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Poetry.

The Fireman.

The fireman is a lively boy—
 And the watchman's rattle foot,
 In running with the gay machine
 At all times, day and night,
 He hath a place at which he lives,
 A place at which he works,
 'Tis private toil and fire's tumult
 He getteth along by jinks!

Though twenty fires take place by day
 And he getteth at last to bed,
 If other fires blaze out at night,
 He's bound to "make the smoke"
 His ears are things that never sleep,
 His legs do never tire;
 Of all live things the liveliest thing
 Is a fireman when there's fire!

Just let the bell at midnight toll,
 And the watchman's rattle foot,
 Then watch the house where a fireman lives,
 And see the fireman "get"
 He diveth into his flaming shirt,
 He jumpeth into his boots,
 And betwixt up and betwixt him up,
 As down the street he scents!

He taketh the pipe if he be first,
 If not, he moutheth the braver;
 Whichever he doth, just let your life
 He's bound to "make the smoke"
 The fifty ladder he leaveth to climb,
 The raging flames to dare;
 He scentheth proof as on the roof
 He gloweth amid the glare!

How bravely he smothereth the windows in,
 With that almighty axe!
 How manly he teareth the fences down,
 The stubborn flames to flax!

Just see him in that smoky room,
 Where things are smoking hot—
 How well he moveth the furniture,
 Whether rent be paid or not!

He graspeth upon what first is near,
 Of traps and family of steel,
 And saveth, with equal tenderness,
 The baby or the child!

But when it cometh to bigger things,
 The thing is not so slow;
 Just see him fly from the windows high—
 Good friends, look out, below!

Or in the street, when water's short,
 And the boys begin to snort,
 How nicely he bareth the pavement up,
 And worketh to find the gutter!

With hands and bricks the muddy tide
 He dammeth with all his might—
 And dameth as well the lazy soul—
 Who faunts upon the sight!

He dameth upon the hot pavement;
 He splurgeth around the street;
 Nor mud, nor water, nor fire, nor smoke,
 He careth not to meet!

He loatheth his rest, he loatheth his life,
 Without a thought of rest,
 And heavily to the hearing bricks—
 For here's a brick "kissed"!

And when, at last, the fire is out,
 And he doth homeward go,
 With the boys he singeth, "whoo-er-rang,"
 "A hundred years ago!"

Rough and raw, and full of glory,
 Some say he's a bit of a hero,
 But when they're asked by the fire gulls' tribe
 What would they do without him!

Miscellaneous.

The Reconciliation.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.
 CHAPTER I.

"It's some mother! I tellers said it would, an' it has. The old ste'mboat went right up the river with the old flag flying out, an' nothin' could stay it. There's them in these parts as knowed Ab' Lincoln when he handled the swags, an' they said he'd got the rate of Jackson, an' now he's proved it. Hurrah!" An' Robert Lee gave a hearty cheer.

Mrs. Lee was a widow. As he spoke her face flushed and her eyes brightened, but the horrors of war, to her mind, could not be gilded, and she said, "Anxious look crept into her face. Slowly rocking to and fro in the old hickory-bottomed chair, she asked tremulously, 'How did the people receive it?'"

"Well, you should have heard the shout from the boat round the bend—But 'twas more mixed than I like, an' I could see it wasn't as plain sailing as it looked."

"And John?" she asked, casting an eager look into the face of the elder born.

"Did you hear from him?"

"He is in Danvers, mother. But 'tis it no use talking about that," and he turned away to the door.

His hand rested on the handle, when a soft touch fell upon his arm, and looking round his eyes met his mother's. Age had wrought many a wrinkle in her forehead, but the light shown soft as ever from her brown eyes, and his were the clear grey hue of his father's. "You are going away, Robert," she said sadly. "Never mind why, I see it in your face. I have no reproaches to make—Only for John I would say, God speed!"

He stooped and kissed her tenderly, whispering as he folded her in his manly arms, "I could not help it mother—After this day's work I cannot stay to spare his life. You cannot harm him! Promise, Robert?"

