



THE CRUISER.

Devoted to *Truth, Liberty, Love* *Natural Improvement*
Wm. F. Fernald *Editor*
Natural Improvement Society *Freeport, Me.*
Vol. 1 *April 30* *Number VIII*
Nov 27 1859

We are again brought by the ceaseless flow of time to the season of opening buds, of springing flowers and singing birds. Nature is again stirring herself for her mantle of green, and many wise human fathers of the season. The long winter evenings too have fled and the sun admonished that it is about time to haul up the Cruiser for the summer.

We are glad to lay down the pen and accessions of the chaste Editorial and our hearts while in some secluded spot away from the heat and noise of the city. Our contributors in doubt are glad of a respite in which they can recieve the exhausted energies of their brains. It is a pity that we cannot copy them more in looking back on the few minutes of the expenditure of our sheet, we cannot but do it with pleasure, for that it has not been altogether unprofitable to the Society, to contributors, or to those who have heard the pages read. As for ourselves, we have been highly gratified with the judgment of our contributors. Consider it as a success, and let us find our expectations. Our contributors, we thank you heartily for the paper which stands for wisdom, interest, of profit, of amusement, it has contained, and we hope that you will all favor the Cruiser when she again issues. To the Society whose services we feel that an apology is due for several long absences, we must refer you to us. To those who have come in here from time to time, we thank you for the interest you have taken in our little venture, and hereafter when it again appears, it will be more than glad to draw on for your praise and aid with a better care.

A home in the heart
 A hill is a home in the mansion of God. Where marble steps, not on the pillars, and where though the roof is of gold, it is no golden crown, and you may not be found in the land of the living. But did you have a home all honest and true, then let your own and will be your part. Your own is a step from which a door is to be shut, and you shall find there a home. A home is not a hill, but one. I find that many are saying that will be glad to see you and a hill. A hill is a home in the heart, and a hill is a home in the heart. Who can turn for refuge to a home in the heart.

The City of the Dead
 In a recent number of the Cruiser a writer gives a very able description of the locality of South Freeport called by the writer 'The City'. It was described as being situated on the south side of Fall Point, on an elevation formerly called South Point Hill, the most convenient point of ascent, to the summit of the hill is a path leading from the school house. Here the path leads along the southern slope of the mountain, winding among wood and ferns, enjoying here and there a fine view of the bay and the sea, and for about half a mile the view is without change. The rising is a gradual place for pedestrians. Another group after going of the dwellers of the vale and their ways, as the sun sinks to the west, and long after the sun has gone to rest, the ring of the merry laugh is heard, telling that those are matches, ready for the morning to come. The sun has set light over the surrounding valley. The height when you reach the ascent is not too long, and a very inhospitable prospect, while in its quiet beauty is at your feet. The Karasicket River is backward and forward with its ever shifting flowing tides. You see to the many of the beautiful islands that you see, and the wide spreading bay, which is far reaching Atlantic. Did I have come here not looking on the city below us, but to look on another scene, let us turn from a position so full of life and beauty, and let us turn our steps westward. A short walk will bring us to the brow of the hill, which, looking to the steep descent of the northern slope, the mountain, from the base of which stretched away to the west a wide plain, is an in line. The sun is just with the night has days from the sea, which is a sight. The sun is just with the night has days from the sea, which is a sight. The sun is just with the night has days from the sea, which is a sight.

THE CRUISER

Devoted to

Truth Liberty Love

Mutual Improvement

South Freeport
Mutual Improvement
Society

Talbot & Shaw
Editors
Number VIII

Proprietors
South Freeport

April 30
March 27 1859

Vol. 1st

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flair of time to the season of opening
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her mantle of green and men are re-
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We too tired of the arduous labors of the
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ticate awhile in some secluded spot away from
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they can recover the exhausted energies
of their travail which they will be ___ ___ ___
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few months of the existence of our sheet,
we cannot but do it with pleasure, feeling
that it has not been altogether unprofitable
to the society, to contributors, or to those
who have heard the pages read = As for
ourselves, we have been highly gratified
with the experiment, for experiment we
consider it as it has succeeded be-
yond our expectations. Our contributors!
we thank you heartily, for to you the paper
is beholden for whatever of interest, of profit,
of amusement it has contained and we
hope that you will all favor the Cruiser
when she again hoists the signal. To the
Society whose servant we are, we feel that an
apology is due for several prosy editori-
als inflicted upon you by us. To those who
have come in here from time to time to listen,
we thank you for the interest you have taken
in our little bantting and hope that when
it again appears it will be more fully
pledged; so as on broader pinion and crow
with a better crow.

