things  
 in their hearts they said one to another  
 we have houses of time in and bread to  
 eat, but he who has bestowed upon us  
 all these blessings, and comforts of life  
 has not in this whole village a house  
 dedicated to his worship, but we have  
 here no priest, to break unto us the bread  
 of life. The sons of men spake often  
 one to another, concerning these things  
 until their hearts burned within them  
 and they said, come, let us arise and  
 build. Accordingly after much consulted  
 exhortation, those whose efforts awarded them  
 construction of a neat and commodious  
 temple, which in due time was dedicated  
 to the Lord. Now about this time there  
 came among this people the prophet Isaiah  
 who did not shun to declare the abhorrence  
 of God, and as the number of his labors  
 many souls were gathered into the fold of  
 Christ. Now it came to pass on these days  
 though they had one among them who  
 pointed out to them the way in which  
 their afflicted souls could find relief  
 there was no one in this whole city to  
 heal diseases of the body. Soon however  
 there came one unto their midst, tall &  
 slim of stature who said I will, with the  
 help of a higher power heal you of the

many diseases which flesh is heir too,  
 I do not in medicine, one dose of which is  
 so large and disagreeable, but my medicine  
 is in smaller quantities, and the right  
 to your taste. Now on these days the poor  
 people of the land did not at first believe  
 in his power and strange workings of the  
 man who had but just come among  
 them. One day however, as men gathered  
 they began to try these excellent small  
 quantities, with good to their joy, that  
 these things did produce the desired effect.  
 Now it came to pass on these days of pros-  
 perity and prosperity among the people  
 of this land, that business began to de-  
 cline. No man stands, these things the  
 people of this land greatly pleased that this  
 people should have one, statally set  
 over them in holy things, who should visit  
 them from house to house, who could talk  
 to them by the way side, and who could be  
 unto this people as under shepherds, and  
 who could continually watch over the  
 flock. Then the people, began to say, shall  
 we sustain the penurious word of these  
 days of declivity, shall we send you one to  
 command us, and guide us in, arduous  
 ways, whose ways are ways of pleasantness  
 and all shall pass this way peace. If so  
 we should we send, where shall we  
 find one who will come and be our  
 spiritual guide. Now about this time  
 he came unto the people from the land  
 of Salmouth, which is about seventy and  
 two furlongs off, that he who had been  
 their pastor, was about to leave. Now said  
 these men discreet and wise, let us send unto  
 this man, to come unto us, perchance he may  
 yet be the one, to go on and out before us  
 and break unto us the bread of life.  
 Accordingly not many days thereafter  
 a letter was sent to this man of Spawm,  
Joseph, come thou into South Spawm and  
 be our spiritual guide. This man therefore took  
 his journey unto the far country, and was  
 received favorably by the people of the  
 land. They said unto him, come thou &  
 dwell among us, we will be thy people  
 and thou shalt be our pastor. What  
 yet again they said unto him, what time  
 shalt thou hold us in thine, and we will gladly  
 receive thee into our midst. He accordingly  
 took his household, and came hither  
 among this people, to be unto them a  
 spiritual guide. Selina.

IIII  
I love this fair Earth.

I love this fair Earth, its hills and its mountains  
 Its dark woody valleys, its fields of bright green  
 Its rocks, and its rivulets, its open and its mountains  
 The sweet flowery valley, and cold dark ravine.  
 I love the dark ocean, when silent, sleeping  
 When gently, its morning, awaked by the breeze,  
 When lashed into mad waves, it roars and it sweeps  
 Or chilled by the cold blast, its ceiling does quiver.  
 I love the bright sky, star studded with beauty,  
 I love it when cloudless and pure as a lake,  
 Reflecting its image, or shrouded with darkness,  
 And from its broad bosom the bright glances  
 I love to contemplate the grand work of Nature,  
 And look through this reflection to the Father  
 My heart with affection is filled for his creature  
 Who is faithful to His creation & love by His love.  
 I love the sweet Bible which points me to  
 It teaches His goodness and mercy to man,  
 An ever ready compass to us here so poor  
 To point us to glory beyond the dark grave.