The strong man was like a reed in the hands of this old lady. For a moment he hesitated, but the despairing look on his mother's face broke down the barriers of his hate, and he answered, "I will mother, if I die doin' it."

"But John, Robert?" and the mother clung yet closer to him.

"John is a rebel, mother!" and his hold grew weaker.

"He is your brother, Robert?" she said earnestly. "You will not harm him? If you meet him on the battlefield—no! I will not ask you to spare his life. You cannot harm him! Promise, Robert?"

The strong man was like a reed in the hands of this old lady. For a moment he hesitated, but the despairing look on his mother's face broke down the barriers of his hate, and he answered, "I will mother, if I die doin' it."

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"Jeff Davis be d—d!" was the reply. "Who cares for Mississippi, anyhow? Hurrah for Tennessee!" And the young man swung his arm about his head.

"Certainly," said the sergeant, yielding to the humor of his comrade, and aware the company was watching him. "Hurrah for Tennessee!" and as the cheers rang out, he added—"and the Southern Confederacy!"

"Oh, d—n the confederacy!" said the young man. "See here, sergeant, 'twon't go down. We're going to fight together, cause we want to whip these yanks, but we don't owe nothing to Jeff Davis and ef it comes to that, there ain't much difference betwixt Washington and Richmond!"

"Well, I ain't much surprised," said the sergeant completely thrown off his balance by the coolness and contempt of the reasoning.

"Traitor blood will show itself!"

"What do ye mean?" shouted the young man, upon whose brain the wiskey he had drunk was producing its effect. "Ef you want to say my father was a traitor because he fought and died in Mexico, say so, but you'd better say your prayers pretty d—d quick after it, and he had his hand on the heavy bow-knife that hung at his belt.

"Fush, boy!" said the sergeant, recovering his vantage ground. "Where is your brother? I can't see him—Tennessee is a great State," he shrugged his shoulders meaningly—but her son won't fight."

"You lie, sergeant!" sprang sharp and clear from his lips; and at the bitter words a deadly paleness spread over the other's face, but by a strong resolution he forced down his anger. "Bob is with my mother. I don't say as he thinks as I do about this secession, for we quarreled some over it before I joined the company, but he's no coward, and I do know he loves old Tennessee as he does his life."

"This looks like it," said the sergeant, handing him a letter. "Read it out loud won't you?"

He doubled down at a particular spot. The young man took it, and as the lines met his eye—

"Robert Lee sought admission into the Federal service, and this morning departed with Lieut. Phelps, on the gunboat for the mouth of the river. It is understood the corps in which he is enlisted is ordered for service at Fort Donelson. Said to say, his only brother is in the confederate army in that part. Was there ever such a war known?"

He crushed the letter convulsively in his hand. For a moment he stood turning pale and red by turns. At last he said—"Robert Lee is my brother—There's no denying that. He's saved my life twice. Once he shot a panther just going to spring, and once he snatched me from the river. We have slept together since we were boys, but there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do to help him. But ef he's joined them cowardly Yanks, I just wash my hands of him. I won't go out of my way to shoot him, but he mustn't put his body afore my rifle. Still he's my brother—so we'll change the subject."

The sergeant nodded his head approvingly, and after a few words more he made an excuse to leave.

As he walked away, an officer met him.

"Well, sergeant, how did he take it?"

"The boy has got the stuff in him, and will stand up to the work. I had hard work to keep his claws off from me, but I was too old a hand for him."

"When do you go on guard?" asked the officer.

"'About an hour from now," was the reply.

"Good-night, then," and the officer strode back to his quarters.

Why should he not be satisfied with his work? Had he not so scorned the little germ of hate in John Lee's heart that it was ready to blossom and bear fruit?

of the rider held him in, and but for that and the quick glance given the fallen shot none would have guessed he realized his danger. So quietly he rode, unmindful of the fire that poured upon him, that when at last he gained the cover of the woods, even the rebels themselves honored his bravery with a cheer.

"By Jove! that was handsomely done," said a rebel colonel, as Lee entered the woods. "Do you think they have many such fellows?" he asked of a young aide-de-camp who stood near him.