A home in the heart
Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride

The City of the Dead

In a recent number of the Cru-
iser a writer gives a very able descrip-
tion of the locality of South Freeport
called by the writer, "The City".
It was described as being situated on
the south side of Talbot Mountain,
an elevation formerly called Strouts
Point Hill. The most convenient
point of ascent to the summit of
the hill is a path leading by the
schoolhouse. There the pathway
leads along the southern slope of
the "mountain" winding among brush-
wood & junipers emerging here and
there into openings where the base rock
has for ages been exposed to the suns
of summer and the snow of winter
without change. The openings serve
as resting places for pilgrims.
Thither group after group, of the
dwellers of the vale, wind their way;
as the sun sinks to the west;
and long after the sun has gone to rest;
the ring of the merry laugh is heard
telling that these are watching; watch-
ing for the moon to come forth and
pour her soft light over the intervening
waters. The heights when gained –
and the ascent is not toilsome – afford
a very enchanting prospect. The "City"
in its quiet beauty is at your feet.
The Harraseeket River rolls backward
and forward with it ever ebbing &
flowing tides. You see before you many
of the beautiful islands that gem like,
stud the wide spreading bay, while
far away at the ___ ___ the
far reaching Atlantic. But I have
come here not to gaze long on the City
below us, but to look on another scene.
Let us turn from a picture so full of
life and beauty. Let us bend our steps

Where marble shines out on the pillars and walls
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold
And joy may not be found in its torch lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true
When love once awakened will never depart!
Turn turn to that breast like a dove to its nest
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.
Oh! link but one spirit that's mainly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care
And be sure the wide world holds not treasure so rare
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot
The cheek scoring teardrops of sorrow may start
But a star never dim sheds a ___ for him
Who can turn for reprise to a home in the heart.

Eliza Cook

northward. A short walk will bring us
to the brow of the hill, which overlooks the
steep descent of the northern slope of
the mountain; from the base of which
stretches away to the West a wide plain.
We are in time. The sun is just withdraw-
ing his last rays from the summit
on which we stand. The "marble door-
ways" that run before us sparkle
and gleam in his fading beams.
At our feet is another City. Are its
dwellers asleep? Whence the quiet,
the stillness in whose abodes?

In this hour of beauty, will none come forth? Will not the beauty of this twilight hour awaken our response? No! No, this is the City of the Dead! None that have made that city their abode have ever again passed its gates! No storm of winter do they heed. no heat of summer quickens into life. The wind of autumn & the zephyrs of spring are alike to them. The thunder alarms not the sleepers, the lightning's pain not the eye closed so heavily. Friends and neighbors recognize not each other and no friendly word is ever spoken. Oh! what a community! What a City of the dead is owned and peopled by the dwellers in and about the city situated at the southern base of the mountain. They purchase the lots, fit up the houses for the dead and contemplated going thither to dwell permanently at some future time. One after another is removed to that place of abode and the population of that city is steadily increasing. It first was settled many years ago. It may be of interest to go back to the time when the first inmate was left there alone. On the 19th day of July 1802 people were seen to collect at an humble dwelling. The day was very hot and men stood in groups in the shade of the apple trees, and women gained the shelter afforded by the house. The hearse was already at the door and that of prayer and weeping was heard. The last parting gaze of parents- of brothers and sisters, on one of their number was over and a youth of twenty summers was borne away to her final resting place. To the place which has since become the city of the dead they brought her, and there they left her alone. There is something awful about death and the grave; and awful indeed to be thus left alone and placed in the narrow house with no other sleeper near. Days, weeks, months, pass on. The snows of winter shroud all nature in apparent death and there she is alone. But when the Spring had come – when the flowers had again ap-

