

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

preferred not to parley with the troops behind the masked battery, but overlapping it, he struck home to the enemies centre.

It is questionable whether the Personal Liberty bill will be passed. It may be, if the House is radical, but no more so than a strict adherence to the principles upon which its members were elected.

There is where our noble Governor Washburn stands, bound to fulfill the sacred pledge he made the people, to be true to the principles of the fathers, the Constitution and the laws.

Homeopathic complain at the release of Benwick Childs, from the conditions on which that institution received from the state a grant of land a year or two ago.

Cal. Lally has drafted a bill to enable the state to furnish one thousand soldiers, in case of necessity, to settle the question whether we have a government or not.

Miscellaneous.

The Smiths, and their Adventure with a Robber.

The Smiths of Smithville had for a long time been very much annoyed by the depredations of some unknown individual whose confused ideas concerning the rights of property led to the frequent abstraction of divers goods and chattels from the premises of the said Smiths in a fugitive and mysterious manner.

After the granary was finished a month passed, during which time the depredations of the robber or robbers was confined to the orchards and hen-roost, when late on Sunday evening, the elder Smith, as he was sitting tipped against the kitchen wall, smoking his pipe, preparatory to retiring, thought that he had neglected to lock the granary before leaving the barn.

It was a moonlight evening, and Mr. Smith, on approaching the barn, was considerably startled at seeing the large door ajar. Certain of having cut the door open, he advanced towards it, when he perceived, to his surprise, that the door was ajar, and he perceived, to his surprise, that the door was ajar.

Mr. Smith exchanged his slippers for his boots, and ran first to Deacon Naffles' house, where he expected to find the younger Smith, who was courting Naffles' daughter. He was surprised to find the house all dark, as if the Naffles had retired to rest and blown the candle out.

"I'll keep the secret!" interrupted the Deacon, trying to preserve becoming gravity. "The joke is safe, and I'd advise you to hurry home and let out Lavacuse."

The elder Smith turned on his heel and vanished, feeling very weak, probably the effect of the excitement he had undergone. Let us now look in upon the younger Smith, who was actually shut up in the granary.

It is necessary in this place to observe that the elder Smith looked up his own son with the key which he had carried with him, and carelessly left it in the lock on entering the granary, and which the younger Smith had carried away.

Mr. Smith's voice was stopped by a violent blow on the mouth. Mr. Smith in an instant was tumbled down amidst a wilderness of barrels, bags, rakes and shovels. Mr. Smith was considerably stunned by the blow and the fall; and when he got upon his feet again, the door was closed and locked—Mr. Smith was a prisoner. I leave the reader to imagine his feelings.

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At length the lock was torn away, and Mrs. Ferris whispered: "Come quick, Joseph! There's no time to lose! They'll be here in a minute!"

Joe Ferris, who was the man that had taken the younger Smith's place in the granary, and gave it up in turn to the elder Smith, went home by a circuitous route, wondering by what strange accident he happened to be caught, and congratulating himself on his escape.

With great gladness the men proceeded at once to the granary, where Increase stepped leaving his companions to go into the house for a lantern, and see if his father had returned; upon which Joe Ferris laughed all to himself, and advised the younger Smith to be sure and bring the old man if he was anywhere to be found.

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Let it die, the sooner the better. From its ashes there will come a resurrection, if not to life eternal, to a life durable and endurable. What if it does cost blood—it had better be rivulets now than rivers and oceans hereafter. Let there be no concessions—no more compromises. Freedom has always lost by them, slavery has always gained; its faith is *periculis*.

Freedom has always been had at the price of blood. Let us not shrink from the contest now, if need be; but meet it with the constancy and courage of our fathers. Gratefully and faithfully yours, T. B.

Compromises seem to be the order of the day; propositions are multiplying from every quarter all aiming at the pacification of the South—but all unsatisfactory to our Southern brethren, because— "One who voted for Lincoln," intimates in the *Argus* of Thursday—they do not go deep enough. Deeply impressed with the correctness of this view, I propose to try my hand, and without further preface respectfully offer the following programme:

- 1. First the restoration of the Missouri line. 2. That all territory south of the 36th parallel shall be included in the Southern division. 3. In order to humiliate and crush out the rebellious disposition of Massachusetts, I would have a grand slave mart established on Bunker Hill, with auxiliaries in Faneuil Hall and on Boston Common.