"Why not?" was the cool reply—"They are Americans. I fancy both sides will fight like the devil. North and South are good enough distinction in politics, but don't count much in muscle."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said the colonel musingly, thinking it may be of the old school in Massachusetts he went to when a boy, and the tussles he passed through with such varying success.

"But see!" he exclaimed, "there he comes again. He must be a messenger. More careful with your aim boys, or that fellow will go home laughing at you."

On he came, riding leisurely as before, his legs dangling in the stirrups and holding his pistol and aimed at the intruder when Robert flag himself before the muzzle, shouting to him not to fire.

He was not quick enough. The sharp report rang out. There was a keen pang shot through his breast, and he drew suddenly weak and faint. He had sacrificed himself, but did not save his brother—When the reinforcements came up the soldier snatched the flag from the wounded man, and as he turned away the two brothers, with their life blood ebbing, lay side by side.

At last the enemy made a grand rally. Thousands of fresh troops came to the rescue, and the main body of the rebel army tried to cut their way out of the fort.

For a short time the brave boys stood their ground, and the dead lay like a swath of grass beneath the scythe of the mow.

Just before they reached their lines, reinforcements came up; but before they could arrive the rebels made another rush, hoping to make a flish of the van of the army.

The color guard had sadly diminished, and a cry was raised to capture the standard. Still Robert Lee kept a firm grasp upon the flag, and the dead lay like a swath of grass beneath the scythe of the mow.

One by one the little band of defenders fell overpowered, till at last John Lee forced himself through the press, and seizing the color, endeavored to tear it from his brother's hand.

The time was very short, yet long enough to paint over and over again the scene in his mother's room. A soldier drew his pistol and aimed at the intruder when Robert flag himself before the muzzle, shouting to him not to fire.

He was not quick enough. The sharp report rang out. There was a keen pang shot through his breast, and he drew suddenly weak and faint. He had sacrificed himself, but did not save his brother—When the reinforcements came up the soldier snatched the flag from the wounded man, and as he turned away the two brothers, with their life blood ebbing, lay side by side.

Destruction of the Alabama.

The accounts as to the tonnage and dimensions of the Alabama vary somewhat, but we believe the following is a correct comparative statement of her size and that of her victorious antagonist.

Alabama.		Kearsage.	
Length,	220 feet.	Length,	218 feet.
Width,	33 "	Width,	34 "
Depth,	17 "	Depth,	18 "
Tonnage,	1630 tons.	Tonnage,	1639 tons.

Fairly matched in size, the accounts give the vessels nearly equal crews, the Alabama having 150 men and the Kearsage perhaps 160. As to armament there is much more difficulty in making the comparison, the accounts of the Alabama's armament varying from six to eleven guns. The following statement seems at present to be as likely to be correct as any:

Alabama.		Kearsage.	
6.32 pounders.	2	11 inch.	2
1.10 "	1	4.32 pounders.	4
1.48 "	1	1.20 "	1
1.24 "	1	1.24 "	1
		Lowitzer.	

The following sketch is given of the gallant commander of the Kearsage, who has so nobly earned that promotion to the rank of Commodore, for which the Secretary of the Navy has promptly recommended him:

"Captain John A. Winslow entered the navy on the 1st of January, 1827, having been appointed from North Carolina, although a citizen of Massachusetts. He joined the sloop-of-war Falmouth, then attached to the West India squadron, where he remained until 1831, when he was sent to the New York Naval School for a few months, when he was warranted as a passed midshipman, bearing date April 28, 1832. He was then ordered for duty at Boston. In 1836 he was on the coast of Brazil in the sloop Eric. Three years after he was at the rendezvous at Boston. On the 9th of December, 1839, he was promoted to be a lieutenant. In 1841 he was attached to the steamer Missouri. In 1849 he was attached to the sloop Saratoga, on the home squadron; from that time until 1852 he was waiting orders; then he was ordered to the frigate St. Lawrence, flagship, where he remained a long cruise.