a dweller of that silent land. Though all expect to one day join that silent company none are now ready or rather none are expecting to go there in a given time. The sepulchral storm marks the resting place of all ages, and conditions, adding to the beauty of the city; and many are the labors prompted by love for some sleeping one bestowed upon the home of the sleepers. It is fitting thus to rear the flower on the grave of the departed. If they die in winter they will bloom again in the spring. Then decorate the home of the dead which may so soon be Our home and at the holy hour of sunset wander thither and mark how certainly the grave puts out the light of life and ___ short all our earthly schemes. But tread lightly on the grave of the ___ sleeper who lies unlamented per chance forgotten neath the waving grass. Unlamented did I say? The tear of undying love may water the grass that grows so luxuriantly over the grave of the poor for none love the few friends they have better than those who can hope to make no new friendships. Tread lightly then over the graves of the poor; remembering that you and I may have no friend to weep when we are gone, and no stone to mark our last resting place. How sad the reflection which come over us as we look over the many emblems of death scattered over this city of the dead who can say that in a century from now this may not be a mighty city? Who ___ that now dwells there will then ___ ___ . In one hundred years who will know that we have ever lived? To live in this world of toil to go down to the grave unnoticed to be forever forgotten. Can it be that his is all of life? Is this city to be forever the home of the dwellers? And is all that are constituted in the grave? Was the mind, the soul, all the faculties we possess given us only for the short day of life? Say thou spirit of the night, is the soul asleep in the grave? Say when the Angel of Death came; did not the soul escape his icy grasp and fled away to its God? Say, thou lone star that hast here kept watch ever since the first sleeper

peared and the birds were singing
in the trees; one day they brought a
__ child in the __ sleep of
death and laid her down near the first
sleeper. Soon another, then another
came and when winter again
had conquered the life of trees and flow-
ers they came and buried a fourth
in the hard frozen ground and
saddly went away. Thus commenced
and thus has increased the City of the Dead.
Ever since; ever and anon dweller after
dweller have gone thither, but none
have returned. Death and the grave
are insatiable. They never give up
heir victim. Whole families have
emigrated to that City and never did
it gain in numbers faster than
now. Even the past week one
has gone thither and there now

was laid in this city of the dead; whose
eye can scan earth, and perchance hea-
ven; nave not the spirits of the dead passed
away from earth? The soul returns to God who
gave it; and say lone star; did he drive
it from his presence back to the grave in sleep.
Nay rather, do they not now look from that
spirit land, and remember those that are
left to weep in this vale of tears! We call
and they do not answer. But who can say
they do not hear? Who can say they do
not flit about our pathway; that they
come not in the still hour of the night
to watch about our pillows, that the loved
and lost may not come to conduct us when our
turn comes to go to that undiscovered land? City
of the Dead! Had it been told us one year ago
to mark how would within the year become
residents within the walls; we could not
not have told and were we tonight to reckon
candidates to remove to that city within the year
to come. We could not select one and yet we
know some must go and we may go thither
City of the Dead! The stars pale with watching __
silent dwellers. The wail of the night bird is dying
away with the night. Dwellers of the lone, silent city, Farewell.
City of the Dead! Good night - Agricola
Freeport, April 21st 1859

The Mourner

We the sad preceptors
 In the churchyard lone
 Begg'd the weary wanderer
 To his last long home,
 With mournfull feeling
 With the quiet air,
 Frigid with tender feeling
 Linger sadly here.

They have gently laid them
 In the dust to sleep
 And their praise in sorrow
 We that grieve to weep
 While they praise singing
 How peacefully and low
 Seem us it replying
 To their better note. P.V