Nelson one of the great Admirals has pitched his tent here. Another thing peculiar to this people in the harboring of so many Brewers among them, where they pretend to be strictly temperate in all things. There are enough of this class of people in the very heart of the city to supply the whole community with beer both strong and small. The evil effects of this is plainly visible as there is always Paine in the vicinity of these Breweries. Some Bejaminites dwell here. One of them is employed in \_\_\_ ships, another is surnamed Chelsey. He is well skilled in preparing food for the people of the treasures hidden in the sand, also being skillful, and \_\_\_ in the art of Sp?. Here also resides Samuel the seer, Hiram, king of Tyre, Calvin one of the reformers, Enos & Clement & Washington, and Frank, who are surnamed Soule, also dwell in this city. John and James and Andrew are often seen here, indeed people of various trades and names have emigrated hither. There is Jones the Carver, Randall a joiner being also crafty in all manner of Architecture. Waite a sail maker, and Joshua a maker of sandals. Also an Osgood, a Corliss, a Lincoln, a Merrill, a Belcher, a Durham, and many others which will not be mentioned in the short limits of this chapter. Now this city though so unowned, does not date its use and progress far back into the olden times but carve forth as it were in a night. The early inhabitants being frugal and industrious many houses were erected in a very short space of time. As the people of the city looked around upon the works which their hands had made, they did not feel quite satisfied for there was not yet in this whole village a building in which the people could assemble themselves together and worship God. How as they pondered these things in their hearts, they said one to another we have houses to live in and bread to eat, but He who has bestowed upon us all these blessings, and comforts of life has into in this whole village a house dedicated to His worship, and we have here no priest to break unto us the bread of life. The sons of men spake often

many diseases which flesh is heir too. I do not in medicine, one dose of which is so large and disagreeable, but my medicine is in smaller quantities, and delightful to your tasted Now in these days the good people of the land did not at first believe in this new and strange doctrine of the man who had but just come among them. Ere long however, as men fell sick they began to try these exceedingly small quantities, and found to their joy that these things did produce the desired effect. Now it came to pass in these days of progress and prosperity among the people of this land that business began to decline. Notwithstanding these things, the prophet John, greatly desired that this people should have one, stately set over them in holy things, who should visit them from house to house, who could talk to them by the wayside, and who would be unto this people an under shepherd who could continually watch over the flock. Then the people began to say shall we sustain the preacher's word in these days of decline; shall we send for one to come among us and guide us in wisdoms ways, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace." If so for whom shall we send, where shall we find one who will come and be our spiritual guide? Now about this time news came unto the people from the land of Falmouth, which is about seventy and two furlongs off, that he who had been their pastor, was about to leave. Now said men discreet and wise, let us send unto this man, to come unto us, perchance he may yet be the one, to go in and out before us and break unto us the bread of life. Accordingly not many days thereafter a letter was sent to this man of God saying, come over into South Freeport and help us, for we are without one to be our spiritual guide. This man therefore took his journey unto the far country and was received favorably by the people of the land. They said unto him, come thou & dwell among us, we will be thy people and thou shall be our pastor. And yet again, they said unto him, take thine household with thee, and we will gladly receive them into our midst. He accordingly took his household, and came to dwell

one to another concerning these things until their hearts burned within them and they said, come, let us arise and build. Accordingly after much united exertion, those whose efforts availed much constructed a neat and commodious temple, which in due time was dedicated to the Lord. Now about this time there came among this people the prophet John, who did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and as the fruits of his labors many souls were gathered into the fold of Christ. Now it came to pass in these days though they had one among them who pointed out to them the way in which their afflicted souls could find relief there was no one in this whole city to heal diseases of the body. Soon however there came one into their midst, tall & slim of stature, who said I will, with the help of a higher power, heal you of the

among this people. To be unto them a spiritual guide.

Selina.

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I love this fair Earth.

I love this fair earth, its hills and its mountains  
Its dark waving foliage, its fields of bright green  
Its rocks, and its rivulets, its springs, its fountains  
The sweet flowery valley, and cold dark ravine.

I love the dark ocean when silently sleeping  
When gently it's moving, awakened by the breeze.  
When lashed into the mad waves, it \_\_ is sweeping  
Or chilled by the cold blast, to icebergs does freeze.