On the 14th of September, 1855, he was commissioned a commander and ordered to the rendezvous at Boston. In 1859 he was relieved and awaited orders. In 1861 he was appointed light-house inspector. In 1862 he was ordered to the Mississippi flotilla, and subsequently he was ordered to Portsmouth to command the Kearsage, which position he has filled with credit and honor in the past as well as in the action with the Alabama. He has been at sea one year and ten months in the Kearsage, being a total of nearly eighteen years. For over eight years he performed shore duty, and for eleven years he was unemployed. He has been over thirty-seven years in the service of his country, and his last act will ever be remembered in naval history."

Letter from the Engineer of the Kearsage.

The chief engineer of the Kearsage, two hours after the engagement, writes as follows:

"We have met the celebrated pirate Alabama, and sunk her, after one hour and thirty minutes hard fighting.

"She came out of Cherbourg about 10 A. M., accompanied by the Couronne (French iron-clad). When at about one mile from us, at eleven o'clock, she commenced firing; we waited twenty minutes until we got the range we wanted, and then commenced. After fighting one hour and five minutes, we had the pleasure of seeing her haul down her flag (which had been twice shot down) and surrender.

"Before we could get our two good boats to her (the others were riddled with shot) she sank, beautifully. We had had a bit of warm-up, and were expecting to fight several hours. Only three of our men were wounded; one of the three, a quarter gunner, lost an arm—No officer was wounded.

"We picked up six officers and 60 or 70 men. Semmes and his first Lieutenant, Keil, were either drowned or were picked up by the English steam-yacht Deerhound, belonging to John Lancaster of Liverpool. They ran away with all they saved, after we had asked them to assist us. Thus have Semmes and about ten of his officers sneaked off, probably.

"We are now in Cherbourg, sending her wounded men ashore and burying two of her dead. We received no damaging shot, though we fought some times, as about 500 yards, and were hulled fifteen times. Our chain armor, put on by me over a year ago, saved our boiler from a riddled 100-pounder.

"They felt confident of whipping us in half an hour. We could have whipped the Florida at the same time, I think. We beat in speed, and in everything else. One riddled 100-pound shot is now in our bunkers; our smoke-pipe is also badly damaged, also two boats ruined.

"The French Admiral and all the officers who witnessed the action say it was brilliantly done. The action took place about seven miles from Cherbourg, and was viewed by thousands.

"We all laughed and talked throughout the fight, and were perfectly cool."

Honor to the Heroes.

It is desirable to preserve the names and all that is interesting of the brave men of the army and navy who have died in service. From words or other cause, since the commencement of the rebellion, and the undersigned, Executive Committee of the Bangor Historical Society, invite the friends of all such from this State, particularly from the Eastern section, to send to either of the officers of the Society, the name, late residence, date and place of birth and death, cause of the death, and if they please, a notice of any officer, soldier or sailor thus deceased, that they may deposit them with the archives of the Society for future reference, and perhaps publication.

Notice of brave and gallant acts of living officers, soldiers and sailors, which may be deemed worthy of preservation, will be gladly received.

Editors will do a favor to our noble Maine soldiers and sailors, by calling attention to this invitation.

JOHN E. GODFREY,
 JOHN MASSON,
 J. C. WESTON.

Was the Alabama an English Ship?

The question which the facts suggest as to the real nationality of the Alabama, is very well stated by the London Herald, the organ of the English conservatives, in its issue of June 23d:

"The Kearsage was terribly injured in the fight with the Alabama in her side, at a testing the accurate aim of the gunners, some of whom were instructed on board Her Majesty's ship Excellent. Many of the crew of the Alabama must have been killed and drowned. It is much to be feared the young English surgeon in charge of the crew was engaged in his humane duties in the cabin when the ship scuttled down. We cannot but feel grieved at the loss of the brave ship, which was almost as much English as Confederate, in whose defence we may recognise the bulldog courage of our countrymen as well as the chivalrous impetuosity of her Southern commander. The news of this combat will we fear carry mourning into more than one English home. But in the end of the gallant ship—which was English too—there is, after all, little to regret, much of which to be proud. She sank unquarrelled and defiant in the waters of the channel, refusing to the last to lower her flag, leaving no trophy in the hands of her enemy."

Five Deaths at a Time.