Home

How much that our word comprehend
 And how dear is the spot that we call home
 Where the loved ones meet and dwell
 Whom called to leave home for a time
 What reluctance do we leave the last spot
 How constant and strong is our wish to return
 That we may see each loved one
 And if far let is cast far from the home of our childhood
 How often do we in imagination visit the beloved
 Spot and memories of the past will linger
 In our minds long after the scene has
 Faded from our sight and those faces that
 Long years of communion have sanctified
 And for many years have been
 Gone are they with us no spirit and the
 Thought that their wishes and prayers are
 For our prosperity and happiness will nerve
 The arm and strengthen the heart in
 Many an encounter with the cold hard world.
 And how many are the dangers and
 Hazards that are encountered on
 The sea and my dearest land that to minister
 To the happiness or safety of those we love
 At home. And when night has thrown her
 Mantle over the earth and all is still
 How does the heart thrill at the call of
 You days come floating over the memory
 Which were shun low and in its soft quiet
 Tones calls us to consciousness and bids us
 Listen to words that long since rang in our
 Ears. But how are they hushed as we
 Thought born on the land and last time
 High a requiem over the grave that
 Have left the earth for the heavenly home
 Above and by fondly remembering
 And long with us a home with one whose
 Little cheek the last time we kissed it met
 Us cold and as white as the snow and how
 Beautiful his little blue eyes that are
 Hid from us. But the memory of his young
 Face will never leave our hearts. But our
 Love could not keep him here and we find
 His little white hands on his breast and
 Lay our gathering down in the cold
 Grave. And the thought was like
 That those much and full in our father's
 And was gone. But you have washed the
 Graves of this life and whole love and
 pure. God called you home. And how often
 are the ties that bind us here broken and
 one after another are snatched from the
 family char. And if our homes must
 be entered by death and we love
 another taken from us, desolating our
 sides and piercing our hearts and as we
 receive their loss with bitter sorrow and

we can but weep as the past with all
 its delightfull associations rushes upon our
 memories. And then comes the heart rending
 thought that had I see more than home.
 But our kind Heavenly Father has pro-
 vided a home far more lovely than we
 may forever dwell with all that we have
 loved if prepared to relinquish these
 things fitted up by God our hands. Amen

Come unto me heavy laden and I will give you rest
 Matthew 11: 28

Come in the For joyful to And the full to

Looks rarely sound for others, or self.
 Thus come to one dark Jesus sweetly plead
 Come unto me, and find the rest you seek.

Come in the flush of manhood's prime and
 Come! and your sorrows into me make known
 I unto you will give the promised rest,
 I will weep and dip you as in a sea,
 Come in the night of sin death's need you see
 Come and seize the rest. P.V

Come when the frosts of age do first appear
 While yet the day lasts finish up your work
 For soon your night of time on Earth's stage
 And unseen spirits making round you
 Waiting to bear you to the promised rest
 A Heavenly residence mid the elect.

Come one come all that feel themselves
 Come feel the Saviors spell and parting
 Come all ye wretched and with gentle oppression
 Crown and your prayers his willing heart
 The tempest in your tombed souls will still
 He'll give all rest who seek to do his will
 Hagar

Letter from Pineville

Pineville April 29 1887
 Dear Cousin
 Well to begin when I
 left off I that you know was when I
 had called for Pineville to go to the
 quilline. She had me to come in
 plate she got quilline. So on I went
 into the kitchen and there sat her
 father and Aunt Sally that is
 Pineville's mother. We had called
 for Aunt Sally but she want no
 part of mine. I took a chair and
 sat down. The old man began to talk
 to me about the matter said how
 warm cold and me of old Pineville
 had died and what about those
 things I talked over with you for I
 met her and let me her, Pineville's
 mother. She asked me to drink some
 with him. So I did but I know it and the
 formal strong. Well I sit and sat
 it seemed to me as if I sit on
 would come. But finally when I
 was almost pasted over the hot
 stove she came in all puffed out in
 ribbons and choker full and
 looking as peart as a letter and
 tell you I got up spoy and grabbed

The Mourners

See the sad procession
To the church yard lone.
Brings the weary wanderer
To his last long home;
Bells with mournful pealing
Fill the quiet air.
Friends with tender feeling
Linger sadly there.
They have gently laid him
In the Yard to sleep,
And they pause in sorrow
O'er that grave to weep.
While the breezes sighing
Mournfully and low
Seem as if replying
To their bitter woe.