I love the bright-sky, star studded with beauty.  
I love it when cloudless and fair as a lake,  
Reflecting its image or shrouded with darkness  
And from its broad bosom the bright flashes break.

I love to contemplate the grand work of Nature  
And look through this medium to the Author above.  
My heart with affection is filled for His creatures  
Who are framed by His wisdom, & live by His love.

I love the blest Bible which points me to Heaven  
It teaches His goodness and many to save.  
An unerring compass to us here is given  
To point us to glory beyond the dark grave.

Let this be our chief aim, to see that great King  
Who gives us the earth, the ocean, and sky,  
To give a glass upon which we may look & say  
To show them our faith & thanksgiving on high.  
L. B. P.

1111 1111

The Cradle.

How lonely and desolate is that house  
where there is no little child to open the  
fontains of the heart, that it may give  
unto the parent love a possible little in-  
crement. And doubtless desolate is the heart  
of the bachelor, where there is neither  
son nor child. The man of so cast a  
fate claims our warmest sympathies,  
for the too often says unheeded and  
unregarded, "Oh, there is no one  
to whom I should whole love, or who would  
dearly love me, should I have a  
limb of a hand and love, as these  
is born to the grave by those you reach  
-ness, that have learned to love him for  
his own worth, and those relations, that  
are glad at heart, that the time has come  
when they can have a division of the love  
which they have for estate. But how different  
is the home of the mother, where there is use  
for the cradle, and how dear becomes  
what little piece of furniture where the dearest  
pleasures of affection are laid to rest, and into  
which warmth is it watched until it ceases  
to play, and laugh. Often it is in the cradle  
that the orphan looks its first word,  
which the fond mother caressingly repeats to  
her darling, as the child's first words  
has its little hands. It owns the  
cradle, and brings its gaze in the pillow  
while it looks itself to sleep. And when  
with the cradle is laid to the mother's  
arms, and there its weary, aching body  
is laid to rest, and when the thoughtful  
parent sees the flushed cheek and hears  
the quick breath of the loved one, how  
many were the anxious and prayerful  
hours that were spent beside the  
cradle. And as time rolls on, the  
change changes, brings one after another  
to take the cradle from its predecessor,  
the parents often find that before they are  
aware, that time has dealt doubtfully  
with them, as they see their own health  
stone surrounded by their children, who  
strive to outvie each other in their kind  
attentions to their beloved parents.  
And if a shadow sometimes passes  
over their faces, as one and another  
of their children leave the parental  
home to form new homes and love  
for themselves, it is soon chased  
to a smile as the old cradle again  
brought from the garret, and the  
little grandchild laid in it to  
be rocked to rest by the trembling  
hand of a parent. And now is the  
time when our parents should be  
dearly dear to us, for now the need  
not a cradle of care, or pain, but one  
of watchful care, and tender solici-  
tude, brought by the love and care  
of their children and grand children  
to bear them carefully down the  
descent of life, so that bonitas,  
from whence no traveler returns.

Loisab.

Misses Editors.

A few summers ago, just at the close of  
day, two men were seated at the front  
of their dwelling on a little yard plot  
resting themselves after the toils of the  
day, over and upon suspicious conver-  
sation, that the night might become  
real, or fancied, or not coming from the  
far reaching Atlantic which lay at their  
feet. The cause of which we speak was  
a little cone on the rock land shore  
of Nova Scotia. Both men started to  
their feet and listened. Their children  
at play by their side are hushed.  
The wife looks anxiously from the  
door. He must hasten, says one  
to his companion, or they are lost.  
I don't go, says over the ocean and  
the sound the sea is the steam whistle.  
The Ocean Steamer is nearing a rocky  
reef, and their practiced eyes tell  
them that without some what alarm  
all is lost. The fog, and the approaching  
night conceal their approach to their  
danger. The men hurry to the beach  
a frail bark is launched, and in a  
moment is careering toward the steam-  
er. Faster than they supposed she  
comes from her haven of rest.  
The fishermen raise the cry of alarm  
and the order is immediately given  
by which the noble steamer with  
her hundreds of men, jerks her  
head from the threatening danger  
and is saved. Whence that swift  
cry of horror, from that crowded  
deck? Is it because they see the  
death from which they have escaped?  
No!! But the little frail bark  
that was an angel of mercy to them  
has been crushed by the ponderous  
wheel, and their deliverers are gone  
forever from life. I will not speak  
of the loneliness of that forsaken house,  
of the long weary watching of that long  
night, of the desolation of that long  
day, and of the children, as hope died within  
them, and no tidings came of that  
little bark. The steamer went on her  
way, and it is only known that she  
crushed the bark by the heroes that  
they sacrificed their lives for others.  
Should not those parents feel  
grateful for their deliverance?  
I have related this anecdote, because  
it strikes an illustration of what Christ  
has done for us. Has He not done  
even more for us, than the fishermen  
did for the steamer and her passen-  
gers? Have we not a savior, that  
has given his life to purchase a life  
immortal for us? And are we not  
under more obligations than we can  
ever discharge? Why then are we thus  
cold in our sense of duty? Why do  
we stand aloof from our feet of Christ?  
Come to Him who is able to save, who  
stands with out stretched arms to  
receive us. Come to Him, who has said  
Seek ye shall find, knock and it shall  
be opened unto you. Come and ask the  
peace that he has purchased, and now  
freely offers us.  
Sycicola.