I would propose this programme to the South at once. No reasonable Northern man can object to it. We have already yielded so much that the slight addition here suggested can never be felt. If after this liberal offer our Southern Brethren shall continue contumacious and insist upon cutting our throats, then in the spirit of '76 let us master our strength, and—run away.

mering, tie up, with a bit of thread or cotton, a bunch of herbs, composed of knotted marjoram, winter savory, and a little thyme; take it out just before the dish is served. Of course the stew must be occasionally shaken, as all others are; remember, however, the fat must not be skimmed off; the more fat there is, the better the stew. This dish is of Italian origin, and in that country is eaten with plain boiled macaroni and Parmesan cheese, or with salad; and with either it is a dainty dish to set before a king." Any girl from a charity school could cook it, while an alderman of Portoken Ward, and a three stone man, or a cripple from the workhouse, would equally enjoy it, and wish that he could eat more.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13. A strong police force is located in various parts of the capitol. On the House side, some parts of the building usually open to visitors are closed. The galleries of the House and the passages leading thereto are densely crowded, in anticipation of the electoral votes. Lord Lyons, Hulseman, and other foreign Ministers are present. On no former occasion was there ever a more animated and exciting scene.

Mr. Sherman sent up the Secretary of the Treasury's letter urging that speedy measures be taken to relieve the Treasury, and reported a bill authorizing the President, in place of any part of the loan to issue coupon bonds of a denomination not exceeding \$50, bearing not exceeding 6 per cent interest, and running twenty years, and apply such bonds at par to creditors, who may receive the entire amount not to receive that authorized by the recent loan act.

The Speaker said this was not now in order. A message was sent to the Senate that the House was ready to meet the body in joint session to open the Electoral votes and announce the result. The Senate came in after a short interval and took seats, the members of the House standing. Meanwhile the Vice President was conducted to the right of the speaker.

The reading of the vote of South Carolina produced some good humored excitement. The reading of all the votes having been completed, Mr. Breckenridge announced that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1861, and made a similar announcement as to Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, for Vice President.

Correspondence.

Attest, Feb. 11, 1861. The stream of legislation during the present session, has moved sluggishly, with scarcely a turn from its usual course, until last Thursday, just as the House was on the point of adjourning, Gould of Thomaston, rose and inquired of the Chairman of the Committee on Federal relations, if he was prepared to report upon the Personal Liberty bill. Mr. Dyer replied in the negative, when Mr. Gould, whom your readers will be edified in learning is the lion of the House Democracy, arose and in a passive manner attempted to forestall the action of the Committee by presenting a bill of his own, thinking it is possible, that Democratic timidity was the best remedy for what he considered a disease, and termed Republican misrepresentation. There were wry faces on the one side and attention on the other at the music which followed for an hour and a half.

McCrillis replied, and his manner and stance of speech, so different from that of the Thomaston representative, was well calculated to at once increase the wrath and flare the argument of his adversary. Mr. Gould is a lawyer by profession, and habit of long hearing witnesses together with the combative tendency of his mind led him to resort to this violent demonstration in the House. He reminds one, in particular, of some of the descendants of the best Virginia families. His hair is skin curly, eyes dark, mouth and nose large and wide, chin protruding, and stature straight, firm and well developed. His head, his appearance when calm is that of a man of sound judgment, and excellent powers of mind and endurance. His appearance in the debate on Thursday, however, indicated much excitability, if not indignation. His voice is hard and strong but monotonous. His sentences were uttered in a staccato, explosive manner, while he shook his body, contracted his brow, rolled his eyes, and swung his arms in "fine frenzy."

Mr. McCrillis rose, Gould sat, with a raised and bent eagerly forward (like a blooded water-hog, as if guarding the scent lambs of his flock.) McCrillis appeared mirthful and evidently had complete control of himself. A natural orator, his words flow like water from a full fount, and the eloquence of action is only equalled by the eloquence of words. You will remember that the lion attacked you an exposition of the position of our Republican leaders, and declared that the party had "day dog its political life." The reports, as yet, give but a sketch of the debate, and as it is devoted to the opening, only, on this subject between the two most prominent debaters in the House, I venture on those particulars that your readers may be acquainted with its character and temper.— When it the Democracy proclaim the dissolution of the Republican party. McCrillis