PT

Home

How much that one word comprehends,
and how dear is the spot, that we call home.
Where the loved ones meet and dwell. And
when called to leave home for a time with
what reluctance do we leave the loved spot and
how constant and strong is our wish to return
that we may see each loved one. And if our
lot is call far from the home of our childhood
how often do we in imagination visit the beloved
spot and memories of the past will linger
in our mind long after the scenes have
faded from our sight, and those faces that
long years of communion have stamped
in our mind, have passed away. How
often are they with us in spirit, and the
thought that their wishes and prayers are
for our prosperity and happiness will nerve
the arm and strengthen the heart in
many an encounter with the cold, hard world.
And how many are the dan-
gers and hardships that are encountered on
the sea and in distant lands to min-
ister to the happiness or tastes of those we love
at home. And when night has thrown her
mantle over the earth and all is still,
how does the heart thrill in the echo of bye-
gone days come floating on the memory
which never slumbers. And in its soft, gentle
tones calls us to consciousness and bids us
listen to events that long since transpired at

We can but weep as the past with all
its delightful associations rushes upon our
memories. And there comes the heart rending
thought that this is no more their home.
But our kind Heavenly Father has pre-
pared a home far more lovely, where we
may forever dwell with all that we have
loved, if prepared to enter those lovely man-
sions fitted up by God's own hand.

Sarah?

“Come unto me ___ ___ that labor and are
heavy laden and ___ ___ give you rest”

Matthew 11.28

Come in the ___ ___ of your early Youth
For youthful ___ ___ are filled with grief
And the full ___ ___ charged with bitter
Looks vainly round for succor, or relief.
Then come to me doth Jesus sweetly plead
Come unto me; and find the rest you need.

Come in the flush of manhood's pride and power
Come! And your sorrows unto me make known;
I unto you will give the promised “rest”;
I will receive and bless you as mine own,
Come in the sight of sin doth press your down
Come and receive the rest. Prepare! To wear the crown.

Come when the frosts of age do first appear
While yet the day lasts finish up your work
For soon your night of Time on Earth draws near
And unseen spirits wailing round your lurk;
Waiting to bear you to the promised “rest”
A Heavenly Mansion ___ the ever blest.

Come one, Come all that feel their need of rest
Come feel the Savior's sweet and pardon
Come all ye wretched and with guilt oppressed
Come and your prayers his willing heart shall move
The tempest in your troubled souls will still
He'll give all “rest” who seek to do his will.

Hagar

Letter from Pineville

Pineville, April 29, 1859

Dear Crueser,

Wall to begin whare I
left off & that you kno was whare I

home. But how are they hushed as our thoughts turn on the loved and lost and sigh a requiem over the grave of those who have left the earthly for the heavenly home above; and how fondly memory dwells in their last day with us, I remember one whose little cheek the last time we kissed it was as cold and as white as the snow and how beautiful his little blue eyes that are now fled from us. But the memory of his young beauty will never leave our hearts. But our love could not keep him here and we folded his little white hands on his breast and laid our darling down in the cold, dark grave. Sweet one your life was like a flower that blossomed awhile in our pathway and was gone. But you have escaped the troubles of this life and while lovely and pure God called you home. And how often are the ties that bind us here broken, and one after another, are missed from the family chair. And our homes must be entered by death and one loved one after another taken from it, desolating our fire-sides, and piercing our hearts; and as we mourn their loss with bitter sorrow and

had called for Priscillur to go to the quiltin. She axd me to cum in while she got reddy. So in I went into the kitchen and there sot. Mrs. Jenkins and Ant Sally that is Prissillers' mother. We awl called her ans Sally but she wasnt no Ant of mine. I took a char and sot down. The old man begun to tock to me about the wither. Said twas dearn cold axed me if Old Brindle's caf was ded and axd about them things I talked civil you no for I thot mebbe hed let me hev Priscullur biinby. He axd me to drink sum sider with him. So I did but I ___ it and this was tarnal strong. Wal I sot and sot till it seemed tew me as if Priscillur never would cum. But biinby when I was ___almost roasted over the hot stove she cum in all rigged out in ribbons and chicken fixens and looking as purty as a sitten hen I tell you. I got up spry and grabbed