Let this be our chief aim, to love that great Being  
Who gives us the earth, the ocean, and sky.  
For a glass upon which we may look & behold Him  
To strengthen our faith & lead us on High.

LBP.

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### The Cradle

How lovely and desolate is that house  
where there is no use for the Cradle!  
Where there is no little child to open the  
fountains of the heart that it may pour  
forth the purest love upon the little in-  
nocent. And double desolate in the heart  
of the bachelor where there is neither  
wife nor child. The man of so sad a  
fate claims our warmest sympathies  
for they too often live unloved and  
die unmourned. For there is no kind  
wife to cherish while living, or when dead  
to shed the bitter tear over him she so  
dearly loved, nor children to weep over the  
remains of a kind and loving father. He  
is borne to the grave by those few neigh-  
-bors, that have learned to love him for  
his own worth, and those relatives, that  
are glad at heart that the time has come  
when they can have a division of the long  
wished for estate. But how different is  
the home of the man, where there is use  
for the cradle, and how dear becomes  
that little piece of furniture where the dear  
pledges of affection are laid to rest, and with  
what anxiety is it watched until it learns  
to play and laugh. Often it is in the cradle  
that its occupant lisps its first word,  
which the fond mother eagerly repeats to  
the doting father, as they stand beside  
their sleeping darling. When the child  
has its little troubles it runs for its  
cradle and buries its face in the pillow  
while it sobs itself to sleep. And when  
sick the cradle is next to the mother's  
arms and there its weary, aching body  
is laid to rest, and when the watchful  
parent sees the flushed cheek, and hears  
the quick breath of the loved one, how  
merry were the anxious and prayerful  
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day, two men were seated at the front  
of their dwelling on a little grass plot  
resting themselves after the toils of the  
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sation, that they might listen to some  
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The wife looks anxiously from the  
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to his companion, or they are lost.  
A dense fog hangs over the ocean and  
the sound they hear is the steam whistle.  
The Ocean Steamer is nearing a projecting  
reef, and their practiced ears tell  
them, that without immediate alarm  
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they sacrificed their lives for others.  
Should not those passengers feel

the parents often find before they are aware that time has dealt bountifully with them, as they see their own hearthstone surrounded by their children, who strive to out vie each other in their kind attentions to their beloved parents. And if a shadow sometimes passes over their faces, as one and another of their children leave the parental home to form new homes and loves for themselves, it is soon changed to a smile as the old cradle is again brought from the garret and the little grandchild laid in it to be rocked to rest by the trembling hand of age. And now is the time when our parents should be doubly dear to us for now they need not a cradle of cane, or pine but one of watchful care and tender solicitude, wrought by the love and care of their children and grand children to bear them carefully down the descent of live, to that bower? from whence no traveler returns.

Dorah.

gratitude for their deliverance? I have related this anecdote, because it strictly illustrates what Christ has done for us. Has He not done even more for us, than the fishermen did for the steamer and her passengers? Have we not a friend, that has given his life to purchase a life immortal for us? And are we not under more obligations than we can ever discharge? Why then are we this cold in our sense of duty? Why do we stand aloof from our best friend? Come to Him who is able to save, who stands with outstretched arms, to receive us. Come to Him, who has said, "seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Come and seek the peace that he has purchased and now freely offers us.