A Frenchman, resolved to get rid of his life, went a little before high tide to a post by the sea side. He provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches, and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end to the post and the other end around his neck, then took the poison, set his cloths on fire, put the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder. In kicking away the ladder he snapped the pistol, so that the ball missed his head and out the rope by which he was suspended; he fell into the sea, thus extinguishing the flames of his cloths, and the sea water which he involuntarily swallowed, counteracted the poison, and a wave washed him ashore; thus, in spite of his precaution, he remained unharmed, unshot, unpoisoned, unburned and undrowned.

Brown's Bronchial Trochies.

A depot is opened in London for the sale of these lozenges, which have been so long in use in America for relieving Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Throat disorders, and affections of the lungs.—Liverpool Post.

CHAPTER V.

Saturday night! Would the morrow be a day of rest for these weary soldiers, or must the struggle be renewed? We can answer these questions now, but how many anxious ones pondered them after that bloody day's work. All over the field, parties were bringing in the wounded, and every few steps would be met the ambulance or the stretcher.

Picking her way over the field, now stopping to enquire where the 4th regiment had fought, or moistening the parched lips of some wounded man, was an old woman. At last she stopped and began a more thorough search. The ground was slippery with blood, yet she moved about mindful of nothing but what she sought. Her patience met with its reward. "Mother!" fell upon her ear, and in a moment she was on the ground.

"I could not save him, mother!" said the wounded man, pointing to his brother, who lay by his side.

"His voice was weak; yet he spoke cheerfully to his mother, who sat tearless as a stone. She had heard of Robert's wound—and of his valor, too; what did she care for that—but this double blow was more than she could bear.

"Hush, mother!" said Robert. "Let me say my say afore John wakes. He'll wake again yet. He dozes off somehow, an' comes to himself afterwards. I ain't no regrets to make. Ef I had twenty lives I'd give them freely. Some one's got to answer for all this deviltry, an' them as contrived the rebellion'll find themselves in a tiff fix some day. If ain't nothin' to die, Mother; Mebbe it's a little sooner, that's all. I'm sorry for John, he's younger than me, an' you'll be lonely at the farm. Hush, he's wak'ing, an' the wounded man forgot his own pain in the care of his brother.

"See, John," he said, "here's mother."

He raised himself upon his arm, and a faint smile stole into his face. He tried to speak, but could not, so he just stretched his arm out towards his mother, and grasping Robert with his other hand, looked into her eyes.

The story look fell away and tears rained down. And this was the end of her hopes—for she had toiled and slaved her life long. And yet was there not something gained?

The exertion was too much for John. The blood bubbled into his mouth and gushed out upon his breast. As he felt go near his end, he tightened his grasp upon the two.

"Mother," he gasped. "Robert—good—own—laugh. Good night," and leaving a long sigh, he breathed his last.

The hours passed by, and Robert too, left her, and there she sat, watching her head. The stars shone out, and the dawn came, but she did not heed. A party searching for wounded, wondering at her constancy, came offering food and drink, but she made no reply. They touched her, but she did not stir. Her eyes were fixed upon her boys, but it was the fixedness of death.

When the fort surrendered and the sad duty of burying those who had fallen began, kind hands performed the last office for these stricken ones.

On a gentle slope close to the old homestead, are three graves, and there the mother and her boys sleep side by side.

I AM CURED.

I have taken six doses of Radway's Pills, of three pills each, in six days; they cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I have taken B—'s pills, and many other pills for years and could only obtain a temporary relief. If I took my old complaint would appear—Six doses of Radway's Pills cured me.

STEPHEN BANNET, U. S. C. S.

I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for seven years—have used all sorts of pills—they would give me temporary comfort, but was compelled to take them all the time. I have used one box of Dr. Radway's Pills, I am cured. I have not taken a particle of medicine in six months.

C. M. CHITNES,
 Roxbury, Mass.

Dr. Radway's Pills always cure, no straining, toxicans, false calls to the water closet, follow their use—they purge freely and cure rapidly.

CHAPTER IV.

Cheer upon cheer rang out from the Union troops as Robert Lee, with his saddle upon his shoulder, came safely within the lines.