my hat and we went out to
 the lake the day. Well tis as
 a larnal cold with a real snow
 for the man we went down
 5 miles below. I had
 him with me the stove and
 that down the larnal side and
 into my bed and seem to get
 out into the cold it made me
 feel kinder go wish all over
 You get into a sleep and started
 for square. Be
 The old ma
 had laps on
 the snow ma
 ches when
 over the
 and later on
 That was cold why it seemed
 as if Bed was had been
 I hited old snow under the
 shed but forgot again to remember
 who. When I went in the room
 a bit after coming in from out
 doors I could hardly see but finally
 found out that was lots of gals
 and boys that I knew still they
 was playing Copher chagun and sick
 wither jump from screamer and
 team as there was among the gals
 you never see they did under
 the rope and wiggled and twist for
 tender they did not want to be
 when and the time they be mad if you
 didn't stick to it and kip on. In
 better room they was playing hand
 mans half like all pebest Sally the
 they had on the parkoches and the
 may she pitched from one side into
 the was a carbon. I tell you
 Dimeby she colched Sam Simpson
 by the hat and arles feelin on her
 The being out do Sam Simpson
 for nothid get such a larnal long
 was as hurt. So Sam was blinded
 and he put in the duble hoked
 jumpin here and and then like
 ning thro a puffer bush but in
 two stallin her and finally to
 and standin again the door with
 one hand each side of out and his
 nose bargin the eye. How they
 fed and killed their. He whiped
 round just quick and started a
 crop the room when his feet slid
 and he cum down before the seat of his
 trousers Rorkak! Semmy! what a
 you are the divine here we sigde
 hunt the slipper on the Karp for
 the goon on misthuns and there
 kind of things there we had apples
 and handz and pumton and
 then we kidded the gals again I got
 I tried in Prossellor party well
 I tell you mister Editor of the last
 dont use just about the sheetist.
 That ever was lades Randy acort
 carcass and there ant no any
 that can cum within 10000 of ap
 plebes of em I got to be party late
 when we started fur home The old woman
 was dance with cold and I had my
 hands full for a while but I never
 shall tick in what may we get here

what we did nor nothing about it.
 God was dreadful and we sat mor
 ning to know what made the dearest
 her look so ruff and what upon earth
 cided the day for it was tipped their
 side of full. But I kept your though
 he wouldnt let me her her eyes and
 wonder. Prossellor some love or yo the
 I may take a notion to write to you
 again if I can I'll tell you more about
 Prossellor & me.
 No more from your little deats
 Pussellor & me

Tell a tale of the milk maid
 For the fields a radiance throwing
 Golden pure and steady
 Oh! it beams illumine my spirit!
 (That our cow bell? dont you hear it?)
 Set the milks pans ready.
 Yes dear Sally look and listen!
 How the dew begins to glisten;
 Hark! the night birds scem to
 What a saling breeze is blowing!
 (Head the lullible cow! shes going!
 Run Ill hold your count!)
 Rocky does the leadlight hour
 Right hand and soothing power
 With sweet measings fill you?
 Peace hangs round us like a mantle
 (Oh how sweet! come be gentle!
 Stop that mowing till you)
 Go with music's overflowing,
 (How the hungry calves are lowering!
 How these tons do rattle?)
 But I fair would wander Sally
 To some green and grassy alley
 Among horned cattle.
 Rocky lifts a feeding hour?
 Joy brings grief and cream will sour,
 Get too vain complaining,
 We dabs own get milk and honey
 Only by hard work and merris!
 (Set the pans for straining.)

The quarterly meeting of the South
 Precinct Mutual Improvement Society
 for the choice of officers and hearing of
 reports will be held on Tuesday evening
 May 3^d at 7 o'clock at Social Hall
 A full attendance is requested
 F. W. Shaw Secretary
 We hope that this former contribution
 of the Courier will compare the same
 afforded them by the suspension for the present
 and that when it again makes its appearance
 we shall have a large amount of copy
 sent to select friends. In providing
 smile on you all and may you be
 blessed both spiritually and temporally
 as the wish of the Courier Lord might