Agricola

Saying too Much.

"Never say too much, was the advice of a dying father to his son, who still lives to profit by his counsel. This admonition may be justly applied to all modes of society, and especially, headed by many in each grade, Public Speakers, are sadly prone to say too much. It is a fact worthy of notice and imitation, that Washington, Franklin, and others, whose names we delight to perpetuate were remarkably reserved, in their speeches, kept close to the question under consideration, aiming, as we say, rather than to draw a, more anxious to separate the business of their constituents, than to entertain each other in the gallop of eloquence. These brilliant talents I would not extol much, but I would turn them so that they should do us less service. The public speaker, who without flourish or parade, comes to the subject matter at hand, who presents in a clear, concise manner, the strong points of his case, whose every sentence strikes home, who says just all that is necessary, and takes to rest, is always listened to with a marked attention unknown to those who draw more life by upon imagination, than upon those who base their arguments, upon sound logic, and plain common sense. In the private walks of life, there are thousands who say too much. The hearers are weary, backbiters and slanderers are ever saying too much. The whisper of scandal, the mysterious quizzier, the impertinent and detestable gayer and passionate the jealous and revengeful, the suspicious and the envious, the malicious, and reckless, are usually saying quite too much and from selfishness or avarice know, often criminal. If we know a fault of our neighbor, and instead of going to him and kindly endeavoring to reclaim him, we proclaim it to all ears, we violate the duty we owe to him by saying too much. Let us all strive to repress their zeal by commencing at the very beginning, and quit of all conceit, the least, and endeavor to keep it so. Let our public addresses be short and to the point. Let sermons on the pulpit be based on charity and point to Jesus Christ and then through, and not contain more than twenty four divisions, each ten minutes long, for morning or evening. I once heard one say, "Words are precious, the preacher saying too much. In exhortations lay members should be careful and not say too much. They are then says, a word felt spoken not a volume of words. Let private conversation which will be heard, but it should be better said than it usually is. Too much light unprofitable conversation generally occurs, more especially among professors of religion of whom better things are expected. Let us all remember that for every idle word, we must render an account at the great tribunal of Jehovah, and let us strive never to say too much. Carroll

They told me those sweet false James  
 They told me those sweet false James  
 And did not care for me  
 I needed not the false James  
 I thought it could not be  
 So convincing they would James  
 So someone who they smile  
 I did not think that it, James  
 Could veil one thought of mine.  
 Let them recall the Hawthorn glade  
 Where we sat side by side  
 When on a summer night James  
 Thou saidst one for the bride.  
 My heart was very full James  
 As in the pale moonshine  
 I promised to be thine James  
 To be forever thine.

Together then we knelt James  
 We bent a fervent knee  
 And prayed our Heaven, by Father's love  
 Might rest on thine hand me,  
 Goodnight seemed my faith James  
 My cup so full of bliss  
 How could I ever dream James  
 That it would come to this.  
 I never see thee now James  
 Thou comest not to me  
 The said thou seeked another one  
 Oh James, can this be?  
 They tell me she is rich James  
 And of a lovely life  
 Not such her rank or wealth James  
 Could buy a love like mine.  
 My cheek that once was red James  
 Is paling day by day  
 I feel it in my heart James  
 Don't weary fast away.  
 Then James, when the summer comes  
 And blossoms clothe the tree  
 Bestow one loving thought on her  
 Who died for love of you.  
 Nellie Flagg.

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In the pocket sloop, "The Boston" was on her passage to this port from Portland to day, and just as she was entering the mouth of Haverdick river, she unfortunately brought up on the ledge. It is like to Captain Lambert, and the numerous friends of the "The Boston" to state, that no one was attached to her command, as it was an accident perhaps unavoidable and which resulted in the loss of her noble sloop, her crew or flight. The liability of redoubt, both inland and on board, to run on this ledge, is so plainly apparent, that we must, this and similar casualties will result in the abolition of the Light House Board, being directed to the matter. We learn that the flood tide floated the sloop, and that she arrived at her wharf without further hindrance. In our haste in going to press, we forbear further comment.