"Well, sir," said the officer who had sent him, and affixing a sternness the bright twinkle of his eye denied. "A nice fellow you are to hear a message! Did I tell you to make a target of yourself?"

"It wasn't worth while letting 'em think we was afraid of 'em, sir," he replied, throwing his saddle on the ground.

"A close shot, I see," said the officer, pointing to his cap.

"Fairish, sir," said Lee quietly. "But it ought to have been a heap better."

"Do you know the marksman then? I should have thought it impossible to make out his features at that distance."

"He've met him, sir. He lives in our parts, an' he shoots after my teaching—But if I hadn't seen him, I could swear to the crack of his rifle."

"Well, well," said the officer, "it was a great risk. We move in a few minutes. Carry this note to Col. B—. His regiment lost their color-bearer yesterday. You see I trust you," he said, as he saw the flash of pleasure on Lee's face.

Suddenly he had gone upon his errand when the bugle sounded, and heavy noises of men forming into line of battalions march upon the enemy's works. The long line of fortifications stood grim and stern, and then the passage of a shell startled his quiet, and but few would dream of the avalanche of iron it would rattle out.

Robert Lee, grasping the color of the regiment was well in the advance, and on the command "Forward," the whole line moved steadily to the attack. Few realized the actualities of the battle. The strong and the weak, the coward and the brave, the old and the young stand side by side. If they are disciplined thoroughly, one man is as good as another. It is only in those terrible hand to hand melees, or the disheartening retreat, that youth, pluck and endurance, show their superiority. But the strongest sight of all, are the drummer boys. Unarmed, they walk calmly into the fire, and amid the crashing of shot and shell, and the still more terrible cries of the wounded men, is heard the clear, sharp rolling of their drums.

As the line moved forward, the Federal artillery belched forth its thunder, answered with vigor by the rebel guns—Still the real struggle, though men are dropping every where, is to come, and it was plain it was near at hand.

Rising from their places of concealment, the rebels poured a heavy volley into the advancing column. For a moment it wavered, but the color-bearer was unharmed, and his firmness caused an instant rally.

A knot of determined men gathered about their flag, and at the sound of the "double," the regiment gave a hearty cheer and rushed upon the works.

Three times they gained a foothold, but were driven back by weight of numbers; still they returned to the charge, as if determined to drive out the foe.

The color marked the intensity of the fight. Where it went the ground was unnumbered with dead. Its bearer, with bare head, down which trickled a small stream of blood, never gave ground except under irresistible pressure.

Toiling and fighting, now dashing forward, and now retreating in a by inch, his comrades close around him, though many who started with had opened by the way, he was the incarnation of the battle spirit.

CHAPTER III.

The ground was slippery with blood, the groans of wounded men drowned the hum of insect and the song of birds. Everywhere, in the open field, the tangled undergrowth, and the woods. Death had been busy; but the harvest was not yet gathered. Grimly the guns thrust their muzzles from the embrasures and the stern men were groped around their banners.

"Can you ride?" asked an officer of a soldier near him.

"I am a Tennessean" was the answer, which though respectful, had a strange ring of equality in it.

"Hump!" said the officer, scanning him closely, as he stood there with his rifle. "I might have known as much—your name sir?"

"Robert Lee sir," he answered promptly, as if there was nothing to be ashamed of in it.

"Carry this note to the General, an' bring me his answer. Stay, are youd nerves steady? All right?" he said, as he looked into the cool grey eye of the messenger. "Keep your eye on the works as you cross the open."

Robert Lee flung himself upon the horse. It must be owned there was little grace in his riding, but he sat as securely in the saddle as if he were part of the animal. Dismounting a moment he hastily removed the heavy curb bit which evidently worried the horse, and having replaced it with the simple snaffle which hung under the jaw, was in his seat in an instant.

Scarcely had he emerged from the woods when there was a movement among the enemy. For a moment there was a gathering about the parapet, then a gun was thrust out, and a ball came whistling in the direction of the rider. It was a good line shot. Lee heard the humming of the missile as it passed over him, and buried instinct in the ground some yards beyond.

The horse started, but the firm grasp