my hat and we went out to
git inter the slay. Wall twas
a tarnal cold nite a real snor-
ter the marcary went deown
5 miles below nowhare. I had
bin sittin over the stove and
that draw that tamal sider awe
inter my hed and cum to git
out inter the cold it made me
feel kinder querish all over.
We got into the slay and started
for Squire P__'s at last.
The old mare was rite on her
heel taps ___ she bore
the snow ___ to slo coa-
ches. When ___ up to the front
door the house ___ was awl lited
up and sich ___ and talking as
that was inside why it semed
as if Bedlum had broke loos.
I hitched old sorrel under the
shed but forgut agin to river her
up. When I went in the room was
so lite arter comin in from oud
dors I could hardly see but finally
found out thar was lots of gals
and boys that in one rome they
was playin Copenhagen and sich
another jumpin screamin and
tearin as there was among the gals
you never sor. Theyd dive under
the rope and wiggle and twist per-
tenden they didn't wont tu be kist.
When awl the time theyd be mad if you
didn't stick tew it and kiss em. In
tother room they was playin blind
mans buff like all ___ Sally. Hi
Hier had on the hankerchef and the
way she pitched from one side ___
thes was a __. I tell you
Bimeby she cotched Sam Simpson
by the hard and artery feelin on him
she sung eout its Sam Simpson
for nobody got sich a tarnal long
nose as him. So Sam was blinded
and he put in the dubbler licks
jumppin here and there like lite-
ning thro a juniper bush tredin on
toes pullin har and finally brot up
awl standin agin the dore wish
one hand each side out and his
nose bangin the ege. How they lef-
fed and hollerd then. He whirled
round purty quick and started a-

What we did nor nothin about it.
Dad was drudful anxuss next mor-
nnin to kno what made the old mare
har look so ruff and what upon arth
ailed the slay for it was tipped wein
side orfully. Buyt I kept mum ___
he wouldnt let me hev her agin awl
winter. Praps suma time or nother
I may take a notion to write to you
agin if I dew Ill tell your more about
Prissillur & me.

No more from yours tell deth
Parmenas Pettibone

Tete-a-tete of the milk maid

Becky sees the sunset ___
Oer the fields a radiance throwing
Golden pure and steady
Oh! its beams illume my spirit
(That's our cow bell? Don't you hear it?
Bet the milk pans ready!)
Yes dear Sally look and listen!
How the dew begins to glisten;
Hark! The night birds sonnet.
What a balmy breeze its blowing!
(Head the __ cow! She's going!
Run Ill hold your bonnet!)

Becky does the twilight hour
By its bland and soothing power
Wish sweet musings fill you?
Peace hands round us like a mantle
(Soh, now Sukey! Come be gentle!
Stop that kicking will you?)

Earth wish music is over flowing,
There the hungry calves are lowing!
How these tins do rattle?
But I fain would wander Sally
To some green and quiet valley;
Minus horned cattle.

Becky life's a fleeting hour?
Joy brings grief and cream will sour,
Yet ties vain complaining
Mortals now get milk and honey
Only by hard work and money!
(Set the pans for straining.)

cross the room when his feet slipd
and he cum down upon the seat of his
trousers kerslap! Jiminy! What a
__ thar was then. But I cant tell
you awl the dewins how we plade
hunt the slipper on the karpet for-
fets goin on misshums and them
kind of things. Ther we had apples
and kandy and punkin pies and
then we kissd the gals agin. I gess
I tended tu Prissillus purty well and
I tell you Mister Editors if her lips
don't __ jest about the sweetest
that even moslases kandy aint a
carcumstance and thar ant no hony
that can cum within 10 roes of ap-
ple trees of em. I got to be purty late
when we started fur hum. The old mare
was dancing with cold I hed my
hands full for a while but I never
shall tell in what way we got hum.

Notice

The quarterly writing of the South
Freeport Mutual Improvement Society
for the choice of officers and hearing of
reports will be held on Tuesday Evening
May 3rd at 7 1/2 o'clock at Social Hall.
A full attendance is requested.

F. W. Shaw Secretary

We hope that the former contributors
of the Cruiser will improve the time
afforded them by the suspension for the present
and that when it again makes its appearance
we shall have a large amount of copy
on hand to select from. May Providence
smile on you all and may you be
blessed both Spiritually and temporally
is the wish of the Cruiser. Good Night!