## Saying too Much

“Never say too much, was the advice of a dying mother to her son, who still lives to profit by her counsel. This admonition may be justly applied to all grades of society, and profitably headed by many in each grade. Public speakers are sadly prone to say too much. It is a fact worthy of notice and imitation, that Washington, Franklin, and others, whose memories we delight to perpetuate were remarkably \_\_\_, in their speeches, keeping close to the question under consideration, aiming to inform, rather than to dazzle, more anxious to dispatch the business of their constituents, than to outshine each other in the galaxy of eloquence. These brilliant lights I would not extinguish, but I would trim them so that they should emit less smoke. The public speaker, who without flourish or parade, comes to the subject matter at once, who presents in a clear, concise manner, the strong points of his case, whose every sentence strikes home, who says just all that is necessary and there stops, is always listened to with a marked attention unknown to those who draw more largely upon imagination, than upon those who base their arguments upon some logic and plain common sense. In the private walks of life, there are thousands who say too much. The liar, profane swearer, backbiter and slanderer, are ever saying too much. The whisperer of scandal, the mysterious \_\_\_, the impertinent meddler, the fiery and passionate, the jealous and vengeful, the suspicious, and the envious, the malicious, and reckless, are usually saying quite too much and from influences always wrong, often criminal. If we know a fault of our neighbor, and instead of going to him and kindly endeavoring to acclaim him, we proclaim it to others, we violate the duty we owe to him by saying too much. Let us all strive to arrest this evil by commencing at the fountain head first of all correcting the heart, and endeavoring to keep it so. Let our public business speeches be short and to the point. Let

“They told me thou wert false Jamie”

They told me thou wert false Jamie,  
And did not care for me  
I heeded not the voice Jamie  
I thought it could not be  
So loving were thy words Jamie  
So winsome was thy smile  
I did not think that it, Jamie  
Could veil one thought of guile.

Dost thou recall the hawthorn glade  
Where we sat side by side  
When on a summer’s night Jamie  
Thou sued me for thy bride.  
My heart was very full Jamie  
As in the pale moonshine  
I promised to be thine Jamie  
To be forever thine.

Together then we knelt Jamie  
We bent a reverent knee  
And prayed our Heavenly Father’s love  
Night rest on thee and me.  
So radiant seemed my path Jamie,  
That it would come to this.

I never see thee now Jamie  
Thou comest not to me.  
Tis said thou seekest another love  
Ah Jamie, can this be?  
They tell me she is rich Jamie,  
And of a lordly line  
Not twice her rank or wealth Jamie  
Could buy a love like mine.

My cheek that once was red Jamie  
Is paling day by day  
I feel it in my heart Jamie  
I’m wearing fast away.  
Then Jamie, when the summer comes  
And blossoms clothe the tree  
Bestow one loving thought on her  
Who died for love of you.

Nellie Flagg.

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As the packet sloop Freetrader was on her passage to this port from Portland today, and just as she was entering the mouth of Harraseeket River, she unfortunately brought up on the ledge. It is due to Captain

sermons on the pulpit be based on charity and point to Jesus Christ and His crucifix, and not contain more than twenty-four divisions each ten minutes long, for morning or evening. I once heard one with thirty-two divisions, the preacher said too much. In exhortations lay members should be careful and not say too much. The wise man says, “ a word fifty spoken not a volume of words. In private conversation, much will be said, but it should be better said than it usually is. Too much light, unprofitable conversation generally occurs more especially among professors of religion of whom better things are expected. Let us all remember that for every idle word, we must render an account at the dread tribunal of Jehovah and let us strive never to say too much.

Carroll

Lumbert, and the numerous friends of the Freetrader to state that no blame is attached to her commander, as it was an accident perhaps unavoidable and which resulted in no wise of hurt to the noble sloop, her crew or freight. The liability of vessels, both inward and outward bound, to run on this ledge, is so plainly apparent, that we trust this and similar casualties will result in the attention of the Light House Board, being directed to the matter. We learn that the flood tide floated the sloop, and that she arrived at her wharf without further hindrance. In our haste in going to press, we forbear further comment.